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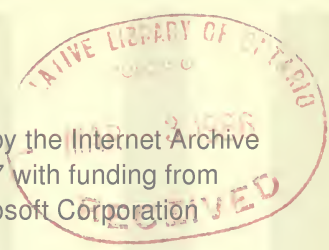
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JULY—DECEMBER, 1843.



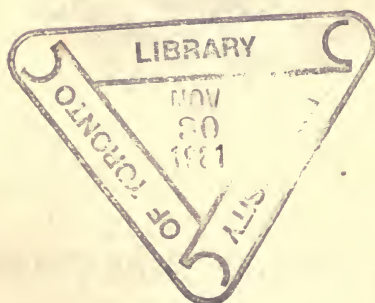
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BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. CCCXXXIII.

JULY, 1843.

VOL. LIV.

MARSTON; OR, THE MEMOIRS OF A STATESMAN.

PART II.

"Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
Have I not heard the sea, puft up with wind,
Rage like an angry boar chafed with sweat?
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,
And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?
Have I not in the pitched battle heard
Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets clang?"

SHAKSPEARE.

My entertainer received me with more civility than I had expected. He was almost fashionably dressed; his grim features were smoothed into an elaborate smile; and he repeated his gratification at seeing me, in such variety of tones that I began to doubt the cordiality of my reception. But I could have no doubt of the elegance of the apartment into which I was shown. All was foreign, even to the flowers in the vases that filled the windows. A few bas-reliefs in the most finished style; a few alabasters as bright as if they had been brought at the moment from Carrara; a few paintings of the Italian masters, if not original and of the highest value, at least first-rate copies—caught the eye at once: the not *too* much, the not *too* little, that exact point which it requires so much skill to touch, showed that the eye of taste had been every where; and I again thought of the dungeon in the city, and asked myself whether it was possible that Mordecai could be the worker of the miracle.

Naturally making him some acknowledgment for his invitation, and saying some civil thing of his taste, he laughed, and said, "I have but little

merit in the matter. All this is my daughter's. Moorfields is *my* house; this house is Mariamne's. As our origin and connexions are foreign, we make use of our opportunities to indulge ourselves in these foreign trifles. But we have a little 'réunion' of our neighbours this evening, and I must first make you known to the lady of the *fête*." He rang the bell.

"Neighbours!" said I; "all round me, as I came, seemed solitude; and yours is so beautiful, that I almost think society would injure its beauty."

"Well, well, Mr Marston, you shall see. But this I advise you, take care of your heart if you are susceptible."

A servant announced that his mistress would attend us in a few minutes, and I remained examining the pictures and the prospect; when a gay voice, and the opening of a door, made me turn round to pay my homage to the lady. I had made up my mind to see one of the stately figures and magnificent countenances which are often to be found in the higher orders of the daughters of Israel. I saw, on the contrary, one of the gayest countenances and lightest figures imaginable—the *petit nez retroussé*,

and altogether much more the air of a pretty Parisian than one of the superb race of Zion. Her manner was as animated as her eyes, and with the ease of foreign life she entered into conversation; and in a few minutes we laughed and talked together, as if we had been acquaintances from our cradles.

The history of the house was simply, that "she hated town and loved the country; that she loved the sea better than the land, and loved society of her own selection better than society forced upon her.—On the sea-shore she found all that she liked, and escaped all that she hated. She therefore lived on the sea-shore.—She had persuaded her father to build that house, and they had furnished it according to their own recollections, and even their own whims.—Caprice was liberty, and liberty was essential to the enjoyment of every thing. Thus, she loved caprice, and laid herself open to the charge of being fantastic with those who did not understand her."

In this sportive way she ran on, saying all kinds of lively nothings; while we drank our coffee out of Saxon porcelain which would have shone on the table of a crowned head.

The windows were thrown open, and we sat enjoying the noblest of all scenes, a glorious sunset, to full advantage. The fragrance of the garden stole in, a "steam of rich distilled perfumes;" the song of the birds, in those faint and interrupted notes which come with such sweetness in the parting day; the distant hum of the village, and the low solemn sound of the waves subsiding on the beach, made a harmony of their own, perhaps more soothing and subduing than the most refined touches of human skill. We wanted nothing but an Italian moon to realize the loveliness of the scene in Belmont.

"The moon shines bright. In such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
And they did make no noise—in such a night

Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Jason."

As I glanced on the little, superbly dressed Jewess, sitting between her father and myself, I thought of the possibilities to come.

—————"In such a night Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew, And, with an unthrift love, did run from Venice."

We soon after had the moon herself, rising broad and bright from the ocean; and all was romance, until a party were seen coming up the avenue, laughing and talking very sportively.

"I beg a thousand apologies; but I had forgotten to mention that we have a small dance this evening, chiefly foreign, and, as you may perceive, they keep early hours," said Jessica, rising to receive them.

"They are French, and emigrants," added Mordecai. "All is over with them and theirs in France, and they have made the best of their way to England, therein acting more wisely than those who have stayed behind. I know France well; the '*tigre-singe*,' as their countryman described them. These unfortunates have been consigned to me by my correspondents, like so many bales of silks, or barrels of Medoc. But here they come."

I certainly was not prepared for the names which I now heard successively announced. Instead of the moderate condition from which I had supposed Mordecai and his pretty daughter, aspiring as she was, to have chosen their society, I found myself in a circle of names of which the world had been talking since I was in my cradle, if not for a dozen centuries before. I was in the midst of dukes, counts, and chevaliers, maréchals and marchionesses, the patrons and patronesses of the Marmontels and D'Alemberts, the charm of the Du Deffand *soirées*, and the originals for the charming piquancies and exquisite impertinences of L'Espinasse, and the *coterieisme* of Paris.

All that I had seen of the peerage of our haughty country was dim and dull to the gay glitter of the crowd around me. Nature never moulded two national characters so distinct in all points, but the French exterior carries all before it. Diamonds and decorations sparkled on every side. The dresses of the women were as superb as if they had never known fear or flight; and the conversation was as light, sportive, and *badinant*, as if we were all waiting in the antechamber of Versailles till the chamberlain of Marie Antoinette should signify the

royal pleasure to receive us. Here was stateliness to the very summit of human pride, but it was softened by the taste of its display; the most easy familiarity, yet guarded by the most refined distinctions. The *bon-mot* was uttered with such natural avoidance of offence, and the arch allusion was so gracefully applied, that the whole gave me the idea of a new use of language. They were *artistes* of conversation, professors of a study of society, as much as painters might be of the style of the Bolognese or the Venetian school.

I was delighted, but I was still more deeply interested; for the chief topics of the evening were those on which public curiosity was most anxiously alive at the moment—the hazards of the revolutionary tempest, which they had left raging on the opposite shore. Yet, “*Vive la France!*” we had our cotillon, and our songs to harp and piano, notwithstanding the shock of governments.

But we had scarcely sat down to the supper which Mordecai’s hospitality and his daughter’s taste had provided for us—and a most costly display of plate and pine-apples it was—when our entertainer was called out of the room by a new arrival. After some delay, he returned, bringing in with him a middle-aged officer, a fine soldierly-looking figure, in the uniform of the royal guard. He had just arrived from France with letters for some of the party, and with an introduction to the Jew, whom I now began to regard as an agent of the French princes. The officer was known to the whole table; and the enquiries for the fate of their friends and France were incessant and innumerable. He evidently suppressed much, to avoid “a scene;” yet what he had to tell was sufficiently alarming. The ominous shake of the Jew’s head, and the changes of his sagacious visage, showed me that he at least thought the evil day on the point of completion.

“Living,” said he, “at this distance from the place of events which succeed each other with such strange rapidity, we can scarcely judge of any thing. But, if the king would rely more on his peasantry and less on his populace, and more on his army than either, he might be king of France still.”

“True!—true!” was the general acclamation.

“He should have clung to his noblesse, like *Henri Quatre*,” said a duke.

“He should have made common cause with his clergy,” said a prelate, with the physiognomy of one of *Titian’s* cardinals.

“Any thing but the *Tiers Etat*,” was uttered by all, with a general voice of horror.

“My letters of this evening,” said Mordecai, “tell me that the *fête* at Versailles has had dangerous consequences.”

“*Ciel!*” exclaimed a remarkably handsome woman of middle age, with the “air noble” in every feature. “Pardon me, it must be an error. I was present. It was the most brilliant of all possible réunions. It was a pledge to the salvation of France. I hear the sound of ‘*Richard, O mon Roi!*’ in my ear at this moment. When, oh when, shall I hear it again!” She burst into a passion of tears.

The name was electric. All began that very charming air at the moment. Sobs and sighs stole in between the pauses of the harmony. Their rich and practised voices gave it the sweetness and solemnity of a hymn. Fine eyes were lifted to heaven; fine faces were buried in their clasped hands; and the whole finished like the subsidence of a prayer.

But madame la duchesse was full of her subject, and we were full of curiosity. We implored her to give us some idea of a scene, of which all Europe was thinking and talking. She required no importunity, but told her tale with the majesty of a *Clairon*. It was at first all exclamation. O my king!—O my unhappy but noble queen!—O my beloved but noble France! O *Richard!* O *mon Roi!*—*Le monde vous abandonné!*” She again wept, and we again sympathized.

“For weeks,” said she, “we had been tortured at Versailles with reports from the capital. We lived in a perpetual fever. The fury of the populace was terrible. The wretches who inflamed it constantly threatened to lead the armed multitude to the palace. We were almost without defence. The ministers could not be prevailed on to order the advance of

the troops, and we felt our lives from hour to hour dependent on chance."

"It was my month of waiting as lady of honour. I found the queen always firm; or, if she ever trembled, it was at the want of firmness in others. She had made up her mind for the worst long before. She often said to me, in those revolutionary nights when we sat listening for the sound of the cannon or the tocsin from Paris—'France is an abyss, in which the throne must sink. But sovereigns may be undone—they must not be disgraced.' The world never possessed a more royal mind.

"At length an opportunity seemed to offer of showing the true feeling of the court to the army. The regiment of Flanders had come to take its tour of service at the palace, and the *garde du corps* had sent them an invitation to a grand military banquet. There was nothing new, and could have been nothing suspicious, in the invitation; for it was the custom of the *garde*, on the arrival of any regiment at Versailles, as a commencement of mutual civility. The regiment of Flanders was a distinguished corps—but the whole army had been tampered with; and the experiment was for the first time a doubtful one. As if to make it still more doubtful, the invitation was extended to the national guard of Versailles."

Every eye was now fixed on the narrator, as she went on with increasing animation.

"Never was there a day of greater anxiety. We were sure of the *garde du corps*; but treachery was roving through France, and the banquet might only produce a collision. The entertainment, by being in the opera salon, was actually within the palace, and all the royal suite remained in the royal apartments, in fear and trembling, during the entire day.

"But as the night advanced, the intelligence, which was brought to us every five minutes from the salon, became more tranquillizing. The coldness which had existed in the beginning between the *garde* and the troops of the line had vanished, and loyal healths, gay speeches, and charming songs succeeded. At length a gallant young lieutenant of the *garde*, in a fit of noble enthusiasm, cried—'We all are the soldiers of France—we all are loyal, all are hap-

py—Why shall not our king witness our loyalty and our happiness?' The tidings were instantly conveyed to the royal apartments. The king rose—the court followed. We entered the salon. Oh, that sight!—so new, so touching, so indescribable!"

Her voice sank for a moment. She recovered herself, and proceeded—

"The queen leaned on the arm of the king, the dauphin and dauphiness followed; Madame Elizabeth, that saint on earth if ever there was one, headed the ladies of the court. All rose at our entrance; we were received with one acclamation. The sight is still before me. I had seen all that was brilliant in the courts of Europe. But this moment effaced them all. The most splendid *salle* on earth, crowded with uniforms, all swords drawn and waving in the light, all countenances turned on the king, all one shout of triumph, loyalty, and joy! Alas! alas! was it to be the last beat of the national heart? Alas! alas! was it to be the last flash of the splendour of France; the dazzling illumination of the *catafalque* of the Bourbons; the bright burst of flame from the funeral pile of the monarchy?"

Her voice sank into silence; for the first time unbroken throughout the room.

At length, to relieve the pause, Mordecai expressed something of a hope that the royal family slept in peace, for that one night at least."

"I really cannot tell," briskly said the fair narrator. "But I know that the ladies of the court did not. As the king retired, and we remained in the opera boxes to amuse ourselves a little with the display, we heard, to our astonishment, a proposal that the tables should be cleared away, and the ladies invited to a dance upon the spot. The proposal was instantly followed by the officers climbing into the boxes, and by our tearing up our pocket-handkerchiefs to make them cockades. We descended, and danced loyally till daybreak."

"With nothing less than field-officers, I hope?" said a superb chevalier, with a superb smile.

"I hope so too," laughed the lady; "though really I can answer for nothing but that the cotillon was excessively gay—that our partners, if not the best dancers upon earth—I

always honour the *garde du corps*,"—and she bowed to the captain; "were the most obliged persons possible."

"Ah, but *roturiers*, madame!" said a stiff old duke, with a scorn worthy of ten generations of ribands of St Louis.

"True; it was most melancholy, when one comes to reflect upon it," said the lady, with an elevation of her alabaster shoulders to the very tips of her ears. "But on that evening *roturiers* were in demand—popularity was every thing; the *bourgeoisie* of Versailles were polished by their friction against the *garde du corps*. And I am sure, that if the same experiment, distressing as it might be, were tried in every opera salon in the provinces, and we had longer dances and shorter harangues, more fiddles and fewer patriots, all would be well again in our 'belle France.'"

"But—your news, monsieur le capitaine," was the demand all round the table.

"I almost dread to allude to it," said the captain, "as it may seem to contradict the opinion of madame la duchesse; yet I am afraid that we shall have to regret this fête as one of the most disastrous events to the king." He stopped. But the interest of the time overcame all other considerations. "Ah, gallantry apart, let us hear!" was the general voice; and, with every eye instantly fixed on him, and in the midst of lips breathless with anxiety, and bosoms beating with terror at every turn of the tale, the captain gave us his fearful narrative:—

"The banquet of the 1st of October," said he, "had delighted us all; but its consequences, which, I quite agree with madame, ought to have restored peace, were fatal. It lulled Versailles into a false security, at the moment when it roused Paris into open rebellion. The leaders of the populace, dreading the return of the national attachment to our good king, resolved to strike a blow which should shake the monarchy. Happening to be sent to Paris on duty next day, I was astonished to find every thing in agitation—The workmen all in the streets; the orators of the Palais Royal all on their benches, declaiming in the most furious manner. Crowds of women rushing along the Boulevards, singing their barbarous

revolutionary songs; some even brandishing knives and carrying pikes, and all frantic against the fête. As I passed down the Rue St Honoré, I stopped to listen to the harangue of a half-naked ruffian, who had made a rostrum of the shoulders of two of the porters of the Halle, and, from this moving tribune, harangued the multitude as he went along. Every falsehood, calumny, and abomination that could come from the lips of man, were poured out by the wretch before me. The sounds of 'Vive Marat!' told me his name. I afterwards heard that he lived on the profits of a low journal, in a cellar, with a gang of wretches constantly drunk, and thus was only the fitter for the rabble. He told them that there was a conspiracy on foot to massacre the patriots of Paris; that the troops from the provinces were coming, by order of the king, to put man, woman, and child to the sword; that the fête at Marseilles was given to the vanguard of the army to pledge them to this terrible purpose; that the governors of the provinces were all in the league of blood; and that the bakers of Paris had received an order from Versailles to put poison in all their loaves within the next twenty-four hours. 'Frenchmen,' exclaimed this livid villain, tearing his hair, and howling with the wildness of a demoniac, 'do you love your wives and children? Will you suffer them to die in agonies before your eyes? Wait, and you will have nothing to do but dig their graves. Advance, and you will have nothing to do but drive the tyrant, with his horde of priests and nobles, into the Seine. Pause, and you are massacred. Arm, and you are invincible.' He was answered by shouts of vengeance.

"I remained that night at the headquarters of the staff of Paris, the Hotel de Ville. I was awakened before daybreak by the sound of a drum; and, on opening my eyes, was startled by lights flashing across the ceiling of the room where I slept. Shots followed; and it was evident that there was a conflict in the streets. I buckled on my sabre hastily, and, taking my pistols, went to join the staff. I found them in the balcony in front of the building, maintaining a feeble fire against the multitude. The night was dark as pitch, cold and stormy, and except for the sparkle of the muskets

from below, and the blaze of the torches in the hands of our assailants, we could scarcely have conjectured by whom we were attacked. This continued until daylight; when we at last got sight of our enemy. Never was there a more tremendous view. Every avenue to the Place de Grève seemed pouring in its thousands and tens of thousands. Pikes, bayonets on poles, and rusty muskets, filled the eye as far as it could reach. Flags, with all kinds of atrocious inscriptions against the king and queen, were waving in the blast; drums, horns, and every uncouth noise of the raging million filled the air. And in front of this innumerable mass pressed on a column of desperadoes, headed by a woman, or a man disguised as a woman, beating a drum, and crying out, in the intervals of every roar, 'Bread, bread!'

"To resist was evidently hopeless, or only to provoke massacre; but I had already dispatched an express to the officer in command at the Tuileries, to come and save the arms and ammunition deposited at the Hotel de Ville; and we expected the reinforcement from minute to minute. While my eyes turned, in this fever of life and death, towards the quarter from which the troops were to come, a sudden shout from the multitude made me look round; a fellow, perhaps one of the *funambules* of the Fauxbourg theatres, was climbing up to the belfry by a rope, with the agility of a monkey. His purpose was seen by us at once, and seen with fresh alarm; for, if he had been able to reach the great bell, the terrible 'tocsin' would have aroused the country for ten leagues round, and have poured a hundred thousand armed peasantry into Paris. I pointed him out to the guard, and they fired a volley at him as he swung above their heads. They missed him, the populace shouted, and the fellow, taking off his cap and waving it in triumph, still climbed on. I next fired both my pistols at him; which was the luckier of the two I cannot tell, but I saw him stagger just as he planted his foot on the battlement; he was evidently hit, and a general yell from the multitude told that they saw it too; he made a convulsive spring to secure himself, fell back, lost his hold, and plunged headlong from a height of a hundred and fifty

feet to the ground! Another tried the same adventure, and with the same fate; three in succession were shot; but enthusiasm or madness gave them courage, and at length half a dozen making the attempt together, the belfry was reached, and the tocsin was rung. Its effect was terrible. The multitude seemed to be inspired with a new spirit of rage as they heard its clang. Every bell in Paris soon began to clang in succession. The din was deafening; the populace seemed to become more daring and desperate every moment; all was uproar. I could soon see the effect of the tocsin in the new crowds which recruited our assailants from all sides. Their fire became heavier; still, in the spirit of men fighting for their lives, we kept them at bay till the last cartridge was in our muskets. But, at the moment of despair, we saw the distant approach of the reinforcement from the Tuileries; and breathed for an instant. Yet, judge of our astonishment, when it had no sooner entered the crowd, than, instead of driving the wretches before them, we saw the soldiers scatter, mix, and actually fraternize with the *canaille*; a general scene of embracing and huzzing followed, the shakos were placed on the heads of the rabble, the hats and caps of the rabble were hoisted on the soldiers' bayonets; and to our horror alike at their treachery and our inevitable destruction, the troops wearing the king's uniform, pushed forward, heading the column of insurrection. We fired our last volley, and all was over. The multitude burst into the hotel like a torrent. All our party were either killed or wounded. For the last half hour we had not a hundred men able to pull a trigger against a fire from the streets, from windows, and from house tops, on every side of the squares. That any one of us escaped from the showers of bullets is a miracle. My own escape was the merest chance. On the first rush of the crowd into the hall, I happened to come in contact with one of the leaders of the party, a horrid-looking ruffian in a red cap, who roared out that he had marked me for bringing down the citizen climber up the belfry. The fellow fired his pistol so close to my face that it scorched me. In the agony of the pain I rushed on him; he drew his sabre and attempted to

cut me down; but my sword was already out, and I anticipated him by a blow which finished his patriotism, at least in this world. In the next moment, I was trampled down, and we fell together."

I can of course offer but an imperfect transcript of the brave guardsman's narrative; seconded as it was by an intelligent countenance, and that national vividness of voice and gesture which often tell so much more than words. But, to describe its effect on his auditory is impossible. Every countenance was riveted on him, every change of those extraordinary scenes was marked by a new expression of every face round the table. Sighs and tears, wringing hands, and eyes turned on heaven, were universal evidences of the interest excited by his fearful detail. Yet, unused as I was to this quick emotion among my own sober countrymen, I could scarcely wonder even at its wildness. They were listening to the fate of all that belonged to them by affection, loyalty, hope, and possession, on this side of the grave. Every hour was big with the destinies of their king, their relations, and their country. On the events happening, even at the moment, depended, whether a deluge of blood might not roll over France, whether flame might not be devouring their ancient castles, whether they might not be doomed to mendicancy in a strange land, wanderers through the earth, without a spot whereon to lay their head, fugitives for ever. Yet the anxiety for those left behind was of a still deeper dye; the loved, the familiar, the honoured, all involved in a tide of calamity, irresistible by human strength or skill.—All so near, yet all so lost; like the crew of some noble ship hopelessly struggling with the winds and waves, within sight of the shore, within reach almost of the very voices of their friends, yet at the mercy of a tremendous element which forbade their ever treading on firm ground.

But there was still much to tell; the fate of the royal family was the general question; and the remainder of the melancholy tale was given with manly sensibility.

"When I recovered my senses it was late in the day; and I found myself in an humble room, with only an old woman for my attendant; but my

wounds banded, and every appearance of my having fallen into friendly hands. The conjecture was true. I was in the house of one of my father's *gardes de chasse*, who, having commenced tavern-keeper in the Fauxbourg St Antoine some years back, and being a thriving man, had become a 'personage' in his section, and was now a captain in the *Fédérés*. Forced, *malgré*, to join the march to the Hotel de Ville, he had seen me in the *mêlée*, and dragged me from under a heap of killed and wounded. To his recollection I probably owed my life; for the patriots mingled plunder with their principles, stripped all the fallen, and the pike and dagger finished the career of many of the wounded. It happened, too, that I could not have fallen into a better spot for information. My *cidevant garde de chasse* was loyal to the midriff; but his position as the master of a tavern, made his house a rendezvous of the leading patriots of his section. Immediately after their victory of the morning, a sort of council was held on what they were to do next; and the room where I lay being separated from their place of meeting only by a slight partition, I could hear every syllable of their speeches, which, indeed, they took no pains to whisper; they clearly thought that Paris was their own. Lying on my bed, I learned that the attack on the Hotel de Ville was only a part of a grand scheme of operations; that an insurrection was to be organized throughout France; that the king was to be deposed, and a 'lieutenant of the kingdom' appointed, until the sovereign people had declared their will; and that the first movement was to be a march of all the Parisian sections to Versailles. I should have started from my pillow, to spring sabre in hand among the traitors; but I was held down by my wounds, and perhaps still more by the entreaties of my old attendant, who protested against my stirring, as it would be instantly followed by her murder and that of every inmate of the house. The club now proceeded to enjoy themselves after the labours of the day. They had a republican carouse. Their revels were horrible. They speedily became intoxicated, sang, danced, embraced, fought, and were reconciled again. Then came the

harangues; each orator exceeding his predecessor in blasphemy, till all was execration, cries of vengeance against kings and priests, and roars of massacre. I there heard the names of men long suspected, but of whom they now spoke openly as the true leaders of the national movement; and of others marked for assassination. They drank toasts to Death, to Queen Poissarde, and to Goddess Guillotine. It was a pandemonium.

"A drum at length beat the 'Alarme' in the streets; the orgie was at an end, and amid a crash of bottles and glasses, they staggered, as well as their feet could carry them, out of the house. They were received by the mob with shouts of laughter. But the column moved forward; to the amount of thousands, as I could judge by their trampling, and the clashing of their arms. When the sound had died away in the distance, my humble friend entered my room, thanking his stars that 'he had contrived to escape this march.'

" 'Where are they gone?' I asked.

" 'To Versailles,' was his shuddering answer.

"Nothing could now detain me. After one or two helpless efforts to rise from my bed, and an hour or two of almost despair, I succeeded in getting on my feet, and procuring a horse. Versailles was now my only object. I knew all the importance of arriving at the palace at the earliest moment; I knew the unprotected state of the king, and knew that it was my place to be near his person in all chances. I was on the point of sallying forth in my uniform, when the precaution of my friend forced me back; telling me, truly enough, that, in the ferment of the public mind, it would be impossible for me to reach Versailles as a *garde du corps*, and that my being killed or taken, would effectually prevent me from bearing any information of the state of the capital. This decided me; and, disguised as a courier, I set out by a cross-road in hope to arrive before the multitude.

"But I had not gone above a league when I fell in with a scattered platoon of the mob, who were rambling along as if on a party of pleasure; tossing their pikes and clashing their sabres to all kinds of revolutionary songs. I was instantly seized, as a

'courier of the Aristocrats.' Their sagacity, once at work, found out a hundred names for me:—I was a 'spy of Pitt,' an 'agent of the Austrians,' a 'disguised priest,' and an 'emigrant noble;' my protestations were in vain, and they held a court-martial, on me and my horse, on the road; and ordered me to deliver up my despatches, on pain of being piked on the spot. But I could give up none; for the best of all possible reasons. Every fold of my drapery was searched, and then I was to be piked for *not* having despatches; it being clear that I was more than a courier, and that my message was too important to be trusted to pen and ink. I was now in real peril; for the party had continued to sing and drink until they had nearly made themselves frantic; and as Versailles was still a dozen miles off, and they were unlikely to annihilate the garrison before nightfall, they prepared to render their share of service to their country by annihilating me. In this real dilemma, my good genius interposed, in the shape of an enormous *poissarde*; who, rushing through the crowd, which she smote with much the same effect as an elephant would with his trunk, threw her huge arms round me, called me her *cher Jacques*, poured out a volley of professional eloquence on the shrinking heroes, and proclaimed me her son returning from the army! All now was sentiment. The *poissarde* was probably in earnest, for her faculties were in nearly the same condition with those of her fellow patriots. I was honoured with a general embrace, and shared the privilege of the travelling bottle. As the night was now rapidly falling, an orator proposed that the overthrow of the monarchy should be deferred till the next day. A *Fédéré* uniform was provided for me; I was hailed as a brother; we pitched a tent, lighted fires, cooked a supper, and bivouacked for the night. This was, I acknowledge, the first night of my seeing actual service since the commencement of my soldiership.

"In ten minutes the whole party were asleep. I arose, stole away, left my newly found mother to lament her lost son again, and with a heavy heart took the road to Versailles. The night had changed to sudden tempest, and the sky grown dark as death. It was a night for the fall of a dynasty. But

there was a lurid blaze in the distant horizon, and from time to time a shout, or a sound of musketry, which told me only too well where Versailles lay. I need not say what my feelings were while I was traversing that solitary road, yet within hearing of this tremendous mass of revolt; or what I imagined in every roar, as it came mingled with the bellowing of the thunder. The attack might be commencing at the moment; the blaze that I saw might be the conflagration of the palace; the roar might be the battle over the bodies of the royal family. I never passed three hours in such real anxiety of mind, and they were deepened by the total loneliness of the whole road. I did not meet a single human being; for the inhabitants of the few cottages had fled, or put out all their lights, and shut themselves up in their houses. The multitude had rushed on, leaving nothing but silence and terror behind.

“The church clocks were striking three in the morning when I arrived at Versailles, after the most exhausting journey that I had ever made. But there, what a scene met my eye! It was beyond all that I had ever imagined of ferocity and rabble triumph. Though it was still night, the multitude thronged the streets; the windows were all lighted up, huge fires were blazing in all directions, torches were carried about at the head of every troop of the banditti; it was the bivouac of a hundred thousand bedlamites. It was now that I owned the lucky chance which had made me a *Fédéré*. In any other dress I should have been a suspicious person, and have probably been put to death; but in the brown coat, sabre, and red cap of the *Sectionnaire*, I was fraternized with in all quarters. My first object was to approach the palace, if possible. But there I found a *cordón* of the national guard drawn up, who had no faith even in my mob costume; and was repelled. I could only see at a distance, drawn up in front of the palace, a strong line of troops—the regiment of Flanders and the Swiss battalion. All in the palace was darkness. It struck me as the most funereal sight that I had ever beheld.

“In my disappointment I wandered through the town: The night was rainy, and gusts of wind tore every thing before them, yet the armed po-

pulace remained carousing in the streets—all was shouting, oaths, and execrations against the royal family. Some groups were feasting on the plunder of the houses of entertainment, others were dancing and roaring the ‘*Carmagnole*.’ One party had broken into the theatre, and dressed themselves in the spoils of the wardrobe; others were drilling, and exhibiting their skill by firing at the king’s arms hung over the shops of the restaurateurs. Those shops were crowded with hundreds eating and drinking at free cost. All the *cafés* and gaming-houses were lighted from top to bottom. The streets were a solid throng, and almost as bright as at noonday, and the jangling of all the Savoyard organs, horns, and voices, the riot and roar of the multitude, and the frequent and desperate quarrels of the different sections, who challenged each other to fight during this lingering period, were absolutely distracting. Versailles looked alternately like one vast masquerade, like an encampment of savages, and like a city taken by storm. Wild work, too, had been done during the day.

“As, wearied to death, I threw myself down to rest on the steps of one of the churches, a procession of patriots happened to fix its quarters on the spot. Its leader, an old grotesque-looking fellow, dressed in a priest’s vestments—doubtless a part of the plunder of the night—and seated on a barrel on wheels, like a Silenus, from which, at their several halts, he harangued his followers, and drank to the ‘downfall of the Bourbons,’ soon let me into the history of the last twelve hours. ‘Brave Frenchmen,’ exclaimed the ruffian, ‘the eyes of the world are fixed upon you; and this night you have done what the world has never rivalled. You have shaken the throne of the tyrant. What cared you for the satellites of the Bourbon? You scorned their bayonets; you laughed at their bullets. Nothing can resist the energy of Frenchmen.’ This flourish was, of course, received with a roar. The orator now produced a scarf which he had wrapped round his waist, and waved it in the light before them. ‘Look here, citizen soldiers,’ he cried; ‘brave *Fédérés*, see this gore. It is the blood of the monsters who would extinguish the liberty of

France. Yesterday I headed a battalion of our heroes in the attack of the palace. One of the slaves of the tyrant Capet rushed on me sword in hand; I sent a bullet through his heart, and, as he fell, I tore this scarf from his body. See the marks of his blood.' It may be conceived with what feelings I heard this narrative. —The palace had been sacked, the queen insulted, my friends and comrades murdered. I gave an involuntary groan; his fierce eye fell upon me as I endeavoured to make my escape from this horrible neighbourhood, and he ordered me to approach him. The fifty pikes which were brandished at his word made obedience necessary. He whispered, 'I know you well; you are at my mercy; I have often played the barrel organ outside the walls of your *corps-de-garde*; you are acquainted with the secret ways of the palace, and you must lead us in, or die upon the spot.' He probably took my astonishment and silence for acquiescence; for he put a musket into my hand. 'This night,' said he, aloud, 'will settle every thing. The whole race of the Bourbons are doomed. The fry may have escaped, but we have netted all the best fish. We have friends, too, in high quarters;' and he shook a purse of louis-d'ors at my ear. 'We are to storm the palace an hour before daybreak; the troops must either join us or be put to death; the king and his tribe will be sent to a dungeon, and France, before to-morrow night, will have at her head, if not the greatest man, the richest fool, in Europe.' He burst out into an irrestrainable laugh, in which the whole party joined; but the sound of cannon broke off his speech; all shouldered pike or musket; I was placed under the especial surveillance of a pair with drawn sabres, which had probably seen some savage service during the night, for they were clotted with blood; and with me for their guide, the horde of savages rushed forward, shouting, to join the grand attack on the defenders of our unfortunate king.

'My situation had grown more trying at every moment, but escape was impossible, and my next thought was to make the best of my misfortune, enter the palace along with the crowd, and, when once there, die by

the side of my old comrades. I had, however, expected a sanguinary struggle. What was my astonishment when I saw the massive gates, which might have been so easily defended, broken open at once—a few random shots the only resistance, and the staircases and ante-rooms in possession of the multitude within a quarter of an hour. 'Where is La Fayette?' in wrath and indignation, I cried to one of the wounded *garde-du-corps*, whom I had rescued from the knives of my *sans-culotte* companions. 'He is asleep,' answered the dying man, with a bitter smile. 'Where are the National Guard whom he brought with him last night from Paris?' I asked, in astonishment. 'They are asleep, too,' was the contemptuous answer. I rushed on, and at length reached my friends; tore off my *Fédéré* uniform, and used, with what strength was left me, my bayonet, until it was broken.

"I shall say no more of that night of horrors. The palace was completely stormed. The splendid rooms, now the scene of battle hand to hand; the royal furniture, statues, pictures, tossed and trampled in heaps; wounded and dead men lying every where; the constant discharge of muskets and pistols; the breaking open of doors with the blows of hatchets and hammers; the shrieks of women flying for their lives, or hanging over their wounded sons and husbands; and the huzzas of the rabble, at every fresh entrance which they forced into the suites of apartments, were indescribable. I pass over the other transactions of those terrible hours; but some unaccountable chance saved the royal family—I fear, for deeper sufferings; for the next step was degradation.

"The rabble leaders insisted that the king should go with them to Paris. Monsieur La Fayette was now awake; and he gave it as his opinion that this was the only mode of pleasing the populace. When a king submits to popular will, he is disgraced; and a disgraced king is undone. It was now broad day; the struggle was at an end; the royal carriages were ordered, and the *garde-du-corps* were drawn up to follow them. At this moment, the barrel-organ man, my leader of the night, passed me by with a grimace, and whispered, 'Bro-

ther *Fédéré*, did I not tell you how it would be? The play is only beginning; all that we have seen is the farce.' He laughed, and disappeared among the crowd.

"There was one misery to come, and it was the worst; the procession to Paris lasted almost twelve hours. It was like the march of American savages, with their scalps and prisoners, to their wigwams. The crowd had been largely increased by the national guards of the neighbouring villages, and by thousands flocking from Paris on the intelligence of the rabble victory. Our escort was useless; we ourselves were prisoners. Surrounding the carriage of the king, thousands of the most profligate refuse of Paris, men and women, railed and revelled, sang and shouted the most furious insults to their majesties. And in front of this mass were carried on pikes, as standards, the heads of two of our corps, who had fallen fighting at the door of the queen's chamber. Loaves, borne on pikes, and dipped in blood; formed others of their standards. Huge placards, with the words, 'Down with the tyrant! Down with the priests! Down with the nobles!' waved above the heads of the multitude. 'Make way for the baker, his wife, and the little apprentice,' was shouted, with every addition of obloquy and insolence; and in this agony we were forced to drag on our weary steps till midnight. One abomination more was to signalize the inhuman spirit of the time. Within about a league of Paris, the royal equipages were ordered to halt; and for what inconceivable purpose? It was, that the bleeding heads of our unfortunate comrades might be dressed and powdered by the village barber—to render them fit to enter Paris. The heads were then brought to the carriage windows, for the approval of the royal prisoners; and the huge procession moved onward with all its old bellowings again.

"We entered the city by torch-light, amid the firing of cannon; the streets were all illuminated, and the mob and the multitude maddened with brandy. Yet the scene was unlike that of the night before. There was something in the extravagances of Versailles wholly different from the sullen and frowning aspect of Paris. The one had the look of a melodrame;

the other the look of an execution. All was funereal. We marched with the king to the *Place du Carrousel*, and when the gates of the palace closed on him, I felt as if they were the gates of the tomb. Perhaps it would be best that they were; that a king of France should never suffer such another day; that he should never look on the face of man again. He had drained the cup of agony; he had tasted all the bitterness of death; human nature could not sustain such another day; and, loyal as I was, I wished that the descendant of so many kings should rather die by the hand of nature than by the hand of traitors and villains; or should rather mingle his ashes with the last flame of the Tuileries, than glut the thirst of rebellion with his blood on the scaffold."

The story left us all melancholy for a while; bright eyes again overflowed, as well they might; and stately bosoms heaved with evident emotion. Yet, after all, the night was wound up with a capital cotillon, danced with as much grace, and as much gaiety, too, as if it had been in the *Salle d'Opera*.

I rose early next morning, and felt the spirit-stirring power of the sea breeze. In those days, Brighton covered but the borders of the shore. It was scarcely more than a little line of fishermen's cottages, fenced against the surge by the remaining timbers of boats which had long seen their last adventure. Scattered at distances of at least a quarter of a mile from each other, lay some houses of a better description, a few deeply embosomed in trees, or rather in such thickets as could grow in the perpetual exposure to the rough winds and saline exhalations of the Channel. Of those, the one in which I had taken up my present residence was amongst the best; though its exterior was so unpresuming, that I was inclined to give Mordecai, or rather his gay heiress, credit for humility, or perhaps for the refinement of striking their visitors with the contrast between its simplicity of exterior and richness of decoration within.

It was a brisk, bright morning, and the waves were curling before a lively breeze, the sun was glowing above, and clusters of vessels, floating down the Channel, spread their sails like

masses of summer cloud in the sunshine. It was my first sight of the ocean, and that first sight is always a new idea. Alexander the Great, standing on the shores of the Persian Gulf, said, "That he then first felt what the world was." Often as I have seen the ocean since, the same conception has always forced itself on me.

In what a magnificent world do we live! What power, what depth, what expanse, lay before me! How singular, too, that while the grandeur of the land arises from bold irregularity and incessant change of aspect, from the endless variety of forest, vale, and mountain; the same effect should be produced on the ocean by an absence of all irregularity and all change! A simple, level horizon, perfectly unbroken, a line of almost complete uniformity, compose a grandeur that impresses and fills the soul as powerfully as the most cloud-piercing Alp, or the Andes clothed with thunder.

This was the ocean in calm; but how glorious, too, in tempest! The storm that sweeps the land is simply a destroyer or a renovator; it smites the surface, and is gone. But the ocean is the seat of its power, the scene of its majesty, the element in which it sports, lives, and rules—penetrating to its depths, rolling its surface in thunder on the shore—changing its whole motion, its aspect, its uses, and, grand as it is in its serenity, giving it another and a more awful grandeur in its convulsion. Then, how strangely, yet how admirably, does it fulfil its great human object! Its depth and extent seem to render it the very element of separation; all the armies of the earth might be swallowed up between the shores of the Channel. Yet it is this element which actually combines the remotest regions of the earth. Divisions and barriers are essential to the protection of kingdoms from each other; yet what height of mountain range, or what depth of precipice could be so secure as the defence so simply and perpetually supplied by a surrounding sea? While this protecting element at the same time pours the wealth of the globe into the bosom of a nation.

Even all this is only the ocean as referred to man. How much more magnificent is it in itself! Thrice the magnitude of the land, the world of waters! its depth unfathomable, its

mountains loftier than the loftiest of the land, its valleys more profound, the pinnacles of its hills islands! What immense shapes of animal and vegetable life may fill those boundless pastures and plains on which man shall never look! What herds, by thousands and millions, of those mighty creatures whose skeletons we discover, from time to time, in the wreck of the antediluvian globe! What secrets of form and power, of capacity and enjoyment, may exist under the cover of that mighty expanse of waves which fills the bed of the ocean, and spreads round the globe!

While those and similar ramblings were passing through my mind, as I sat gazing on the bright and beautiful expanse before me, I was aroused by a step on the shingle. I turned, and saw the gallant guardsman, who had so much interested our party on the night before. But he received my salutation with a gravity which instantly put an end to my good-humour; and I waited for the *dénouement*, at his pleasure. He produced a small billet from his pocket, which I opened, and which, on glancing my eye over it, appeared to me a complete rhapsody. I begged of him to read it, and indulge me with an explanation. He read it, and smiled.

"It is, I own, not perfectly intelligible," said he; "but some allowance must be made for a man deeply injured, and inflamed by a sense of wrong."

I read the signature—Lafontaine, *Capitaine des Chasseurs légers*. I had never heard the name before. I begged to know "the nature of his business with me, as it was altogether beyond my conjecture."

"It is perfectly probable, sir," was the reply; "for I understand that you had never seen each other till last night, at the house of your friend. The case is simply this:—Lafontaine, who is one of the finest fellows breathing, has been for some time deeply smitten by the various charms of your host's very pretty daughter, and, so far as I comprehend, the lady has acknowledged his merits. But your arrival here has a good deal deranged the matter. He conceives your attentions to his fair one to be of so marked a nature, that it is impossible for him to overlook them."

I laughed, and answered,

"Sir, you may make your friend quite at his ease on the subject, for I have not known her existence till within these twenty-four hours."

"You danced with her half the evening—you sat beside her at supper. She listened to you with evident attention—of this last I myself was witness; and the report in the neighbourhood is, that you have come to this place by an express arrangement with her father," gravely retorted the guardsman.

All this exactness of requisition appeared to me to be going rather too far; and I exhibited my feeling on the subject, in the tone in which I replied, that I had stated every thing that was necessary for the satisfaction of a "man of sense, but that I had neither the faculty nor the inclination to indulge the captiousness of any man."

His colour mounted, and I seemed as if I was likely to have a couple of heroes on my hands. But he compressed his lip, evidently strangled a chivalric speech, and, after a pause to recover his calmness, said—

"Sir, I have not come here to decide punctilios on either side. I heartily wish that this affair had not occurred, or could be reconciled; my countrymen here, I know, stand on a delicate footing, and I am perfectly aware of the character that will be fastened on them by the occurrence of such rencontres. Can you suggest any means by which this difference may be settled at once?"

"None in the world, sir," was my answer. "I have told you the fact, that I have no pretension whatever to the lady—that I am wholly unacquainted even with the person of your friend—that the idea of intentional injury on my part, therefore, is ridiculous; and let me add, for the benefit of your friend, that to expect an apology for imaginary injuries, would be the most ridiculous part of the entire transaction."

"What, then, am I to do?" asked the gallant captain, evidently perplexed. "I really wish that the affair could be got over without *fracas*. In fact, though the Jewess is pretty, Lafontaine's choice does not much gratify any of us."

"What you ought to do, sir, is sufficiently plain," said I. "Go to your friend; if he has brains enough remaining to comprehend the nature of the

case, he will send you back with his apology. If he has not, I shall remain half an hour on the sands until he has made up his mind."

The captain made me a low bow, and slowly paced back to the lodging of his fiery compatriot.

When I was left alone, I, for the first time, felt the whole ill-luck of my situation. So long as I was heated by our little dialogue, I thought only of retorting the impertinent interference of a stranger with my motives or actions. But, now, the whole truth flashed on me with the force of a new faculty. I saw myself involved in a contest with a fool or a lunatic, in which either of our lives, or both, might be sacrificed—and for nothing. Hope, fortune, reputation, perhaps renown, all the prospects of life were opening before me, and I was about to shut the gate with my own hand. In these thoughts I was still too young for what is called personal peril to intervene. The graver precaution of more advanced years was entirely out of the question. I was a soldier, or about to be one; and I would have rejoiced, if the opportunity had been given to me, in heading a forlorn hope, or doing any other of those showy things which make a name. The war, too, was beginning—my future regiment was ordered for foreign service—every heart in England was beating with hope or fear—every eye of Europe was fixed upon England and Englishmen; and, in the midst of all this high excitement, to fall in a pitiful private quarrel, struck me with a sudden sense of self-contempt and wilful absurdity, that made me almost loathe my being. I acknowledge that the higher thoughts, which place those rencontres in their most criminal point of view, had then but little influence with me. But to think that, within the next hour, or the next five minutes, I might be but like the sleepers in the rude resting-place of the fishermen; with my name unknown, and all the associations of life extinguished—

"This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod"—

was an absolute pang. I could have died a martyr, and despised the flame, or rather rejoiced in it, as a security that I should not perish forgotten. But a fancied wrong, an obscure dis-

pute, the whole future of an existence flung away for the jealous dreams of a mad Frenchman, or the sport of a coquette, of whom I knew as little as of her fantastic lover, threw me into a fever of scorn for the solemn follies of mankind.

The captain returned. I had not stirred from the spot.

"I regret," said he, "that my friend is wholly intractable. He has convinced himself, if he can convince no one else, that he has wholly lost the good opinion of his fair one, and that you are the cause. Some communication which he had from London, informed him of your frequent intercourse with her father. This rendered him suspicious, and the peculiar attention with which you were treated last night, produced a demand for an explanation; which, of course, heightened the quarrel. The innamorata, probably not displeased to have more suitors than one, whether in amusement or triumph, appears to have assisted his error, if such it be; and he returned home, stung to madness by what he terms her infidelity. He now demands your formal abandonment of the pursuit."

All my former feelings of offence recurred at the words, and I hotly asked—"Well, sir, to whom must I kneel—to the lady or the gentleman? Take my answer back—that I shall do neither. Where is your friend to be found?"

He pointed to a clump of trees within a few hundred yards, and I followed him. I there saw my antagonist; a tall, handsome young man, but with a countenance of such dejection that he might have sat for the picture of despair. It was clear that his case was one for which there was no tonic, but what the wits of the day called a course of steel. Beside him stood a greyhaired old figure, of a remarkably intelligent countenance, though stooped slightly with age. He was introduced to me as General Deschamps; and in a few well-expressed words, he mentioned that he attended, from respect to the British, to offer his services to me on an occasion "which he deeply regretted, but which circumstances unfortunately rendered necessary, and which all parties were doubtless anxious to conclude before it should produce any irritation in the neighbourhood."

To the offer of choice of weapons, I returned an answer of perfect indifference. It had happened, that as my father had destined me for diplomacy, and had conceived the science to have but two essentials, French and fencing, I was tolerably expert in both. Swords were chosen. We were placed on the ground, and the conflict began. My antagonist was evidently a master of his art; but there is no weapon whose use depends so much upon the mind of the moment as the sword. He was evidently resolved to kill or be killed; and the desperation with which he rushed on me exposed him to my very inferior skill. At the third pass I ran him through the sword arm. He staggered back with the twinge; but at the instant when he was about to bound on me, and perhaps take his revenge, a scream stopped us all; a female, wrapped in cloak and veil, rushed forward, and threw herself into Lafontaine's arms in a passion of sobs. An attendant, who soon came up, explained the circumstance; and it finally turned out, that the fair Mariamne, whatever her coquetry might have intended at night, repented at morn; recollected some of the ominous expressions of her lover; and on hearing that he had been seen with a group entering the grove, and that I, too, was absent, had conjectured the truth at once, and flown, with her *femme de chambre*, to the rendezvous. She had come just in time.

The reconciliation was complete. I was now not only forgiven by the lover, but was the "very best friend he had in the world;—a man of honour, a paragon, a *chevalier sans peur et sans reproche*." The wound of the gallant chasseur was bound up, like an ancient knight's, with his mistress's scarf. She upbraided me, with her glistening eyes, for having had the audacity to quarrel with her hero; and then, with the same eyes, thanked me for the opportunity of proving her faith to *cher et malheureux Charles*. Her little heart poured out its full abundance in her voluble tongue; and for a quarter of an hour, and it is a long life for happiness, we were the happiest half dozen in Christendom.

How Mordecai would admire all this, was yet to be told; but my casual mention of his name broke up the rapture at once. Mariamne sud-

denly became sensible of the irregularity of alternately fainting and smiling in the arms of a handsome young soldier; and in the presence, too, of so many spectators, all admirers of her black eyes and blooming sensibilities. She certainly looked to me much prettier than in her full-dress charms of the evening before, and I almost began to think that the prize was worth contending for; but the guardsman and the old general had felt the effects of the morning air, and were unsentimentally hungry. Mariamne and her attendant were escorted to the edge of the plantation by her restored knight; and I accepted the general's invitation to breakfast, instead of drowning myself in the next pond.

The general was lodged in the first floor of a fisherman's dwelling, which, in more polished parts of the land, would have been pronounced a hovel; but in Brighton, as it then was, bore the name of a house. We entered it through an apartment filled with matters of the fisherman's trade,—nets, barrels, and grappels; and in a corner a musket or two, which had evidently seen service, though probably *not* in his Majesty's pay. The walls were covered with engravings of British sea-fights and favourite admirals, from the days of Elizabeth; patriotic in the highest degree, and most intolerable specimens of the arts; the floor, too, had its covering, but it was of nearly a dozen children of all sizes, from the bluff companion of his father down to the crier in the cradle; yet all fine bold specimens of the brood of sea and fresh air, British bull-dogs, that were yet to pin down the game all round the world; or rather cubs of the British lion, whose roar was to be the future terror of the foreigner.

The general welcomed us to his little domicile with as much grace as if he had been ushering us into the throne-room of the Tuileries. I afterwards understood that he had been governor of the “Invalides;” and the change from the stately halls of that military palace must have severely taxed the philosophy of any man; yet it had no appearance of having even ruffled the temperament of the gallant veteran. He smiled, talked, and did the honours of his apartment with as much urbanity as if he had been surrounded by all the glittering furniture, and all the live-

ried attendance, of his governorship. I have always delighted in an old Frenchman, especially if he has served. Experience has made me a cosmopolite, and yet to this hour a young Frenchman is my instinctive aversion. He is born in coxcombry, cradled in coxcombry, and educated in coxcombry. It is only after his coxcombry is rubbed off by the changes and chances of the world, that the really valuable material of the national character is to be seen. He always reminds me of the mother-of-pearl shell, rude and unpromising on the outside, but by friction exhibiting a fine interior. However it may be thought a paradox to pronounce the Frenchman unpolished, I hold to my assertion. If the whole of “jeune France” sprang on their feet and clapped their hands to the hilts of their swords, or more probably to their daggers, to avenge the desecration of the only shrine at which nine-tenths of them worship, I should still pronounce the Frenchman the most unpolished of Europeans. What is his look of conscious superiority to all that exist besides in this round world? The toss of his nostril, the glare of his eye, the contempt of his gathered lip? Give me the homeliest manners of the homeliest corner of Europe—nay, give me the honest rudeness of the American savage, in preference to this arrogant assumption of an empty superiority. Why, the very tone in which every Frenchman, from fifteen to five-and-forty, utters the words “la France,” is enough to raise the laugh, or make the blood boil, of all mankind.

Nearly twenty years after this, I happened to be sitting one day with Gentz, the most memorable practical philosopher of his age and country. Germany was then in the most deplorable depression, overrun with French armies; and with Napoleon at Erfurth, in the pride of that “bad eminence” on which he stood in such Titanic grandeur, and from which he was so soon to be flung with such Titanic ruin. Our conversation naturally turned on the melancholy state of things.

“I think,” said the great politician, “that this supremacy must fall. I might not think so if any other nation were the masters of Europe; but France, though often a conqueror,

has never been a possessor. The insolence of the individual Frenchman has been the grand obstacle to the solidity of her empire."

To my remark, that her central position, her vast population, the undaunted bravery of her troops, and the military propensities of her people, fitted her to be the disturber of Europe.

"Yes," was the sage's answer; "but to be no more than the disturber. Her power is the whirlwind; for purposes which man may never be able fully to define, suffered, or sent forth, to sweep the Continent; perhaps, like the tempest, to punish, nay, perhaps in the end to purify; but the tempest is scarcely more transitory, or more different from the dew that invisibly descends and silently refreshes the land."

"But Napoleon," said I, "with an army of a million recruited from thirty millions, opposed to the worn-down force and exhausted treasures of the Continent! What an iron wedge driven in among their dilapidated combinations! What a mountain of granite, with the cloud and the thunder for its crown, domineering over the plain!"

"True—perfectly true," he replied, throwing back the long locks from a broad forehead which reminded me of a bust of Plato. "True. Man may be as little able to decide on the means by which the power of France will fall, as on the purposes for which that tremendous fabric of splendid iniquity first rose. But, look into that street."

It happened that a French regiment of cuirassiers, with the fine clangour of its drums and trumpets, was passing under the window at the moment.

"You see there," said he, "the kind of feeling which that really striking show produces; not a window is open but our own. The blinds of every window have been let down, not an eye looks at these troops. Yet the public of Vienna are extravagantly fond of display in all its shapes; and punchinello, or a dance of dogs, would bring a head to every pane of glass, from the roof to the ground. The French are individually shrunk from, hated, abhorred."

"Naturally enough, as conquerors," I observed; chiefly from a desire to hear more of the sentiments of the celebrated German.

"No—no!" said he, almost in a tone of vexation. "The Germans are as much alive to the merits of their enemies in the field, as any other nation in the world. They acknowledge the soldiery of the French. I even believe that the talents of their extraordinary emperor are more sincerely acknowledged in Vienna than in Paris. But it is the intolerable insolence of the national character, that makes its bravery, its gaiety, and even its genius detested. Trust me; this feeling will not be unfruitful. Out of the hut of the peasant will come the avengers, whom the cabinet has never been able to find in the camp. Out of the swamp and the thicket will rise the tree that will at once overshadow the fallen fortunes of Germany, and bring down the lightning on her aggressors. In this hope alone I live."

I once more asked him, "From what quarter is the restoration to come?"

"I know not—I care not—I ask not," said he, starting from his chair, and traversing the room with huge strides. "The topic feels to me as if a sword was now griding its way through my frame. But France will never keep Austria, nor Prussia, nor the Rhenish Provinces, nor Holland, nor any spot on earth beyond the land inhabited by Frenchmen. It is true," said he, with a stern smile, "that she may keep her West India islands, if your ships will let her. The negroes are her natural subjects. They have backs accustomed to the lash, and black cheeks that will not redden at her insolence."

"Are the German sovereigns of your opinion?"

"To a man. It is but this morning that I was honoured with a reception by our good emperor. His conviction was complete. But you will not see Austria stir a single step, until war is the outcry, not of her court, but of her people. The trumpet that leads the march will be blown not from the parade of Vienna or Berlin, but from the village, the pasture, the forest, and the mountain. The army will be the peasant, the weaver, the trader, the student, the whole of the pacific multitude of life turned into the materials of war; the ten thousand rills that silently water the plain of society suddenly united into one

inundation; the eyes of every man looking only for the enemy; the feet of every man pursuing him; the hands of every man slaying him. The insolence of the Frenchman has contrived to convey a sting of the bitterness of conquest into every heart of our millions, and our millions will return it with resistless retribution."

"You have cheered and convinced me," said I, as I rose to take my leave. "It certainly is rather strange, that France, always mad with the love of seizure, has been able to acquire nothing during the last hundred years."

"You will find my theory true," said Gentz. "The individual insolence of her people has been the real impediment to the increase of her dominions. She is not the only ambitious power on the face of the earth. Russia has doubled her empire within those hundred years, yet she has kept possession of every league. Prussia has doubled her territory within the same time, yet she has added the new solidly to the old. I am not an advocate for the principle or the means by which those conquests have been accomplished; but they have been retained. Austria has been for the same time nearly mistress of Italy, and though the French arms have partially shaken her authority, it was never shaken by popular revolt. And why is all this contradistinction to the flighty conquest and ephemeral possession of France? The obvious reason is, that however the governments might be disliked, neither the Austrian soldier, nor the Prussian, nor even the Russian, made himself abhorred, employed his study in vexing the feelings of the people, had a perpetual sneer on his visage, or exhibited in his habits a perpetual affectation of that coxcomb superiority to all other human beings, that pert supremacy, that grotesque and yet irritating caricature, which makes the *Moi, je suis Français*, a demand for universal adoration, the concentrated essence of absurdity, the poison-drop of scorn."

"When will this great consummation arrive?"

"When the tyranny can be endured no longer; when the people find that they must depend upon themselves for its redress; when a just Providence finds the vindication of its

laws required by the necessities of man."

"From what quarter will the grand effort first come?"

"From the nation most aggrieved."

"What will be its result?"

To this moment I remember the sudden light which flashed into his cold grey eye, the gasping lip, and the elevation which even his stooped form assumed; as he answered with a tone and gesture which might have been imagined for one of the prophets of the Sistine Chapel—

"The result," said he, "will be the fall of the French empire, for it is a house built on the sand;—the extinction of Napoleon, for it is his creation, and the one cannot survive the other;—the liberation of Europe, for its united strength can be chained no longer;—perhaps the liberty of man, for the next step for nations which have crushed foreign dominion is to extinguish domestic despotism. Europe once free, what is to come? A new era, a new shape of society, a new discovery of the mighty faculties of nations, of the wonders of mind, of matter, and of man; a vast shaking of the earth and its institutions; and out of this chaos, a new moral creation, *fiat lux et fugient tenebræ*."

The prediction has been partly realized. Much is yet to be fulfilled. But, like Gentz, I live in hope, and think that I see an approach to the consummation.

But the party to whom I was now introduced were of a different order from the generality of their country. Originally of the first education and first society of France, the strictness of the military service had produced on them the most valuable effect of years. The natural vividness of their temperament was smoothed down, their experience of English kindness had diminished their prejudices; and adversity—and no men bear the frowns of fortune better than their nation—gave them almost the manly calmness of the English gentleman. I found the old general all courtesy, and his friends all good-humour. My conduct in the affair of the morning was after their own hearts; I had, by common consent, earned their good graces; and they gave me on the spot half a dozen invitations to the regiments and chateaus of themselves and their

friends, with as much hospitable sincerity as if they had only to recross the Channel to take possession of them again. Lafontaine was still moody, but he was in love; and, by this fact, unlike every body else, and unlike himself, from one half hour to another.

The conversation soon turned on a topic, on which the emigrants every where were peculiarly anxious to be set right with English feeling, namely, their acquittance from the charge of having fled unnecessarily.

"Men of honour," observed the general, "understand each other in all countries. I therefore always think it due, to both Englishmen and Frenchmen, to explain, that we are not here in the light of fugitives; that we have not given up the cause of our country; and that we are on English ground in express obedience to the commands of our sovereign. I am at this moment, in this spot, on the king's duty, waiting, like my gallant friends here, merely the order to join the first expedition which can be formed for the release of our monarch, and the rescue of France from the horde of villains who have filled it with rebellion." All fully accorded with the sentiment. "The captivity of the king," said he, "is the result of errors which none could have anticipated ten days since. The plan decided on by the council of officers, of which I was one, was the formation of a camp on the frontier, to which his majesty and the princes should repair, summon the chief authorities of the kingdom, and there provide for the general safety with a deliberation which was impossible in Paris. I was sent off at midnight to take the command of the District of the Loire. I found myself there at the head of ten regiments, in the highest order, and, as I thought, of the highest loyalty. I addressed them, and was received with shouts of *Vive le Roi!* I gave an addition of pay to the troops, and a banquet to the officers. A note was handed to me, as I took my seat at the head of the table. It simply contained the words, 'You are betrayed.' I read it aloud in contempt, and was again answered by shouts of *Vive le Roi!* While we were in the midst of our conviviality, a volley was fired in at the windows, and the streets of Nantz were in uproar—the whole garrison had mutinied. The officers were still loyal: but what

was to be done? We rushed out with drawn swords. On our first appearance in the porch of the hotel, a platoon posted in front, evidently for our massacre, levelled by word of command, and fired deliberately into the midst of us. Several were killed on the spot, and many wounded. Some rushed forward, and some retreated into the house. I was among those who forced their way through the crowd, and before I had struggled to the end of the long street, the cry of 'fire' made me look round—the hotel was in a blaze. The rabble had set it on flame. It was this, probably, that saved me, by distracting their attention. I made my way to the chateau of the Count de Travancour, whose son had been on my staff at the Invalides. But the family were in Paris, and the only inhabitants were servants. I had received a musket-ball in my arm, and was faint with loss of blood. Still, I was determined to remain at my post, and not quit my district as long as any thing could be done. But I had scarcely thrown myself, in weariness and vexation, on a sofa, when a servant rushed into the room with the intelligence, that a band of men with torches were approaching the chateau. To defend it with a garrison of screaming women was hopeless; and while I stood considering what to do next, we heard the crash of the gates. The whole circle instantly fell on their knees before me, and implored that I should save their lives and my own, by making my escape. A courageous Breton girl undertook to be my guide to the stables, and we set off under a shower of prayers for our safety. But, as we wound our way along the last corridor, I saw the crowd of soldiers and populace rushing up the staircase at the opposite side of the court, and calling out my name joined to a hundred atrocious epithets. My situation now obviously became difficult; for our advance would be met at the next minute by the assassins. The girl's presence of mind saved me; she flew back to the end of the gallery, threw open a small door which led to the roof; and I was in the open air, with the stars bright above me, and a prodigious extent of the country, including Nantz, beneath.

"Yet you may believe that the landscape was not among my principal

contemplations at the moment, though my eyes involuntarily turned on the town ; where, from the blazes springing up in various quarters, I concluded that a general pillage had begun. That pillage was the order of the day much nearer to me, I could fully conceive, from the opening and shutting of doors, and the general tumult immediately under the leads where I stood. "Situation, gentlemen," said the old general, smiling, "is something, but circumstances are necessary to make it valuable. There never was a finer night for an investigation of the stars, if I had been an astronomer ; and I dare say that the spot which formed my position would have been capital for an observatory ; but the torches which danced up and down through the old and very dingy casements of the mansion, were a matter of much more curious remark to me than if I had discovered a new constellation."

"At length I was chased even out of this spot—my door had been found out. I have too much gallantry left to suppose that my Breton had betrayed me ; though a dagger at her heart and a purse in her hand might be powerful arguments against saving the life of an old soldier who had reached his grand climacteric. At all events, as I saw torch after torch rising along the roofs, I moved into the darkness."

"I had here a new adventure. I saw a feeble light gleaming through the roof. An incantuous step brought me upon a skylight, and I went through ; my fall, however, being deadened by bursting my way through the canopy of a bed. I had fallen into the hospital of the chateau. An old Beguine was reading her breviary in an adjoining room. She rushed in with a scream. But those women are so much accustomed to casualties, that I had no sooner acquainted her with the reasons of my flight, than she offered to assist my escape. She had been for some days in attendance on a sick servant. She led me down to the entrance of a subterranean communication between the mansion and the river, one of the old works which had probably been of serious service in the days when every chateau in the West was a fortress. The boat which had brought her from the convent was at the mouth of the subterranean ; there,

the Loire was open. If you ask, why I did not prefer throwing myself before the pursuers, and dying like a soldier, my reason was, that I should have been numbered merely among those who had fallen obscurely in the various skirmishes of the country ; and besides, that if I escaped, I should have one chance more of preserving the province."

"But, at the moment when I thought myself most secure, I was in reality in the greatest peril. The Loire had long since broken into the work, which had probably never seen a mason since the wars of the League. I had made no calculation for this, and I had descended but a few steps, when I found my feet in water. I went on, however, till it reached my sword-belt. I then thought it time to pause ; but just then, I heard a shout at the top of the passage—on the other hand I felt that the tide was rushing in, and to stay where I was would be impossible. The perplexity of that quarter of an hour would satisfy me for my whole life. I pretend to no philosophy, and have never desired to die before my time. But it was absolutely not so much the dread of finishing my career, as of the manner in which it must be finished there, which made the desperate anxiety of a struggle which I would not undergo again for the throne of the Mogul. Still, even with the roar of the water on one side, and of the rabble on the other, I had some presentiment that I should yet live to hang some of my pursuers. At all events I determined not to give my body to be torn to pieces by savages, and my name to be branded as a runaway and a poltron."

A strong suffusion overspread the veteran's face as he pronounced the words ; he was evidently overcome by the possibility of the stigma.

"I have never spoken of this night before," said he, "and I allude to it even now, merely to tell this English gentleman and his friends how groundless would be the conception that the soldiers and nobles of an unfortunate country made their escape, before they had both suffered and done a good deal. My condition was probably not more trying than that of thousands less accustomed to meet difficulties than the officers of France ; and I can assure him, that no country is more capable of a bold en-

duration of evils, or a chivalric attachment to a cause."

I gave my full belief to a proposition in which I had already full faith, and of which the brave and intelligent old man before me was so stately an example.

"But I must not detain you," said he, "any longer with an adventure which had not the common merit of a Boulevard spectacle; for it ended in neither the blowing up of a castle, nor, as you may perceive, the fall of the principal performer. As the tide rushed up through the works, I, of course receded, until at length I was caught sight of by the rabble. They poured down, and were now within a hundred yards of me, while I could not move. At that moment a strong light flashed along the cavern from the river, and I discovered for the first time that it too was not above a hundred yards from me. I had been a good swimmer in early life: I plunged in, soon reached the stream, and found that the light came from one of the boats that fish the Loire at night, and which had accidentally moored in front of my den. I got on board; the fisherman carried me to the other side; I made my way across the country, reached one of my garri- sons, found the troops, fortunately, indignant at the treatment which the king's colours had received; marched at the head of two thousand men by daybreak, and by noon was in the Grande Place of Nantz; proceeded to try a dozen of the ringleaders of the riot, who had not been merely rebels, but robbers and murderers; and amid the acclamations of the honest citizens, gave them over to the fate which villains in every country deserve, and which is the only remedy for rebellion in any. But my example was not followed; its style did not please the ministers whom our king had been compelled to choose by the voice of the Palais Royal; and as his majesty would not consent to bring me to the scaffold for doing my duty, he compromised the matter, by an order to travel for a year, and a passport for England."

"Toutes les belles dames sont, plus ou moins, coquettes," says that gayest of all old gentlemen, the Prince de Ligne, who loved every body, amused every body, and laugh-

ed at every body. It is not for me to dispute the authority of one who contrived to charm, at once, the imperial severity of Maria Theresa and the imperial pride of Catharine; to baffle the keen investigation of the keenest of mankind, the eccentric Kaunitz; and rival the profusion of the most magnifque and oriental of all prime ministers, Potemkin.

Mariamne was a "belle dame," and a remarkably pretty one. She was therefore intitled to all the privileges of prettiness; and, it must be acknowledged, that she enjoyed them to a very animated extent. In the curious memoirs of French private life, from *Plessis Les Tours* down to *St Evremond* and *Marmontel*—and certainly more amusing and dexterous dissections of human nature, at least as it is in France, never existed—our cooler countrymen often wonder at the strange attachments, subsisting for half a century between the old, who were nothing but simple fireside friends after all; and even between the old and the young. The story of Ninon and her Abbé—the unfortunate relationship, and the unfortunate catastrophe excepted—was the story of hundreds or thousands in every city of France fifty years ago. It arises from the vividness of the national mind, the quick susceptibility to being pleased, and the natural return which the heart makes in gratitude. If it sometimes led to error—it was the more to be regretted. But I do not touch on such views.

As the Jew's daughter had been rendered by her late adventure all but the affianced bride of Lafontaine, she immediately assumed all the rights of a bride, treated her slave as slaves are treated every where, received his friends at her villa with animation, and opened her heart to them all, from the old general downwards, even to me. I never had seen a creature so joyous, with all her soul so speaking on her lips, and all her happiness so sparkling in her eyes. She was the most restless, too, of human beings; but it was the restlessness of a glow of enjoyment, of a bird in the first sunshine, of a butterfly in the first glitter of its wings. She was now continually forming some party, some ingenious surprise of pleasure, some little sportive excursion, some half theatric

scene, to keep all our hearts and eyes as much alive as her own. Lafontaine obviously did not like all this; and some keen encounters of their wits took place, on the pleasure which, as he averred, "she took in all society but his own."

"If the charge be true," said she one day, "why am I in fault? It is so natural to try to be happy."

"But, to be happy without me, Mariamne."

"Ab, what an impossibility!" laughed the little foreigner.

"But, to receive the attentions even of the general, old enough to have married your grandmother."

"Well, does it not show his taste, even in your own opinion, to follow your example, and admire what you tell me *you* worship?"

"You are changed, you are a *girouette*, Mariamne."

"Well, nothing in the world is so melancholy as one who lets all the world pass by it, without a thought, a feeling, or a wish. One might as well be one of the pictures in the Louvre, pretty and charming, and gazed at by all the passers-by, without a glance for any of them in return. I have no kind of envy for being a mummy, covered with cloth of gold, and standing in a niche of cedar, yet with all its sensations vanished some thousand years ago."

"Was this the language you held to me when first we met, Mariamne?"

"Was this the language *you* held to me, when first we met, Charles? But I shall lose my spirits if I talk to you. What a sweet evening! What a delicious breeze! *Bon soir!*" And forth she went, tripping it among the beds of flowers like a sylph, followed by Lafontaine, moody and miserable, yet unable to resist the spell. Of those scenes I saw a hundred, regularly ending in the same conclusion; the lady always, as ladies ought, gaining the day, and the gentleman vexed, yet vanquished. But evil days were at hand; many a trial more severe than the pretty arguments of lovers awaited them; and Lafontaine was to prove himself a hero in more senses than one, before they met again.

It happened, that I was somewhat a favourite with Mariamne. Yet I was the only one of whom Lafontaine never exhibited a suspicion. His

nature was chivalrous, the rencounter between us he regarded as in the strongest degree a pledge of brotherhood; and he allowed me to bask in the full sunshine of his fair one's smiles, without a thought of my intercepting one of their beams. In fact, he almost formally gave his wild bird into my charge. Accordingly, whenever he was called to London, which was not unfrequently the case, as the business of the emigrants with Government grew more serious, I was her chosen companion; and as she delighted in galloping over the hills and vales of Sussex, I was honoured by being her chief equerry; she repaying the service by acting as my cicerone.

"Come," said she one day, at the end of an excursion, or rather a race of some miles along the shore, which put our blood-horses in a foam, "have you ever seen *Les Interieurs*?"

"No."

"I saw you," she remarked, "admiring the Duchesse de Saint Alainville at our little ball the other night."

"It was impossible to refuse admiration. She is the noblest looking woman I ever saw."

"One of the noblest, sir, if you please. But, as I disdain the superb in every thing"—She fixed her bright eyes on me.

"The fascinating is certainly much superior." A slight blush touched her cheek, she bowed, and all was good-humour again.

"Well, then," said she, "since you *have* shown yourself rational at last, I shall present you to this superb beauty in her own palace. You shall see your idol in her morning costume, her French reality."

She touched the pane of a window with her whip, and a bowing domestic appeared. "Is her Grace at home?" was the question. "Her Grace receives to-day," was the answer. My companion looked surprised, but there was no retreating. We alighted from our horses to attend the "reception."

The cottage was simply a cottage, roofed with thatch; and furnished in the homeliest style of the peasants to whom it had belonged. We went up stairs. A few objects of higher taste were to be seen in the apartment to which we were now ushered—a

pendule, a piano, and one or two portraits superbly framed, and with ducal coronets above them. But, to my great embarrassment, the room was full, and full of the first names of France. Yet the whole assemblage were female, and the glance which the Duchess cast from her fauteuil, as I followed my rather startled guide into the room, showed me that I had committed some terrible solecism, in intruding on the party. On what mysteries had I ventured, and what was to be the punishment of my temerity in the very shrine of the *Bona Dea*? My pretty guide, on finding herself with all those dark eyes fixed on her, and all those stately features looking something between sorrow and surprise, faltered, and grew alternately red and pale. We were both on the point of retiring; when the Duchess, after a brief consultation with some of the surrounding matronage, made a sign to Mariamne to approach. Her hospitality to all the emigrant families had undoubtedly given her a claim on their attentions. The result was a most gracious smile from Madame la Presidente, and I took my seat in silence and submission.

"Is France a country of female beauty?" is a question which I have often heard, and which I have always answered by a recollection of this scene. I never saw so many handsome women together, before or since. All were not Venuses, it is true; but there was an expression, almost a mould of feature, universal, which struck the eye more than beauty. It was impossible to doubt that I was among a high *caste*; there was a general look of nobleness, a lofty yet feminine grace of countenance, a stately sweetness, which are involun-

tarily connected with high birth, high manners, and high history.

There were some whose fine regularity of feature might have served as the model for a Greek sculptor. Yet those were not the faces on which the eye rested with the long and deep delight that "drinks in beauty." I saw some worthy of the sublime spell of Vandyke, more with the magnificence of style which Reynolds loved, and still more with the subdued dignity and touching elegance of which Lawrence was so charming a master.

On my return to French society in after years, I was absolutely astonished at the change which seemed to me to have taken place in the beauty of high life. I shall not hazard my reputation for gallantry, by tracing the contrast more closely. But evil times had singularly acted upon the physiognomy even of the nobles. The age of the *roturier* had been the climacteric of France. Generals from the ranks, countesses from the canaille, legislators from the dregs of the populace, and proprietors from the mingled stock of the parasite and the plunderer, naturally gave the countenance, formed by their habits, to the nation formed by their example.

Still there were, and are, examples of this original beauty to be found among the *élite* of the noble families; but they are rare, and to be looked on as one looks on a statue of Praxiteles found in the darkness and wrecks of Herculaneum. In the words of the old song, slightly changed—

"I roam'd through France's sanguine sand,

At beauty's altar to adore,
But there the sword had spoil'd the land,

And Beauty's daughters were no more."

ENGLISH MUSIC AND ENGLISH MUSICIANS.

MUSICAL taste, as we observed in a former article, has undergone fewer mutations in England, than in most other countries where the art has been cultivated and esteemed. In order, therefore, to acquire an accurate knowledge of the state of musical taste and science which now prevails among us, it will be necessary to take a brief retrospect; and as much of the music still popular was composed during the earliest period of the art in England, we shall rapidly trace its history from the times of those early masters, whose names are still held in remembrance and repute, down to the present century.

When England threw off the Papal yoke, music was little known beyond the services of the church. Though the secular music of this period was barbarous in the extreme, yet masses were universally sung, and music had long formed a necessary element in the due performance of the services of the Romish church. During the reign of Henry VIII. few alterations were made in public worship; and the service continued to be sung and carried on in the Latin language, as before. From Strype's account of the funeral of this monarch, it appears that all the old ceremonies were observed, and that the rupture with Rome had caused no alteration in the obsequies performed on such occasions. In the reign of his successor, the church service was entirely changed, and the Protestant liturgy was first published for general use. Four years after this event, on the accession of Mary, the "old worship" was again restored. But when, at length, the reformed religion was firmly established by Elizabeth, and the ritual permanently changed, the music of the old masses, suited to the genius and structure of the Romish service, was no longer available for the simpler forms of worship by which it was replaced. During the holiest and most solemn portions of the ancient worship, the organ had for centuries been heard in the cathedrals, while the choruses of praise and adoration resounded through the aisles. Men's opinions may undergo a change, but the feelings and ideas created by early association, and

fostered by habit, are far more lasting and enduring. The poet must have lamented the loss of the music, which, in the stern ascetic spirit of Puritanism prevailing at a later period of our history, he assisted to banish from our churches, as he sang—

"But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloisters pale,
And love the high embowed roof,
With antique pillars, massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light.
There let the pealing organ blow
To the full-voiced choir below,
In service high, and anthem clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into extasies,
And bring all heav'n before mine eyes."

At the period of which we speak, the want of music in the services of the church seems to have been severely felt, though perhaps the simpler forms of the new ritual were comparatively but little adapted for musical display. Great exertions were made throughout the kingdom by the deans and chapters to restore the efficiency of the choirs; and Elizabeth, in the exercise of what then appeared an undoubted prerogative of the crown, issued her warrant for the impressment of singing men and boys for the castle of Windsor. The churches and cathedrals still, indeed, retained their organs; "the choirs and places where they sing" were still in being; all the *matériel* was at hand; but, with the exception of the production of John Marbeck, called "The Book of Common Prayer Noted," which was printed in 1550, there was as yet no music for the new services in the English language. Two years after the accession of Elizabeth, and one year after the bill for the uniformity of common prayer had passed the legislature, a choral work, "very necessarie for the church of Christ to be frequented and used," was published, among the authors of which the name of Tallis appears. The musical necessities of the newly established church appear to have stimulated or developed talents which, under other circumstances, might perhaps have been less prominently

brought forward: at all events, the demand for this music would seem a principal reason why the early English masters should have devoted themselves so exclusively to sacred composition. Tallis and his pupil Byrd, both men of original genius, produced many compositions for the newly introduced ritual, which, by their intrinsic merit and comparative superiority, aided also by a constant demand for new music of the same character, gave a permanent direction to the exercise of musical talent; and the services of Tallis and Byrd became the classic objects of emulation and imitation, and sacred music became, in a peculiar manner, the national music of England. The compositions of these "fathers of our genuine and national sacred music," are still preserved, the latter of whom, Byrd, died in 1623, at the age of probably near eighty years.

The year 1588 forms an epoch in our musical history. An Italian merchant, who, by his mercantile connection with the Mediterranean, had opportunities of obtaining the newest and best compositions of his native country, had, for some years, been in the frequent habit of procuring the best singers of the day, to perform them, privately, at his house in London. This gentleman had at length the spirit and enterprise to publish a volume of Italian madrigals, entitled, "*Musica Transalpina*, Madrigales translated of four, five, and six parts, chosen out of divers excellent authors; with the first and second parts of *La Virginella*, made by Maister Byrd, upon two stanzas of Ariosto, and brought to speak English with the rest." These pieces seem to have given birth to that passion for madrigals which was afterwards so prevalent, and thus became the models of contemporary musicians. The next composer of any note was Orlando Gibbons. He died at an early age, soon after the accession of Charles I., to whom he had been appointed organist. This master composed several madrigals, but like his predecessors, he devoted himself principally to sacred composition. The secular productions of Tallis, Byrd, and Gibbons, together with those of contemporary composers of inferior note, are, for the most part, now forgotten; but the sacred music of these three masters still forms a

part of every collection of church music. Canons and fugues were the favourite modes of that early period; vain substitutes for melody, rhythm, and correct accentuation, in which particulars music was then greatly deficient. The merits of the compositions of the Elizabethan age, vaunted by the lovers of antiquity as the golden age of English music, are thus summed up by Dr Burney: "It is, therefore, upon the church music, madrigals, and songs in parts, of our countrymen during the reign of Elizabeth, that we must rest their reputation; and these, in point of harmony and contrivance, the chief excellencies of such compositions, appear in nothing inferior to those of the best contemporary compositions of the Continent. Taste, rhythm, accent, and grace, must not be sought for in this kind of music; indeed, we might as well censure the ancient Greeks for not writing in English, as the composers of the sixteenth century for their deficiency in these particulars, which having then no existence, even in idea, could not be wanted or expected; and it is necessarily the business of artists to cultivate or refine what is in the greatest esteem among the best judges of their own nation and times. And these, at this period, unanimously thought every species of musical composition below criticism except canons and fugues. Indeed, what is generally understood by taste in music, must ever be an abomination in the church; for, as it consists of new refinements or arrangements of notes, it would be construed into innovation, however meritorious, unless sanctioned by age. Thus the favourite points and passages in the madrigals of the sixteenth century, were in the seventeenth received as orthodox in the church; and those of the opera songs and cantatas of the seventeenth century, are used by the gravest and most pious ecclesiastical composers of the eighteenth." Of the skill of the performers, for whom this music, still listened to and admired, was written, he also observes, "that the art of singing, further than was necessary to keep a performer in tune, and time, must have been unknown;" and that "if £500 had been offered to any individual to perform a solo, fewer candidates would have entered the lists than if the like premium had been offered for

flying from Salisbury steeple over Old Sarum without a balloon." For ourselves, we do not hesitate to acknowledge that, in our opinion, the services of these patriarchs of the English school surpass the great majority of similar productions by our later masters. They may, indeed, suffer when compared with the masses of the great continental masters; but they nevertheless possess a certain degree of simple majesty, well suited to the primitive character of the ritual of that church which disdains the use of ornament, and on principle declines to avail herself of any appeal to the senses as an auxiliary to devotion. We have been the more particular in our notice of these early masters, because, long without any rivals, their church music even now stamps the public taste, and is still held in the highest esteem by many among whom their names alone suffice to hold the judgment captive.

It is needless to advert to Humphrey and other composers, some of whose productions are still in vogue; enough has been said to show with what reason the *absolute* correctness of English taste in sacred music, in which we suppose ourselves so peculiarly to excel, may be called in question.

We proceed to sketch the history of the other branches of the art in England, and commence at once with Henry Purcell, the greatest of our native masters, previously to whom music is said to have been manifestly on the decline during the seventeenth century. It has been often remarked of Purcell, that he had "devancé son siècle." Many of his faults, defects, or crudities, may undoubtedly be attributed to the age which he adorned. The tide of public approbation has of late set strongly in his favour; and could the fulsome panegyrics, of which he has been the object, be implicitly received, Purcell would be considered as nothing less than a prodigy of genius. Several attempts at dramatic music had been made before Purcell's time. Matthew Lock had already set the songs of *Macbeth* and the *Tempest*, and had also given to the world "The English Opera, or the vocal music in *Psyche*," in close imitation of Lulli, the long famed composer of Louis XIV. Purcell followed in the new track, taking for his models the productions of the first

Italian composers. The fact, that Purcell was under obligations to the Italians, may startle many of his modern admirers; but with a candour worthy of himself, in the dedication of his *Dioclesian* to Charles Duke of Somerset, he says, that "music is yet but in its nonage, a forward child. 'Tis now learning Italian, which is its best master." And in the preface to his *Sonatas*, he tells us that he "faithfully endeavoured at a just imitation of the most famed Italian masters." An able critic has also remarked, that he thinks he can perceive the obligations which Purcell had to Carissimi in his recitative, and to Lulli both in recitative and melody; and also that it appears that he was fond of Stradella's *manner*, though he seems never to have pillaged his passages. Many of our readers are doubtless aware, that Purcell's opera of *King Arthur* has been lately revived at Drury-Lane, where it has had a considerable *run*. The public prints have been loud in its praise; and this work has been styled "the perfect model of the lyric drama of England." The intervention of spoken dialogue, by many in their innocence hitherto supposed to be a defect in the construction of a musical drama, is strangely metamorphosed into a beauty in *King Arthur*. In short, from some of these *critiques*, *King Arthur* would appear to be the only perfect drama or opera which the world has ever seen. To show the real value of these criticisms, we may mention the fact, that in an elaborate article of a journal now before us, in which many of the pieces of this opera are enumerated and highly commended, the writer has curiously enough passed by in silence two airs, of which Dr Burney observes that they contain not a single passage which the best composers of his time, if it presented itself to their imagination, would reject; and on one of which he also remarks, that it is "one of the few airs that time has not the power to injure; it is of all ages and all countries." There is doubtless much in Purcell, which, though quaint and antiquated, the musician may nevertheless admire; but excellence of this kind is necessarily lost upon a general audience. Melody in his day was rude and unpolished; for there were no singers to execute, even if the composer had the

ability to conceive. Thus Purcell's melody, though often original and expressive, is nevertheless more often rude and ungraceful. In the words of a recent writer on this subject, "We are often surprised to find elegance and coarseness, symmetry and clumsiness, mixed in a way that would be unaccountable, did we not consider that, in all the arts, the taste is a faculty which is slowly formed, even in the most highly gifted minds." We suspect that the pageant saved *King Arthur*; the scenic illusions by which contending armies were brought upon an extended plain, together with the numerous transformations, continually commanded that applause which the music alone failed to elicit. With many, however, the mere *spectacle* was not all-sufficient; but Opinion was written down, and independently of the *prestige* attached to the name of Purcell, the press would have effectually put down all exhibition of disapprobation. The theatre might be seen to become gradually deserted, and party after party, stunned by the noise and blinded by the glare, might be observed to glide noiselessly away as the performance proceeded, while an air of fatigued endurance, and disappointment, was plainly visible on the countenances of those that remained behind. This opera has been frequently revived; how much of the success which it has met with may be attributed to what Rousseau, when speaking of the operas of that period, terms "a false air of magnificence, fairyism, and enchantment, which, like flowers in a field before the harvest, betokens an *apparent* richness," may be matter of speculation; but it is recorded that even on its *first* introduction on the stage, it caused a heavy loss to the patentees, in consequence of which their affairs were thrown into Chancery, where they remained some twenty years. Even Purcell's fame is confined to our own shores, and we are not aware that his music was ever known upon the Continent.

Arne, who established his reputation as a lyric composer by the music of *Comus* in 1738, is the next composer whom we think it necessary to mention. To this master belongs the singular glory of having composed an English opera—a term by which, as will be seen hereafter, we mean a

musical drama in which the whole of the plot is carried on without the intervention of spoken dialogue. *Artaxerxes*, the only work of the kind which we possess, was first produced in the year 1762. Though the music is of a form now obsolete, this opera has seldom been long a stranger to our stage, having been from time to time revived for the debut of new and ambitious singers. One of these revivals has recently taken place; the piece, however, was performed for a few nights only, and perhaps popularity may be, at length, deserting *Artaxerxes*. This "standard work of the English school" appears to be of more than doubtful parentage. Arne is stated to have crowded the airs, those of Mandane in particular, with all the Italian divisions and difficulties of the day, and to have incorporated with his own property all the best passages of the Italian and English composers of his time. With the exception of *Comus* and *Artaxerxes*, none of his pieces or operas met with great success; and he seems to be principally remembered by those compositions which were the least original. "Rule Britannia," by the combined effect of the sentiment of the words and the spirit and vivacity of the music, now become a national song, does not possess the merit of originality. Long before it was *nationalized*—if one may use such a word—by Englishmen, it was observed that in an Italian song, which may be seen at page 25 of Walsh's collection, the idea—nay, almost all the passages—of this melody might be found. In the well-known song, "Where the bee sucks, there lurk I," passages occur taken almost note for note from a *cantabile* by Lampugnani. According to Dr Burney, Arne may also claim the glory of having, by his compositions and instructions, formed an era in the musical history of his country. The former relates that music, which had previously stood still for near half a century, was greatly improved by Arne in his endeavours "to refine our melody and singing from the Italian;" and that English "taste and judgment, both in composition and performance, even at the playhouses, differed as much from those of twenty or thirty years ago, as the manners of a civilized people from those of savages." Dr

Busby, on the other hand, remarks, that "it is a curious fact that the very father of a style, more natural and unaffected, more truly English, than that of any other master, should have been the first to deviate into foreign finery and finesse, and desert the native simplicity of his country." But it is by the compositions in which this degeneracy may be most particularly remarked, that Arne's name as a musician has been preserved. This fact has undoubtedly a double aspect. We may therefore, indeed, be permitted to ask,

"Who shall decide when *doctors* disagree?"

Either the public taste has erred, or the bastard Italian was superior to the genuine English. Either way there is something wrong, and it matters little whether we elevate the composer at the expense of the public, or whether we commend the national taste while we depreciate and decry the excellence of the music or the merit of the musician.

To Arne succeed several masters, many of whose compositions are still popular. Arnold, Boyce, Battishall, Shield, Horsley, Webbe, and Calcott, are the leading names of a numerous class who are chiefly remembered for their anthems and glees, amongst which may be found the *chefs-d'œuvres* of a school of which we shall more particularly speak hereafter. The dramatic compositions of these masters are, for the most part, consigned to oblivion; nor has any permanent impression been made upon the public, by a native opera, for many years. While our national school has been thus barren, the Italian opera has been long cultivated and esteemed. The first opera, performed wholly in Italian, was given at the Haymarket theatre in 1710. Handel began to write for this theatre in 1712, and continued to produce operas for many years. The Italian opera appears to have been in the most flourishing state about the years 1735 and 1736. London then possessed two lyric theatres, each managed by foreign composers, carrying on a bitter rivalry, and each backed by all the vocal and instrumental talent that could be found in Europe. Porpora, by Rousseau styled the immortal, at the Haymarket, and Handel at Covent-Garden—the former

boasting the celebrated Farinelli and Cuzzoni among his performers, the latter supported by Caustini and Gizziello. The public, however, appears to have been surfeited by such prodigality; for Dr Burney observes, "at this time"—about 1737—"the rage for operas seems to have been very much diminished in our country; the fact was, that public curiosity being satisfied as to new compositions and singers, the English returned to their homely food, the *Beggar's Opera* and ballad farces on the same plan, with eagerness and comfort." In 1741, Handel, after producing thirty-nine Italian lyric dramas, and after struggling against adversity, with a reduced establishment in a smaller theatre, was compelled by ruin to retire for ever from the direction of the Italian stage. The opera then passed into other hands, and was continued, with various success and few intermissions, down to the present time. It has been the means of introducing to our countrymen the works of an almost innumerable host of foreign composers. Bach, the first composer who observed the laws of contrast as a principle; Pergolisi, Gluck, Piccini, Paisiello, Cimarosa, Mozart, Rossini, and Bellini, are the principal names, among a long list of masters, of whom we might otherwise have remained in utter ignorance. Performers of every kind; singers of the highest excellence, have come among us; the powers and performances of Farinelli, Caffarelli, Pachierotti, Gabrielli, Mara, and others, are handed down by tradition, while all remember the great artists of still later times. These have been our preceptors in the art of song, and to them, and them alone, are we indebted for our knowledge of the singer's powers; and but for their guidance and instruction, our native home-taught professors would have been centuries instead of years behind. It may, however, be some consolation to reflect, that we have not been alone in our pupillage; for Italy, herself the pupil of ancient Greece, has in her turn become the preceptress of the modern world in music, as well as the other branches of the fine arts, in all of which her supremacy has been universally acknowledged. Besides the native musicians whose names we have enumerated, many *ephemeræ* of the genus have fluttered their short hour,

and been forgotten. On turning over the popular music of the early years of the present century, or the music which may, perhaps, have formed the delight and amusement of the last generation, the musician will marvel that such productions should have been ever tolerated. Native skill has undoubtedly advanced since this period; and however worthless much of our present music may be considered, it is nevertheless superior to most of the like productions of our immediate predecessors. We have some living composers whose works are not without some merit; but they can scarcely be placed even in the second class. Their compositions, when compared with the works of the great continental masters, are tame, spiritless, and insipid; we find in them no flashes of real genius, no harmonies that thrill the nerves, no melodies that ravish the sense, as they steal upon the ear. Effort is discernible throughout this music, the best of which is formed confessedly upon Italian models; and nowhere is the universal law, of the inferiority of all imitation, more apparent.

These observations apply with especial force to the *dramatic* music, or compositions of the English school. The term *opera*, is incorrectly used in England. The proper meaning of the word is, a musical drama, consisting of recitative airs and concerted pieces; without the intervention of spoken dialogue, it should consist of music, and music alone, from the beginning to the end. With us it has been popularly applied to what has been well characterized as "a jargon of alternate speech and song," outraging probability in a far higher degree than the *opera* properly so called, and singularly destructive of that illusion or deception in which the pleasure derived from dramatic representations principally consists. Music is in itself no mean vehicle of expression; but, when connected with speech or language, it gives a vast additional force and power to the expression of the particular passion or feeling which the words themselves contain. It appears, as one listens to an *opera*, as if the music were but a portion, or a necessary component part of the language of the beings who move before us on the scene. We learn to deem it part of their very nature and consti-

tution; and it appears, that, through any other than the combined medium of speech and song, the passions, we see exhibited in such intensity, could not be adequately expressed. The breaking up of this illusion by the intervention of mere dialogue, is absolutely painful; there is a sudden sinking from the ideal to the real, which shocks the sense, and at once destroys the fabric of the imagination. Rousseau says of the lyric drama, that "the melodies must be separated by speech, but speech must be modified by music; the ideas should vary, but the *language* should remain the same. This language once adopted, if changed in the course of a piece, would be like speaking half in French and half in German. There is too great a dissimilarity between conversation and music, to pass at once from one to the other; it shocks both the ear and probability. Two characters in dialogue ought either to speak or sing; they cannot do alternately one and the other. Now, recitative is the means of union between melody and speech, by whose aid, that which is merely dialogue becomes recital or narrative in the drama, and may be rendered without disturbing the course of melody." Recitative is peculiarly adapted to the expression of strong and violent emotion. The language of the passions is short, vivid, broken, and impetuous; the most abrupt transitions and modulations which are observed in nature, may be noted down in recitative. Writing recitative is but committing to paper the accent and intonation, in short, the *reading* of the language to be delivered by the performer; and the composer may almost be considered as a master of elocution, writing down that reading of a passage which he thinks may best express the passion or the sentiment of the words. The effect of this reading or intonation is often aided and increased by the sound of instruments, sometimes, expressing the harmonies of the passages or transitions noted for the voice, at other times, perhaps, performing a graceful independent melody or harmony, in which case it is said to be "accompanied." It may be easily conceived, how powerful an instrument of dramatic effect, this species of composition may become in the hands of a skilful composer. We have already given two examples of its power, one,

of recitative in its simplest form, the other, of accompanied recitative.* It would seem scarcely credible that so powerful an agent of the lyric drama should be utterly neglected, among a people who undoubtedly *claim* to be considered a musical nation, and whose composers certainly esteem themselves among those to whom musical fame might be justly awarded. But such is nevertheless the fact, and we are not aware of any modern composer of the English school who has fully availed himself of its powers and capabilities. It has been said of *Artaxerxes*, that the attempt then made to apply recitative to the English language is unsuccessful; but it may be asked, whether the long-continued popularity of this work may not, in *some* degree at least, be owing to the absence of the incongruous mixture of speech and song. However this may be, it is at least a singular coincidence, that the single opera of our language, in which dialogue does not break and interrupt the unity and consistent action of the drama, should be the only musical work which has been distinguished by such constant and enduring marks of popular favour and approbation. Another species of dramatic music, the *cantabile* of the Italians, is equally neglected among us. The *cantabile* includes much of the most exquisite music of the Italian masters, and we know of nothing more touchingly beautiful, throughout the whole range of musical composition, than many of the *andante cantabili* of this school. This, also, has been rarely attempted by the English masters, and their puny efforts will bear no comparison with the rich, graceful, flowing measure of the true Italian.

All music is, in a greater or less degree, essentially dramatic. Its beauty often depends, entirely, upon the fidelity and truth with which nature is followed. Even instrumental music aims at dramatic effect, and fanciful incidents, and catastrophes are often suggested by the melodies and harmonies of a symphony, or concerto. These creations of the imagination are in themselves a source of interest and delight, wholly different, in their nature, from the pleasure

conferred by mere sounds. How beautiful are the scenes, about to follow, depicted in the overtures to *Der Freyschutz* and *Oberon*; what wild *diableries* are not suggested by those wonderful compositions! There are sounds of awful mystery, proceeding, as it were, now, from the dread rites of dark malignant beings of another world, now, from the mad frolics of mischievous and reckless imps; in the midst of which a stream of beauteous, gentle melody—like a minister of grace—breaks forth; now, gliding smoothly along, now, rushing on impetuously, or, broken and interrupted in its course, as though the powers of good and evil were striving for the mastery; and at length, as if the former were victorious in the strife, that melody again bursts forth, loud and expanded in the bold exulting tones of triumph, with which the imaginary scene is closed.

Similar observations might be made of many other pieces of instrumental music; but these effects depend upon the imagination of the hearer, there being no words to convey definite ideas to the mind. In vocal music, where the words express no passion or emotion, the voice becomes little more than a mere instrument of the composer or the performer. Now, the national music of our country is for the most part adapted to words of this description, and the anthem, the madrigal, and glee, are thus necessarily deficient in dramatic power and expression. The glee has been described as "*quelque chose bien triste*," and few but the fanatics of the school who have listened to a succession of glees, will, we think, deny the accuracy of the description. The oratorio is often highly dramatic; but we have few, if any, oratorios of merit, of native production. Our operas we have already designated as plays, with songs scattered about at random. Thus, music of the highest class is rarely attempted in this country; and the neglect of the one great requisite of musical excellence, *may* have prevented our composers from assuming that rank, to which they might otherwise have shown themselves entitled.

There is, however, another class of composers whom we must not omit to notice: we mean the song-writers of

the day, the authors of those ballads and vocal compositions, with knights and ladies fair, houris, sentimental peasants, or high-born beauties, as the case may be, lithographed upon the title-page. This class is entitled to notice, not because of the merit or ability they possess, but because these masters (!) really produce the popular music of the day, and because at present we literally possess no other new music. The first object of the publisher of a song is, or used to be, to have it sung in public by some popular performer. This is not done without fee and reward; but the value of the subject of the publisher's speculation, is greatly increased by the publicity gained by the introduction of the song at the theatre or the concert-room. When this event takes place, *claqueurs* are active, the friends of the singer support them, the playbills announce "a hit," and a sly newspaper puff aids the delusion; copies of the ornamented title-page are distributed among the various music-sellers, to be exhibited in their windows, and the song is popular, and "sells." Modest merit is unknown among us now. Thus songs and ballads without number, which would otherwise remain in well-merited obscurity on the shelves of the publisher, are forced into notice and repute. The trade, no doubt, benefits by this system, the commercial end of these speculations may indeed be answered, but the public taste is lowered by each and every of these transactions.

We may here notice the extravagant price of music of every description in England. For a piece of four or five pages, the sum of 2s. is commonly demanded. Even where there has been an outlay in the purchase of the copyright, this sum can scarcely be considered reasonable; but when the same price is asked for music which has become common property, it is out of all reason. The expense of engraving four or five pages of music, the cost of the plates, together with the expense of paper and printing a hundred copies of a song of this description, does not amount to £5; therefore the sale of fifty copies will reimburse the publisher; while, if the whole hundred are disposed of, he is an actual gainer of cent per cent upon his original outlay, while the profit

upon every copy subsequently struck off is necessarily enormous. On the Continent, music may be purchased for about one-third the sum which it would cost in England. In Paris, Pacini's "partitions," an excellent edition of the popular Italian operas, are sold for twelve francs each. The whole set may be purchased at the rate of eleven francs the opera. While in London, the identical copies purchasable abroad by those not in the trade for about 8s. 6d. of our money, are sold at two guineas each. The profits of "the trade" on musical instruments, are also enormous. On the pianofortes of most of the London makers, a profit of *at least* thirty or thirty-five per cent is realized by the retailer; and on a grand piano, for which the customer pays 130 guineas, "the trade" pockets on the very lowest calculation upwards of £40.

English performers next claim our notice and attention. In this new field of observation we find little to commend; defective training is the great cause of our inferiority in the practical performance of music, in all its branches. This is especially manifest in the home-taught singers of the English school. The voice is never perfectly formed nor developed, and brought out in the correct and scientific manner possessed by the accomplished artists of other countries. Some of the most popular of our singers sing with the mouth nearly closed, with others the voice is forced and strained, proceeding not from the chest, but from the throat, the muscles of which are necessarily contracted in the effort. We have, no doubt, many difficulties to overcome in the structure of our language, in which the accent is thrown on the consonants rather than on the vowels. Unlike the Italian, which is thrown out, *ore rotundo*, directly from the chest, the English language is spoken from the throat, and, in general, also with the mouth nearly closed. The Italian singer finds no difficulty in bringing out his voice; but the Englishman has first to conquer the habit of his life, and to overcome the obstacles his native tongue opposes to his acquirement of this new, but necessary, mode of using the voice. The difficulty, of laying this only foundation of real sterling excellence in the vocal art, is very great, and much care and study is

indispensable. Those who have occasion to use the voice loudly in the open air, insensibly acquire the power of thus eliciting the voice. The chest tones in which many of the "Cries of London" are often heard in the streets of the metropolis, are a familiar example of nature's teaching; another instance of which may probably still be found among the "barges," of Cambridge, whose voices, in our younger days, we well remember to have often heard and admired, as they guided or urged forward their sluggish horses along the banks of the still more sluggish Cam, in tones proceeding *imo profundo* of the chest, and magnificent enough to have made the fortune of many a singer. These men, indeed, seemed to pride themselves upon their vocal powers; and many of them could execute a rapid shake, with accuracy and precision. The voice is nature's instrument; but, like the instruments fashioned by the hand of man, it will not yield its best tones to the unskilful. There are many instrumental performers whose chief excellence lies in their tone, and who could call forth tones, from even an ordinary instrument, far superior to those which an inferior performer would be able to produce from the best Straduaris or Amati. To the singer, tone is even of greater value than to the instrumental performers; for the method of instruction which improves the qualities of the vocal organ, also imparts a power and certainty of expression and execution, which cannot be otherwise acquired. The finest singers are ever found to be those, who have best studied and developed the powers of the instrument which nature had bestowed upon them. This is the first grand requisite for the singer; without it, respectable mediocrity may occasionally be attained, but real excellence never can be gained. We know of no English-taught singer who possesses it. So little are the voice and its capabilities understood in this country, that instances might be mentioned where basses were mistaken for bary-tones, barytones for tenors, and contraltos for sopranos. However incredible this may appear, it is, nevertheless, strictly and literally true. The consequence of such strange blunders is what might be naturally expected; the voice, forced out of its natural com-

pass, prematurely gives way, and at a period of life when the vocal organ, if properly trained and developed, should have arrived at maturity and perfection, the singer's powers are gone, and, in the prime of life, he is compelled to abandon his profession, and subsides into the mere singing-master, to *misinstruct* the rising generation, and to mar the prospects of others who succeed him, as his own hopes were blighted by the errors of his own instructors. To what other cause can be attributed the constant and mysterious disappearance of new singers? How many young vocalists appear from time to time, lauded at first to the skies, for a few seasons listened to and admired, but whose reputation gradually decays, and who at length disappear from the stage and are forgotten. There are some who endure for years; but they fulfil no promise of their early youth. Under these circumstances, we could ill afford to lose an artist who seemed destined to achieve a lasting reputation. Our musical stage has but now sustained a heavy loss in one of the brightest ornaments it ever possessed; the charms of a happy home have withdrawn her from public life—but the genius of Miss Adelaide Kemble will not be soon forgotten. Another bright ornament of our stage, however, still remains. Possessing less physical energy and tragic power than her contemporary, Mrs Alfred Shaw is, nevertheless, the most pure, polished, and cultivated English singer we ever heard on the boards of our national theatre. The finish and refinement of her style, and the clear distinctness of her enunciation, make her the worthy model for the imitation of all who are desirous to excel. Were our future *debutanti* trained on the system which has thus developed the powers and capabilities of these eminent artists, less frequently would be observed the musical disappearances of which we have been speaking.

The English tenor is a nondescript animal; singing from some unknown region, his voice possesses no natural character, but its tones are forced, strained, and artificial. Our tenors and counter-tenors—a sort of musical hermaphrodite, almost peculiar to this country, and scarcely recognized by classical composers—delight in what is called the "pure," or, "the good old

English" style. This style, coldly correct, tame, dull, flat, and passionless, requires but little in the singer. The bass of this school is a saltatory creature; he is, for the most part, either striding through thirds, or jumping over fifths and octaves, much as he did a hundred years ago. During this period, the art of singing has made immense advances elsewhere; the execution of Farinelli, in 1734, thought so wonderful, would not suffice for even a third-rate singer now; and the powers of B. Ferri, described by Rousseau, are scarcely more than would be expected of every singer of the Queen's Theatre. Rossini's music, replete with difficulties of execution, has compelled even the unwieldy bass to overcome his reluctance to rapid motion, and he is now obliged to condescend to runs, arpeggios, and other similar feats of agility. In an opera buffa at a Neapolitan theatre, called *Il Fondo*, we once heard Tamburini execute the well-known song "Ma non fia sempre odiata" in his falsetto, with a taste and expression scarcely surpassed by Rubini's performance of the air. On another occasion, at the same theatre, the prima donna was taken suddenly ill in the midst of a terzetto, in which Tamburini had the bass, and, while supporting her on the stage, this accomplished musician actually took the soprano in his falsetto, and performed the part of the indisposed lady in a manner which drew down universal applause. The English school, "still tardy," and "limping after" the Italian, is yet far behind. It has, undoubtedly, made some advances, but it is still the child, *following* indeed, but,

"Haud passibus æquis."

With us, the pupil commonly begins where he should end; songs are placed before him almost as soon as he has mastered the elements of music. At a time, when his whole study and endeavour should be to form and cultivate the voice, and by long, patient, and persevering exercise, to develop and command its powers, and to acquire flexibility and certainty of execution, his efforts are expended in learning—as it is called—songs. This process may be carried on *ad infinitum*; but none of the objects of the pupil's study can be ever *sung*, in the real ac-

ception of the term, on this method of instruction. The well-known anecdote of the early youth of one of the greatest singers the world has ever known, who, after the drudgery of a daily practice of exercises alone for seven years, was bidden by his master to go his way, the first singer in Europe, is an example of the advantages of the opposite system. The compass of an ordinary tenor is about two octaves, from C below the line, to C in alt. Within this compass, the tenor makes use of two voices; the chest or natural voice—which ranges over the whole of the lower octave and the lower half of the higher octave—and the head-voice or falsetto, which is commonly used throughout the whole of the remainder of the upper octave, the higher notes of which can be reached only in the falsetto. In passing from one 'voice' to the other, especially while descending the scale, a break or crack may be observed in the untutored and uncultivated voice. When this defect has been overcome, and the student has acquired the power of passing from one 'voice' to the other without this break, the voice is said to be joined. The soprano also has to contend with a similar difficulty. It often requires many months of constant and unremitting practice to overcome this natural defect of the vocal organ, and in some voices it is never entirely conquered. An acute ear might often detect the faulty joining of the voice, in both the Gravis, when executing a distant descending interval. This obstacle meets the student at the very threshold of his career; but we have met with many English taught amateurs, who were altogether ignorant even of what was meant by joining the voice. In fact, the art of singing, or of acquiring a mastery and control over the voice, of remedying its defects, and developing its latent powers, is comparatively unknown in England; our professors are for the most part entirely ignorant of the capabilities of the human voice, as an *instrument*, in the hands of the performer. Many of these observations apply to our instrumental performers. With few exceptions, defective training has, in this branch of the musical art, long prevented us from producing performers of equal celebrity with those who have visited us from the

Continent. From them we have become acquainted with effects, which we should have deemed the instruments on which they played wholly incapable of producing. Our young professors now often follow these men to their own country, there to learn of them that proficiency which they would seek in vain to acquire at home.

In the midst of all this ignorance, with our one opera, our anthems, madrigals, glees, and ballads, we nevertheless esteem ourselves a musical people, and every one is ready to exclaim with Bottom, "I have a reasonable good ear in musick!" Music certainly is the fashion now, and no one would dare to avow that he had no music in his soul. It may be thought, that none but a people passionately devoted to music, could produce a succession of patriots ready to sacrifice health and wealth, rather than their countrymen should fail to possess an Italian opera. Some one is ever found equal to the emergency; there is seldom any lack of competitors for the "forlorn hope" of the management of the Italian opera, and, undismayed by the ruin of his predecessors, the highest bidder rushes boldly on to the direction of the Queen's theatre. Forty thousand pounds of debt has been known to have been incurred in a single season; and it has been calculated that a sum little short of a million sterling, besides the produce of the subscriptions and admissions, has been sacrificed to the desire of an Italian opera. Every autumn is rich in musical festivals, as they are called, by which, though the temples of God are desecrated, and the church, in common with the theatre and the concert-room, becomes the scene of gaiety, frivolity, and amusement; and though the speculation is a charitable one, by which it is *hoped* that the funds of the benevolent institutions of the town or county may be increased, a considerable loss is nevertheless often incurred, which falls upon the committee, or upon the borough or county members, according to the equity of the case. These gentlemen also furnish another proof that there are at least some among us who will incur any risk, and make any sacrifice, rather than forego the indulgence of their musical tastes and inclinations.

Are there not also choral and madrigal societies, glee-clubs, and concerts innumerable, in every part of the country? It is surely a mistake to suppose, "*Que les Anglois ont peu d'aptitude pour la musique;*" we agree that the remainder of the sentence, "*Ceux-ci le savent et ne s'en soucient guère,*" is altogether inapplicable now, however true it might have been when the lively Jean-Jacques framed the sentence. Our ambition has been roused, or our vanity has been piqued, and we are now pretty much in the same condition with the French, when it was said of them, that they "would renounce a thousand just rights, and pass condemnation on all other things, rather than allow that they are not the first musicians of the world." This is one of the signs of the times, and we hail it as a symptom of better things.

In the metropolis, music has advanced with far greater rapidity than in the provinces. This appears the natural and inevitable result of causes to which we have already alluded. Ten or fifteen years ago, the street-music of London consisted of such tunes as Tom and Jerry—an especial favourite—the Copenhagen Waltz, and other *melodies* of the same class. Now we have instruments imitating a full orchestra, which execute elaborate overtures in addition to the best airs of the first masters of Europe. The better the music the greater the attraction, even in the streets of London; and the people may be seen daily to crowd around these instruments, and to listen with attention to Italian and German melodies. We have, of late, repeatedly heard the juvenile unwashed, whistling airs learned from these instruments, which, however humble, thus appear to influence the taste of the poorer classes. During several weeks of the present year, operas in an English dress were simultaneously performed at three of our theatres. The very gods in the galleries now look benignly down upon the Italian strangers, which—to use a theatrical phrase—draw better houses than any other performances would command.

In the country, the advancement is less manifest. A provincial musical party is generally a fearful thing. In the society of the metropolis, none but the really skilful musician is ever

heard; in the country, these are rare beings; or, if the scientific performer is sometimes found, like the diamond in the mine, he shines in vain, there are none to appreciate his excellence. It is truly painful to see a number of fair young creatures, one after another, brought up to the instrument; there to exhibit, not taste or skill, but ignorance and inability. It is even still more painful to be condemned to listen to the performance of the best specimens, selected from the stock of school-taught pieces, beyond which many of the fair performers know little or nothing. We beg pardon of our fair young countrywomen; the fault lies not with them. The indiscriminate teaching of music cannot make all musicians. Many have no warm taste for music, and many more, who, under other circumstances, might have pursued the art as an amusement and recreation, are disgusted from their earliest youth by its being made a task, the difficulty of which is immeasurably increased by imperfect instruction. The general taste of the provincial world has advanced but little, for many years. There is a certain class of music, which has been respectfully listened to for upwards of a century; which, having been admired before, is therefore proper to be admired again. Few would dare to criticize, or avow a distaste for, music which has so long been popular. Handel and some others still meet with universal deference, and their very names alone suffice to silence any one who, more hardy than the rest, should be disposed to find fault. This music, however, is heard with cold indifference; it calls forth no feeling, and excites no enthusiasm. It is, indeed, seldom adequately performed. Many of Handel's songs are truly dramatic; but the purists of "the good old school," sternly adhering to their self-styled classic—insipidity, never condescend to a meretricious display of dramatic power. The Italian and German schools are not understood by the "million." We have on many occasions observed a large audience, who, after having listened with an air of puzzled stupidity to the performance of the most beautiful *cavatine* by the first singers of the day, would the next moment, one and all, be thrown into apparent ecstasy by a wretched ballad, wound up by the

everlasting ponderous English shake. This mode of conclusion, to which true taste is an utter stranger, is still considered indispensable; though, in the Italian school, it has been exploded upwards of a century. Such is the music which calls forth the latent enthusiasm of an English assembly, and a very respectable degree of excitement is often thus produced. There are many, who believe this music to be of the highest class of excellence, and who affect to despise the music of every other school. There are also many, who assert that all other music is artificial and meretricious—who contend that the Italian and German schools are usurping an undue ascendancy over the genuine, but modest, merit of our native music. That Bishop, Calcott, Webbe, Arne, and the rest, had reached the perfection of their art, would seem a bold assertion; and their most enthusiastic admirers would probably hesitate to state it as their conviction, that the compositions of their favourites contain the elements of universal popularity. Such, however, is the logical deduction from these premises, and the necessary conclusion from opinions, which those who hold them will not easily evade. If the music of our country does indeed possess the excellence, so fondly asserted by its numerous admirers, we might naturally expect, amid the general demand in Europe for musical entertainments, that its beauties should not be entirely neglected and unknown. But while the Italian opera has found its way over nearly the whole of Europe, and is absolutely naturalized in England, France, and Spain, our musical productions are unknown beyond the limits of their native shores. This, being a negative proposition, is not capable of direct proof. Michael Kelly gives an amusing account of the performance of the celebrated hunting song at Vienna, in which the discordant cries of "Tally-ho, Tally-ho," are said to have driven the Emperor in indignation from the theatre, a great part of the audience also following the royal example. "The ladies hid their faces with their hands, and mothers were heard cautioning daughters never to repeat the dreadful expression of Tally-ho." We have, ourselves, heard a no less air than "Drops of Brandy," performed by a

military band, stationed on the balcony of the palace of the King of Naples, on the evening of the royal birthday. The crowds enjoying the cool air on the St^a Lucia, exclaimed "Inglese, Inglese!" English, English! as this odd reminiscence of our countrymen was first heard. We are not aware of any other instances in which English music has been introduced upon the Continent. More such instances may undoubtedly exist; but the broad fact, that our music makes no way among other nations, cannot be disputed. The judgment of the civilized world can scarcely be in error; and it is difficult for the most ardent admirer of his country's music, to account for the fact on any hypothesis which is not founded on the real inferiority of the English school.

This inferiority can be no matter of surprise, when we consider the energy with which the tuneful art is cultivated, and the importance with which it is invested, by the Italians. In the freedom happily enjoyed by Englishmen, all pursuits are open to individual enterprise and ambition; and every path to fame or opulence is thronged with busy eager aspirants, all running the race of eminence and distinction, with that strong purpose of the will which leaves but little opportunity for the indulgence of tastes, which, though they often exist among the individuals of these classes, are for this reason seldom cultivated. In Italy, insurmountable barriers are erected across these paths, which, in England, all are invited to pursue. The jealousy of despotic governments is ever on the watch to stifle and put down the genius that would busy itself on the serious affairs of men. Instances might be mentioned in which this monstrous system has been carried into effect. The smothered energies of these restless spirits must somewhere find a vent, and Arteaga has eloquently described one of the effects thus produced upon the Italians. "The love of pleasure," he remarks, "the only recompense for the loss of their ancient liberty which the Italians possess, and which in every nation decreases in proportion as political virtue diminishes, has caused an excessive frequency of theatrical pageants and amusements. In every small town, in every village, a theatre may be found. Subsistence may fail

the indigent, the rivers may want bridges, drainage may be necessary to fertilize the plains, hospitals may be needful for the sick and infirm; there may even be no provision to meet a public calamity, but a species of Coliseum is nowhere wanting for the idle and unemployed." Operas are the national entertainments at these numerous theatres. The *impresario*, or manager, is generally one of the most wealthy and considerable personages of the little town which he inhabits. He forms a company, and he engages a composer to write an opera for the opening of the season, which generally consists of twenty or thirty nights, during which period seldom more than two operas are performed. The first night of one of these seasons is most amusingly described by the biographer of Rossini. "The theatre overflows, the people flock from ten leagues' distance; the curious form an encampment round the theatre in their calashes; all the inns are filled to excess, where insolence reigns at its height. All occupations have ceased; at the moment of the performance the town has the aspect of a desert. All the passions, all the solitudes, all the life, of a whole population, is concentrated at the theatre. The overture commences; so intense is the attention, that the buzzing of a fly could be heard. On its conclusion, the most tremendous uproar ensues. It is either applauded to the clouds, or hissed, or rather howled at, without mercy. In an Italian theatre, they shout, they scream, they stamp, they belabour the backs of their seats with their canes, with all the violence of persons possessed. It is thus that they force on others the judgment which they have formed, and strive to prove it a sound one; for, strange to say, there is no intolerance equal to that of the eminently sensitive. At the close of each air the same terrific uproar ensues; the bellowings of an angry sea could give but a faint idea of its fury. Such, at the same time, is the taste of an Italian audience, that they at once distinguish whether the merit of an air belongs to the singer, or composer."

Contrast the scene here described with the appearance presented on similar occasions by the Queen's Theatre in the Haymarket. There, few are bold enough either to applaud

or disapprove. Many simple, perhaps, but beautiful and refined, characteristics of the composer or performer, may pass unnoticed; but some common-place embellishment, which is considered safe, will command the expression of approbation which the trait of real genius had failed to elicit. After a few representations, the fear of applauding *unwisely* is diminished, but still, as was once said of the French under similar circumstances, "they affirm with the lips, but with the eye they interrogate;" and it is not till a sort of prescription has been established in favour of certain airs and passages, that the Englishman banishes doubt and distrust, and claps his hands, and shouts *bravo*—accenting the word strongly on the first syllable—with an air of confidence and decision. We would, nevertheless, entertain the hope, that our national reserve, or the *mauvaise honte*, which our countrymen contrive to exhibit on every possible occasion, is one cause of this apparent dulness; at all events, it would seem highly probable that a people among whom music is a necessity, should, in the unbiassed judgment of contemporary nations, be our superiors in the art.

In the north of England, musical taste is much more widely diffused than in the south. The Committee of the Privy Council on Education, report favourably also of the musical attainments of the people of Norfolk. Mr Hogarth, in his excellent and able work, observes, that "in the densely peopled manufacturing districts of Yorkshire, Lancashire, and Derbyshire, music is cultivated among the working classes to an extent unparalleled in any other part of the kingdom. Every town has its choral society, supported by the amateurs of the place and its neighbourhood, where the sacred works of Handel and the more modern masters are performed, with precision and effect, by a vocal and instrumental orchestra, consisting of mechanics and work-people; and every village church has its occasional oratorio, where a well-chosen and well-performed selection of sacred music is listened to by a decent and attentive audience, of the same class as the performers, mingled with their employers and their families. Hence, the practice of this music is an ordinary domestic and social re-

creation among the working classes of these districts, and its influence is of the most salutary kind." We can ourselves bear witness to the truth of many of these remarks. In some of the more rural portions of the manufacturing districts of Lancashire, we have often listened to the voices of little bands of happy children, who, while returning home after the labours of the day were over, were singing psalms and hymns to tunes learned at the national or Sunday schools. A highly interesting example of the superior musical capacity of the inhabitants of this county, came under our observation a few years ago, at a large and populous village situated on the borders of one of the extensive fields of industry of which we speak. On the anniversary of the opening of the school, the children frequenting it—in number nearly 300—had been long accustomed to march in procession up to the mansion of the neighbouring squire, the founder and endower of the school. Ranged upon the lawn in the presence of their aged benefactor and his family—children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren, were among them—led by no instrument, and guided only by the voices of their teachers, they performed an anthem, in parts, with an accuracy and precision which was truly wonderful. As their young voices rose in simple beauty to the skies, tears coursed down the old man's cheek, and though already bowed by the weight of nearly ninety years, he bent still lower, to hide the emotion which overcame him. Six months after this occurrence, those children were drawn up to pay their last tribute of respect to their benefactor, as his remains passed to their final resting-place. In the churches of the north, the school-children may be seen singing with evident delight, not the mere passive instruments of the masters or teachers, but joining heart and soul with the congregation. The Lancashire chorus-singers have long enjoyed an extended reputation; at the last festival at Westminster Abbey, they proved the principal strength of the choral band. In other parts of the kingdom, far less aptitude for music is shown among the working classes. The singing in the churches is, for the most part, of the lowest order. In many parishes considerable pains have,

of late, been taken in order to improve the psalmody, but no corresponding effect has been produced. In the agricultural districts of the south of England, no songs are heard lightening the daily toil of the labourer, and the very plough-boys can hardly raise a whistle. It is impossible to account for this; but the fact will be acknowledged by all who have had the opportunity of observation.

In speculating upon the future prospects of music and musical taste and science in England, the two rival systems of teaching which have been recently introduced, must necessarily become the subjects of remark and observation. The names of the teachers of these systems are no doubt well known to all our readers. Mainzer, who is himself the author, as well as the teacher, of one system, and Hullah, the teacher of the system of Wilhelm. Wilhelm's method has been stamped by authority, and the Committee of the Council on Education, after "carefully examining" manuals of vocal music collected in Switzerland, Holland, the German States, Russia, Austria, and France, in order to ascertain the characteristic differences and general tendency of the respective methods adopted in these countries, at length decided in favour of Wilhelm. The accounts received of the success of this system in Paris, induced the Council to secure the assistance of Mr Hullah, who was known to have given much attention to the subject, and to have been already engaged in making trials of the method. The system of Wilhelm has, therefore, acquired the ascendancy, and Mr Hullah has been invested with the character or office of national instructor, in which capacity he is said to realize upwards of L.5000 per annum—almost as many pounds, according to Mr Barnett, as Wilhelm, the inventor of the system, received francs. The prominent station and the large income realized by a junior in the profession, has naturally roused the jealousy and excited the envy of his elder brethren, many of whom, perhaps, found "their occupation" almost "gone." The vast amount of the bitterness thus engendered, may be conceived, when the reader is informed, that, in London alone, it has been computed that music affords a livelihood to more than 5000 persons.

In the midst of such a host of bitter rivals, the imperfections and defects of this all-engrossing system are sure of exposure. Many grave and serious charges have been advanced against the mode in which a superficial and deceptive success has been made to appear real, sound, and healthy. These charges have been reiterated in a pamphlet, recently published by one who is, perhaps, the first of our native living masters—Mr Barnett. Those great exhibitions at Exeter Hall, in the presence of the magnates of the land, at which none but the pupils of Mr Hullah were stated to be allowed to attend, have been declared to be "packed" meetings. There is an *equivoue* in the terms pupil and classes; with the public they would naturally be taken to mean those persons, and those only, who had *commenced* their musical career in the classes taught by Mr Hullah: but according to the official interpretation of the terms, they appear to mean, all who now are or ever have been receiving instruction in Wilhelm's method. Now, it must be remembered, that Mr Hullah has instructed in Wilhelm's method many who had, for years, gained their bread by teaching music; who, having been induced to abandon their old system, and to adopt the new method from the superior remuneration it affords, were probably all able to take as efficient a part in the performance, when they commenced the nine lessons which entitle them to the certificate of competency, as when their course of instruction was concluded. Hundreds of such pupils may, for aught we know, have been judiciously disposed among the remainder of the 1700 who performed on the grand occasions to which we allude. But to enable us to judge of the efficiency of a system of instruction, we must not only witness the performance of the pupil, but we must also know the point from which he started. Now, these demonstrations having been got up expressly for the purpose of exhibiting the skill and progress of Mr Hullah's classes, all, therefore, that was necessary in order to form a judgment upon the question thus submitted to the public, though not directly asserted, was nevertheless necessarily implied. At all events, the public were simple enough so to understand the matter. But when

the mistake was at length discovered, instead of at once correcting the error, if, such indeed it was, recourse was had to a disingenuous quibble on words, which would, therefore, seem to have been purposely rendered obscure. It will thus be seen how fallacious a test these performances afford, either of the real merits of the system, or of the actual progress or efficiency of those who have received instruction from no other source. But, besides this charge, the truth of which is thus virtually admitted, it has also publicly been charged against the conductors of the Exeter Hall performances, that many able musicians, who never were the pupils of any teacher of the Wilhelm method, were surreptitiously introduced among the classes at these great choral meetings. This is a grave accusation; it has been made not anonymously nor in the dark, but backed and supported by the open disclosure of the name and address of the several parties by whom it has been publicly brought forward. Of the truth or falsehood of this serious imputation we know nothing more than that it is raised by facts, which have been stated, but which, so far as we can learn, have never received any denial or explanation. On one of these occasions we were present. We can bear testimony to the effect produced by much of the music then performed. Mr Hullah certainly appeared to possess great power over the numerous assembly, and the facility with which he hushed them almost down to silence, or made them raise their voices till there seemed no limits to their united power, was almost magical. But beyond this, in the words of an able weekly journalist, "no means of forming any opinions were before us—the whole affair might be a cheat and a delusion—we had no test by which to try it. We have hitherto," continues this writer, "spoken of these exhibitions at Exeter Hall as realities, as being what they were affirmed to be. This is no longer possible. If Mr Hullah has any real confidence in his 'system,' he will eagerly seek a real scrutiny into its merits; hitherto there has been none." Our own personal observation does not enable us to be very enthusiastic in the praise of the Wilhelm system. A few weeks only have elapsed, since we attended a meeting of a class,

whose progress we had watched, from time to time, from its earliest infancy. This class had gone through the course of sixty lessons, but continued still to receive instruction. Their power of singing at sight was tested in our presence—a piece of music they had never seen before was placed in their hands. The first attempt to execute this at sight was lame, and halted terribly; the second was somewhat better, but as we moved about, from one pupil to another, to ascertain, as far as possible, the individual accuracy of the class, we heard many voices, in a subdued tone, making a number of admirable guesses at their part, but the owners of which could not, by the utmost courtesy, be considered to be singing at sight. The basses missed many a "distance," the tenors were interrupted by the master, and worked, in the defective passages, separately from the rest of the class for a while, *by ear!!* A third attempt was made with somewhat better success, and the piece was accomplished in a rambling uncertain manner. During the whole of this trial, the trebles were led by the master's apprentice, a sharp clever boy, who retained a voice of peculiar beauty and power to the unusually late age of sixteen, and who had commenced his musical studies six or eight years before. We considered this experiment a failure; it may be said the fault lay in the teacher, not in the method; true, the master was not Mr Hullah, but he was one of the "certificated," and the partisans of Mr Hullah, in the language of the lawyers, are *estopped* from asserting his incompetency. We have known pupils, not deficient in general ability, who, having attended the greater part of "the course," during which they paid great attention to their studies, were unable to read more than a few bars of the simplest music, beyond which they were lost and confused. Without naming the notes *Do, Re, &c.*, they were utterly unable to proceed at all, and it appeared to us that, by seeing those syllables written on paper, they would have gathered a more correct idea of the music, than by attempting to read from music written in the ordinary manner. This is the result of the invariable use of those syllables in exercising the voice. In the best continental schools, they have long been obsolete for such a

purpose. Still, the Hullah-Wilhelm mania will, no doubt, produce considerable effect, even though the system should fall short of the expectations of its friends and promoters. We have now commenced our first national effort in this direction; either, the prejudices which so long delayed this effort have been overcome, or, the "National Society" is now too strong to bow, entirely, to the opinions or prejudices of one of its earliest and most influential patrons—one who long resisted the introduction of musical instruction into the schools of the society; and who, some twenty years ago, is said, on one occasion, actually to have thrown out of the windows of the central school some cards and boards on which the elements of music were printed, and which had been introduced by some of the committee. But for the influence of this nobleman the effort had, perhaps, been made many years ago. The "*premier pas*" has, however, at length been taken. The public mind is roused; all, from the highest to the lowest, frequent the classes of Mr Hullah. Royalty itself deigns to listen. "THE DUKE" himself takes delight in the peaceful notes of Exeter Hall, and the Premier has found leisure, from the business and service of the State, to scrutinize the performance of "the classes." It must surely be a pleasant thing to sing to princes, warriors, and statesmen—all that the country holds most in honour, love, and reverence. The impulse thus given is felt throughout the land. Classes are formed in every town, almost in every village; the labourer, the mechanic, young men and maidens, old men and children, may be seen, after their daily toil is done, busy with the *do, re, mi, fa*, &c., of the class-book. Although the system may not prove all that might be desired, yet much is taught and learned, and the desire of acquiring more is created. The general standard of music, and musical taste, must necessarily be raised far above its previous resting-place. It must, however, be ever borne in mind, that the system professes only to teach sight-singing, or, in other words, the power of reading music. This power is wholly distinct from that of singing, as we have above defined the art; those who having attended, and profited to the utmost by the course, will be grie-

vously disappointed if they expect at its close to find themselves accomplished singers. The management of the voice is still required, and many vicious habits, contracted during the practice at the class, will have to be forgotten. This, however, cannot be felt by the million, to whom any musical instruction will be a gift of unspeakable value, in a social and moral point of view. The Committee of the Council well observe, that "amusements which wean the people from vicious indulgences are in themselves a great advantage; they contribute indirectly to the increase of domestic comfort, and promote the contentment of the artisan. The songs of any people may be regarded as important means of forming an industrious, brave, loyal, and religious working-class." Mr Barnett calls this, "nothing but egregious cant, got up by the teachers of the Wilhelm plan, both in France and here." In this we cannot agree with Mr Barnett, and we scarcely understand why he should be betrayed into so much heat upon the occasion. For ourselves, we rejoice to see any system at work for the purpose of instructing the working classes in the elements of music; and it seems to us a monstrous proposition, and nothing short of an insult to our countrymen, on the part of the prominent opposer of the Wilhelm system, to assert that the knowledge or cultivation of an art, which throughout all history has advanced hand in hand with civilization and refinement, should, among the labouring classes of England, be productive only of idleness, drunkenness, or debauchery.

The instruction of the lower classes in vocal music, however beneficial and important as an element in civilization, or however advantageous as a means by which the general taste of the people may be elevated and refined, will not be found all-sufficient, in itself, to raise our musical reputation as a nation. Native music is at a low ebb at present; and, while musical entertainments are in such general request as almost to have excluded the "legitimate" drama from the stage, no attempt to introduce any English opera has been recently made. Into such oblivion or disrepute have English composers fallen, that some of the most eminent have actually left London. One well-known veteran now

lives in honourable retirement in the Modern Athens. Another, once popular and admired, "disgusted with London and the profession," and "having given up all thoughts of again appearing before the London public as an operatic composer," is said to have migrated in the capacity of singing-master to a fashionable watering-place; while a third, once equally well known, has left the kingdom altogether, and has settled himself in Paris. The public ear has learned to appreciate music of a high class; and, judging from the past, the manager perhaps dare not incur the risk of bringing out a new native opera. It is certainly much to be regretted that the existing demand should not be supplied from native sources, and thus serve the purpose of national advancement in the art; but English music does not *take*. Does the fault rest with the public or with the musician? It is easy, and no doubt *convenient*, contemptuously to apply the epithet, "*hacknied*," to the operas recently adapted to the English stage; but how is it that the old "*hacknied*" music of the Italians should be preferred to the novelties of our native school? Here again the public taste has advanced too fast, and, owing to the inferiority of our home productions, the foreigner has gained possession of the market.* Where is the remedy for this unfortunate state of things? Some master-mind, some musical Napoleon, *may* rise up and take the world by storm; but such an event is particularly unlikely now. The hour generally makes the man, and the necessities of the moment often call forth talents and energies, the existence of which was wholly unsuspected by their possessors. For aught we know, many a hero may be now among the ranks, and many a gallant officer now before the mast, undistinguished from lack of opportunity, unknown because circumstances have not developed his dormant powers. How then can the hour be hastened, and the opportunity of developing our musical powers be afforded? The answer is, by the establishment of a National Opera. It has been observed that every nation that has risen to musical greatness, possesses a musical opera. Even the

French, who, according to Mr Hullah, "have the least possible claim to a high musical organization," have, nevertheless, long possessed a national opera, boasting the best orchestra in Europe, and producing masters whose works have been successfully transplanted, and singers who have met with universal admiration. At the present moment, Paris has two national musical theatres, the *Académie Royale*, and the *Opéra Comique*: and the establishment of a third is said to be in contemplation. The possibility of forming such an establishment at the present time in England, may be reasonably called in question. The attempt made some ten years ago, though commended by the minister of the day, was signally abortive; and the subsequent endeavour of a popular musician to open a theatre for the performance of English operas, was equally futile and unsuccessful. One thing of primary importance—the patronage of the higher classes—was wanting to both these efforts. Were the stamp of fashion once impressed upon such an undertaking, success would be certain; did the *fiat* of the great world once go forth, the thing would be accomplished. The marvellous impulse recently given to musical instruction throughout the kingdom, shows the vast power, for good, possessed by the higher classes of aristocratic England. We have often lamented the apathy of the fashionable world on this subject, and we can entertain no hope of aristocratic support and encouragement for the English opera. There may, however, be some hope, though faint and distant, for our musicians. In consequence of a national musical education, a national opera may become a national want; and we can scarcely conceive it possible, that the wide diffusion of musical taste and knowledge should fail ultimately, to produce a large and never-failing demand for dramatic music. Then would our musicians have a wide, fair field for the development of their resources; success, the highest and most brilliant, would be within their reach, and would depend entirely on themselves. If, under such circumstances, the reputation of our country did not quickly rise, bright and re-

splendent in the musical horizon, our hopes of universal excellence would indeed be crushed for ever.

It might be long before we rivalled either of the great continental schools, each of which would doubtless long retain its ancient worshippers. Of these two schools, of a character and style so different, *we* confess a preference for the smooth, voluptuous, peaceful flow of the Italian, rather than the stern, but sublimer, beauty of the German. The one, like the soft, and glowing landscape of its native land, refreshes the spirit, warms the heart, and kindles the affections; the latter, like the wild and often savage grandeur of the scenery of Switzerland, chills, while it awes and subdues the soul. There is a smiling kindness about the former, which fascinates and attracts; the latter often pains and distracts, by an intense and varied action which admits of no repose. It is as the tranquil elegance of the Venus of the Tribune, or the calm dignity of the Apollo of the Vatican, contrasted with the nervous energy of the works of Buonarroti, or the sublime but fearful agony of the Laocoon.

The more enthusiastic admirers of the productions of the Germans, that race of musical Michael Angelos, often despise the lamer attributes of the music of the "sweet south." Such

spirits delight in the storm and the whirlwind; peace and repose have probably no charms for them.

"Music was ordain'd,
Was it not, to refresh the mind of man,
After his studies, or his actual pain?"

Many fly to music to soothe and compose the mind, others seek it as a means of new and fresh excitement. Neither are now able, in the music of their country, to find *all* they seek. We are not, however, without hope for the future. Never till now has music formed an element in national education; and the movement now extending throughout the land, must of necessity be the means of elevating and refining the musical taste of our countrymen. Improvements, like those already manifest in the sister arts of painting and sculpture, may be now about to show themselves in music. Even our *sons* may wonder at the taste which could tolerate the music which their fathers had applauded and admired; and England, long pre-eminent in the useful arts and sciences, and the serious and more weighty affairs of life, may at length become equally distinguished in the fine arts, and all those lighter and more elegant pursuits, which, throughout the history of mankind, have ever formed the peculiar characteristics of a high degree of civilization and refinement.

PHILHELLENIC DRINKING-SONG.

By B. SIMMONS.

COME let us drink their memory,
Those glorious Greeks of old—
On shore and sea the Famed, the Free,
The Beautiful—the Bold!
The mind or mirth that lights each page,
Or bowl by which we sit,
Is sunfire pilfer'd from their age—
Gems splinter'd from their wit.
Then drink we to their memory,
Those glorious Greeks of yore;
Of great or true, we can but do
What they have done before!

We've had with THE GREAT KING to cope—
What if the scene he saw—
The modern Xerxes—from the slope
Of crimson Quatre-bras,
Was but the fruit we early won
From tales of Grecian fields,
Such as the swords of Marathon
Carved on the Median shields

Oh, honour to those chainless Greeks,
 We drink them one and all,
 Who block'd that day Oppression's way
 As with a brazen wall!

Theirs was the marble land where, woo'd
 By love-born Taste, the Gods
 Themselves the life of stone endued
 In more divine abodes
 Than blest their own Olympus bright;
 Then in supreme repose,
 Afar star-glittering, high and white
 Athenè's shrine arose.
 So to the days of Pericles
 The votive goblet fill—
 In fane or mart we but distort
 His grand achievements still!

Fill to their Matrons' memory—
 The Fair who knew no fear—
 But gave the hero's shield to be
 His bulwark or his bier.*
 We boast their dauntless blood—it fills
 That lion-woman's veins,
 Whose praise shall perish when thy hills,
 JELLALABAD, are plains!
 That Lady's health! who doubts *she* heard
 Of Greece, and loved to hear?
 The wheat, two thousand years interr'd,
 Will still its harvest bear.†

The lore of Greece—the book still bright
 With Plato's precious thought—
 The Theban's harp—the judging-right
 Stagyra's sophist taught—
 Bard, Critic, Moralist to-day
 Can but their spirit speak,
 The self-same thoughts transfused. Away,
 We are not Gael but Greek.
 Then drink, and dream the red grape weeps
 Those dead but deathless lords,
 Whose influence in our bosom sleeps,
 Like music in the chords.

Yet 'tis not in the chiming hour
 Of goblets, after all,
 That thoughts of old Hellenic Power
 Upon the heart should fall.
 Go home—and ponder o'er the hoard
 When night makes silent earth:
 The gods the Roman most adored,
 He worshipp'd at the hearth.
 Then, drink and swear by Greece, that there
 Though Rhenish Huns may hive,
 In Britain we the liberty
 She loved will keep alive.

CHORUS.

And thus we drink their memory
 Those glorious Greeks of old,
 On shore and sea the Famed and Free—
 The Beautiful—the Bold!

* "Return with it or upon it!" was the well-known injunction of a Greek mother, as she handed her son his shield previous to the fight.

† The mummy-wheat.

THE PRAIRIE AND THE SWAMP.

AN ADVENTURE IN LOUISIANA.

It was a sultry September afternoon in the year 18—. My friend Carleton and myself had been three days wandering about the prairies, and had nearly filled our tin boxes and other receptacles with specimens of rare and curious plants. But we had not escaped paying the penalty of our zeal as naturalists, in the shape of a perfect roasting from the sun, which had shot down its rays during the whole time of our ramble, with an ardour only to be appreciated by those who have visited the Louisianian prairies. What made matters worse, our little store of wine had been early expended; some Taffia, with which we had replenished our flasks, had also disappeared; and the water we met with, besides being rare, contained so much vegetable and animal matter, as to be undrinkable unless qualified in some manner. In this dilemma, we came to a halt under a clump of hickory trees, and dispatched Martin, Carleton's Acadian servant, upon a voyage of discovery. He had assured us that we must ere long fall in with some party of Americans—or Cochon Yankees, as he called them—who, in spite of the hatred borne them by the Acadians and Creoles, were daily becoming more numerous in the country.

After waiting, in anxious expectation of Martin's return, for a full hour, during which the air seemed to get more and more sultry, my companion began to wax impatient. "What can the fellow be about?" cried he. "Give a blast on the horn," he added, handing me the instrument; "I cannot sound it myself, for my tongue cleaves to my palate from heat and drought."

I put the horn to my mouth, and gave a blast. But the tones emitted were not the clear echo-awakening sounds that cheer and strengthen the hunter. They were dull and short, as though the air had lost all elasticity and vibration, and by its weight crushed back the sounds into the horn. It was a warning of some inscrutable danger. We gazed around us, and saw that others were not wanting.

The spot where we had halted was

on the edge of one of those pine forests that extend, almost without interruption, from the hills of the Côte Gelée to the Opelousa mountains, and of a vast prairie, sprinkled here and there with palmetto fields, clumps of trees, and broad patches of brushwood, which appeared mere dark specks on the immense extent of plain that lay before us, covered with grass of the brightest green, and so long, as to reach up to our horses' shoulders. To the right was a plantation of palmettos, half a mile wide, and bounded by a sort of creek or gully, the banks of which were covered with gigantic cypress trees. Beyond this, more prairie and a wood of evergreen oak. To the east, an impenetrable thicket of magnolias, papaws, oak and bean trees—to the north, the pine wood before mentioned.

Such was the rich landscape we had been surrounded by a short hour before. But now, on looking around, we found the scene changed; and our horizon became far more limited by rising clouds of bluish grey vapour, which approached us rapidly from the wind quarter. Each moment this fog appeared to become thicker; the sun no longer dazzled our eyes when we gazed on it, but showed through the mist like a pale red moon; the outlines of the forest disappeared, veiled from our sight by masses of vapour; and the air, which, during the morning, had been light and elastic, although hot, became each moment heavier and more difficult to inhale. The part of the prairie that remained visible, presented the appearance of a narrow, misty valley, enclosed between two mighty ranges of grey mountains, which the fog represented. As we gazed around us and beheld these strange phenomena, our eyes met, and we read in each other's countenance that embarrassment which the bravest and most light-hearted are apt to feel, when hemmed in by perils of which they cannot conjecture the nature.

"Fire off your gun," said I to Carleton. I started as I spoke at the alteration in my own voice. The gun went off, but the report was, as it were,

stified by the compressed atmosphere. It did not even alarm some water-fowl that were plashing and floundering in the creek a few hundred paces from us.

"Look at our horses!" exclaimed Carleton. "They are surely going mad." The animals were evidently uneasy at something. They pricked up their ears, turned half round, and gazed with startled eye behind them; then strained with their heads and necks in the opposite direction to the vapour, snorting violently, and at last trying to break away from the trees to which they were tied. A short time previously they had appeared much fatigued, but now they were all fire and impatience.

"It is impossible to remain here," said Carleton.

"But whither shall we go?"

"Wherever our horses choose to take us."

We untied the animals and sprang upon them. But scarcely were we in the saddle when they started off at a pace as frantic as if a pack of wolves had been at their heels; and taking the direction of the creek, which ran between the palmetto plantation and a cypress wood, continued along its banks at the same wild gallop. As we advanced, the creek began to widen; in place of palmettos, clumps of marsh reeds, and rushes showed themselves here and there. An unearthly stillness prevailed, only broken now and then by the cry of a wild-geese; and even that appeared strange and unnatural in its sound.

"What can be the meaning of this?" cried Carleton. "I am burning with heat, and yet I have not the slightest moisture on my skin. All these signs are incomprehensible. For God's sake, sound the horn again."

I did so, but this time the sound seemed to be forced back through the horn, and to die away upon my lips. The air was so hot and parching, that our horses' coats, which a short time previously had been dripping with sweat, were now perfectly dry, and the hair plastered upon them; the animals' tongues hung out of their mouths, and they seemed panting for cooler air. "Look yonder!" cried Carleton, and he pointed to the line of the horizon, which had hitherto been of grey, lead-coloured vapour. It was now becoming reddish in the south-west quarter, and the vapour had taken the appearance of smoke. At the

same time we heard a sort of distant crackling, like a heavy running-fire of musketry, and which was repeated at short intervals. Each time it was heard, our horses appeared scared and trembling.

The creek was getting rapidly wider, and the ground so swampy that it was impossible to proceed further. Seeing this, we agreed to return to the prairie, and to try if it were not cooler among the palmettos. But when we came to the place where we had crossed the creek, our horses refused to take the leap again, and it was with the greatest difficulty we at length forced them over. All this time the redness in the horizon was getting brighter, and the atmosphere hotter and drier; the smoke had spread itself over prairie, forest, and plantations. We continued retracing our steps as well as we could to the spot where we had halted. "See there," said Carleton; "not half an hour ago those reeds were as fresh and green as if they had just sprung out of the earth, and now look at them—the leaves are hanging down, parched and curled up by the heat."

The whole prairie, the whole horizon to the south-west, was now one mass of dense smoke, through which the sun's disc looked scarcely brighter than a paper-lantern. Behind the thick curtain which thus concealed every thing from our view, we heard a loud hissing, like that of a multitude of snakes. The smoke was stifling and unbearable; our horses again turned panting round, and tore madly towards the creek. On reaching it we dismounted, but had the greatest difficulty to prevent them from leaping into the water. The streaks of red to our right became brighter and brighter, and gleamed through the huge, dark trunks of the cypress-trees. The crackling and hissing grew louder than ever. Suddenly the frightful truth flashed upon us, and at the very same moment Carleton and I exclaimed, "The prairie is on fire!"

As we uttered the words, there was a loud rustling behind us, and a herd of deer broke headlong through a thicket of tall reeds and bulrushes, and dashed up to their necks into the water. There they remained, not fifty paces from us, little more than their heads above the surface, gazing at us, as though imploring our help and compassion. We fancied we could see tears in the poor beasts' eyes.

We looked behind us. On came the pillars of flame, flickering and threatening through the smoke, licking up all before them; and, at times, a gust of so hot and blasting a wind as seemed to dry the very marrow in our bones. The roaring of the fire was now distinctly audible, mingled with hissing, whistling sounds, and crackling noises, as of mighty trees falling. Suddenly a bright flame shot up through the stifling smoke, and immediately afterwards a sea of fire burst upon our aching eyeballs. The whole palmetto field was in flames.

The heat was so great, that we every moment expected to see our clothes take fire. Our horses dragged us still nearer to the creek, sprang into the water, and drew us down the bank after them. Another rustling and noise in the thicket of reeds. A she-bear, with her cubs at her heels, came towards us; and at the same time a second herd of deer rushed into the water not twenty yards from where we were standing. We pointed our guns at the bears; they moved off towards the deer, who remained undisturbed at their approach; and there they stood, bears and deer, not five paces apart, but taking no more notice of each other than if they had been animals of the same species. More beasts now came flocking to the river. Deer, wolves, foxes, horses—all came in crowds to seek shelter in one element from the fury of another. Most of them, however, went further up the creek, where it took a north-easterly direction, and widened into a sort of lake. Those that had first arrived began to follow the new-comers, and we did the same.

Suddenly the baying of hounds was heard. "Hurra! there are dogs; men must be near." A volley from a dozen rifles was the answer to our explanation. The shots were fired not two hundred yards from us, yet we saw nothing of the persons who fired them. The wild beasts around us trembled and crouched before this new danger, but did not attempt to move a step. We ourselves were standing in the midst of them up to our waists in water. "Who goes there?" we shouted. Another volley, and this time not one hundred yards off. We saw the flashes of the pieces, and heard voices talking in a dialect compounded of French and Indian. We perceived that we had to do with Acadians. A third volley,

and the bullets whistled about our ears. It was getting past a joke. "Halt!" shouted we, "stop firing till you see what you are firing at." There was a dead silence for a moment, then a burst of savage laughter. "Fire! fire!" cried two or three voices.

"If you fire," cried I, "look out for yourselves, for we shall do the same. Have a care what you are about."

"Morbleu! Sacre!" roared half a score of voices. "Who is that who dares to give us orders? Fire on the dogs!"

"If you do, we return it."

"Sacre!" screamed the savages. "They are gentlemen from the towns. Their speech betrays them. Shoot them—the dogs, the spies! What do they want in the prairie?"

"Your blood be on your own heads," cried I. And, with the feelings of desperate men, we levelled our guns in the direction in which we had seen the flashes of the last volley. At that moment—"Halt! What is here?" shouted a stentorian voice close to us.

"Stop firing, or you are dead men," cried five or six other voices.

"*Sacre! ce sont des Americains*," muttered the Acadians.

"Monsieur Carleton!" cried a voice.

"Here!" replied my friend. A boat shot out of the smoke, between us and our antagonists. Carleton's servant was in it. The next moment we were surrounded by a score of Acadians and half-a-dozen Americans.

It appeared that the Acadians, so soon as they perceived the prairie to be on fire, had got into a boat and descended a creek that flowed into the Chicot creek, on which we now were. The beasts of the forest and prairie, flying to the water, found themselves inclosed in the angle formed by the two creeks, and their retreat being cut off by the fire, they fell an easy prey to the Acadians, wild, half savage fellows, who slaughtered them in a profusion and with a brutality that excited our disgust, a feeling which the Americans seemed to share.

"Well, stranger!" said one of the latter, an old man, to Carleton, "do you go with them Acadians or come with us?"

"Who are you, my friends?"

"Friends!" repeated the Yankee, shaking his head, "your friendships are soon made. Friends, indeed! We ain't that yet; but if you be minded to come with us, well and good."

"I met these American gentlemen," now put in Martin, "and when they heard that you had lost your way, and were out of provisions, they were so good as to come and seek you."

"You be'n't much used to the prairie, I reckon?" observed the American who had spoken before.

"No, indeed, my friend," said I.

"I told you a'ready," replied the man with some degree of pride, "we ain't your friends; but if you choose to accept American hospitality, you're welcome."

We glanced at the Acadians, who were still firing, and dragging the beasts they slaughtered into their boat and to the shore. They appeared perfect savages, and there was little temptation to seek guidance or assistance at their hands.

"If it is agreeable to you, we will accompany you," said I to the American, making a step towards the boat. We were eager to be off, for the heat and smoke were unbearable. The Yankee answered neither yes nor no. His attention seemed taken up by the proceedings of the Acadians.

"They're worse than Injuns," said he to a young man standing by him. "They shoot more in an hour than they could eat in a year, in their tar-nation French wastefulness."

"I've a notion o' makin' 'em leave off," replied the young man.

"The country's theirs, or their masters' at least," rejoined the other. "I reckon it's no business of ours."

This dialogue was carried on with the greatest possible degree of drawling deliberation, and under circumstances in which, certainly, none but a Yankee would have thought of wasting time in words. A prairie twenty miles long and ten broad, and a couple of miles of palmetto ground, all in a blaze—the flames drawing nearer every minute, and having, in some places, already reached up to the shores of the creek. On the other side a couple of dozen wild Acadians firing right and left, without paying the least attention where or whom their bullets struck. Carleton and myself, up to our waists in water, and the Americans, chatting together as unconcernedly as if they had been sitting under the roofs of their own blockhouses.

"Do you live far from here?" said I at last to the Yankee, rather impatiently.

"Not so far as I sometimes wish," answered he, with a contemptuous glance at the Acadians, "but far enough to get you an appetite for your supper, if you ain't got one already." And taking a thin roll of tobacco out of his pocket, he bit off a piece of it, laid his hands upon the muzzle of his rifle, leant his chin upon his hands, and seemed to have forgotten all about us.

This apathy became intolerable to men in our situation.

"My good man," said I, "will you put your hospitable offer into execution, and take——"

I could not continue, for I was literally suffocated with the heat and smoke. The very water of the creek was getting warm.

"I've a notion," said the Yankee, with his usual drawl, and apparently only just perceiving our distress, "I've a notion we had better be movin' out o' the way o' the fire. Now, strangers, in with you." And he helped Carleton and myself into the boat, where we lay down, and became insensible from heat and exhaustion.

When we recovered our senses, we found ourselves in the bottom of the boat, and the old Yankee standing by us with a bottle of whisky in his hand, which he invited us to taste. We felt better for the cordial, and began to look around us.

Before us lay an apparently interminable cypress swamp, behind us a sheet of water, formed by the junction of the two creeks, and at present overhung by a mass of smoke that concealed the horizon from our view. From time to time there was a burst of flame that lit up the swamp, and caused the cypress-trees to appear as if they grew out of a sea of fire.

"Come," said the old Yankee, "we must get on. It is near sunset, and we have far to go."

"And which way does our road lie?" I asked.

"Across the cypress swamp, unless you'd rather go round it."

"The shortest road is the best," said Carleton.

"The shortest road is the best!" repeated the Yankee contemptuously, and turning to his companions. "Spoken like a Britisher. Well, he shall have his own way, and the more so as I believe it to be as good a one as the other. James," added he, turning to one of the men, "you go

further down, through the Snapping Turtle swamp; we will cross here."

"And our horses?" said I.

"They are grazing in the rushes. They'll be took care of. We shall have rain to-night, and to-morrow they may come round without singeing a hoof."

I had found myself once or twice upon the borders of the swamp that now lay before us, but had always considered it impenetrable, and I did not understand, as I gazed into its gloomy depths, how we could possibly cross it.

"Is there any beaten path or road through the swamp?" enquired I of the old man.

"Path or road! Do you take it for a gentleman's park? There's the path that natur' has made." And he sprang upon the trunk of a tree covered with moss and creepers, which rose out of the vast depth of mud that formed the swamp.

"Here's the path," said he.

"Then we will wait and come round with our horses," I replied. "Where shall we find them?"

"As you please, stranger. We shall cross the swamp. Only, if you can't do like your horses, and sup off bul-rushes, you are likely to fast for the next twenty-four hours."

"And why so? There is game and wild-fowl for the shooting."

"No doubt there is, if you can eat them raw, like the Injuns. Where will you find, within two miles round, a square foot of dry land to make your fire on?"

To say the truth, we did not altogether like the company we had fallen amongst. These Yankee squatters bore in general but an indifferent character. They were said to fear neither God nor man, to trust entirely to their axe and their rifle, and to be little scrupulous in questions of property; in short, to be scarce less wild and dangerous than the Indians themselves.

The Yankee who had hitherto acted as spokesman, and who seemed to be in some way or other the chief of the party, was a man apparently near sixty years of age, upwards of six feet high, thin in person, but with such bone and muscle as indicated great strength in the possessor. His features were keen and sharp; his eye like a falcon's; his bearing and manners bespoke an exalted opinion of himself, and (at least as far as we were concerned) a tolerable

degree of contempt for others. His dress consisted of a jacket of skins, secured round the waist by a girdle, in which was stuck a long knife; leather breeches, a straw hat without a brim, and moccasins. His companion was similarly accoutred.

"Where is Martin?" cried Carleton.

"Do you mean the Acadian lad who brought us to you?"

"The same."

The Yankee pointed towards the smoke. "Yonder, no doubt, with his countrymen; but I reckon their infernal hunt is over. I hear no more shots."

"Then we will go to him. But where are our horses?"

"I've a notion," said one of the younger men, "the stranger don't rightly know what he wants. Your horses are grazing half a mile off. You would not have had us make the poor beasts swim through the creek tied to the stern of the boat? 'Lijah is with them."

"And what will he do with them?"

"Joel is going back with the boat, and when the fire is out he will bring them round," said the elder Yankee. "You don't suppose—" added he— He left the sentence unfinished, but a smile of scornful meaning flitted over his features.

I looked at Carleton. He nodded.

"We will go with you," said I, "and trust entirely to your guidance."

"You do well," was the brief reply.

"Joel," added he, turning to one of the young men, "where are the torches? We shall want them?"

"Torches!" exclaimed I.

The Yankee gave me a look, as much as to say—You must meddle with every thing. "Yes," replied he; "and, if you had ten lives, it would be as much as they are all worth to enter this swamp without torches." So saying, he struck fire, and selecting a couple of pine splinters from several lying in the boat, he lighted them, doing every thing with such extraordinary deliberation, and so oddly, that in spite of our unpleasant situation we could scarce help laughing. Meantime the boat pushed off with two men in it, leaving Carleton, myself, the old man, and another American, standing at the edge of the swamp.

"Follow me, step by step, and as if you were treading on eggs," said our

leader; "and you, Jonathan, have an eye to the strangers, and don't wait till they are up to their necks in the mud to pick them out of it."

We did not feel much comforted by this speech; but, mustering all our courage, we strode on after our plain-spoken guide.

We had proceeded but a very short distance into the swamp before we found out the use of the torches. The huge trunks of the cypress-trees, which stood four or five yards asunder, shot up to a height of fifty feet, entirely free from branches, which then, however, spread out at right angles to the stem, making the trees appear like gigantic umbrellas, and covering the whole morass with an impenetrable roof, through which not even a sunbeam could find a passage. On looking behind us, we saw the daylight at the entrance of the swamp, as at the mouth of a vast cavern. The further we went the thicker became the air; and at last the effluvia was so stifling and pestilential, that the torches burnt pale and dim, and more than once threatened to go out.

"Yes, yes," muttered our guide to himself, "a night passed in this swamp would leave a man ague-struck for the rest of his days. A night—ay, an hour would do it, if your pores were ever so little open; but now there's no danger; the prairie fire's good for that, dries the sweat and closes the pores."

He went on conversing thus with himself, but still striding forward, throwing his torchlight on each log or tree trunk, and trying its solidity with his foot before he trusted his weight upon it—doing all this with a dexterity and speed that proved his familiarity with these dangerous paths.

"Keep close to me," said he to us, "but make yourselves light—as light at least as Britishers can make themselves. Hold your breath, and—ha! what is that log? Hallo, Nathan," continued he to himself, "what's come to you, man? Don't you know a sixteen foot alligator from a tree?"

He had stretched out his foot, but fortunately, before setting it down, he poked what he took for a log with the butt of his gun. The supposed block of wood gave way a little, and the old squatter, throwing himself back, was within an ace of pushing me into the swamp.

"Ah, friend!" said he, not in the least disconcerted, "you thought to saccumvent honest folk with your devilry and cunning."

"What is the matter?" asked I.

"Not much the matter," he replied, drawing his knife from its sheath. "Only an alligator: there it is again."

And in the place of the log, which had disappeared, the jaws of a huge alligator gaped before us. I raised my gun to my shoulder. The Yankee seized my arm.

"Don't fire," whispered he. "Don't fire, so long as you can help it. We ain't alone here. This will do as well," he added, as he stooped down, and drove his long knife into the alligator's eye. The monster gave a frightful howl, and lashed violently with its tail, besprinkling us with the black slimy mud of the swamp.

"Take that!" said the squatter with a grim smile, "and that, and that!" stabbing the brute repeatedly between the neck and the ribs, while it writhed and snapped furiously at him. Then wiping his knife, he stuck it in his belt, and looked keenly and cautiously around him.

"I've a notion there must be a tree trunk hereaway; it ain't the first time I've followed this track. There it is, but a good six foot off." And so saying, he gave a spring, and alighted in safety on the stepping place.

"Have a care, man," cried I. "There is water there. I see it glitter."

"Pho, water! What you call water is snakes. Come on."

I hesitated, and a shudder came over me. The leap, as regarded distance, was a trifling one, but it was over an almost bottomless chasm, full of the foulest mud, on which the mocassin snakes, the deadliest of the American reptiles, were swarming.

"Come on!"

Necessity lent me strength, and, pressing my left foot firmly against the log on which I was standing, and which was each moment sinking with our weight deeper into the soft slimy ground, I sprang across. Carleton followed me.

"Well done!" cried the old man. "Courage, and a couple more such leaps, and we shall be getting over the worst of it."

We pushed on, steadily but slowly, never setting our foot on a log till we had ascertained its solidity with the

butts of our guns. The cypress swamp extended four or five miles along the shores of the creek: it was a deep lake of black mud, covered over and disguised by a deceitful bright green veil of creeping plants and mosses, which had spread themselves in their rank luxuriance over its whole surface, and over the branches and trunks of trees scattered about the swamp. These latter were not placed with any very great regularity, but had yet been evidently arranged by the hand of man.

"There seems to have been a sort of path made here," said I to our guide, "for" —

"Silence!" interrupted he, in a low tone; "silence, for your life, till we are on firm ground again. Don't mind the snakes," added he, as the torch-light revealed some enormous ones lying coiled up on the moss and lianas close to us. "Follow me closely."

But just as I stretched forward my foot, and was about to place it in the very print that his had left, the hideous jaw of an alligator was suddenly stretched over the tree-trunk, not six inches from my leg, and the creature snapped at me so suddenly, that I had but just time to fire my gun into his glittering lizard-like eye. The monster bounded back, uttered a sound between a bellow and a groan, and, striking wildly about him in the morass, disappeared.

The American looked round when I fired, and an approving smile played about his mouth as he said something to me which I did not hear, owing to the infernal uproar that now arose on all sides of us, and at first completely deafened me.

Thousands, tens of thousands, of birds and reptiles, alligators, enormous bull-frogs, night-owls, ahingas, herons, whose dwellings were in the mud of the swamp, or on its leafy roof, now lifted up their voices, bellowing, hooting, shrieking, and groaning. Bursting forth from the obscene retreat in which they had hitherto lain hidden, the alligators raised their hideous snouts out of the green coating of the swamp, gnashing their teeth, and straining towards us, while the owls and other birds circled round our heads, flapping and striking us with their wings as they passed. We drew our knives, and endeavoured to defend at least our heads and eyes; but all was

in vain against the myriads of enemies that surrounded us; and the unequal combat could not possibly have lasted long, when suddenly a shot was fired, followed immediately by another. The effect they produced was magical. The growls and cries of rage and fury were exchanged for howls of fear and complaint; the alligators withdrew gradually into their native mud; the birds flew in wider circles around us; the unclean multitudes were in full retreat. By degrees the various noises died away. But our torches had gone out, and all around us was black as pitch.

"In God's name, are you there, old man?" asked I.

"What! still alive?" he replied with a laugh that jarred unpleasantly upon my nerves, "and the other Britisher too? I told ye we were not alone. These brutes defend themselves if you attack them upon their own ground, and a single shot is sufficient to bring them about one's ears. But when they see you're in earnest, they soon get tired of it, and a couple more shots sent among them generally drive them away again; for they are but senseless squealing creturs after all."

While the old man was speaking, he struck fire, and lit one of the torches.

"Luckily we have rather better footing here," continued he. "And now, forward quickly; for the sun is set, and we have still some way to go."

And again he led the march with a skill and confidence in himself which each moment increased our reliance on him. After proceeding in this manner for about half an hour, we saw a pale light glimmering in the distance.

"Five minutes more and your troubles are over; but now is the time to be cautious, for it is on the borders of these cursed swamps the alligators best love to lie."

In my eagerness to find myself once more on dry land, I scarcely heard the Yankee's words; and as the stepping places were now near together, I hastened on, and got a little in front of the party. Suddenly I felt a log on which I had just placed my foot, give way under me. I had scarcely time to call out "Halt!" when I was up to the armpits in the swamp, with every prospect of sinking still deeper.

"You *will* hurry on," said the old man with a laugh; and at the same time, springing forward, he caught me

by the hair. "Take warning for the future," added he, as he helped me out of the mud; "and look there!"

I did look, and saw half a dozen alligators writhing and crawling in the noxious slime within a few feet of us. I felt a sickening sensation, and for a moment I could not utter a word: the Yankee produced his whisky-flask.

"Take a swallow of this," said he; "but no, better wait till we are out of the swamp. Stop a little till your heart beats quieter. So, you are better now. When you've made two or three such journeys with old Nathan, you'll be quite another man. Now—forward again."

A few minutes later we were out of the swamp, and looking over a field of palmettos that waved and rustled in the moonbeams. The air was fresh, and once more we breathed freely.

"Now then," said our guide, "a dram, and then in half an hour we are at the Salt Lick."

"Where?" asked I.

"At the Salt Lick, to shoot a deer or two for supper. Hallo! what is that?"

"A thunderclap."

"A thunderclap! You have heard but few of them in Louisiana, I guess, or you would know the difference betwixt thunder and the crack of a backwoodsman's rifle. To be sure, yonder oak wood has an almighty echo. That's James's rifle—he has shot a stag.—There's another shot."

This time it was evidently a rifle-shot, but re-echoed like thunder from the depths of the immense forest.

"We must let them know that we're still in whole skins, and not in the maw of an alligator," said the old man, who had been loading his rifle, and now fired it off.

In half an hour we were at the Salt Lick, where we found our guide's two sons busy disembowelling and cutting up a fine buck that they had killed, an occupation in which they were so engrossed that they scarce seemed to notice our arrival. We sat down, not a little glad to repose after the fatigues and dangers we had gone through. When hind and fore quarters, breast and back, were all divided in right huntsman-like style, the young men looked at their father. "Will you take a bite and a sup here?" said the latter, addressing Carleton and myself, "or will you wait till we get home?"

"How far is there still to go?"

"How far? With a good trotting horse, and a better road, three quarters of an hour would bring you there. You may reckon it a couple of hours."

"Then we would prefer eating something here."

"As you will."

Without more words, or loss of time, a haunch was cut off one of the hind-quarters; dry leaves and branches collected; and in one minute a fire was blazing brightly, the joint turning before it on a wooden spit. In half an hour the party was collected round a roast haunch of venison, which, although eaten without bread or any of the usual condiments, certainly appeared to us to be the very best we had ever tasted.

THE ARISTOCRACY OF ENGLAND.

BOTH the nobility and gentry of this country stand upon a basis so entirely peculiar, that, were it for that cause only, we could not greatly wonder at the perverse misconstructions upon these institutions so prevalent abroad. Indeed the peculiarity of our aristocracy is so effectual for obscurity, that we also, as a nation, are ignorant upon much which marks it characteristically; our own ignorance partly explains, and partly has caused, the continental ignorance. Could it, indeed, be expected that any people should be sensible of their own peculiarities as peculiarities? Of all men, for instance, a Persian would be the last man from whom we could reasonably look for an account of Persia; because those habits of Persians as Orientals, as Mussulmans, and as heretic Mussulmans, which would chiefly fix the attention of Europeans, must be unexciting to the mind of a native.

And universally we know that, in every community, the features which would most challenge attention from a stranger, have been those which the natives systematically have neglected. If, but for two days' residence, it were possible that a modern European could be carried back to Rome and Roman society, what a harvest of interesting facts would he reap as to the habits of social intercourse! Yet these are neglected by Roman writers, as phenomena too familiar, which there was no motive for noticing. Why should a man notice as a singularity what every man witnesses daily as an experience? A satirist, like Juvenal, is obliged, indeed, to notice particular excesses: but this is done obliquely, and so far only as to identify the case he means; besides that often they are caricatured. Or an antiquarian observer, like Athenæus, finds, after ten centuries of social life amongst the same race, a field of ob-

servation in the present, which he sees as contrasted with the past which he reads of. It is in that way only that we English know any thing of our own past habits. Some of these are brought forward indirectly in the evidence upon judicial trials—some in dramatic scenes; and, as happened in the case of Athenæus, we see English historians, at periods of great conscious revolution, (Holinshed, for instance,* whose youth had passed in the church reformation,) exerting themselves to recover, through old men's recollections, traditions of a social life which they felt to be passing away for ever. Except, however, in these two cases, the one indirect, the other by accident, coinciding with an epoch of great importance, we find little in the way of description, or philosophic examination, toward any sustained record of English civilization as intermitting from one era to another, and periodically resumed. The same truth holds good of civilization on the Continent, and for the same reason, viz. that no nation describes itself, or can do so. To see an object you must not stand in its centre; your own station must be external. The eye cannot see itself, nor a mechanic force measure itself, as if it were its own resistance.

It is easy, therefore, to understand why, amongst the writers of any given nation, we are least entitled to look for an account of the habits or separate institutions distinguishing that nation: since the stimulation of difference least of all exists for those who never see that difference broadly relieved in adverse habits or institutions. To such nation its own aristocracy, like its own climate, seems a positive fact, neither good nor bad, and worthy of little notice, as apparently open to little improvement. And yet to each nation its own aristocracy is often the arbitrating cause, but always the exponent

* An introduction, prefixed to Holinshed, descriptive of domestic life amongst the English, as it may be presumed to have existed for the century before, (1450—1550,) was written (according to our recollection) by Harrison. Almost a century earlier, we have Chief Justice Fortescue's account of the French peasantry, a record *per antiphrasin* of the English. About the great era of 1688, we have the sketch of contemporary English civilization by Chamberlayne. So rare and distant are the glimpses which we obtain of ourselves at different periods.

or index of its future political welfare. Laws are important; administration of laws is important; to be Protestant or Popish is important; and so of many other agencies: but, as was said by Harrington in his *Oceana*, there is something in the original idea and in the executive composition of a gentry which cannot be created artificially, and (if wanting) cannot be supplied by substitution. Upon the quality of an aristocracy in critical periods, in those periods when the national stability is menaced by revolution, or the national independence by aggression, depends the national salvation. Let us lay before the reader an illustration.

It is our deliberate conviction, that, from the foundations of civil society, human annals present no second case of infamy equal to that which is presented by the condition of Spain and Portugal from the year 1807 up to our own immediate era. It is a case the more interesting, because two opposite verdicts have been pronounced upon it by men of the greatest ability amongst ourselves. Some, as the present and the late Laureate, have found in the Peninsular struggle with Napoleon, the very perfection of popular grandeur; others, agreeing with ourselves, have seen in this pretended struggle nothing but the last extravagance of thrasonic and impotent national arrogance. Language more frantically inflated, and deeds more farcically abject, surely were never before united. It seems therefore strange, that a difference, even thus far, should exist between Englishmen standing upon the same facts, starting from the same principles. But perhaps, as regards Mr Wordsworth, he did not allow enough for the long series of noxious influences under which Spain had suffered. And this, at any rate, is notorious—he spoke of the Spanish people, the original stock (unmodified by courtly usages, or foreign sentiments, or city habits) of the Spanish peasantry and petty rural proprietors. This class, as distinguished from the aristocracy, was the class he relied on; and he agreed with us in looking upon the Spanish aristocracy as traitors—that is, as recreants and apostates—from any and every cause meriting the name of national. If he found a moral grandeur in Spain, it was amongst that

poor forsaken peasantry, incapable of political combination, who could not make a *national* party in the absence of their natural leaders. Now, if we adopt the mild temperament of some Spanish writers, calling this “a *schism* in the natural interests,” how shocking that such a schism *could* have arisen at so dreadful a crisis! That schism, which, as a fact, is urged, in the way of excuse, merely as a possibility, is already itself the opprobrium for Spain never to be washed out. For in Spain, what *was* the aristocracy? Let us not deceive ourselves, by limiting this term to the feudal nobility or grandees; the aristocracy comprehended every man that would naturally have become a commissioned officer in the army. Here, therefore, read the legend and superscription of the national dishonour: The Spanish people found themselves without a gentry for leading their armies. England possessed, and possesses a gentry, the noblest that the world has seen, who are the natural leaders of her intrepid commonalty, alike in her fleets and in her armies. But why? How and in what sense qualified? Not only by principle and by *honour*—that glorious distinction which poor men can appreciate, even when less sternly summoned to its duties; not only by courage as fiery and as passively enduring as the courage of the lower ranks, but by a physical robustness superior to that of any other class taken separately; and, above all, by a scale of accomplishments in education, which strengthen the claim to command, even amongst that part of the soldiery least capable of appreciating such advantages. In France again, where no proper aristocracy now exists, there is, however, a gentry, qualified for leading; the soldiers have an entire reliance on the courage of their officers. But in Italy, in Spain, in Portugal, at the period of Napoleon, the soldiers knew to a certainty that their officers could not be depended on; and for a reason absolutely without remedy, viz. that in Spain, at least, society is not so organized by means of the press locally diffused, and by social intercourse, as that an officer's reputation could be instantaneously propagated (as with us) whithersoever he went. There was then no atmosphere of public opinion, for sustaining public

judgments and public morals. The result was unparalleled; here for the first time was seen a nation, fourteen millions strong, so absolutely palsied as to lie down and suffer itself to be walked over by a body of foreigners, entering in the avowed character of robbers. Colonel Napier, it is true, has contradicted himself with regard to the value of the guerillas; alternately ridiculing them as an imbecile force, and yet accrediting them as neutralizers of regular armies, to an enormous amount. But can a more deplorable record be needed of Spanish ignominy, than that a nation, once the leader of Europe as to *infantry* and military skill, should, by mere default of an intrepid gentry, be thrown upon the necessity of a brigand force? Equally abject was the state of Portugal. Let any man read the French general Foy's account of the circumstances under which Junot's van, separated by some days' march from the rest of the army, entered Lisbon in 1807. The rural population of Portugal, in most provinces, is a fine athletic race; and foreigners take a false estimate of this race, from the depraved mob of Lisbon. This capital, however, at that time, contained 60,000 fighting men, a powerful fortress, and ships in the river. Yet did Junot make his entry with 6000 of the poorest troops, in a physical sense, that Europe could show. Foy admits, that the majority were poor starveling boys, who could scarcely hold their muskets from cold and continual wet, hurried by forced marches, ill fed, desponding, and almost ripe for the hospital. Vast crowds had assembled to see the entry. "What!" exclaimed the Portuguese, "are these little drowned rats the *élite* of Napoleon's armies?" Inevitably, the very basest of nations, would, on such an invitation to resistance, have risen that same night, whilst the poor, childish, advanced guard was already beaten to their hands. The French officers apprehended such an attempt, but nothing happened; the faint-hearted people threw away this golden opportunity, never to be retrieved. And why? Because they had no gentry to lead, to rally, or to counsel them. The populace in both countries, though miserably deteriorated by the long defect of an aristocracy whom they could

respect, were still sound at the heart; they felt the whole sorrow of their own degradation; and that they would have fought, was soon proved in the case of the Portuguese, when we lent them officers and training; as it was proved also thirty years afterwards in the case of the Spaniards, when Don Carlos, in a time of general peace, obtained good officers from every part of Europe. Each country was forced into redeeming itself by the overflowing upon it of a foreign gentry. And yet, even at the moment of profoundest degradation, such was the maniacal vanity still prevailing amongst the Spaniards, that at one time the Supreme Junta forwarded the following proposal to the British Government:—Men they had; their own independence of foreign aid, in that sense, they had always asserted; money it was, and not armies, which they needed; and they now proposed an arrangement, by which the Spanish armies, as so notoriously the heroes of Europe, should be rendered universally disposable for the task of facing the French in the field, whilst the British (as confessedly unequal to duties so stern) should be entrusted with the garrison duty of the fortresses. "*Illâ se jactet in aulâ Angliâ*;" and, since the help of the English navy (which really *was* good) would be available as to the maritime fortresses, doubtless England might have a chance for justifying the limited confidence reposed in her, when sheltered from the fiercer storms of war by the indomitable lions of Oceana. It is superfluous to say, that the gratitude of Spain, at the close of the war, was every thing that ought to have been expected from this moonstruck vanity at its opening.

Such are the results for nations, when they betray to the whole world an aristocracy bankrupt of honour, emasculated, and slothful. Spoliators so reckless as Napoleon, are not always at hand for taking advantage of this domestic ruin; but it is impossible that a nation, absolutely rich as Spain was in the midst of her relative poverty, can advertise itself for centuries as a naked, defenceless waif, having neither leaders nor principles for organizing a resistance, but that eventually she will hear of a customer for her national jewels. In reality, Spain had been protected for

150 years, by the local interposition of France; had France not occupied the antechamber to the Peninsula, making it impossible for any but a maritime power to attack Spain in strength, Madrid would have echoed to the cannon of the spoiler, at least a century before the bloody 3d of May 1808.* In the same way, Austria has furnished for centuries a screen to the Italian Peninsula. Yet, in that case, the want of unity amongst so many subdivisions that were independent states, might be pleaded as an excuse. Pitiable weakness there was in both cases; and "to be weak is to be miserable;" but degradation *by* degradation, universal abasement of the national energies, as an effect through wilful abasement as a cause; this miserable spectacle has been exhibited in mellow maturity by no Christian nations but those of Spain and Portugal. Both have degenerated into nations of poltrons, and *from* what ancestors? From those who once headed the baptized in Europe, and founded empires in the other hemisphere.

—————"Into what depth thou see'st,
From what height fallen!"————

So that, if this gloomy shadow has crept over luminaries once so bright through the gradual eclipse of their aristocracies, we need no proof more pathetic or terrific of the degree in which great nations, with the whole burden of their honour and their primary interests, are dependent, in the final extremity, upon the quality of their gentry—considered as their sole natural leaders in battle.

With this previous indication of the unrivalled responsibility pressing upon aristocracies, it is our purpose to dwell a little upon those accidents of advantage arising out of constitution, and those differences of quality, experimentally made known to us in a thousand trials, which sum and express the peculiarities of the British nobility and gentry.

This first point, as to the constitution

of our aristocracy, the basis on which it reposes cannot be better introduced than by a literary fact open to all the world, but never yet read in its true meaning. When it became advisable, after the violent death of Charles I., that some public exposure should be applied to the past disputes between the Throne and the Parliament, and some account given of the royal policy—the first question arose naturally upon the selection of a writer having the proper qualifications. Two of these qualifications were found in a French scholar of distinction, Monsieur de Saumaise, better known by his Latinized name of Salmasius. He was undoubtedly a scholar of prodigious attainments: and the first or unconditional qualification for such a task, of great ability and extensive information, could not be denied to him. Here was a subject fitted to fix attention upon any writer, and on the other hand, a writer brilliantly qualified to fix attention upon any subject. Unhappily, a third indispensable condition, viz.—that the writer should personally know England—was entirely overlooked. Salmasius had a fluent command of Latin; and, supported by a learned theme, he generally left a dazzling impression even upon those who hated his person, or disputed his conclusions. But, coming into collision with politics, personal as well as speculative, and with questions of real life, fitted to call for other accomplishments than those of a recluse scholar, it seemed probable that this great classical critic would be found pedantic and scurrilous; and upon the affairs of so peculiar a people, it was certain that he would be found ignorant and self-contradicting. Even Englishmen have seldom thoroughly understood the feud of the great Parliamentary war: the very word "*rebellion*," so often applied to it, involves the error of presuming that in its principles the war was unconstitutional, and in its objects was finally defeated. Whereas the subsequent Revolution of 1688-9, was but a resumption of the very

* To say the truth, during the Marlborough war of the Succession, and precisely one hundred years before Murat's bloody occupation of Madrid, Spain presented the same infamous spectacle as under Napoleon; armies of strangers, English, French, Germans, marching, and counter-marching incessantly, peremptorily disposing of the Spanish crown, alternately placing rival kings upon the throne, and all the while no more deferring to a Spanish will than to the yelping of village curs.

same principles and indispensable purposes under more advantageous auspices—was but a re-affirmation of the principle votes from 1642 to 1645. The one capital point of a responsibility, virtual though not formal, lodged in the crown, and secured through a responsible ministry—this great principle, which Charles I. once conceded in the case of Lord Strafford, but ever afterwards to his dying day repented and abjured, was at length for ever established, and almost by acclamation. In a case so novel, however, to Englishmen, and as yet so unsettled, could it be looked for that a foreigner should master new political principles, to which on the Continent there was nothing analogous? This, it may be alleged, was not looked for. Salmasius was in the hands of a party; and his prejudices, it may be thought, were confluent with theirs. Not altogether. The most enlightened of the English royalists were sensible of some call for a balance to the regal authority; it cannot be pretended that Hyde, Ormond, or Southampton, wished their king to be the fierce "*Io el rey*" (so pointedly disowning his council) of Castile, or the "*L'état? C'est moi*" of France, some few years later. Even for a royalist, it was requisite in England to profess some popular doctrines; and thus far Salmasius fell below his clients. But his capital disqualification lay in his defect of familiarity with the English people, habits, laws, and history.

The English aristocracy furnished a question for drawing all these large varieties of ignorance to a focus. In coming upon the ground of English institutions, Salmasius necessarily began "*verba nostra conari*,"

and became the garrulous parrot that Milton represents him. Yet, strange it is, that the capital blunder which he makes upon this subject, was not perceived by Milton. And this reciprocal misunderstanding equally arose in the pre-occupation of their minds by the separate principles on which, for each side, were founded their separate aristocracies. The confusion between the parties arose in connexion with the House of Commons. What was the House of Commons? Salmasius saw that it was contrasted with the House of Lords. But then, again, what were the Lords? The explanation given to him was, that they were the "*noblesse*" of the land. That he could understand; and, of course, if the other house were antithetically opposed to the Lords, it followed that the House of Commons was *not* composed of noblesse. But, on the Continent, this was equivalent to saying, that the Commons were *roturiers, bourgeois*—in fact, mechanic persons, of obscure families, occupied in the lowest employments of life. Accordingly Salmasius wrote his whole work under the most serene conviction that the English House of Commons was tantamount to a Norwegian Storting, viz. a gathering from the illiterate and labouring part of the nation. This blunder was committed in perfect sincerity. And there was no opening for light; because a continual sanction was given to this error by the aristocratic scorn which the cavaliers of ancient descent habitually applied to the prevailing party of the Roundheads; which may be seen to this hour in all the pasquinades upon Cromwell, though really in his own neighbourhood a "*gentleman of worship*." But for Salmasius it was a

* It may be thought, indeed, that as a resident in Holland, Salmasius should have had a glimpse of the new truth; and certainly it is singular that he did not perceive the rebound, upon his Dutch protectors, of many amongst his own virulent passages against the English; unless he fancied some special privilege for Dutch rebellion. But in fact he did so. There was a notion in great currency at the time—that any state whatever was eternally pledged and committed to the original holdings of its settlement. Whatever had been its earliest tenure, that tenure continued to be binding through all ages. An elective kingdom had thus some indirect means for controlling its sovereign. A republic was a nuisance, perhaps, but protected by prescription. And in this way even France had authorized means, through *old* usages of courts or incorporations, for limiting the royal authority as to certain known trifles. With respect to the Netherlands, the king of Spain had never held absolute power in those provinces. All these were privileged cases for resistance. But England was held to be a egal despotism.

sufficient bar to any doubt arising, that if the House of Commons were not nobles, then were they not gentlemen—since to be a gentleman and to be a *titled* man or noble, on the Continent, were convertible terms. He himself was a man of titular rank, deriving his title from the territory of Saumaise; and in this needy scholar, behold a nobleman of France! Milton, on the other hand, quite incapable of suspecting that Salmasius conceived himself to stand on a higher level than an English senator of the Commons, and never having his attention drawn to the chasm which universally divides foreign from English nobility, naturally interpreted all the invectives of Salmasius against the Lower House as directed against their principles and their conduct. Thus arose an error, which its very enormity has hitherto screened from observation.

What, then, is this chasm dividing our nobility from that upon the Continent? Latterly that point has begun to force itself upon the attention of the English themselves, as travellers by wholesale on the Continent. The sagacious observers amongst them could not avoid to remark, that not unfrequently families were classed by scores amongst the nobility, who, in England, would not have been held to rank with the gentry. Next, it must have struck them that, merely by their numbers, these continental orders of nobility could never have been designed for any thing higher than so many orders of gentry. Finally, upon discovering that there was no such word or idea as that of gentry, expressing a secondary class distinct from a nobility, it flashed upon them that our important body of a landed gentry, bearing no *titular* honours of any kind, was inexpressible by any French, German, or Italian word; that upon the whole, and allowing for incommunicable differences, this order of gentry was represented on the Continent by the great mass of the “*basse noblesse*,” that our own great feudal nobility would be described on the Continent as a “*haute noblesse*,” and that amongst all these perplexities, it was inevitable for an Englishman to misunderstand and to be misunderstood. For, if he described another Englishman as not being a nobleman, invariably the foreigner would presume it to be meant

that he was not a gentleman—not of the privileged class—in fact, that he was a plebeian or *roturier*, though very possibly a man every way meritorious by talents or public services. Whereas, on the contrary, we English know that a man of most ancient descent and ample estates, one, in the highest sense, a man of birth and family, may choose, on a principle of pride, (and not unfrequently *has* chosen,) obstinately to decline entering the order of nobility. Take, in short, the well-known story of Sir Edward Seymour, as first reported in Burnet’s *Own Times*; to every foreigner this story is absolutely unintelligible. Sir Edward, at the Revolution, was one in the vast crowd of country gentlemen presented to the Prince of Orange, (not yet raised to the throne.) The prince, who never had the dimmest conception of English habits or institutions, thought to compliment Sir Edward by showing himself aware of that gentleman’s near relationship to a ducal house. “I believe, Sir Edward,” said the prince, “that you are of the Duke of Somerset’s family?” But Sir Edward, who was the haughtiest of the human race, speedily put an extinguisher on the prince’s courtesy by replying, in a roar, “No, your highness: my lord duke is of mine.” This was true: Sir Edward, the commoner, was of that branch which headed the illustrious house of Seymour; and the Duke of Somerset, at that era, was a cadet of this house. But to all foreigners alike, from every part of the Continent, this story is unfathomable. How a junior branch should be ennobled, the elder branch remaining not ennobled, *that* by itself seems mysterious; but how the unennobled branch should, in some sense peculiarly English, bear itself loftily as the depository of a higher consideration (though not of a higher rank) than the duke’s branch, this is a mere stone of offence to the continental mind. So, again, there is a notion current upon the Continent, that in England titular honours are put up to sale, as once they really were, by Charles I. in his distresses, when an earldom was sold for L.6000; and so *pro rata* for one step higher or lower. Meantime, we all know in England how entirely false this is; and, on the other hand, we know also, and cannot but smile at the continental blindness

to its own infirmity, that the mercenary imputation which recoils from ourselves, has, for centuries, settled upon France, Germany, and other powers. More than one hundred and thirty thousand French "nobles," at the epoch of the Revolution, how did most of them come by their titles? Simply by buying them in a regular market or bazar, appointed for such traffic. Did Mr St—, a respectable tailor, need baronial honours? He did not think of applying to any English minister, though he was then actually resident in London; he addressed his litanies to the chancery of Austria. Did Mr —, the dentist, or Mr R—, the banker, sigh for aristocratic honours? Both crossed the Channel, and marketed in the shambles of France and Germany.

Meantime the confusion, which is inveterate upon this subject, arose out of the incompatible grounds upon which the aristocracies of England and the Continent had formed themselves. For the continental there seemed to exist no exclusive privilege, and yet there *was* one. For the English there existed practically a real privilege, and yet in law there was *none*. On the Continent, no titled order had ever arisen without peculiar immunities and powers, extending oftentimes to criminal jurisdictions; but yet, by that same error which has so often vitiated a paper currency, the whole order, in spite of its unfair privileges, was generally depreciated. This has been the capital blunder of France at all times. Her old aristocracy was so numerous, that every provincial town was inundated with "comptes," &c.; and no villager even turned to look on hearing another addressed by a title. The other day we saw a return from the Legion of Honour: "Such in these moments, as in all the past," France, it appeared, had already indorsed upon this suspicious roll not fewer than forty-nine thousand six hundred and odd beneficiaries. Let the reader think of forty-nine thousand six hundred Knights of the Bath turned loose upon London. Now *ex adverso* England must have some virtual and operative privilege for *her* nobility, or else how comes it, that in any one of our largest provincial towns—towns so populous as to have but four rivals on the Continent—a stranger saluted seriously by

the title of "my lord," will very soon have a mob at his heels? Is it that the English nobility can dispense with immunities from taxation, with legal supremacies, and with the sword of justice; in short, with all artificial privileges, having these two authentic privileges from nature—stern limitation of their numbers, and a prodigious share in the most durable of the national property? Vainly does the continental noble flourish against such omnipotent charters the rusty keys of his dungeon, or the sculptured image of his family gallows. Power beyond the law is not nobility, is not antiquity. Tax-gatherers, from the two last centuries, have been the founders of most titled houses in France; and the *prestige* of antiquity is, therefore, but rarely present. But were it otherwise, and that a "noblesse" could plead one uniform descent from crusaders, still, if they were a hundred thousand strong—and, secondly, had no property—and, thirdly, comprehended in their lists a mere gentry, having generally no pretensions at all to ancient or illustrious descent, they would be—nothing. And exactly on that basis reposes the difference between the Continent and England. Eternally the ridiculous pretence of being "noble" by family, seems to claim for obscure foreigners some sort of advantage over the plain untitled Englishman; but eternally the travelled Englishman recollects, that, so far as this equivocal "nobility" had been really fenced with privileges, those have been long in a course of superannuation; whilst the countervailing advantages for his own native aristocracy are precisely those which time or political revolutions never *can* superannuate.

Thus far as to the constitution of the British nobility and those broad popular distinctions which determine for each nobility its effectual powers. The next point is, to exhibit the operation of these differential powers in the condition of manners which they produce. But, as a transitional stage lying between the two here described—between the tenure of our aristocracy as a casual principle, and the popular working of our aristocracy as an effect—we will interpose a slight notice of the habits peculiar to England by which this effect is partly sustained.

One marked characteristic of the

English nobility is found in the popular education of their sons. Amongst the great feudal aristocracies of Spain or of Austria, it was impossible that the heirs of splendid properties should be reared when boys in national institutions. In general, there are no national institutions, of ancient and royal foundation, dedicated to education in either land. Almost of necessity, the young *graf* or *fuerst*, (earl or prince,) *conde* or *duca*, is committed to the charge of a private tutor, usually a monk. The habits of continental universities have always been riotous and plebeian; the mode of paying the professors, who answer to the college tutors of Oxford and Cambridge, has always been degrading—equally degrading to them and to literature; whilst, in relation to all academic authority, such modes of payment were ruinous, by creating a systematic dependence of the teacher upon the pupil. To this account may be added, that in all countries, where great elementary schools are wanting, the universities are improperly used as their substitutes. Consequently these pupils are too often boys, and not young men, in age; whilst in habits, not belonging to the aristocracy, they are generally gross, unpolished, and illiberal. The great bulk are meant for the professions of the land; and hence, from an early period, the education has been too ecclesiastical in its cast. Even at this day, it is too strictly professional. The landed aristocracy resort to such institutions in no healthy proportions; and the reason lies in their too exclusive dedication to the *military* service. It is true that, in the rude concussion given to all Germany and Spain by the French revolutionary aggressions, many changes have occurred. In particular, for North Germany, viz. Prussia, Russian Poland, and Saxony, such a new and vast body has arisen of *civil* functionaries, that a new name and classification for this order has been found necessary amongst British travellers and German economists. But this change has not commensurately affected the German universities. The military character still overshadows the professional. The law is in no esteem, and leads to no political consideration. The church is in the same degradation. The German pastor is too essentially humble in his social condition to present any resist-

ance to feudal or military arrogance. A German clergyman is not, in that emphatic sense which makes itself felt amongst ourselves, a gentleman. The rural pastor of Germany is too often, in effectual weight of character, little more than the "Amen" clerk of our English establishment. If he is treated courteously, as amongst very elevated persons he is, this concession he owes to *their* high bred refinement, and not to any dignity which clothes himself. There we speak of the reformed churches, whether Calvinist, Lutheran, or the new syncrastic church, manufactured by the present government of Prussia. But in Polish countries, the same tendency is seen on a larger scale: the whole ecclesiastical body, parochial or monastic, retires from the contests of life; and fails, therefore, to contribute any part of the *civil* resistance needed for making head against the military profession. On the other hand, in England, through the great schools of Eton, Harrow, &c., children even of ducal families are introduced to public life, and to popular sympathies, through the discipline of what may be called miniature republics. No country on earth, it is rightly observed by foreigners, shows so much of aristocratic feeling as England. It cannot, therefore, be denied—that a British duke or earl at Eton, and more especially in his latter stages when approaching the period of his majority, is the object of much deference. Entering upon the time when practically he becomes *sui juris*, he has far too much power and influence to be treated with levity. But it is equally true, that a spirit of republican justice regulates his childish intercourse with his fellow *alumni*: he fights battles on equal terms with any of them, when he gives or receives offence. He plays at cricket, he sails or rows his boat, according to known *general* regulations. True, that his private tutor more often withdraws a patrician boy from the public sports: but, so long as he is a party of them, he neither is, nor, from the nature of such amusements, could be indulged with any special immunities. The *Condes* and *Ducas* of Spain, meantime, have been uniformly reared at home: for this we have the authority of Spanish economists, as also of many travellers. The auspicious conductors of the young

grandee's education are usually his mother's confessor and his mother's waiting-women. Thence comes the possibility that a Spanish prince should have degraded himself in the eyes of Europe as a sempster and embroiderer of petticoats. Accordingly, the highest order of the Spanish nobility is said to be physically below the standard of their countrymen, in a degree too apparent to escape general notice; whilst in the same relations our own nobility has been generally pronounced the finest *animal* race amongst us.

Another great feature in the system of our English training, is the severe separation of children from servants. Many are the families of mere English gentry, totally removed from the nobility, who never permit their children to enter the servants' hall nor the kitchen. And the probable remark upon so rigorous a separation, which an inconsiderate person will make, that it is founded upon aristocratic arrogance, happens to be in the very teeth of the truth. We shall content ourselves with saying, that the comfort as well as benefit of both parties were promoted by such an arrangement; whilst, so far from arguing hauteur, it was the high civil condition of the English servant, which, by forcing respect from his master, first widened the interval between the two ranks, and founded a wholesome repulsion between them. In our own times, we have read descriptions of West India planters admitting the infant children of their slaves to play and sprawl about their saloons: but now, since the slave has acquired the station of a free man, and (from the fact of not having won this station meritoriously, but passively received it as a boon) is too generally disposed to use it in a spirit of defiance, does any man expect such scenes for the future? Through the prevalence of habit, old cases of that nature may happen to survive locally; but in the coming generation, every vestige of these indulgent relations will have disappeared in the gloomy atmosphere of jealous independence. That infant, who had been treated with exemplary kindness as a creature entirely at the mercy of his master, and the living monument of his forbearance, will be thrown sternly upon his legal rights when he

has the power of enforcing those rights in so many instances against his patron. This case, from its abruptness, involves unamiable features; but the English case had developed itself too gradually and naturally to be otherwise than purely dignified for both parties. In the age of Beaumont and Fletcher, (say 1610—1635,) gentlemen kicked and caned their servants: the power to do so, was a privilege growing out of the awful distance attached to rank: and in Ireland, at the opening of the present century, such a privilege was still matter of prescriptive usage, and too frequently furnished the matter for a menace. But the stealthy growth of civilization and of civil liberty in England, moved onwards so surely under the stimulation of manufacturing industry, (making menial service a secondary object for the poor,) that before 1750, a gentleman, forgetting himself so far as to strike a servant, would have been recalled to better thoughts by an action for assault. On the Continent, for the very reason that no such rights had been matured for servants, it was possible to treat them with much more indulgence: because the relations between the two parties were less honourable, allowing to the servant nothing in the way of absolute right; for that very reason, it was possible to treat him as a child who founds his power upon his weakness. In fact, the whole philosophy on this subject will be found practically embodied in the household economy of Rome about the time of Hannibal, as unfolded by Plautus. The relations of master and servant are there exhibited in a state of absolute pessimism: any thing worse, it is beyond the wit of man to imagine. Respect or deference on the part of the slave towards his master, there is none: contempt more maliciously expressed for his master's understanding, familiarity more insolent, it is difficult to imagine. This was in part a tendency derived from republican institutions: but in part also it rests upon the vicious independence in the master of all authority founded upon moral forces. Instant physical coercion, the power of cross, gallows, *pistrinum*, and the domestic scourge—these were the forces which made the Roman master careless of verbal disrespect, indifferent to censure, from them whose opinions were

as impotent as those of an infant. The slave, again, on *his* side, is described as so thoroughly degraded, that he makes the disfigurement of his own person by the knout, the *cancellation* of his back by stripes and scars—a subject of continual merriment. Between two parties thus incapacitated by law and usage for manly intercourse, the result was exactly such by consummation as on many parts of the Continent it still is by tendency. The master welcomed from his slave that spirit of familiar impertinence which stirred the dull surface of domestic life, whilst, at any moment, a kick or a frown could silence the petty battery when it was beginning to be offensive. Without a drawback, therefore, to apprehend where excesses too personal or stinging could be repressed as certainly as the trespasses of a hound, the Plautine master drew from his servant, without anxiety, the comic services which, in the middle ages, were drawn from the professional “fool.” This original vice in the constitution of society, though greatly mitigated, in the course of two centuries from the era of Plautus, by the progress of intellectual luxury, was one main fountain of that coarseness which, in every age, deformed the social intercourse of Romans; and, especially, it was the fountain of that odious scurrility and tongue-license which defeated the majestic impression else sure to have waited on the grand position of the senate. Cicero himself was as great a ruffian in his three functions of oratory, viz. at the bar, in the popular assemblies, and in the senate—he was as foul a libeller—

as malignant—and as plebeian in his choice of topics—as any “verna” in Rome when sparring with another “verna.” This scandal of Roman society was not, undoubtedly, a pure product, from the vernile scurrility of which we hear so much in Roman writers—other causes conspired; but certainly the fluency which men of rank exhibited in this popular accomplishment of Billingsgate had been at all times sustained by the models of this kind resounding for ever in the streets of Rome, and in the purlieus of great mansions. Mr Coleridge, who had seen nothing but superior amiableness in the familiar sort of friendship existing between a French gentleman and his servant, where, in fact, it had survived as a relic from old political degradations, might consistently proclaim in rapture, when writing to a lady upon the *Philosophic Dialogues* of Cicero, “What perfect gentlemen were* these old Romans!” He who suffers a single feature of amiableness to screen the general misconstruction of social relations, may easily find a spirit of chivalrous courtesy in what, after all, was only a self-protecting meanness, applied to one special case of private intercourse under a brutalizing system applied to all other intercourse between men of public distinction. It is certain that the prevailing relations upon the Continent between master and servant, did, before the French Revolution, and do still, express a vicious structure of society; they have *repeated*, in other forms, the Roman type of civilisation; whilst we, with a sterner exterior, have been the first

* And, in reality, this impression, as from some high-bred courtesy and self-restraint, is likely enough to arise at first in every man's mind. But the true ground of the amiable features was laid for the Roman in the counter-force of exquisite brutality. Where the style of public intercourse had been so deformed by ruffianism, in private intercourse it happened, both as a natural consequence, and as a difference sought after by prudence, that the tendencies to such rough play incident to all polemic conversation (as in the *De Oratore*) should be precluded by a marked extremity of refined pleasure. Hence indeed it is, that compliments, and something like mutual adulation, prevail so much in the imaginary colloquies of Roman statesmen. The personal flatteries interchanged in the *De Oratore*, *De Legibus*, &c., of Cicero, are often so elegantly turned, and introduced so artfully, that they read very much like the high bred compliments ascribed to Louis XIV., in his intercourse with eminent public officers. These have generally a regal air of loftiness about them, and prove the possibility of *genius* attaching even to the art of paying compliments. But else, in reviewing the spirit of *traffic*, which appears in the reciprocal flatteries passing between Crassus, Antony, Cotta, &c., too often a sullen suspicion crosses the mind of a politic sycophancy, adopted on both sides as a defensive armour.

to stamp respectability upon menial and mechanic labour.

Perhaps, however, the one capital force, operating for good upon the British aristocracy, is—the paramount reference of all accomplishments, of ambition through all its modes, and of party connexions, to the public service. This, again, which constitutes a fourth head amongst the characteristics of English society, may be viewed as both cause and effect with reference to our civil institutions. Here we regard it as a cause. It is a startling assertion to make, but we have good reason to think it true, that, in the last great war with Jacobinism, stretching through very nearly one whole quarter of a century, beyond all doubt the nobility was that order amongst us who shed their blood in the largest proportion for the commonwealth. Let not the reader believe that for a moment we are capable of undervaluing the pretensions of any class, whether high or low. All furnished martyrs to that noblest of causes. And it is not possible that this should be otherwise; because amongst us society is so exquisitely fused, so delicate are the *nuances* by which our ranks play out and in to each other, that no man can imagine the possibility of an arrest being communicated at any point to the free circulation of any one national feeling whatsoever. Great chasms must *exist* between social ranks, where it is possible for a sentiment of nationality to be suddenly frozen up as it approaches one particular class; as a corollary from which doctrine, we have always treated with derision the scurrilous notion that our rural body of landowners, our country squires, could, by possibility, differ essentially from the rest of us. Bred amongst us, educated amongst us, intermarrying with us indiscriminately, how by any means apparent to common sense should it be possible for them to maintain an inheritance of separate ignorance, separate prejudices, or separate purposes, such as interested manufacturers and trivial satirists assume? On the same principle, it is not possible that, in questions of elementary patriotism, any palsy should check the electric movement of the national feelings through *every* organ of its social life—except only in the one case where its organization is imperfect. Let there be a haughty nobility, void

of popular sympathies, such as the *haute noblesse* of Russia or Hungary is sometimes *said* to be, and it will be possible that jealousy on behalf of privileges should operate so noxiously as to place such a body in opposition to the people for the sake of what it holds separately, rather than in sympathy with the people for the sake of what both hold in common.

With us, this is otherwise; the very highest and most feudal amongst our nobles are associated by common rights, interests, and subjection to the laws, with the general body of the people. Make an exception for the right of demanding an audience from the sovereign, for the right of *entrée* at St James's, for the right of driving through the Horse Guards, or for Lord Kinsale's right of wearing his hat in the royal presence—reckon off the petty discount for privileges so purely ceremonial, and absolute nothing remains to distinguish the nobility. For as to the practice of entails, the legal benefit of primogeniture, &c., these have no more essential connexion with the nobility, than the possession of land or manorial rights. They are privileges attached to a known situation, which is open equally to every man not disqualified as an alien. Consequently, we infer that, the fusion and continuity of our ranks being perfect, it is not possible to suppose, with respect to a great patriotic interest, any abrupt pause in the fluent circulation of our national sympathies.

We, therefore, cannot be supposed to arrogate for the nobility any separate privilege of patriotism. But still we venture to affirm, that, if the total numbers of our nobility and their nearest connexions were summed; and if from that sum were subtracted all officers, being brothers, sons, nephews, of British peers, who laid down their lives, or suffered incurable wounds in the naval or military service of their country, the proportion will be found greater than that upon the aggregate remainder belonging to the rest of the nation. Life is the same blessing for all ranks alike. But certainly, though for all it is intrinsically the same priceless jewel, there is in the setting of this jewel something more radiantly brilliant to him who inherits a place amongst the British nobility, than to him whose prospects have been clouded originally by the doubts and fears of

poverty. And, at all events, the liberation of blood in the course of the last war was, we must repeat, on the part of the high aristocracy, disproportionately large.

In that proportion are those men unprincipled who speak of the English nobility as an indolent class—detached from public employments, and taking neither share nor interest in the public service. Such representations, where they are not deliberate falsehoods, point to a fact which is not uncommon; from the limited number of our nobility, and consequently the rare opportunities for really studying their habits, it is easy to see that in sketches of this order, (whether libellous amongst mob-orators, or serious in novels,) the pretended portrait has been founded on a vague romantic abstraction of what may be supposed peculiar to the condition of a patrician order under all political circumstances. Haughtiness, exclusiveness, indolence, and luxury, compose the romantic type which the delineator figures to his mind; and at length it becomes evident to any man, who has an experimental knowledge of this order, that probably the ancient Persian satraps, or the omrahs of Hindostan, have much more truly been operatively present to the describers than any thing ancient or modern amongst the realities of England. A candid person, who wishes to estimate the true, and not the imaginary nobles of England, will perceive one fact through the public journals, viz. that no class takes a more active share in that sort of the public business which naturally commends itself to their support. At least one-half of the deliberative meetings connected with the innumerable charities of London, very many of the public dinners by which such charities are promoted or commemorated, obtain the benevolent aid of noblemen as chairmen and presidents. Provincial assemblies for the same purposes, and, still more frequently, assemblies growing out of the endless political questions incident to a nation in our circumstances, receive the same influential countenance. These labours, by no means slight, added to the evening Parliamentary attendance through half the year, and the morning attendance on Parliamentary committees, together with the magisterial duties of many lords-lieutenant, sufficiently

attest that in this point of public duties, (exercised without fee or compensation,) our own nobility is the only one in Europe having almost any connexion at all with the national service, except through the army. Some of this small body are pretty constantly attached to the cabinet; others act as ambassadors, as under-secretaries, or as colonial governors. And so far are they from wishing, apparently, to limit the field for their own exertions, that the late Dukes of Manchester and Richmond spontaneously extended it, by giving the countenances of their high stations to the governments of Canada, and even of Jamaica. A marquis of ancient family has lately accepted the government of Madras; and gradually, as our splendid colonies expand their proportions, it is probable that many more of them will benefit at intervals, (in their charities and public works,) from the vast revenues of our leading nobles acting as their governors. Add to these the many cases of junior nobles who sit in the House of Commons; of those who keep alive the public spirit of great provinces by standing costly contested elections; of those professionally pursuing the career of arms in the naval or land service; and then, collating all this activity with the very limited extent of our peerage taken even with their families, not the very bigotry of democracy will deny that the characteristic energy of our nation is faithfully reflected from its highest order.

Is there a feature in foreign circles odious beyond all others? It is the air of pretence, the craving after effect, the swell, the system of coquetting with accomplishments, the tumid character of *bravura*, which characterises the principle, and (to borrow an affected word from connoisseurs of art) the *motivo* of their social intercourse. Is there a feature of manners in the English nobility, absolutely inimitable by art, and renewing for ever the impressions of simplicity and truth? It lies in that winning retirement from the artificial, the studied, the theatrical, from all jealousy of design or collusive display, which good sense and chastity of taste have suggested to them, as the sole style of demeanour on a level with their dignified station. Continental society is bad by its ideals. In the execution, there may be fre-

quent differences, moderating what is offensive in the conception. But the essential and informing principle of foreign society is the scenical, and the *nisus* after display. It is a state of perpetual tension; while, on the other hand, the usual state of English society, in the highest classes, is one of dignified repose. There is the same difference in this point between the two systems of manners, as between the English and French tone of national intercourse, in the matter of foreign relations. In France, when the popular blood is up, nothing is to be heard but bounce, menace, and defiance; for England, all the hurricanes of foreign wrath that ever blew, could not disturb her lion port of majestic tranquillity. But when we distinguish between what is English and what is foreign, it becomes proper that we should say more specifically what it is that we mean by the term "foreign;" what compass we allow to that idea. It is too palpable, and for many reasons, that the French standard of taste has vitiated the general taste of the Continent. How has this arisen? In part from the central position of France; in part from the arrogance of France in every age, as pretending to the precedency amongst the kingdoms of Christendom; in part from the magnificence of the French kings since the time of Louis XII.—that is, beginning with Francis I.; and in part, since the period 1660–80, from the noisy pretensions of the French literature, at the time creating itself, followed by that natural consequence of corresponding pretensions for the French language. Literature it was that first opened to the language a European career; but inversely the language it was that subsequently clenched and riveted the diffusion of the literature. Two accidents of European society favoured the change. Up to the restoration of our Charles II., diplomacy had been generally conducted in Latin. Efforts had been made, indeed, as early as Cardinal Richelieu's time, to substitute French. His pupil, Mazarine, had repeated the attempt; and Cromwell had resolutely resisted it. But how? Because, at that period, the resistance was easy. Historians are apt to forget that, in 1653, there was no French literature. Corneille, it is true, was already known;

but the impression which he had as yet made, even upon Paris, did not merit the name of a *popular* impression—and for this decisive reason, that, as yet, Louis XIV. was a boy. Not until seven years later, did he virtually begin to reign; whilst, as France was then constituted, nothing could be popular which did not bear the countersign and *imprimatur* of a king and his court. The notion, therefore, adopted by all historians of English literature, (not excluding the arrogant Schlegel,) that Charles II., on his restoration, laid the foundation of a "French school," being already nonsense by the very tenor of the doctrine, happens also to be chronologically impossible. English writers could not take for a model what as yet had no collective existence. Now, until the death of Charles II., no French literature could be said to have gathered or established itself; and as yet no ostentation of a French literature began to stir the air of Europe. By the time, however, that Racine, La Fontaine, Boileau, Bossuet, and Fontenelle, had begun to fix the attention of foreign courts upon the French language, a necessity, no longer to be disguised, for some modern language as the common organ of diplomacy, had made itself universally acknowledged. Not only were able negotiations continually neutralized by ignorance or unfamiliar command of the Latin; but at last, as the field of diplomacy was daily expanding, and as commerce kept ahead of all other interests, it became simply impossible, by any dexterity of evasions and compromises, to make a dead language do the offices of negotiation without barbarism and reciprocal misunderstanding. Now was commencing the era of congresses. The Westphalian congress, in 1648, had put up with Latin; for the interests which it settled, and the boundaries which it counterbalanced, were political and general. The details of tariffs were but little concerned. But those times were passing away. A modern language *must* be selected for international treating, and for the growing necessities of travellers. French probably would, by this time, have gained the distinction at any rate; for the same causes which carried strangers in disproportionate numbers to Paris—viz. the newly-

created splendour of that capital, and the extensive patronage of the French kings—must have commensurately diffused the knowledge of the French language. At such a critical moment, however, we cannot doubt that the French literature would give a determining impulse to the choice. For besides that the literature adapts itself beyond all others to the classes of society having little time for reflection, and whose sensibilities are scattered by dissipation, it offers even to the meditative the high quality of self-consistency. Springing from a low key of passion, it still justifies its own pretensions to good taste, (that is, to harmony with itself and its own principles.) Fifty years later, or about the middle of the eighteenth century, we see a second impulse given to the same literature, and therefore to the same language. A new race of writers were at that time seasoning the shallowest of all philosophies with systematic rancour against thrones and Christianity. To a military (and therefore in those days ignorant) aristocracy, such as all continental states were cursed with, equally the food and the condiment were attractive beyond any other. And thus, viz. through such accidents of luck operating upon so shallow a body of estimators as the courtiers and the little adventurers of the Continent, did the French literature and language attain the preponderance which once they had. It is true, that the literature has since lost that advantage. Germany, the other great centre of the Continent, has now a literature of her own, far more extensive, and better fitted for her peculiar strength and weakness. But the French language, though also drooping, still holds its ground as the convenient resource of lazy travellers and lazy diplomatists. This language, acting through that literature, has been the engine for fusing the people of the Continent into a monotonous conformity to one standard of feeling.

In this sense, and with a reference to this deduction, we ascribe unity to the foreign system of manners and social intercourse. Had every state in Europe been resigned to her own native temper and habits, there could have been no propriety in talking of "foreign" manners, as existing by way of antithesis to English. There must have been as many varieties of what might be called "foreign," as there happen to be considerable kingdoms, or considerable territories insulated by strong natural boundaries, or capital cities composing separate jurisdictions for the world of manners, by means of local differences continually ripening into habits. But this tendency in Europe to break up and subdivide her spirit of manners, was withered and annihilated by the unity of a French taste. The ambition of a French refinement had so thoroughly seized upon Germany, and even upon the Vandalism of arctic Sweden, by the year 1740, that in the literature of both countries, a ridiculous hybrid dialect prevailed, of which you could not say whether it were a superstructure of Teutonic upon a basis of French, or of French upon a basis of Teutonic.* The justification of "foreign," or "continental," used as an adequate antithesis to English, is therefore but too complete.

Having thus explained our use of the word "foreign," we put it to any considerate man, how it should have been possible that any select tone of society could grow up amongst a body so comprehensive and so miscellaneous as the *soi-disant* nobility of continental states? Could it be expected that 130,000 French "nobles" of 1788, needy and squalid in their habits as many of them were, should be high-bred gentlemen? In Germany, we know that all the watering-places are infested with black-leg gamblers, fortune-hunters, *chevaliers d'industrie*, through all varieties of this category. Most of these bear titles of baron, comte, &c. Are

* In the days of Gottsched, a German leader about 1740, who was a pedant constitutionally insensible to any real merits of French literature, and yet sharing in the Gallomania, the ordinary tenor of composition was such as this: (supposing English words substituted for German :) "*I demande with entire empressement, your pardon for having tant soit peu méconnu, or at least égaré from your orders, autrefois communicated. Faute d'entendre your ultimate but, I now confess, de ne trouver perplexed by un mauvais embarras.*"—And so on.

they spurious titles? Nobody knows. Such is the obscurity and extent of an aristocracy multiplying their numbers in every generation, and resting upon no basis of property, that it is equally possible for the true "baron" to lie under suspicion as a pretender, and for the false one to prosper by imposture. On the other hand, who could hope to pass himself off for six weeks as an English earl? Yet it is evident, that where counterfeit claims are so easy, the intrusion of persons unqualified, or doubtfully qualified, must be so numerous and constant, that long ago every pure standard of what is noble or gentlemanly, must have perished in so keen a struggle and so vast a mob. Merely by its outrageous excess numerically, every continental "noblesse" is already lowered and vitiated in its tone. For in vast bodies, fluctuating eternally, no unity of tone can be maintained, except exactly in those cases where some vulgar prejudice carries away all alike by its strength of current.

Such a current we have already noticed in the style of scenical effort manifested by most foreigners. To be a "conteur," to figure in "proverbs," to attitudinize, to produce a "sensation"—all these are purposes of ambition in foreign circles. Such a current we have noticed in the general determination of the Continent towards French tastes; and *that* is a worse tendency even than it used to be, for the true aristocracy of France is gone for ever as it formerly existed in the *haute noblesse*; and the court of a democratic king is no more equal to the task of diffusing good manners, than that of the American or Haytian president. Personally, the king and his family might be models of high breeding; but the insolence of democracy would refuse the example, and untrained vulgarity would fail even in trying to adopt it.

Besides these false impulses given to the continental tone of society, we have noticed a third, and that is the preposterous value given amongst foreigners to what is military. This tendency is at once a cause of vulgarity and an exponent of vulgarity. Thence comes the embroidery of collars, the betasseling, the befrogging, the flaunting attempts at "costuming." It is not that the military cha-

racter is less fitted to a gentlemanly refinement than any other; but the truth is, that no professional character whatsoever, when pushed into exclusive esteem, can continue to sustain itself on the difficult eminence of pure natural high breeding. All professions alike have their besetting vices, pedantries, and infirmities. In some degree they correct each other when thrown together on terms of equality. But on the Continent, the lawyer and the clergyman is every where degraded; the senator has usually no existence; and the authentic landed proprietor, liberated from all duties but the splendid and non-technical duties of patriotism, comes forward at foreign courts only in the character of a military officer. At some courts this is carried so far, that no man can be presented out of uniform. Has the military profession, on the other hand, benefited by such partiality? So far from it, that, were the continental armies liable to that sort of *surveillance* which our own Horse Guards exercises over the social morals of the officers, we do not believe that one of those armies could exist for five years. The facts placed beyond denial by the capture of foreign officers' baggage, by the violated parole of honour, and by many other incidents of the late war, combine to prove the low tone of gentlemanly honour and probity in the ill-paid armies of the Continent.

Our purpose has been, to insist on the capital patriotic uses to which so splendid an aristocracy as ours *has* been applied, and will be applied, so long as it is suffered to exist undisturbed by the growing democracy (and, worse than *that*, by the anarchy) of the times. These uses are principally four, which we shall but indicate in a few words.

First, it is in the nobility of Great Britain that the Conservative principle—which cannot but be a momentous agency wheresoever there is any thing good to protect from violence, or any thing venerable to uphold in sanctity—is chiefly lodged. Primogeniture and the church are the two corner-stones upon which our civil constitution ultimately reposes; and neither of these, from the monumental character of our noble houses, held together through centuries by the peculiar settlements of their landed

properties, has any power to survive the destruction of a distinct patrician order.

Secondly, though not *per se*, or, in a professional sense, military as a body, (Heaven forbid that they should be so!) yet, as always furnishing a disproportionate number from their order to the martial service of the country, they diffuse a standard of high honour through our army and navy, which would languish in a degree not suspected whenever a democratic influence should thoroughly pervade either. It is less for what they do in this way, than for what they prevent, that our gratitude is due to the nobility. However, even the *positive* services of the nobility are greater in this field than a democrat is aware of. Are not all our satirical novels, &c., daily describing it as the infirmity of English society, that so much stress is laid upon aristocratic connexions? Be it so: but do not run away from your own doctrine, O democrat! as soon as the consequences become startling. One of these consequences, which cannot be refused, is the depth of influence and the extent of influence which waits upon the example of our nobles. Were the present number of our professional nobles decimated, they would still retain a most salutary influence. We have spoken sufficiently of the ruin which follows where a nation has no natural and authentic leaders for her armies. And we venture to add our suspicion—that even France, at this moment, owes much of the courage which marks her gentry, though a mere wreck from her old aristocracy, to the chivalrous feeling inherited from her ancestral remembrances. Good officers are not made such by simple constitutional courage; honour, and something of a pure gentlemanly temper, must be added.

Thirdly, for all populous and highly civilized nations, it is an indirect necessity made known in a thousand ways, that some adequate control should preside over their spirit of manners. This can be effected only through a court and a body of nobles. And thence it arises, that, in our Eng-

lish public intercourse, through every class, (even the lowest of the commercial,) so much of respectful gravity and mutual consideration is found. Now, therefore, as the means of maintaining in strength this aristocratic influence, we request every thoughtful man to meditate upon the following proposition. The class even of our gentry breeds a body of high and chivalrous feeling; and very much so by unconscious sympathy with an order above themselves. But why is it that the amenity and perfect polish of the nobility are rarely found in strength amongst the mass of ordinary gentlemen? It is because, in order to qualify a man for the higher functions of courtesy, he ought to be separated from the strife of the world. The fretful collision with rivalry and angry tempers, insensibly modifies the demeanour of every man. But the British nobleman, intrenched in wealth, enjoys an immunity from this irritating discipline. He is able to act by proxy: and all services of unpleasant contest he devolves upon agents. To have a class in both sexes who toil not, neither do they spin—is the one *conditio sine qua non* for a real nobility.

Fourthly, as the leaders in a high morality of honour, and a jealous sense of the obligation attached to public engagements, our nobility has tightened the bonds of national sensibility beyond what is always perceived. “This is high matter,” as Burke says in a parallel case; and we barely touch it. We shall content ourselves with asking—Could the American frauds in the naval war, calling sixty-four-gun ships by the name of frigates, have been suffered in England? Could the American doctrine of *repudiation* have prospered with us? Yet are the Americans Englishmen, wanting only a nobility.

The times are full of change: it is through the Conservative body itself that certain perils are now approaching patrician order: if *that* perishes, England passes into a new moral condition, wanting all the protections of the present.

JACK STUART'S BET ON THE DERBY, AND HOW HE PAID HIS LOSSES.

COTHERSTONE came in amid great applause, and was the winner of the poorest Derby ever known. Whilst acclamation shook the spheres, and the corners of mouths were pulled down, and betting-books mechanically pulled out—while success made some people so benevolent that they did not believe in the existence of poverty any where, and certainly not in the distress of the wretched-looking beggar entreating a penny—whilst all these things were going on, champagne corks flying, the sun shining, toasts resounding, and a perfect hubbub in full activity on all sides, Jack Stuart drew me aside towards the carriage, and said, "Pon my word, it must be a cross. How the deuce could one horse beat the whole field?"

"Oh, you backed the field, did you?"

"To be sure. I always go with the strongest side."

"And you have lost?"

"A hundred and fifty."

No wonder Jack Stuart looked blue. A fifth part of his yearly income gone at one smash—and in such a foolish way, too.

"If the excitement could last three or four days, it would almost be worth the money," he said; "but no sooner do you hear the bell—see the crush of horses at the starting-post—bang—bang—off they go!—and in a minute or two all is over, and your money gone. I will have a race of snails between London and York. It would be occupation for a year. But come, let us leave the abominable place." He hurried me into the stanhope, gave the rein to his active grey mare, and making a detour towards Kingston, we soon left the crowd behind us.

"I will never bet on a horse again," said Jack, ruminating on his loss. "Why should I? I know nothing about racing, and never could understand odds in my life; and just at this moment, too, I can't spare the coin."

At the same time he did not spare the whip; for you will always observe, that a meditative gentleman in a gig is peculiarly impressive on his horse's shoulder. The grey trotted along, or burst into an occasional canter,

"I'll back this grey against Cotherstone for fifty pounds."

"To stand flogging? I think you would win."

"No, to jump. See how she springs."

Hereupon Jack touched the mare in a very scientific manner, just under the fore-arm, and the animal, indignant at this disrespectful manner of proceeding, gave a prodigious rush forward, and then reared.

"You'll break the shafts," I said.

"I think she is going to run away, but there seems no wall near us—and I don't think any coaches travel this road. Sit still, for she's off."

The mare, in good truth, resented her master's conduct in a high degree, and took the bit in her teeth.

"If she doesn't kick, it's all right," said Jack.

"She has no time to kick if she goes at this pace," I answered; "keep her straight."

The speed continued unabated for some time, and we were both silent. I watched the road as far in advance as I could see, in dread of some waggon, or coach, or sudden turn, or even a turnpike gate, for the chances would have been greatly against an agreeable termination.

"I'll tell you what," cried Jack, turning round to me, "I think I've found out a way of paying my losses."

"Indeed! but can't you manage in the mean time to stop the mare?"

"Poh! let her go. I think rapid motion is a great help to the intellect. I feel quite sure I can pay my bets without putting my hand into my pocket."

"How? Pull the near check. She'll be in the ditch."

"Why, I think I shall publish a novel."

I could scarcely keep from laughing, though a gardener's cart was two hundred yards in advance.

"You write a novel! Wouldn't you like to build a pyramid at the same time?"

"We've given that old fellow a fright on the top of the cabbage," said Jack, going within an inch of the wheels of the cart. He'll think we've got Cother-

erstone in harness. But what do you mean about a pyramid?"

"Why, who ever heard of your writing a novel?"

"I did not say *write* a novel—I said *publish* a novel."

"Well, who is to write it?" I enquired.

"That's the secret," he answered; "and if that isn't one of Pickford's vans, I'll tell you"—

The mare kept up her speed; and, looming before us, apparently filling up the whole road, was one of the moving castles, drawn by eight horses, that, compared to other vehicles, are like elephants moving about among a herd of deer.

"Is there room to pass?" asked Jack, pulling the right rein with all his might.

"Scarcely," I said, "the post is at the side of the road."

"Take the whip," said Jack, "and just when we get up, give her a cut over the left ear."

In dread silence we sat watching the tremendous gallop. Nearer and nearer we drew to the waggon, and precisely at the right time Jack pulled the mare's bridle, and I cut her over the ear. Within a hairbreadth of the post on one side, and the van on the other, we cut our bright way through.

"This is rather pleasant than otherwise," said Jack, breathing freely; "don't you think so?"

"I can't say it altogether suits my taste," I answered.

"Do you think she begins to tire?"

"Oh, she never tires; don't be the least afraid of that!"

"It's the very thing I wish; but there's a hill coming."

"She likes hills; and at the other side, when we begin to descend, you'll see her pace. I'm very proud of the mare's speed."

"It seems better than her temper; but about the novel?" I enquired.

"I shall publish in a fortnight," answered Jack.

"A whole novel? Three volumes?"

"Six, if you like—or a dozen. I'm not at all particular."

"But on what subject?"

"Why, what a simpleton you must be! There is but one subject for a novel—historical, philosophical, fashionable, antiquarian, or whatever it calls itself. The whole story, after all,

is about a young man and a young woman—he all that is noble, and she all that is good. Every circulating library consists of nothing whatever but Love and Glory—and that shall be the name of my novel."

"But if you don't write it, how are you to publish it?"

"Do you think any living man or any living woman ever wrote a novel?"

"Certainly."

"Stuff, my dear fellow; they never did any thing of the kind. They publish—that's all. Is that a heap of stones?"

"I think it is."

"Well, that's better than a gravel-pit. Cut her right ear. There, we're past it. Amazing bottom, hasn't she?"

"Too much," I said; "but go on with your novel."

"Well, my plan is simply this—but make a bet, will you? I give odds. I bet you five to one in fives, that I produce, in a week from this time, a novel called 'Love and Glory,' not of my own composition or any body else's—a good readable novel—better than any of James's—and a great deal more original."

"And yet not written by any one?"

"Exactly—bet, will you?"

"Done," I said; "and now explain."

"I will, if we get round this corner; but it is very sharp. Bravo, mare! And now we've a mile of level Macadam. I go to a circulating library and order home forty novels—any novels that are sleeping on the shelf. That is a hundred and twenty volumes—or perhaps, making allowance for the five-volume tales of former days, a hundred and fifty volumes altogether. From each of these novels I select one chapter and a half, that makes sixty chapters, which, at twenty chapters to each volume, makes a very good-sized novel."

"But there will be no connexion."

"Not much," replied Jack, "but an amazing degree of variety."

"But the names?"

Must all be altered—the only trouble I take. There must be a countess and two daughters; let them be the Countess of Lorrington and the Ladies Alice and Matilda—a hero, Lord Berville, originally Mr Lawleigh—and

every thing else in the same manner. All castles are to be Lorrington Castle—all the villains are to be Sir Stratford Manvers—all the flirts Lady Emily Trecothicks'—and all the benevolent Christians, recluses, uncles, guardians, and benefactors—Mr Percy Wyndford, the younger son of an earl's younger son, very rich, and getting on for sixty-five."

"But nobody will print such wholesale plagiarisms."

"Won't they? See what Colburn publishes, and Bentley, and all of them. Why, they're all made up things—extracts from old newspapers, or histories of processions or lord-mayors' shows. What's that coming down the hill?"

"Two coaches abreast"—I exclaimed—"racing by Jupiter!"—and not an inch left for us to pass!"

"We've a minute yet," said Jack, and looked round. On the left was a park paling; on the right a stout hedge, and beyond it a grass field. "If it weren't for the ditch she could take the hedge," he said. "Shall we try?"

"We had better"—I answered—"rather be floored in a ditch than dashed to pieces against a coach."

"Lay on, then—here goes!"

I applied the whip to the left ear of the mare; Jack pulled at the right cheek. She turned suddenly out of the road and made a dash at the hedge. Away she went, harness, shafts, and all, leaving the stanhope in the ditch, and sending Jack and me flying, like experimental fifty-sixes in the marshes at Woolwich, halfway across the meadow. The whole incident was so sudden that I could scarcely comprehend what had happened. I looked round, and, in a furrow at a little distance, I saw my friend Jack. We looked for some time at each other, afraid to enquire into the extent of the damage; but at last Jack said, "She's a capital jumper, isn't she? It was as good a flying leap as I ever saw. She's worth two hundred guineas for a heavy weight."

"A flying leap!"—I said; "it was a leap to be sure, but the flying, I think, was performed by ourselves."

"Are you hurt?" enquired Jack.

"Not that I know of," I replied; "you're all right?"

"Oh! as for me, I enjoy a quiet drive, like this, very much. I'm cer-

tain it gives a flip to the ideas, that you never receive in a family coach at seven miles an hour. I believe I owe the mare a great sum of money, not to mention all the fame I expect to make by my invention. But let us get on to the next inn, and send people after the stanhope and the mare. We shall get into a car, and go comfortably home."

We did not go to the Oaks on Friday. We were both too stiff: for though a gentleman may escape without breaking his bones, still an ejection so vigorously executed as the one we had sustained, always leaves its mark. In the mean time Jack was busy. Piles of volumes lay round him, scraps of paper were on the table, marks were put in the pages. He might have stood for the portrait of an industrious author. And yet a more unlitrary, not to say illiterate, man than he had been before the runaway, did not exist in the Albany. "*Curriculo collegisse juvat*"—are there any individuals to whom their curriole has been a college, and who have done without a university in the strength of a fast-trotting horse? Jack was one of these. He had never listened to Big Tom of Christchurch, nor punned his way to the bachelor's table of St John's, and yet he was about to assume his place among the illustrious of the land, and have his health proposed by a duke at the literary fund dinner, as "Jack Stuart, and the authors of England;" and perhaps he would deserve the honour as well as some of his predecessors; for who is more qualified to return thanks for the authors of England than a person whose works contain specimens of so many? Your plagiarist is the true representative.

Jack's room is rather dark, and the weather, on the day of the Oaks, was rather dingy. We had the shutters closed at half-past seven, and sat down to dinner; soused salmon, perigord pie, iced champagne, and mareschino. Some almonds and raisins, hard biscuit, and a bottle of cool claret, made their appearance when the cloth was removed, and Jack began—"I don't believe there was ever such a jumper as the grey mare since the siege of Troy, when the horse got over the wall."

"Is she hurt?"

"Lord bless you," said Jack, "she's

dead. When she got over the hedge she grew too proud of herself, and personal vanity was the ruin of her. She took a tremendous spiked gate, and caught it with her hind legs; the spikes kept her fast, the gate swung open, and the poor mare was so disgusted that she broke her heart. She was worth two hundred guineas; so that the Derby this year has cost me a fortune. The stanhope is all to atoms, and the farmer claims compensation for the gate. It's a very lucky thing I thought of the book."

"Oh, you still go on with the novel?"

"It's done, man, finished—perfect."

"All written out?"

"Not a word of it. That isn't the way the people write books now; no, I have clipped out half of it with a pair of scissors, and the other half is all marked with pencil."

"But the authors will find you out."

"Not a bit of it. No author reads any body's writings but his own; or if they do, I'll deny it—that's all; and the public will only think the poor fellow prodigiously vain, to believe that any one would quote his book. And, besides, here are the reviews."

"Of the book that isn't published?"

"To be sure. Here are two or three sentences from Macauley's 'Milton,' half a page from Wilson's 'Wordsworth,' and a good lump from Jeffrey's 'Walter Scott.' Between them, they made out my book to be a very fine thing, I assure you. I sha'n't sell it under five hundred pounds."

"Do you give your name?"

"Certainly not—unless I were a lord. No. I think I shall pass for a woman: a young girl, perhaps; daughter of a bishop; or the divorced wife of a member of parliament."

"I should like to hear some of your work. I am interested."

"I know you are. We have a bet, you know; but I have found out a strange thing in correcting my novel—that you can make a whole story out of any five chapters."

"No, no. You're quizzing."

"Not I. I tell you, out of any five chapters, of any five novels, you make a very good short tale; and the odd thing is, it doesn't the least matter which chapters you choose. With a very little sagacity, the reader sees the whole; and, let me tell you, the great fault of story-writing is telling too much, and leaving too little for the

reader to supply to himself. Recollect what I told you about altering the names of all the characters, and, with that single proviso, read chapter fifteen of the first volume of this —"

Jack handed me a volume, turned down at the two-hundredth page, and I read what he told me to call the first chapter of "Love and Glory."

THE WILDERNESS.

"A tangled thicket is a holy place
For contemplation, lifting to the stars
Its passionate eyes, and breathing paradise

Within a sanctified solemnity."

Old Play.

"[That's my own," said Jack. "When people see that I don't even quote a motto, they'll think me a real original. Go on.]"

The sun's western rays were gilding the windows of the blue velvet drawing-room of Lorrington Castle, and the three ladies sat in silence, as if admiring the glorious light which now sank gradually behind the forest at the extremity of the park. The lady Alice leant her cheek upon her hand, and before her rose a vision of the agitating occurrences of yesterday. The first declaration a girl receives alters her whole character for life. No longer a solitary being, she feels that with her fate the happiness of another is indissolubly united; for, even if she rejects the offer, the fact of its having been made, is a bond of union from which neither party gets free—Sir Stratford Manvers had proposed: had she accepted him? did she love him? ay, did she love him?—a question apparently easy to answer, but to an ingenuous spirit which knows not how to analyze its feelings, impossible. Sir Stratford was young, handsome, clever—but there was a certain something, a *je ne sais quoi* about him, which marred the effect of all these qualities. A look, a tone that jarred with the rest of his behaviour, and suggested a thought to the very persons who were enchanted with his wit, and openness, and generosity—Is this real? is he not an actor? a consummate actor, if you will—but merely a great performer assuming a part. By the side of the bright and dashing Manvers, rose to the visionary eyes of the beautiful girl the pale and thoughtful features of Mr Lawleigh. She heard the

music of his voice, and saw the deep eyes fixed on her with the same tender expression of interest and admiration as she had noticed during his visit at the Castle. She almost heard the sigh with which he turned away, when she had appeared to listen with pleasure to the sparkling conversation of Sir Stratford. She had *not* accepted Sir Stratford, and she did *not* love him. When a girl hesitates between two men, or when the memory of one is mixed up with the recollection of another, it is certain that she loves neither. And strange to say, now that her thoughts reverted to Mr Lawleigh, she forgot Sir Stratford altogether. She wondered that she had said so little to Mr Lawleigh, and was sorry she had not been kinder—she recalled every word and every glance—and could not explain why she was pleased when she recollected how sad he had looked when he had taken leave one little week before. How differently he had appeared the happy night of the county assembly, and at the still happier masked ball at the Duke of Rosley's! Blind, foolish girl, she thought, to have failed to observe these things before, and now!—

"I have written to Lorrington, my dear Alice," said the Countess, "as head of the family, and your eldest brother, it is a compliment we must pay him—but it is a mere compliment, remember."

"To write to William?" mamma.

"I presume you know to what subject I allude," continued the Countess. "He will give his consent of course."

"Oh, mamma!" cried Alice, while tears sprang into her eyes, "I was in hopes you would have spared me this. Don't write to William; or let *me* tell him—let me add in a postscript—let me—"

"You will do what I wish you, I conclude—and I have told Sir Stratford"—

"Oh, what? what have you told him?"

"That he is accepted. I trust I shall hear no more on the subject. The marriage will take place in two months."

"But I don't love him, mamma—in-deed."

"I am glad to hear it," said the mother, coldly. "I rejoice that my daughters are too well brought up to love any one—that is—of course—till they

are engaged; during that short interval, it is right enough—in moderation; though, even then, it is much more comfortable to continue perfectly indifferent. Persons of feeling are always vulgar, and only fit for clergy-men's wives."

"But Sir Stratford, mamma"—

"Has twenty thousand a-year, and is in very good society. He almost lives with the Rosleys. The Duke has been trying to get him for his son-in-law for a whole year."

"And Lady Mary so beautiful, too?"

"I believe, my dear, Lady Mary's affections, as they are called, are engaged."

"Indeed?" enquired the daughter, for curiosity in such subjects exists even in the midst of one's own distresses.

"May I ask who has gained Lady Mary's heart?"

"I believe it is that young Mr Lawleigh, a cousin of the Duchess—old Lord Berville's nephew; you've seen him here—a quiet, reserved young man. I saw nothing in him, and I understand he is very poor."

"And does—does Mr Lawleigh—like—love—Lady Mary?" enquired Alice with difficulty.

"He never honoured me with his confidence," replied the Countess—"but I suppose he does—of course he does—Sir Stratford, indeed, told me so—and he ought to know, for he is his confidant."

"He keeps the secret well," said Lady Alice with a slight tone of bitterness; "and Mr Lawleigh could scarcely be obliged to him if he knew the use he makes of his confidence—and Lady Mary still less"—she added.

"Why, if girls will be such fools as to think they have hearts, and then throw them away, they must make up their minds to be laughed at. Lady Mary is throwing herself away—her *inamorato* is still at Rosley House."

It was lucky the Countess did not perceive the state of surprise with which her communication was received.

Lady Alice again placed her cheek upon her hand, and sank into a deeper reverie than ever.

"Sir Stratford also is at Rosley, and if he rides over this evening; I have given orders for him to be admitted. You will conduct yourself as I wish. Come, Matilda, let us leave your sister to her happy thoughts."

Her happy thoughts! the Lady Alice was not one of those indifferent beings panegyricized by the Countess; she had given her whole heart to Henry Lawleigh—and now to hear that he loved another! She gazed along the magnificent park, and longed for the solitude and silence of the wilderness beyond. There, any where but in that sickening room, where the communication had been made to her, she would breathe freer. She wrapt her mantilla over her head, and walked down the flight of steps into the park. Deeply immersed in her own sad contemplation, she pursued her way under the avenue trees, and, opening the wicket gate, found herself on the little terrace of the wood—the terrace so lonely, so quiet—where she had listened, where she had smiled. And now to know that he was false! She sat down on the bench at the foot of the oak, and covered her face with her hands, and wept.

A low voice was at her ear. "Alice!"

She looked up, and saw bending over her, with eyes full of admiration and surprise, Harry Lawleigh. Gradually as she looked, his features assumed a different expression, his voice also altered its tone.

"You are weeping, Lady Alice," he said—"I scarcely expected to find you in so melancholy a mood, after the joyous intelligence I heard to-day."

"Joyous!" repeated Alice, without seeming to comprehend the meaning of the word. "What intelligence do you allude to?"

"Intelligence which I only shared with the whole party at Rosley Castle. There was no secret made of the happy event."

"I really can't understand you. What is it you mean? who communicated the news?"

"The fortunate victor announced his conquest himself. Sir Stratford received the congratulations of every one from the duke down to—to—myself."

"I will not pretend to misunderstand you," said Lady Alice—"my mother, but a few minutes ago, conveyed to me the purport of Sir Stratford's visit." She paused and sighed.

"And you replied?" enquired Lawleigh.

"I gave no reply. I was never consulted on the subject. I know not in what words my mother conveyed her answer."

"The words are of no great importance," said Lawleigh; "the fact seems sufficiently clear; and as I gave Sir Stratford my congratulations on his happiness, I must now offer them to you, on the brightness of your prospects; and the shortness of your memory."

"Few can appreciate the value of the latter quality so well as yourself—your congratulations on the other subject are as uncalled for as your taunts—I must return home." She rose to depart, and her face and figure had resumed all the grace and dignity which had formerly characterized her beauty.

"One word, Lady Alice!" said Lawleigh; "look round—it was here—one little year ago, that I believed myself the happiest, and felt myself the most fortunate, of men. This spot was the witness of vows—sincerer on one side than any ever registered in heaven—on another, of vows more fleeting than the shadows of the leaves that danced on the greensward that calm evening in June, when first I told you that I loved you: the leaves have fallen—the shadows are departed—the vows are broken. Alice!—may you be happy—farewell!"

"If you desire it, be it so—but before we part, it is right you should know all. Whatever answer my mother may have given to Sir Stratford Manvers, to that answer I am no party. I do not love him; and shall never marry him. Your congratulations, therefore, to both of us, were premature, and I trust the same description will not apply to those I now offer to Mr Lawleigh and Lady Mary Rosley."

"To me?—to Lady Mary?—what does this mean?"

"It means that your confidential friend, Sir Stratford, has betrayed your secret—that I know your duplicity, and admire the art with which you conceal your unfaithfulness by an attempt to cast the blame of it on me."

"As I live—Alice! Alice! hear me," cried Lawleigh, stepping after the retreating girl; "I will explain—you are imposed on."

A hand was laid on his arm—

"He!—fairly caught, by Jupiter! whither away?" said Sir Stratford Manvers. "Thou'st sprung fair game i' the forest, 'faith—I watched her retreat—a step like a roebuck—a form like a Venus"—

"Unhand me, villain, or in an instant my sword shall drink the blood of thy cowardly heart."

"Fair words! thou'st been studying the rantipoles of Will Shakspeare, Hal. What is't, man? Is thy bile at boiling heat because I have lit upon thee billing and cooing with the forester's fair niece—po! man—there be brighter eyes than hers, however bright they be."

"Now then, we have met," said Lawleigh, in a voice of condensed passion—"met where none shall hear us—met where none shall see us—met where none shall part us—Ha! dost thou look on me without a blush—the man you have injured—the friend who trusted—the enemy who will slay?—draw!"

"This is sheer midsummer madness—put up thy toasting-fork, Hal. This is no time nor place for imitations of Ben Jonson's Bobadil. Zounds! man, you'll startle all the game with your roaring—and wherefore is all the disturbance?"

"Tis that you have traduced me, and injured me in the eyes of one, for a smile of whose lip thou well knowest I would lay down my life—for a touch of whose hand thou well knowest I would sell me to the Evil One—thou hast blackened me, and I will be avenged—ho! chicken-hearted boaster before women, and black-hearted traitor among men, will nothing rouse thee? Hear this, then—thou hast lied."

"Thou mean'st it?" said Sir Stratford, and drew back a step or two.

"I do—art thou man enough to cross points on that provocation?"

"Oh, on far less, as thou well knowest, in the way of accommodating a young gentleman anxious to essay a feat of arms. Thou hast said the word, and we fight—but let me ask to what particular achievement of mine thou hast attached so ugly an epithet. I would fain know to what I am indebted for your good opinion so gallantly expressed."

"I will but name two names—and between them thou wilt find how dastardly thy conduct has been."

"Make it three—'twere pity to balk the Graces of their numbers; add

the young lady who so lately left thee. The forester's fair daughter deserves a niche as well as a duke's daughter."

"The names I mention," said Lawleigh, "are Lady Alice Lorrington, and Lady Mary Rosley."

Sir Stratford lifted his cap. "Fair ladies," he said, "I greet you well; that I have sunned me in the bright blue eyes of one, and the dark lustrous glances of the other, is true—yet, 'tis but acting in love as people are justified in doing in other things. When health begins to fail, physicians recommend a change of climate—when admiration begins to decay, I always adopt a different style of beauty; when the cold climate is too severe, I fly to the sunny plains of Italy—when Lady Alice frowns, I go to bask in the smiles of Lady Mary."

"And are a villain, a calumniator, and boaster in all—defend thyself."

"As best I may," replied Sir Stratford, and drew his sword. It was easy for him to parry the rapid thrusts of his enraged adversary—and warily and slowly he was beginning the offensive in his turn, when a sudden flash was seen, a loud report took place, and the baronet was stretched upon the ground, weltering in his blood. Rapid steps were heard retreating in the direction of the thicket in the park, and Lawleigh hurried to the paling, and saw the form of a tall man, in a dark velvet coat, disappear over the hedge."

"How good that is!" said Jack Stuart, as I came to the end of the chapter, and laid down the volume. "How good that is! Did you perceive where the joining took place?"

"No—I saw no joining."

"Why, you stupid fellow, didn't you see that the first part was from a novel of the present day, and the other from a story of the rebellion—who the deuce do you think talks of *thees* and *thous*, except the Quaker?"

"I didn't notice it, I confess."

"Glad to hear it; nobody else will; and in the next chapter, which is the seventeenth of the second volume of this romance, you will see how closely the story fits. Recollect to change the names as I have marked them in pencil, and go on.]

CHAPTER II.

"Hope springs eternal in the human mind,
 I would be cruel only to be kind;
 'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
 Survey mankind from Indus to Peru;
 How long by sinners shall thy courts be trod?
 An honest man's the noblest work of God."

MS. Poem—(original.)

Night, thick, heavy, deep night!—No star visible amid the sulphureous blackness of the overcharged clouds; and silence, dreadful as if distilled from the voicelessness of the graves of a buried world! Night and silence, the twins that keep watch over the destinies of the slumbering earth, which booms round in ceaseless revolution, grand, mystic, sublime, but yearns in the dim vastness of its sunless course, for the bright morning-hour which shall again invest it with a radiance fresh from heaven! Darkness, and night, and silence! and suddenly rushing down, on whirlwind wings, the storm burst fearfully upon their domain—wind and rain, and the hollow sound of the swaying branches! And Lawleigh pressed onward. His horse, which for several miles had shown symptoms of fatigue, now yielded to the difficulties it could no longer encounter; and after a few heavy struggles, fell forward, and did not attempt to rise. Thirteen hours had elapsed from the time the chase on that day commenced, and unless for a short minute, he had seen nothing of the fugitive. Yet he had dashed onward, feeling occasionally his holsters, and satisfied that his pistols were in serviceable condition. He was now nearly as much exhausted as his horse; but determining to yield to no obstruction, he seized the pistols, and proceeded through the wood, leaving his gallant charger to its fate. Lawleigh was strong and active beyond most men of his day; and, when excited, more vigorous and determined than could have been supposed from the ordinary equanimity of his character. But here a great murder had been committed!—before his very eyes!—accusations had been hazarded!—and one soft voice dwelt for ever on his ear—"Find out the murderer, or see me no more." Had Lady Alice, indeed, allowed a suspicion to invade her mind, that he had been accessory to the death of Sir Stratford Manvers? But no!—he would pursue the dread-

ful thought no further. Sufficient that, after many efforts, he had regained a clue to the discovery of the tall man he had seen escape into the thicket. He had tracked him unweariedly from place to place—had nearly overtaken him in the cave at Nottingham Hill—caught glimpses of him in the gipsy camp at Hatton Grange—and now felt assured he was close upon his track in the savage ranges of Barnley Wold. Barnley Wold was a wild, uncultivated district, interspersed at irregular intervals with the remains of an ancient forest, and famous, at the period of our narrative, as the resort of many lawless and dangerous characters. Emerging from one of the patches of wood, which, we have said, studded the immense expanse of the wold, Lawleigh was rejoiced to perceive a faint brightening of the sky, which foretold the near approach of the morning. He looked all around, and, in the slowly increasing light, he thought he perceived, at the top of a rising ground at some distance, a shepherd's hut, or one of the rough sheds put up for the accommodation of the woodmen. He strove to hurry towards it, but his gigantic strength failed at length; and, on reaching the humble cottage, he sank exhausted at the door. When he recovered consciousness, he perceived he was laid on a rough bed, in a very small chamber, illuminated feebly by the still slanting beams of the eastern sun. He slowly regained his full recollection; but, on hearing voices in the room, he shut his eyes again, and affected the same insensibility as before.

"What could I do?" said a voice, in a deprecating tone.

"Leave him to die, to be sure," was the rough-toned answer. "I thought thee had had enough of gentlefolks, without bringing another fair-feathered bird to the nest." There was something in the expression with which this was said, that seemed to have a powerful effect on the first speaker.

"After the years of grief I've suffered; you might have spared your taint, George. The gentleman lay almost dead at the door, and you yourself helped me to bring him in."

"'Twould have been better, perhaps, for him if we had led him somewhere else; for your father seems bitter now against all the fine folks together."

"Because he fancies he has cause of hatred to me—but he never had," answered the girl.

"And the gentleman had pistols, too," said the man. "You had better hide them; or your father will maybe use them against the owner."

"I did not move them from the gentleman's breast. We must wake him, and hurry him off before my father's return—but, hark! I hear his whistle. Oh, George, what shall we do?"

Lawleigh, who lost not a syllable of the conversation, imperceptibly moved his hand to his breast, and grasped the pistol. The man and the girl, in the mean time, went to the door; and, in a minute or two, returned with a third party—an old man dressed like a gamekeeper, and carrying a short, stout fowling-piece in his hand. His eyes were wild and cruel, and his haggard features wore the impress of years of dissipation and recklessness. "Does he carry a purse, George?" said the new-comer, in a low whisper, as he looked towards the bed.

"Don't know—never looked," said George. "Where have you been all the week? We expected you home three days ago."

"All over the world, boy—and now you'll see me rest quiet and happy—oh, very! Don't you think I looks as gleeesome, Janet, as if I was a gentleman?"

The tone in which he spoke was at variance with the words; and it is likely that his face belied the expression he attributed to it; for his daughter, looking at him for the first time, exclaimed—

"Oh, father! what has happened? I never saw you look so wild."

"Lots has happened, Janet—such a lot o' deaths I've been in at, to be sure—all great folks, too; none o' your paltry little fellows of poachers or gamekeepers, but real quality. What do you think of a lord, my girl?"

"I know nothing about them, father."

"You used, though, when you lived at the big house. Well, I was a-passing, two nights since, rather in a hurry, for I was a little pressed for time, near the house of that old fellow that keeps his game as close as if he was a Turk, and they was his wives—old Berville—Lord Berville, you remember, as got Bill Hunkers transported for making love to a hen pheasant. Well, thinks I, I'll just make bold to ask if there's any more of them in his lordship's covers, when, bing, bang goes a great bell at the Castle, and all the village folks went up to see what it was. I went with them, and there we seed all the servants a rummaging and scrummaging through the whole house, as if they was the French; and, as I seed them all making free with snuff-boxes, and spoons, and such like, I thought I'd be neighbourly, and just carried off this gold watch as a keepsake of my old friend."

"Oh, father! what will his lordship do?"

"He'll rot, Janet, without thinking either about me or his watch; for he's dead. He was found in his bed that very morning, when he was going to sign away all the estate from his nephew. So that it's lucky for that 'ere covey that the old boy slipt when he did. People were sent off in all directions to find him; for it seems the old jackdaw and the young jackdaw wasn't on good terms, and nobody knows where he's gone to."

"They would have known at Rosley Castle," said the girl, but checked herself, when her father burst out—

"To the foul fiend with Rosley Castle, girl! Will you never get such fancies out of your head. If you name that cursed house to me again, you die! But, ha! ha! you may name it now," he added, with a wild laugh. "We've done it."

"Who? Who have done it?"

"She and I," said the ruffian, and nodded towards the fowling-piece, which he had laid upon the table; "and now we're safe, I think; so give me some breakfast, girl, and ask no more foolish questions. You, George, get ready to see if the snares have caught us any thing, and I'll go to bed in the loft. I'll speak to this springald when I get up."

"Done what, father?" said the girl, laying her hand on the old man's arm. "For mercy's sake, tell me

what it is you have done—your looks frighten me.”

“Why, lodged a slug in the breast of a golden pheasant, that’s all—a favourite bird of yours—but be off, and get me breakfast.”

While waiting for his meal, he sat in an arm-chair, with his eyes fixed on the bed where Lawleigh, or, as we must now call him, Lord Berville, lay apparently asleep. What the ruffian’s thoughts were we cannot say, but those of his involuntary guest were strange enough. His uncle dead, and the fortune not alienated, as, with the exception of a very small portion, he had always understood his predecessor had already done—his life at this moment in jeopardy; for a cursory glance at the tall figure of the marauder, as he had entered, had sufficed to show that the object of his search was before him—and too well he knew the unscrupulous villany of the man to doubt for a moment what his conduct would be if he found his pursuer in his power. If he could slip from the bed unobserved, and master the weapon on the table, he might effect his escape, and even secure the murderer; for he made light of the resistance that could be offered by the young woman, or by George. But he felt, without opening his eyes, that the glance of the old man was fixed on him; and, with the determination to use his pistol on the first demonstration of violence, he resolved to wait the course of events. The breakfast in the mean time was brought in, and Janet was about to remove the fowling-piece from the table, when she was startled by the rough voice of her father, ordering her to leave it alone, as it might have work to do before long.

The girl’s looks must have conveyed an enquiry; he answered them with a shake of his head towards the bed. “I may have business to settle with *him*,” he said, in a hoarse whisper; and the girl pursued her task in silence. The old man, after cautioning her not to touch the gun, turned to the dark press at one end of the room, and in about half a minute had filled his pipe with tobacco, and re-seated himself in the chair. But Janet had seized the opportunity of his back being turned, and poured the hot water from the teapot into the touch-hole, and was again busy in arranging the cups and saucers.

“Where’s George?” enquired the father; “but poh, he’s a chicken-hearted fellow, and would be of no use in case of a row”—— So saying, he went on with his breakfast.

“He’s awake!” he said suddenly. “I seed his eye.”

“Oh no, father! he’s too weak to open his eyes—indeed he is.”

“I seed his eye, I tell ye; and more than that, I’ve seed the eye afore. Ha! am I betrayed?”

He started up, and seized the fowling-piece. His step sounded across the floor, and Berville threw down the clothes in a moment, and sprang to his feet.

“You here?” cried the ruffian, and levelled the gun, drew the trigger, and recoiled in blank dismay when he missed fire, and saw the athletic figure of Berville distended to its full size with rage, and a pistol pointed with deadly aim within a yard of his heart. He raised the but-end of his gun; but his daughter, rushing forward, clung to his arm.

“Fire not—but fly!” she cried to Berville. “Others are within call, and you are lost.”

“Villain!” said Berville, “miscreant! murderer! you have but a moment to live”—and cocked the pistol.

“Let go my arm, girl,” cried the old man, struggling.

“I have saved your life—I hindered the gun from going off—all I ask you in return is to spare my father.” She still retained her hold on the old man’s arm, who, however, no longer struggled to get it free.

“What! you turned against me?” he said, looking ferociously at the beautiful imploring face of his daughter. “You, to revenge whom I did it all! Do you know what I did? I watched your silken wooer till I saw him in the presence of this youth—I killed Sir Stratford Manvers!”——

“And shall die for your crime,” cried Berville; “but the death of a felon is what you deserve, and you shall have none other at my hands. In the mean time, as I think you are no fit companion for the young woman to whom I am indebted for my life, I shall offer her the protection of my mother, and take her from your house. If you consent to let us go in peace, I spare your life for the present; and will even for three days abstain from

setting the emissaries of the law in search of you. After that, I will hunt you to the death. Young woman, do you accept my terms? If you refuse, your father dies before your face."

"Shall I accept, father?"

"If you stay, I lodge a bullet in your brain," said the old savage, and drew himself up.

"Come, then," said Berville, leading Janet to the door. She turned round ere she quitted the cottage, but met a glance of such anger and threatening, that she hurried forward with Berville, who pursued his way rapidly through the wood."

["That fits in very nicely," said Jack Stuart; "and you may be getting ready the five-pound note, for I feel sure you know you back the losing horse. Can any thing be more like a genuine, *bona fide* novel, the work of one man, and a devilish clever man too? Confess now, that if you didn't know the trick of it, you would have thought it a splendid original work? But perhaps you're throat's dry with so much reading? Here's another bottle of Lafitte; and we can miss over a volume and a half of foreign scenes, which you can imagine; for

they are to be found in every one of the forty novels I sent for. Just imagine that the Countess takes her daughters abroad—that Berville encounters them in the Colosseum by moonlight—quarrels—doubts—suspensions—and a reconciliation; finally, they all come home, and you will find the last chapter of the last volume in this."

Jack handed me a volume, evidently popular among circulating library students, for it was very dirty; and I was just going to commence when Jack interrupted me.

"Stay," he said; "you must have a motto. Do you know Italian?"

"Not a word."

"Or Spanish, or German?"

"No."

"Well, you surely can recollect some Greek—for next to manuscript quotations and old plays, you can't do better than have some foreign lines at the beginning of the chapter. What Greek do you remember?—for, 'pon my honour, I've forgotten all mine."

"My dear Jack, I only know a line here and there."

"Out with them. Put them all in a row, and never mind the meaning."

Thus urged, I indited the following as a headpiece.]

"Deinè de clangè genet' argurioio bioio,
Be d'akeion para thina poluphosboio thalasses,
Thelo legein Atreidas, thelo de Cadmon adein,
Ton d'apomeibomenos prosephè podas-ocus Achilleus."

HOMER, *Iliad*, l. 1.

["Excellent! bravo!" said Jack; "they'll see at once the author is a gentleman and a scholar; and now go on."]

The crimson and gold drawing-room of Lorrington Castle was filled with company, the court-yard crowded with carriages, and the coachmen and footmen in gorgeous liveries, with a splendid white satin favour at the side of their hats. The view from the window——

["Stop," said Jack Stuart, "here's a better description. I cut it out of the *Times*"——]

The view from the window involved a spacious assemblage of all the numerous beauties and illustrations that cast a magnificent air of grandeur over one of

ENGLAND'S NOBLEST MANSIONS.

The extensive shrubberies clothed the verdant meads, and threw a shade of deep green tints over an

EXTENSIVE ARTIFICIAL LAKE,

on which floated, like a nymph or naiad, a beautiful

SAILING BOAT,

painted bright green, and fit for instant use. Further off, in one of those indistinct distances immortalized by the pencil of Turner—now softened into

78 *Jack Stuart's Bet on the Derby, and how he paid his Losses.* [July, sober beauty by "the autumnal hue, the sear and yellow leaf," as an immortal bard expresses it, in language which the present writer does not imitate, and could not, without great difficulty, excel, was an

IMMENSE DAIRY FARM,

fit for the accommodation of

THIRTY MILK COWS,

of a peculiar breed, highly approved of by the

RIGHT HONOURABLE THE EARL OF SPENCER.

In other portions of the landscape rose statues which might have raised the envy of

PRAXITELES, THE GRECIAN SCULPTOR,

or attracted the love of the beautiful "Maid of France," who "sighed her soul away" in presence of

THE APOLLO BELVIDERE,

a figure, in the words of a living author,

"Too fair to worship, too divine to love."

The drawing-room of the mansion was of the amplest size, and contained some of the finest specimens of the taste and workmanship of

JACKSON AND GRAHAM,

enumerating Or-molu tables—escritoires—rosewood chairs richly inlaid—richly coloured

AXMINSTER CARPET,

and sofas covered with figured satin.

["That will do," said Jack. Now go on with the book."]

But while the company were engaged in detached groups, waiting the signal for proceeding into the great hall, where the ceremony was to be performed by special license, Lord Berville sent a message to the Countess, that he wished to say a few words to Lady Alice, in the library, before the commencement of the ceremony that was to make him the happiest of men. He waited impatiently, and in a few minutes the bride appeared, radiant in joy and beauty. She started, when she saw seated beside him a beautiful young woman, plainly, but richly drest. They rose when Lady Alice appeared.

"Dearest Alice," said Berville, "I have told you that there was a person in this neighbourhood to whom my gratitude was unbounded, and who, I hope, has now an equal claim on yours, for she is the saviour of my life."

"Indeed?"

"Let it be a secret between us three," continued Berville; "but you agree with me, my friend," he said, turning to the stranger, "that there

should be no reserve between a man and his wife. I told you, Alice, when we were at Rome, the story of an adventure I had on Barnley Wold, and of the heroic conduct of a young girl. In this lady you see her. She is now the wife of the vicar of my parish, and I trust will be a friend of both of us."

Lady Alice threw her arms round Janet's neck, and said, "I know it all; we shall be friends; and nothing makes one so happy as to know we shall be so near each other."

"Ah, madam, you know not how deeply I am indebted to his lordship's mother, for all her kindness; or how overpaid all my services are by the happiness of this moment."

"And now, having made you thus acquainted, I must ask you, my kind friend, to hurry Lady Alice to the great hall, where your husband, I trust, is waiting to tie the indissoluble band."

A joyous shout from the tenants assembled in the outer court, who became impatient for the appearance of the happy pair, gave evidence of the near approach of the happy moment,

and Janet and Lady Alice hurried from the room. Lord Berville rang the bell. His servant appeared, being no other than our old acquaintance George, now softened by a year's sojourn in a foreign land.

"George," said Lord Berville, "no one in the earth knows your position; from this hour, therefore, you cease to be my servant, and are the steward of my Lincolnshire estate. Your uncle's fate is unknown?"

"His fate is known, my lord, that he died by his own hand in the hut on Barnley Wold; but his crimes are undiscovered."

"Be it so; let them be alluded to between us no more. Your cousin Janet is the happy wife of my friend and chaplain; and I am delighted to show my appreciation of her nobleness and purity, by all the kindness I can bestow on her relations. Go down to Lincolnshire, Mr Andrews," said his lordship, shaking hands with George, "and when you are installed in the mansion-house, write to me; and now, farewell."

It is difficult to say whose heart was

most filled with joy on this eventful day. Lady Matilda, now happily married to Lord Merilands of the Guards, and the lovely Lady Mary Rosley, (shortly to be united to the young Earl of Gallowdale,) were pleased at the happiness of their friends; and certainly no prayer seemed to be more likely to receive its accomplishment than that which was poured forth, amidst the ringing of bells and the pealing of cannon, for the health and prosperity of Lord and Lady Berville.

Jack Stuart sat, with his eyes turned up to the ceiling, as if he were listening to the music of the spheres.

"The best novel I have ever read!" he exclaimed; "and now, all I have got to do is to get it copied fairly out, dedicate it to Lord William Lennox or Mr Henry Bulwer, and get my five or six hundred guineas. It is a capital thing to lose on the Derby; for unless I had been drawn for the hundred and fifty, I don't think the dove-tail novel would ever have come into my head."

INSCRIPTION ON THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF THE NEW DINING-HALL, &c.,
NOW ERECTING FOR THE HON. SOCIETY OF LINCOLN'S INN.

STET lapis arboribus nudo defixus in horto
Fundamen pulchræ tempus in omne domûs.
Aula vetus lites legumque ænigmata servet,
Ipsa nova exorior nobilitanda coquo.

FREE TRANSLATION.

No more look
For shady nook,
Poor perspiring stranger!
Trees for bricks
Cut their sticks,
Lo! our *salle-à-manger*!

Yon old hall,
For suit and brawl,
Still be famed in story;
This must look
To the cook
For its only glory!

O. Q.

SCROPE ON SALMON FISHING.

We have here a work of great beauty in a pictorial and typographical point of view, and one which abounds with practical information regarding the bolder branches of the "gentle art." Mr Scrope conveys to us, in an agreeable and lively manner, the results of his more than twenty years' experience as an angler in our great border river; and having now successfully illustrated, both with pen and pencil, two of the most exciting of all sporting recreations—deer-stalking and salmon-fishing—he may henceforward repose himself upon the mountain-side, or by the murmuring waters, with the happy consciousness of having not only followed the bent of his own inclinations, but contributed to the amusement and instruction of a numerous class of his fellow creatures. The present volume consists of no dry didactic dissertations on an art unteachable by written rules, and in which, without long and often dear-bought experience, neither precept nor example will avail; but it contains a sufficiency of sagacious practical advice, and is enlivened by the narration of numerous angling adventures, which bring out, with force and spirit, the essential character of the sport in question.

Great advances have been recently made in our knowledge of the sea-going *Salmonidae*. Indeed, all the leading facts of primary importance in the history of their first development and final growth are now distinctly known, and have lately been laid before the public in the form both of original memoirs in our scientific journals, and the transactions of learned societies, and of more popular abstracts in various literary works. We ourselves discussed the subject in this Magazine, with our accustomed clearness, a couple of months ago; and we shall therefore not here enter into the now no longer vexed question of the nature of parr and smolts,—all doubt and disputation regarding the actual origin and family alliance of these fry, their descent from and eventual conversion into grilse and salmon, being finally

set at rest to the satisfaction of every reasonable and properly instructed mind. We consider it, however, as a good proof of the natural sagacity and observant disposition of our present author, that he should have come to the same conclusion several years ago, regarding the habits and history of salmon-fry, as that so successfully demonstrated by Mr Shaw. Mr Scrope dwells with no unbecoming pertinacity on this point; but he shows historically, while fully admitting the importance and originality of that ingenious observer's experimental proceedings, that he had, in the course of his own private correspondence and conversation, called the attention of Mr Kennedy of Dunure as a legislator, and of Sir David Brewster as a skilled interpreter of natural phenomena, to various facts corresponding to those which have been since so skilfully detailed by Mr Shaw.

Our author, though well acquainted with the sporting capabilities of all parts of Scotland, here confines himself to the lower portions of the Tweed, more than twelve miles of which he has rented at different times. We in some measure regret that one so able to inform us, from his extensive experiences regarding the nature and localities of the first-rate though rather precarious angling for salmon which may be obtained in the northern parts of Scotland, should not have contrived to include an account of the more uproarious Highland streams and placid lakes frequented by this princely species. With all our admiration for the flowing Tweed, of which we have fondly traced the early feeble voice—

"a fitful sound
Wafted o'er sullen moss and craggy
mound,
Unfruitful solitudes, that seem'd t' up-
braid
The sun in heaven!"—

until, through many an intermediate scene of infinitely varied beauty, the expanded waters—

"Gliding in silence with unfetter'd sweep,
Beneath an ampler sky, a region wide
Is open'd round them:—hamlets, towns,
And blue-topp'd hills, behold them from afar:"—

we should still have rejoiced to find a twin volume devoted to those wilder and more desolate scenes by which the northern angler is encompassed. Meanwhile we accept with pleasure our author's "Days and Nights" upon the Tweed.

Salmon ascend from the sea, and enter this fine river, in greater or less abundance, during every period of the year, becoming more plentiful as the summer advances, provided there is a sufficiency of rain both to enlarge and discolour the waters, and thus enable the fish to pass more securely over those rippling shallows which so frequently occur between the deeper streams.

"The salmon," says Mr Scrope "travels rapidly, so that those which leave the sea, and go up the Tweed on the Saturday night at twelve o'clock, after which time no nets are worked till the Sabbath is past, are found and taken on the following Monday near St Boswell's—a distance, as the river winds, of about forty miles. This I have frequently ascertained by experience. When the strength of the current in a spate is considered, and also the sinuous course a salmon must take in order to avoid the strong rapids, their power of swimming must be considered as extraordinary."—P. 10.

We do not clearly see, and should have been glad had the author stated, in what manner he ascertained that his St Boswell's fish had not escaped the sweeping semicircles of the lower nets some days previous. We admit that there is a great deal of Sabbath desecration committed by salmon, but we also know that they travel upwards, though in smaller number and with greater risk, during all the other days of the week; and we are curious to understand how any angler, however accomplished, can carry his skill in physiognomy to such perfection, as to be able to look a fish in the face on Monday morning, and decide that it had not left the sea till the clock struck twelve on the Saturday night preceding.

"As salmon" our author continues,
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"are supposed to enter a river merely for the purposes of spawning, and as that process does not take place till September, one cannot well account for their appearing in the Tweed and elsewhere so early as February and March, seeing that they lose in weight and condition during their continuance in fresh water. Some think it is to get rid of the sea-louse; but this supposition must be set aside, when it is known that this insect adheres only to a portion of the newly-run fish which are in best condition. I think it more probable that they are driven from the coasts near the river by the numerous enemies they encounter there, such as porpoises and seals, which devour them in great quantities. However this may be, they remain in the fresh water till the spawning months commence."—P. 10.

We cannot think that a great instinctive movement which seems, although with a widely extended range in respect to time, to pervade the entire mass of salmon along our universal shores, should in any way depend upon so casual an occurrence as an onslaught by seals and porpoises, or that fear rather than love should force them to seek the "pastoral melancholy" of the upper streams and tributaries. That seals are destructive to salmon, and all other fishes which frequent our shores or enter our estuaries, is undoubted; but we have no proof beyond the general allegation, that porpoises pursue a corresponding prey. Our own researches certainly lead to an opposite conclusion. The ordinary food of the *cetacea*, notwithstanding their enormous bulk, is minute in size; and we have never been informed, on good authority—that is, on direct testimony—that even herrings have ever been detected in the stomach of a porpoise. Yet we have careful notes of the dissection of these creatures, taken from specimens slaughtered in the midst of millions of herrings; and these notes show that the minute food with which the sea was swarming, and which formed the sustenance for the time of the smaller fishes, also constituted the food of the *cetacea*, which were merely gamboling through the herring shoals.

It is certainly, however, difficult to explain the motives by which the early spring salmon are actuated in ascending rivers, seeing that they

never spawn till autumn at the soonest. We must remember, at the same time, that they are fresh-water fishes, born and bred in our own translucent streams, and that they have an undoubted right to endeavour to return there when it suits their own inclination. It may be, that although the ocean forms their favourite feeding-ground, and their increase of size and continuance in high condition depend upon certain marine attributes, which, of course, they can find only in the sea, yet the healthy development of the spawn requires a long-continued residence in *running* waters. We have ascertained, by experiment, that the ova of salmon, after being deposited, will make no progress in still water; and we cannot illustrate this portion of the subject better than by transcribing a paragraph from a letter, addressed to us in spring, (11th April 1843,) by Mr Andrew Young of Invershin, the manager of the Duke of Sutherland's extensive salmon fisheries in the north of Scotland:—"You are aware that it has been asserted by some of our wisest doctors, that salmon spawn in the sea and in lochs, as well as in rivers. However, as doctors are proverbially allowed to differ, I have this winter been trying to test the fact in the following manner: At the same time that I deposited the spawn from which I made my other experiments, I also placed a basket of the same spawn, with equal care, in a pool of pure still water from the river Shin; and I soon found that, while that which was placed in the running pools was regularly progressing, every particle put into the still water was as visibly degenerating, so that, by the time the spawn in the running pools was alive, that in the still water was a rotten mass. I must therefore say, from the above experiment, that rivers and running streams are the places fixed by nature for salmon to hatch their young." "I would also," says our correspondent in a subsequent portion of his letter, "mention an additional experiment on another point. It has been very generally asserted that intense frost injured the spawn of salmon; and in this opinion I was myself, in some measure, a believer. But as nothing but truth will stand a proper test, I turned my attention to this subject also. During

the time of our severest frost, I took a basket of spawn, and placed it in a stream, where for three days it continued a frozen mass among the ice. I then placed the basket again in the running pond from whence it had been taken, and carefully watched the effect. I found that, although the exposure to extreme cold had somewhat retarded the progressive growth, it had not in the slightest degree destroyed vitality. I am therefore satisfied, that unless frost goes the length of drying up the spawning beds altogether, it does not harm the spawn, further than by retarding its growth during the actual continuance of excessive cold. Thus fry are longer of hatching in a severe winter, than during an open one with little frost."

When salmon first ascend the Tweed, they are brown upon the back, fat, and in high condition. During the prevalence of cold weather they lie in deep and easy water, but as the season advances, they draw into the great rough streams, taking up their stations where they are likely to be least observed. But there the wily wand of the practised angler casts its gaudy lure, and "Kinmont Willie," "Michael Scott," or "The Lady of Mertoun," (three killing flies,) darting deceitfully within their view, a sudden lounge is made—sometimes scarcely visible by outward signs—as often accompanied by a watery heave, and a flash like that of an *aurore borealis*,—and downwards, upwards, onwards, a twenty-pounder darts away with lightning speed, while the rapid reel gives out that heart-stirring sound so musical to an angler's ear, and than which none accords so well with the hoarser murmur of the brawling stream; till at last, after many an alternate hope and fear, the glittering prize turns up his silvery unresisting broadside, in meek submission to the merciless gaff.

Many otherwise well-principled persons believe that little more is required in angling than the exercise of patience. Place a merely patient man, acquainted only with pedestrian movements, upon a strong-headed horse determined to win, and give him the start at a steeple-chase, with Lord Waterford not far behind, and it will be seen before he has crossed much country, whether patience is al-

ways as useful as it is praiseworthy. Place the same patient man, if he happens to have been picked up alive, and eventually recovers, in the midst of a roaring rock-bound river, and suppose him (a thing we confess, in his case, not quite conceivable) to have hooked a twenty-pound salmon at the tail of the stream, just where it subsides into some vast, almost fathomless, and far-extended pool, and that the said salmon, being rather of a restless disposition, and moreover somewhat disquieted by feeling an unaccustomed barb in his cheek or tongue, takes his 300 yards down the deep water at a single run, and then goes helter-skelter over a cataract, which had occupied him most of the preceding Sunday to ascend, after many a sinewy but unsuccessful spring! Will patience avail a man any thing in such a predicament, when he ought rather to run like an Arab, or dive like a dolphin, "splash, splash, towards the sea," notwithstanding the chance of his breaking his neck among the rocks, or being drowned while trying to round a crag which he cannot clamber over? Let us hear Mr Scrope's account of his third cast, one fine morning, when he came to Kingswell Lees.

"Now every one knows that Kingswell Lees, in fishermen's phrase, fishes off land; so there I stood on *terra dura*, amongst the rocks that dip down to the water's edge. Having executed one or two throws, there comes me a voracious fish, and makes a startling dash at 'Meg with the muckle mouth.*' Sharply did I strike the caitiff; whereat he rolled round disdainful, making a whirl in the water of prodigious circumference; it was not exactly Charybdis, or the Maelstrom, but rather more like the wave occasioned by the sudden turning of a man-of-war's boat. Being hooked, and having by this time set his nose pe-remptorily down the stream, he flashed and whizzed away like a rocket. My situation partook of the nature of a surprise. Being on a rocky shore, and having had a bad start, I lost ground at first considerably; but the reel sang out joyously, and yielded a liberal length of line, that saved me from the disgrace of being broke. I got on the best pace I was able, and was on good ground just as my line was nearly all run out. As

the powerful animal darted through *Meg's Hole*, I was just able to step back and wind up a few yards of line; but he still went at a killing pace, and when he came near to Melrose bridge, he evinced a distressing preference for passing through the further arch, in which case my line would have been cut by the pier. My heart sunk with apprehension, for he was near the opposite bank. Purdie, seeing this, with great presence of mind, took up some stones from the channel, and threw them one by one between the fish and the said opposite bank. This naturally brought Master Salmo somewhat nearer, but still, for a few moments, we had a doubtful struggle for it. At length, by lowering the head of the rod, and thus not having so much of the ponderous weight of the fish to encounter, I towed him a little sideways; and so, advancing towards me with propitious fin, he shot through the arch nearest me.

"Deeply immersed, I dashed after him as best I might; and arriving on the other side of the bridge, I floundered out upon dry land, and continued the chase. The salmon, 'right orgillous and presumptive,' still kept the strength of the stream, and abating nothing of its vigour, went swiftly down the *whirls*; then through the *Boat shiel*, and over the shallows, till he came to the throat of the *Elm wheel*, down which he darted amain. Owing to the bad ground, the pace here became exceedingly distressing. I contrived to keep company with my fish, still doubtful of the result, till I came to the bottom of the long cast in question, when he still showed fight, and sought the shallow below. Unhappily the alders prevented my following by land, and I was compelled to take water again, which slackened my speed. But the stream soon expanding, and the current diminishing, my fish likewise travelled more slowly; so I gave a few sobs and recovered my wind a little, gathered up my line, and tried to bring him to terms. But he derided my efforts, and dashed off for another burst, triumphant. Not far below lay the rapids of the *Slaughterford*: he would soon gain them at the pace he was going: that was certain—see, he is there already! But I back out again upon dry land, nothing loth, and have a fair race with him. Sore work it is. I am a pretty fair runner, as has often been testified; but his velocity is surprising. On, on, still he goes, ploughing up the water like a

* A successful salmon-fly so named.

steamer. 'Away with you, Charlie! quick, quick, man—quick for your life! Loosen the boat at the Cauld Pool, where we shall soon be,' and so indeed we were, when I jumped into the said craft, still having good hold of my fish.

"The Tweed is here broad and deep, and the salmon at length had become somewhat exhausted; he still kept in the strength of the stream, however, with his nose seawards, and hung heavily. At last he comes near the surface of the water. See how he shakes his tail and digs downwards, seeking the deep profound that he will never gain. His motions become more short and feeble; he is evidently doomed, and his race wellnigh finished. Drawn into the bare water, and not approving of the extended cleek, he makes another swift rush, and repeats this effort each time that he is towed to the shallows. At length he is cleeked in earnest, and hauled to shore; he proves one of the grey-skull newly run, and weighs somewhat above twenty pounds. The hook is not in his mouth, but in the outside of it: in which case a fish being able to respire freely, always shows extraordinary vigour, and generally sets his head down the stream.

"During the whole period of my experience in fishing, though I have had some sharp encounters, yet I never knew any sport equal to this. I am out of breath even now, whenever I think of it. I will trouble any surveyor to measure the distance from the Kingswell Lees, the starting spot, above Melrose bridge, to the end of the Cauld Pool, the death place, by Melrose church, and tell me how much less it is than a mile and three quarters,—I say, I will trouble him to do so; and let him be a lover of the angle, that he may rather increase than diminish the distance, as in good feeling and respect for the craft it behoves him to do."—P. 174.

On the subject of salmon leaps, most of us have both heard and seen much that was neither new nor true. Mr Yarrell, a cautious unimaginative man, accustomed to quote Shakspeare as if the bard of Avon had been some quiet country clergyman who had taken his share in compiling the statistical account of Scotland, confines their saltatorial powers only within ten or twelve perpendicular feet. We hold, with Mr Scrope, that even this is probably much beyond the mark. He thinks he never *saw* a salmon spring out of the water above five feet perpendicular.

"There is a cauld at the mouth of the Leader water where it falls into the Tweed, which salmon never could spring over; this cauld I have lately had measured by a mason most carefully, and its height varies from five and a half to six feet from the level above to the level below it, according as the Tweed, into which the Leader falls, is more or less affected by the rains. Hundreds of salmon formerly attempted to spring over this low cauld, but none could ever achieve the leap; so that a salmon in the Leader water was formerly a thing unheard of. The proprietors of the upper water have made an opening in this cauld of late years, giving the owner of the mill some recompense, so that salmon now ascend freely. Large fish can spring much higher than small ones; but their powers are limited or augmented according to the depth of water they spring from. They rise rapidly from the very bottom to the surface of the water, by rowing and sculling as it were with fins and tail, and this powerful impetus bears them upwards in the air. It is probably owing to a want of sufficient depth in the pool below the Leader water cauld, that prevented the fish from clearing it; because I know an instance where salmon have cleared a cauld of six feet belonging to Lord Sudely, who lately caused it to be measured for my satisfaction, though they were but few out of the numerous fish that attempted it that were able to do so. I conceive, however, that very large fish could leap much higher."—P. 12.

We believe that a good deal of the contrariety of opinion which prevails on this subject, arises from anglers and other men confounding an inclined plane with a perpendicular height. Salmon will assuredly overcome a prodigious force of descending water, —a roaring turmoil, which presents from below the aspect of a fall, but consists in reality of separate ledges massed together into one, when "floods lift up their voices." We are sorry to say, however, that the entire practice of angling is pervaded by a system of inaccuracy, exaggeration, and self-deceit, which is truly humiliating. There is consequently no period in the life of a young person which ought to be more sedulously superintended by parents and guardians, than that in which he is first allowed to plant himself by the rivers of waters. The most wonderful feature, however, in the leaping of sal-

mon is not so much the height to which they spring, as the ease, elegance, and *certainly*, with which, while ascending small cataracts, they make their upward movements. For example, near Oykel bridge in Sutherland, there is a rocky interruption to the more ordinary current of the river, where the water is contained, as it were, in stages of pots or little caldrons, over the lower edge of each of which it dances downwards in the form of a short perpendicular fall. From a neighbouring bank by the river side, the movements of the aspiring fish may be distinctly seen. When a grilse has made his way to the foot of one of these falls, (which he never could have ascended before, although he must have descended it in childhood on his seaward way,) without a moment's doubt or hesitation he darts into the air, and throws himself headforemost into the little basin above, to the bottom of which he instantly descends. Nothing can be more curious than the air of *nonchalance* with which they drop into these watery chambers, as if they knew their dimensions to an inch, and had been in the habit of sleeping in them every night. Now, from what has been ascertained of the natural history of the species, although the adult salmon of the Oykel must have previously made the leap at least once before, no fresh-run grilse could have ever done so; and yet, during suitable weather in the summer season, they are sometimes seen springing along with all the grace and agility of a troop of voltigeurs. Their object of course is to rest themselves for a short time, before leaping into the second range from the ground floor. But this innocent intention is too often interfered with; for a sharp-sighted Highlander, stationed on the bank above, immediately descends with landing-net in hand, and scoops them out of their natural caldron, with a view to their being speedily transferred to another of more artificial structure—the chief difference, however, consisting in the higher temperature of the water.

"Salmon," says Mr Scrope, "are led by instinct to select such places for depositing their spawn as are the least likely to be affected by the floods. These are the broad parts of the river, where the water runs swift and shallow, and has a free passage over an even bed.

There they either select an old spawning place, a sort of trough left in the channel, or form a fresh one. They are not fond of working in new loose channels, which would be liable to be removed by a slight flood, to the destruction of their spawn. The spawning bed is made by the female. Some have fancied that the elongation of the lower jaw in the male, which is somewhat in the form of a crook, is designed by nature to enable him to excavate the spawning trough. Certainly it is difficult to divine what may be the use of this very ugly excrescence; but observation has proved that this idea is a fallacy, and that the male never assists in making the spawning place: and, indeed, if he did so he could not possibly make use of the elongation in question for that purpose, which springs from the lower jaw, and bends inwards towards the throat. When the female commences making her spawning bed, she generally comes after sunset, and goes off in the morning; she works up the gravel with her snout, her head pointing against the stream, as my fisherman has clearly and unequivocally witnessed, and she arranges the position of the loose gravel with her tail. When this is done, the male makes his appearance in the evenings, according to the usage of the female. He then remains close by her, on the side on which the water is deepest."—P. 15.

During this crisis trout collect below to devour such portions of the spawn as float down the river, and parr are frequently seen hovering in and around the trough. All these parr are salmon fry of the male sex, in a state of maturity; and if the old gentleman chances to be killed, or driven away, without having provided an assistant and successor, the "two-year-olds" perform the functions of paternity. This circumstance, though overlooked by modern naturalists till the days of Shaw, (not the old compiling doctor of the British Museum, but the more practical "keeper" of Drumlanrig,) was known and described by Willoughby in the seventeenth century. "To demonstrate the fact," says the more recent observer, "in January 1837, I took a female salmon, weighing fourteen pounds, from the spawning bed, from whence I also took a male parr, weighing one ounce and a half, with the milt of which I impregnated a quantity of her ova, and placed the whole in a private

pond, where, to my great astonishment, the process succeeded in every respect as it had done with the ova which had been impregnated by the adult male salmon, and exhibited, from the first visible appearance of the embryo fish, up to their assuming their migratory dress, the utmost health and vigour."

So serious is the destruction of the spawn and fry of salmon, both by sea and fresh-water trout, that the Duke of Sutherland's manager would willingly, were it possible, extirpate the entire breed of these fish. "They commence," he informs us, in a letter of 15th May 1843, "the moment the salmon begin to deposit their spawn, and in the course of the spawning season they devour an immense quantity of ova. Indeed, at all other times of the year, they feed on the fry of salmon, and continue their destruction till the day the smolts leave the rivers. I have often cut up trout, and got smolts in their stomach; and last week a trout was opened in Mr Buist's fish-yard with four full-grown smolts in its belly. From these and other similar occurrences, you may judge to what extent this destruction is carried on, in the course of a single year, in such a river as our Oykel, where I have killed seven hundred trout at a single hawl." We understand that, some years ago, when Mr Trap, (a most appropriate name,) the fishmonger in Perth, had the Dupplin cruives, he got about 400 whitlings (or sea-trout) in one day, all of them gorged to the throat with salmon fry. The sea-trout of Sutherlandshire, like those of the Nith and the Annan, almost all belong to the species named *Salmo trutta* by naturalists. They scarcely ever exceed, indeed rarely attain to, a weight of five pounds; and such as go beyond that weight, and range upwards from eight to twelve pounds, are generally found to pertain to *Salmo erioz*, the noted *bull-trout* of the Tweed. The great grey sea-trout of the river Ness, which sometimes reaches the weight of eighteen pounds, we doubt not, also belongs to the species last named. It is rare in the waters of the Tay.

In regard to the seaward migration of salmon fry, Mr Scrope is of opinion that some are continually going down to the salt water in every

month of the year, not with their silver scales on, but in the parr state.

"I say, not with their silver scales, because no clear smolt is ever seen in the Tweed during the summer and autumnal months. As the spawning season in the Tweed extends over a period of six months, some of the fry must be necessarily some months older than the others, a circumstance which favours my supposition that they are constantly descending to the sea; and it is only a supposition, as I have no proof of the fact, and have never heard it suggested by any one. But if I should be right, it will clear up some things that cannot well be accounted for in any other mode. For instance, in the month of *March* 1841, Mr Yarrell informs me that he found a young salmon in the London market, and which he has preserved in spirits, measuring only fifteen inches long, and weighing only fifteen ounces. And again another, the following *April*, sixteen and a half inches long, weighing twenty-four ounces. Now, one of these appeared two months, and the other a month, before the usual time when the fry congregate. According to the received doctrine, therefore, these animals were two of the migration of the preceding year; and thus it must necessarily follow that they remained in salt water, one ten, and the other eleven months, with an increase of growth so small as to be irreconcilable with the proof we have of the growth of the grilse and salmon during their residence in salt water."—P. 36.

We are not entirely of Mr Scrope's opinion, that some salmon fry are descending to the sea during every month of the year; at least, we do not conceive that this forms a part of their regular rotation. But the nature of the somewhat anomalous individuals alluded to by Mr Yarrell, may be better understood from the following considerations. Although it is an undoubted fact that the great portion of parr descend together to the sea, as smolts, in May, by which time they have entered into their third year, yet it is also certain that a few, owing to some peculiarity in their natural constitution, do not migrate at that time, but continue in the rivers all summer. As these have not obeyed the normal or ordinary law which regulates the movements of their kind, they make irregular migrations to the sea during the winter floods, and ascend the rivers during the spring months, some time

before the descent of the two-year-olds. We have killed parr of this description, measuring eight and nine inches, in the rivers in October, and we doubt not these form eventually the small, thin, rather ill-conditioned grilse which are occasionally taken in our rivers during early spring. But it is midsummer before the regularly migrating smolts reappear as grilse. However, certain points in relation to this branch of our subject may still be regarded as "open questions," on which the Cabinet has not made up its mind, and may agree to differ. Mr Scrope is certainly right in his belief, that, whatever be the range of time occupied by the descent of smolts towards the sea, they are not usually seen descending with their silvery coating on except in spring; although our Sutherland correspondent, to whom we have so frequently referred, is not of that opinion. It may be, that those which do not join the general throng, migrate in a more sneaking sort of way during summer. They are non-intrusionists, who have at first refused to sign the terms of the Convocation; but finding themselves eventually rather out of their element, on the wrong side of the cruive dyke, and not wishing to fall as fry into the cook's hands, have sea-ceded some time after the disruption of their General Assembly.

Even those smolts which descend together in April and May, (the chief periods of migration,) do not agree in size. Many are not half the length of others, although all have assumed the silvery coat. "I had, last April," Mr Young informs us in a letter of 3d June 1843, "upwards of fifty of them in a large bucket of water, for the purpose of careful and minute examination of size, &c., when I found a difference of from three and a half to six inches—the smallest having the same silvery coat as the largest. We cannot at all wonder at this difference, as it is a fact that the spawn even of the same fish exhibits a disparity in its fry as soon as hatched, which continues in all the after stages. Although the *throng* of our smolts descend in April and May, we have smolts descending in March, and as late in the season as August, which lapse of time agrees with the continuance of our spawning season. But in all these months we have an equal

proportion (that is, a corresponding mixture) of large and small smolts. I have earnestly searched for smolts in the winter months, year after year, and I can only say that I have never seen one, although I have certainly tried every possible means to find them. I have seen fish spawning through the course of six months, and I have seen smolts descending through the same length of time. Our return of grilses, too, exactly corresponds with this statement. Thus a few descending March smolts give a few ascending May grilses; while our April and May swarms of smolts yield our hordes of grilse in June and July. After July, grilses decrease in numbers till October, in proportion to the falling off of smolts from May to August. At least these are my observations in our northern streams." They are observations of great value, and it is only by gathering together similar collections of facts from various quarters, that we can ultimately attain to a clear and comprehensive knowledge of the whole subject.

We gather from our most recent correspondence with Mr Shaw, (Letter of 8th June 1843,) that he does not regard the range in the spawning period to be followed by a corresponding range in the departure of smolts towards the sea, and in their return from it as grilse. He has found a considerable diversity of time in the assumption of the silvery coating even among individuals of the very same family. "I do not," he observes, "recollect an instance where there were not individuals of each brood reared in my ponds, which assumed the migratory coating several weeks before the brood in general had done so; and these individuals would have migrated accordingly, and reappeared as grilse all the sooner." As the hatching and growth of salmon smolts, and other fish, is regulated in a great measure by the temperature of the water in which they dwell, it is very probable that ova deposited late in the season, (say the month of March,) may, in consequence of the great increase of temperature, be hatched much more rapidly than those spawned in mid-winter, and so, by the end of a couple of years, no great difference will exist between them. We remember that, in one of Mr Shaw's earlier experiments, it is stated that he took

occasion to convey a few ova in a tumbler within doors, where the temperature ranged from 45° to 47° . They were hatched in thirty-six hours, while such as were left in the stream of the pond, in a temperature of 41° , did not hatch until the termination of seven subsequent days. The whole had been previously one hundred and six days in the water, under a considerably lower temperature.

Mr Shaw has frequently detected individual smolts, both of salmon and sea-trout, (though of the latter more particularly,) descending in some seasons as early as the end of March, and as late as the middle of June, and he has little doubt that some may make their way still earlier to the sea. These, of course, will be found in our tideways as small grilse, weighing one or two pounds, in April and May. The large parr, to which we have already alluded as occasionally met with in rivers, and which we regard as young salmon remaining (and in this forming exceptions to the normal rule) in fresh water throughout their third year, Mr Shaw, whose opinion we requested on the subject, coincides with us in thinking, "would, in all probability, be the first to quit the river after so long a residence there, when the season of migration approached. These, however, are not the only individuals of their kind which leave the river for the sea long before the month of May." A difference in the period of deposition will assuredly cause a difference in the period of hatching, and in this we agree with Mr Scrope; but we think that a late spawning, having the advantage of a higher temperature as the result of a more genial season, will be followed by a more rapid development, and so the difference will not be so great, nor expanded over so many months, as that gentlemen supposes. Finally, the vagrant summer smolts, to which we have before alluded, may consist of that small number of anomalous fry, which we know to assume the migratory dress and instinct soon after the completion of their first year.

Although the excellence of a salmon's condition is derived from the sea, and all its increase of weight is gained there, yet few of these fish remain for any considerable length of time in marine waters. By a wonderful, and to us most beneficial instinct,

they are propelled to revisit their ancestral streams, with an increase of size corresponding to the length of their sojourn in the sea. Such as observe their accustomed seasons, (and of these are the great mass of smolts,) return at certain anticipated times. Their periods are known, and their revolutions calculated. Such as migrate at irregular or unobserved intervals, return unexpectedly at different times. Their motions seem eccentric, because their periods have not been ascertained.

But it is obvious that Mr Yarrell's diminutive examples already alluded to, could not have gone down to the sea with the great majority of their kind, during the spring preceding that in which they were captured; because, in that case, having remained a much longer time than usual in salt water, they would have returned as very large grilse instead of extremely small ones.

Mr Scrope informs us that the most plentiful season in the Tweed for grilse, if there has been a flood, is about the time of St Boswell's fair, namely, the 18th of July, at which period they weigh from four to six pounds. Those which don't leave the salt for the fresh water till the end of September and the course of October, sometimes come up from the sea for the first time weighing ten or eleven pounds, or even more.

"Some of them are much larger than small salmon; but by the term grilse I mean young salmon that have only been once to sea." They are easily distinguished from salmon by their countenance, and less plump appearance, and particularly by the diminished size of the part of the body next the tail, which also is more forked than that of the salmon. They remain in fresh water all the autumn and winter, and spawn at the same time with the salmon. They return also to sea in spring with the salmon. It seems worthy of remark, that salmon are oftentimes smaller than moderate-sized grilse; but, although such grilse have been only once to sea, yet the period they have remained there must have exceeded the two short visits made by the *small* salmon, and hence their superiority of size. When these fish return to the river from their *second* visit to the sea, they are called *salmon*, and are greatly altered in their shape and appearance; the body is more full,

and the tail less forked, and their countenance assumes a different aspect."—P. 37.

We are glad to observe that in these opinions regarding the growth of grilse and salmon, our author conforms with, and consequently confirms, the ingenious and accurate experimental observations recently completed by Mr Young of Invershin.*

Of all those natural causes which counteract the increase of salmon fry, and consequently of grown grilse and adult salmon, Mr Scrope considers that the "furious spates" which so frequently occur in Tweed, are the most destructive. These not only put the channel in motion, but often sweep away the spawning beds entirely. Prior to the improvements in agriculture, and the amelioration of the hill pastures by drainage, the floods were much less sudden, because the morasses and swampy grounds gave out water gradually, and thus the river took longer to rise, and continued fuller for a greater length of time than in these degenerate days, to the increased delight of every acreless angler.

"But now every hill is scored with little rills which fall into the rivers, which suddenly become rapid torrents and swell the main river, which dashes down to the ocean with tumultuous violence. Amidst the great din you may hear the rattling of the channel stones as they are borne downwards. Banks are torn away; new deeps are hollowed out, and old ones filled up; so that great changes continually take place in the bed of the river either for the better or the worse. When we contemplate these things, we must at once acknowledge the vast importance of Mr Shaw's experiments; for if ponds were constructed upon the Tweed at the general expense, after the model of those made by him, all these evils would be avoided. The fry might be produced in any quantities by artificial impregnation, be preserved, and turned into the

great river at the proper period of migration. There might at first be some difficulty in procuring food for them; but this would be easily got over at a very small expense, and with a few adult salmon, more fry may be sent to sea annually than the whole produce of the river at present amounts to, after having encountered the sweeping perils I have mentioned."—P. 43.

Our author then proposes that proprietors should call meetings for the purpose, and that parr, hitherto so named, should now, in their capacity of young salmon, be protected by law. He advises all who have an interest in the river, to consider the wisdom of mutual accommodation; the owners of the more seaward banks being dependent on the upper heritors for the protection of the spawning fish and fry, while they, on the other hand, are equally dependent on the former for an honest adherence to the weekly close-time.

But a thoughtful consideration of this portion of our subject would lead us into a somewhat interminable maze, including the policy of our ancient Acts of Parliament, and the nature of estuaries,—those mysteriously commingled "watteris quhar the sea ebbis and flowis,"—"ubi salmunculi vel smolti, seu fria alterius generis piscium maris vel aquæ dulcis, (nunquam) descendunt et ascendunt,"—and then the stake-net question stretches far before us, and dim visions of the "Sutors of Cromarty" rise upon our inward eye, and the wild moaning of the "Gizzin Brigs" salutes our ear, and defenders are converted into appellants, and suspenders into respondents, and the whole habitable earth assumes for a time the aspect of a Scotch Jury Court, which suddenly blazes into the House of Lords.†

That salmon return with great regularity to the river in which they were originally bred, is now well known. Mr Scrope, however, thinks that they do not invariably do so, but

* See *Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh*. Vol. XV. Part iii. p. 343.

† Certain river mouths and estuaries in the north of Scotland "within flude-marke of the sea," have lately given rise to various questions of disputed rights regarding the erection of stake-nets, and the privilege of catching salmon with the same. These questions involve the determination of several curious though somewhat contradictory points in physical geography, geology, and the natural history of fishes and marine vegetation.

will ascend other rivers during spawning time, if they find their own deficient in bulk of water. Thus many Tweed salmon are caught in the Forth, (a deep and sluggish stream,) and a successful fishing there is usually accompanied by a scarce one in the Tweed. Yet we know that they will linger long, during periods of great drought, in those mingled waters where the sea "comes and gangs,"—as was well seen in the hot and almost rainless summer of 1842, when the Berwick fishings were abundant, but those of Kelso and the upper streams extremely unproductive. The established fact, however, that grilse and salmon, under ordinary natural circumstances, do certainly return to their native beds, is one of great practical importance, because it permits the plan of peopling barren rivers by the deposition of impregnated spawn carried from more fruitful waters. It ought to be borne in mind, however, in relation to this latter point, that these waters must possess, in a considerable measure, the same natural attributes which characterize the voluntary haunts of salmon. If they do not do so, although the fry bred there will in all probability return thither from the sea as grilse, yet the breeding process will be carried on at first feebly, and then inefficiently, till the species finally becomes extinct. The same observations, of course, apply to trout. It has been proposed, we believe by Sir W. F. Mackenzie of Gairloch, to apply the principle of one set of Mr Shaw's experiments to the improvement of moorland lochs, or others, in which the breed of trout may be inferior, by carrying the ova of a better and richer flavoured variety from another locality. Now, in this well-intentioned scheme, we think there is some confusion of cause and effect. It is the natural difference in food, and other physical features and attributes, between the two kinds of lochs in question, which causes or is intimately connected with the difference in the fleshly condition of their finny inhabitants; and unless we can also change the characters of the surrounding country, and the bed of the watery basin, we shall seek in vain to people "the margins of our moorish floods" with delicate trout, lustrous without and red of hue within, in room of

those inky-coated, muddy-tasted tribes, "*indigenæ an advectæ*," which now dwell within our upland pools.

It has been asserted by some that salmon will dwell continuously, and even breed, in fresh water, although debarred all access to the sea. "Near Kattrineberg," says Mr Lloyd, in his work on the field-sports of the north of Europe, "there is a valuable fishery for salmon, ten or twelve thousand of these fish being taken annually. These salmon are bred in a lake, and, in consequence of cataracts, cannot have access to the sea. They are small in size, and inferior in flavour. The year 1820 furnished 21,817." We confess we cannot credit this account of fresh water (sea-debarred) salmon, but suppose there must be some mistake regarding the species. Every thing that we know of the habits and history, the growth and migrations, of these fish in Britain, is opposed to its probability. Mr Young has conclusively ascertained that, at least in Scotland, not only does their growth, after the assumption of the silvery state, take place solely in the sea, but that they actually decrease in weight from the period of their entering the rivers; and Mr Scole himself, (see pp. 27, 30,) although he quotes the passage without protest, seems of the same opinion. Besides, with their irrepressible instinctive inclination to descend the rivers during spring when young, we don't believe that the cataract in question would prevent their doing so, although it might assuredly hinder their return in summer, in which case the Kattrineberg breed would soon become extinct, even supposing that they had ever had existence. The alleged fact, however, is well worthy of more accurate observance and explicit explanation than have yet been bestowed upon it by the Scandinavian naturalists.

We are informed that Mr George Dormer of Stone Mills, in the parish of Bridport, put a female salmon, which measured twenty inches, and was caught in the mill-dam, into a small well, where it remained twelve years, and at length died in the year 1842. "The well measured only five feet by two feet four inches, and there was only fifteen inches depth of water." We should have been well pleased to

have been told of the size of the fish when it died, in addition to that of the prison in which it dwelt, for otherwise the fact itself is of less consequence.*

We presume its rate of growth would be extremely slow, although we do not agree with Mr Young in the opinion already quoted, that salmon actually decrease in *dimensions* on entering the fresh water. We doubt not they decrease in *weight*, and probably also in circumference; but their bones and organic structure are assuredly enlarged, and themselves lengthened, in such a way as to fit their general form for a rapidly increased development, so soon as they again rejoice in the fattening influences of the salubrious sea.

Our author next refers to a rather singular subject, which has not yet sufficiently attracted the notice of naturalists, and the phenomena of which (at least their final causes) have not been explained by physiological enquirers. That fishes assume, in a great degree, the colour of the channel over which they lie, is known to many practical observers. We have ourselves frequently frightened small flounders from their propriety with our shoe-points, while angling near the mouths of rivers, and so exactly did their colour accord with the shingle beneath our feet, that we could not detect their presence but by their own betraying movements. Such, however, as happened to glide towards, and settle on, a portion of the bed of different colour from the rest, continued perceptible for a short

time; but they too seemed speedily to disappear, although we afterwards discovered that they had not stirred an inch, but had merely changed their tint to that of the particular portion of the basin of the stream to which they had removed. Every angler knows, that there is not only a difference in the colour of trouts in different streams, but that different though almost adjoining portions of the same river, if distinguished by some diversity of character in respect to depth, current, or clearness, will yield him fish of varying hue. Very rapid and irregular changes are also observable in their colours after death; and large alternate blotches of darker and lighter hues may be produced upon their sides and general surface, by the mode of their disposal in the creel. Dr Stark showed many years ago, that the colour of sticklebacks, and other small fishes, was influenced by the colour of the earthenware, or other vessels in which they were confined, as well as modified by the quantity of light to which they were exposed; and Mr Shaw has very recently informed us, regarding this mutability of the outer aspect of fishes, that if the head alone is placed upon a particular colour, (whether lighter or darker,) the whole body will immediately assume a corresponding shade, quite independent of the particular tint upon which the body itself may chance to rest. We know not to what extent these, and similar phenomena, are familiar to Sir David Brew-

* The following curious particulars regarding the above-mentioned salmon are taken from a Devonshire newspaper:—"She would come to the top of the water and take meat off a plate, and would devour a quarter of a pound of lean meat in less time than a man could eat it; she would also allow Mr Dormer to take her out of the water, and when put into it again she would immediately take meat from his hands, or would even bite the finger if presented to her. Some time since a little girl teased her by presenting the finger and then withdrawing it, till at last she leaped a considerable height above the water, and caught her by the said finger, which made it bleed profusely: by this leap she threw herself completely out of the water into the court. At one time a young duckling got into the well, to solace himself in his favourite element, when she immediately seized him by the leg, and took him under water; but the timely interference of Mr Dormer prevented any further mischief than making a cripple of the young duck. At another time a full-grown drake approached the well, when Mrs Fish, seeing a trespasser on her premises, immediately seized the intruder by the bill, and a desperate struggle ensued, which at last ended in the release of Mr Drake from the grasp of Mrs Fish, and no sooner freed, than Mr Drake flew off in the greatest consternation and affright; since which time, to this day, he has not been seen to approach the well, and it is with great difficulty he can be brought within sight of it. This fish lay in a dormant state for five months in the year, during which time she would eat nothing, and was likewise very shy."

ster; but we willingly admit, that in order to attain to their clearer comprehension, the facts themselves must be investigated by one who, like that accomplished philosopher, is conversant with those branches of physical science to which they are related. They unfortunately lie beyond the range of our own optics, but Mr Scolepe's practical improvement of the subject is as follows:—

“I would recommend any one who wishes to show his day's sport in the pink of perfection, to keep his trouts in a wet cloth, so that, on his return home, he may exhibit them to his admiring friends, and extract from them the most approved of epithets and exclamations, taking the praise bestowed upon the fish as a particular compliment to himself.” —P. 56.

British legislators ought certainly to consider the recent completion of our knowledge both of salmon and sea-trout; and if they can make themselves masters of their more detailed local history, so much the better. Mr Home Drummond's is still the regulating Act of Parliament, and seems to have kept its ground firmly, notwithstanding many attempted alterations, if not amendments. In accordance with that Act, all our rivers north of the Tweed close on the 14th of September, and do not re-open till the 1st

of February.* This bears hardly upon some of our northern streams. In the Ness, for example, before the application of the existing laws, more fish were wont to be killed in December and January than during most other periods of the year.† It appears to have been clearly ascertained that the season of a river (in respect to its being early or late) depends mainly upon the temperature of its waters. The Ness, which is the earliest river in Scotland, scarcely ever freezes. It flows from the longest and deepest loch in Britain; and thus, when the thermometer, as it did in the winter of 1807, stands at 20, 30, or even 40 deg. below the freezing point at Inverness, it makes little or no impression upon either lake or river. The course of the latter is extremely short. The Shin is also an early river, flowing from a smaller loch, though with a more extended course before it enters the Kyle of Sutherland, where it becomes confluent with the Oykel waters. It may so happen, that in these and other localities, a colder stream, drawing its shallow and divided sources from the frozen sides of barren mountains, may adjoin the lake-born river, and

“On that flood,
Indurated and fix'd, the snowy weight
Lies undissolved, while silently beneath,
And unperceived, the current steals
away.”

* The net fishings in the Tweed do not close till the 16th of October, and the lovers of the angle are allowed an additional fortnight. These fishings do not open (either for net or rod) till the 15th of February.

† It was proved in evidence before the select committee of the House of Commons in 1825, that the amount of salmon killed in the Ness during eight years, (from 1811-12 to 1818-19,) made a total for the months

Of December, of	2405
Of January,	3554
Of February,	3239
Of March,	3029
Of April,	2147
Of May,	1127
Of June,	170
Of July,	253
Of August,	2192
Of September,	430

18,542

It further appears, from the evidence referred to, that during these years no *grilse* ran up the Ness till after the month of May. The months

Of June produced	277
Of July,	1358
Of August,	4229
Of September,	1493

7357

Now salmon don't like either snowy water, bridges of ice, or stealthy streams, but a bold, bright, expansive, unimpeded, and accommodating kind of highway to our inland vales. They instinctively regard a modified temperature, and a flowing movement, as great inducements to leave the sea in early winter, instead of waiting until spring; and, in like manner, they avoid "imprisoned rivers" until icy gales have ceased to blow. The consequences are, we may have an extremely early river and a very late one within a few hundred yards of each other, and both debouching from the same line of coast into the sea. Now, in the autumn of 1836, a bill was proposed and brought in by Mr Patrick Stewart and Mr Loch, to amend the preceding Act (9th Geo. IV.) which had repealed that of James I., (1424.) It proceeded on the preamble, that "whereas the said acts have been found inadequate to the purposes for which they were passed, inasmuch as it is found that our close-time is not suitable for all the salmon fishings and rivers throughout Scotland, and it is expedient that the same should therefore, and in other respects, be altered, modified, and amended." It therefore enacted that different close-times shall be observed in different divisions of Scotland, the whole of which is partitioned into twelve districts, as specified in schedule A referred to in the bill. We do not know how or from whom the necessary information was obtained; but we doubt not it was sedulously sought for, and digested in due form. For example, the boundaries as to time and space of the second district, are as follows:—"From Tarbet Ness aforesaid, to Fort George Point, in the county of Nairn, including the Beaulie Frith and the rivers connected therewith, *except the river Ness*, from the 20th day of August to the 6th day of January, both days inclusive; and for the said river Ness, from the 14th day of July, to the 1st day of December, both days inclusive." This is so far well. But in the ninth district, the definition and directions are:—"From the confines of the Solway Frith to the northern boundary of the county of Ayr, from the 30th day of September to the 16th day of February, both days inclusive." Now most anglers know that the district thus defined, includes streams which

vary considerably in their character, and cannot be correctly classed together. Thus the Doon, which draws its chief sources from numerous lakes among the hills, is one of the earliest rivers in the south-west of Scotland, clean fresh-run fish occurring in it by Christmas; while the neighbouring river Ayr, although existing under the same general climatic influence, produces few good salmon till the month of June. It is fed by tributaries of the common kind. The Stinchar, in the same district, is also a late river, being seldom worked by the tacksmen till towards the end of April, and even then few of the fish are worth keeping. Of course, it requires to be closed in September, although the fish are then in good case. These, and many other facts which might be mentioned, show the difficulty of legislating even upon the improved localizing principle which it has been attempted to introduce. However, the bill referred to, though printed, was never passed.

Since we have entered, inadvertently, into what may be called the legislative branch of our subject, we may refer for a moment to the still more recent bill, prepared and brought into Parliament by Mr Edward Ellice and Mr Thomas Mackenzie, and ordered to be printed, 11th May 1842. It is entitled, "a bill for the better regulation of the close-time in salmon fisheries in Scotland;" and with a view to accommodate and reconcile the interests of all parties, it throws the arrangement and decision of the whole affair into the hands of the commissioners of the *herring* fishery. It enacts that it shall be lawful for these commissioners, upon due application by any proprietor (or guardian, judicial factor, or trustee) of salmon fishings, of the value of not less than twenty pounds yearly, in any of the rivers, streams, lochs, &c., or by any three or more of such proprietors possessing salmon fishings of the yearly value of ten pounds each, or of any proprietor of salmon fishings which extend one mile in length on one side, or one half mile on both sides of any river or stream, calling upon the said commissioners to alter the close-time of any river, stream, &c., to enquire into the expediency of such alteration. With that view, they are empowered to call before them, and examine upon oath or affirmation, all necessary witnesses,

and to take all requisite evidence for and against the proposed alteration of the close-time; and upon due consideration of all the circumstances of the case, to determine that the close-time in such river, stream, &c., shall be altered, and to alter the same accordingly, and fix such other close-time as they shall deem expedient. Provided always that the close-time to be fixed by said commissioners, shall not in any case consist of less than one hundred and thirty-nine free consecutive days. Provision is also made for an alteration, on application and evidence as before, of any such legalized close-time, after the expiration of three years; all expenses incurred by the commissioners in taking evidence, or in other matters connected with the subject, to be defrayed by the proprietors. Permission may also be granted in favour of angling with the single rod, for fourteen days after the close. This bill, which we suspect it would have been difficult to work conveniently, was likewise laid upon the shelf.

Although, as we have said, salmon soonest ascend the warmest rivers, they are alleged to spawn earliest in the colder ones. Thus Mr Scrope informs us, that in the shallow mountain streams which pour into the Tay, near its source, the fish spawn much earlier than those in the main bed of that magnificent river, and he quotes the following sentiments of the late John Crerar, head fisherman and forester to the Duke of Athole, on the subject:—

“There are,” said John, “two kinds of creatures that I am well acquainted with—the one a land animal, the other a water one—the red-deer and the salmon. In October the deer ruts, and the salmon spawns. The deer begins soonest, high up among the hills, particularly in frosty weather; so does the salmon begin to spawn earlier in frosty weather than in soft. The master hart would keep all the other harts from the hind, if he could; and the male salmon would keep all the other males from the female, if he was able.”—P. 60.

We do not think, however, that Mr Scrope's comparative reference to the upper and lower portions of the Tay affords a satisfactory or conclusive test. The higher parts of almost all rivers (including their tributaries) constitute the favourite spawning places, from other causes than “by reason of the cold;” and the question should be

tried, not by comparing two different districts of the same river, but all the portions of one river, with the entire course of another of dissimilar character. The exceptive clause in Mr Loch's proposed act in favour of the river Ness, certainly stood upon the supposition of that river being an early one for the breeding salmon, as well as the new-run winter fish; for it enacts not only that the Ness should open more than a month earlier than its neighbours, but also that it shall close more than a month before them. This latter restriction would of course be useless and impolitic, if the parent fish were not conceived to be about to spawn. But it should also be borne in mind, that the same causes (such as the extent and depth of feeding lakes) which produce a higher temperature in winter, cause a lower one in summer and the earlier part of autumn, and that shallow upland streams are warmer during the latter periods than those which flow from deeper and more affluent sources. We believe that the fish of all rivers spawn soonest on the higher portions of their water courses, whether these be comparatively warm or cold. The earliest individuals are in general such as have escaped the nets and other accidents below, and have made their watery way in good time to proper spawning places. In several rivers with which we are acquainted, a great majority of the breeding fish ascend in August and September. But many of those which make their appearance in July, would be early spawners if they were allowed to escape the various dangers which beset their path in life—almost all the salmon of that month being captured by one means or another. Mr Young, in our MS. notes already quoted, states, in regard to the range of the breeding season, that he has seen salmon perfectly full of spawn, ascending the rivers in October, November, December, January, and February. Now the fish of the last-named month may have spawned as late as March, although our correspondent adds that he has never *seen* fish on the spawning beds later than February, nor earlier than September. He has seen them in the act of spawning in these and all the intermediate months.

As we have said above, the greater part of these breeders ascend in August and September, and the *throng* of the

spawning process takes place in November and December. The earlier spawning begins in September with only a few pairs, generally grilse; and from that period the numbers increase till the first week of December, when the operation has attained its height. It then gradually decreases until February, when perhaps only a few pairs are seen at work. Mr Young informs us that sea-trout are seen spawning a week earlier than grilse, and grilse a week earlier than salmon. He does not mean that all grilse spawn before salmon begin, but that they are observed working a week before the latter have commenced.

Mr Shaw informs us, (in his last letter,) that it is an exceedingly rare occurrence to find an unspawned fish in the rivers of Dumfriesshire in the month of March. On one occasion, however, about twenty years ago, he observed a female salmon spawning in the Nith about the 10th or 12th of March, but unaccompanied by any male. He can also call to mind a pair of salmon having been observed spawning in the Ettrick so late as Selkirk March fair, which is held during the first week of April. This, however, we believe to be a very rare occurrence, notwithstanding Mr Scrope's statement, that he has in the Tweed "caught full roaners as late as May." These seem to be anomalous or accidental instances, and we are not aware that any evidence has been brought forward to prove that they still seek the spawning beds in pairs at that period, or produce what may be called autumnal fry.

The usual spawning period in the south-west of Scotland extends from about the middle of November till the middle of February; but the busiest months of that period are December and January, when the salmon spawn in great numbers in the Nith, about Drumlanrig. From the circumstance of the largest salmon visiting the rivers at that season, Mr Shaw is induced to think that they are likewise the oldest; and that, as they increase in years, they desire to remain the longer in the sea, visiting the fresh waters only during the breeding season. The spawning period of sea-trout, he informs us, is from about the middle of October until the middle of December, the principal period being the whole

of November, when the various streams and tributaries are taken possession of both by sea-trout and herring, spawning in deep or shallow water, according to their individual size.

But in reference to the point in question, that cold accelerates the spawning process, let us take for a moment the general basin of the Oykel waters into view. We know that for several seasons back, the earliest spawning in that quarter has occurred in the Carron, in September. Now, it is certain, that during that month the Carron waters are warmer than those of the Shin. So also the Oykel (properly so called) is itself two degrees warmer in October than the Shin, and yet the latter is the later of the two. It thus appears that warmth may be advantageous both as inducing early spawning in autumn, and an early entrance of fresh-run fish in winter; although a single river may not possess both attributes for the reason hinted at—the deepest waters, though protected from winter's cold, being also screened from summer's heat. Mr Scrope may therefore be regarded as right in his facts as to the earlier season of the upland streams, although his theoretical explanation of them is not conclusive.

The lateness of the spawning season in the Shin may, in some measure, be owing to the early breeding fish going up into the loch, from whence, after a time, they fall back upon the spawning places in the fords of the river. The same thing happens in the lower regions of the Tay—the fish fall back from the loch, and the ford between Taymouth Castle and Kenmore is by far the latest in that river. Salmon have been seen to spawn there in February. In regard to the general influence of the atmosphere, we may here remark that frosty weather is good for spawning; because the fish go then into the deeper or central portions of the fords, by which procedure the spawning beds are never dry,—whereas, in time of spates, salmon are apt to deposit their spawn along the margins, and thus the roe is frequently destroyed by the subsiding of the waters.

However, the real importance of an early river has little or no connexion with the periods of the spawning process; because it is not so much the

breeding fish that are of individual value in winter, as those which, having no intention or requirement to spawn until the following autumn, enter the fresh waters because they have already completed the days of their purification in the sea. Although, when viewed in the relation of time, they may seem to form the continuous succession of spawning fish which have come up *gravid* from the ocean during the later months of autumn, they are in truth rather the *avant-couriers* of the newer and more highly-conditioned shoals which show themselves in early spring. We believe that fresh-run fish may be found in all our larger rivers during every month throughout the year, though we cannot clear up their somewhat anomalous history, nor explain why the breeding season, as among land creatures of identical natures, should not take place more uniformly about the same time. It is by no means improbable, however, that, as grilse seek our fresh waters at different periods from adult salmon, so salmon of a certain standing may observe different periods of migration from those of dissimilar age.

If, as many suppose, the earliest fish are those which have soonest spawned during the preceding autumn, and have since descended towards and recovered in the sea,—then a precocious spawning would necessarily lead to the speediest supply of clean fish in mid-winter; but the fact referred to has not been ascertained, and it may therefore still be as reasonably alleged that the winter fish (an opinion supported by the fact of their unusually large size) have continued in the sea since spring. At least a majority of them, (for they differ somewhat in their aspect and condition,) instead of having spawned soonest in autumn, have probably rather spawned last of all during the preceding spring, and so required for their recovery a corresponding retardation of their sojourn in the sea. The reasons why grilse seldom show themselves till the summer is well advanced, are very obvious, now that we have become conversant with their true history. They were only smolts in the immediately preced-

ing spring, and are becoming grilse from week to week, and of various sizes, according to the length of their continuance in the sea. But they require at least a couple of months to intervene between their departure from the rivers in April or May, and their return thither;—which return consequently commences, though sparingly, in June, and preponderates in July and August.

But we are making slow progress with our intended exposition of Mr Scrope's beautiful and instructive volume. Although salmon and salmon streams form the subject and "main region of his song," he yet touches truthfully, albeit with brevity, upon the kindred nature of sea-trout, which are of two species—the salmon-trout and the bull-trout. The fry of the former, called orange fins, (which, like the genuine parr, remain two continuous years in the river,) greatly resemble the young of the common fresh-water trout. "Like the grilse, it returns to the river the summer of its spring migration, weighing about a pound and a half upon an average." —P. 63. We think our author rather over-estimates their weight at this early period. Herlings (for so they are also named on their first ascent from the sea) rarely weigh one pound, unless they remain for a longer time than usual in salt water. In this state they bear the same relation to adult sea-trout as grilse do to salmon, and they spawn while herlings. They afterwards increase about a pound and a half annually, and in the summer of their sixth year (from the ovum) have been found to weigh six pounds.* Whether this is their ordinary ultimate term of increase, or whether, having every year to pass up and down the dangerous, because clear and shallow waters, exposed to many mischances, and, it may be, the "imminent deadly breach" of the cruive-dyke, and thus perish in their prime, we cannot say: but this we know, that they are rarely ever met with above the weight of six or seven pounds.

Of the generation and growth of the other and greater sea-trout (*Salmo tiorix*), we have not yet acquired the same pre-

* See Mr Shaw's paper "On the Growth and Migration of the Sea-trout of the Solway."—*Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh*. Vol. XV. Part iii. p. 369.

cise knowledge, but its history may fairly be inferred to be extremely similar.

"These fish," says Mr Scrope, "are found in many salmon rivers, but not in all. It is very abundant in the Tweed, which it visits principally at two seasons; in the spring about the month of May, and again in the month of October, when the males are very plentiful; but the females are scarce till about the beginning or middle of November. With salmon it is the reverse, as their females leave the sea before the males. The bull trout is also more regular in his habits than the salmon; for the fisherman can calculate almost to a day when the large black male trout will leave the sea. The foul fish rise eagerly at the fly, but the clean ones by no means so. They weigh from two to twenty-four pounds, and occasionally, I presume, but very rarely indeed, more. The largest I ever heard of was taken in the Hallowstell fishing water, at the mouth of the Tweed, in April 1840, and weighed twenty-three pounds and a half. The heaviest bull trout I ever encountered myself weighed sixteen pounds, and I had a long and severe contest with his majesty. He was a clean fish, and I hooked him in a cast in Mertoun water called the *Willow Bush*, not in the mouth but in the dorsal fin. Brethren of the craft, guess what sore work I had with him! He went here and there with apparent comfort and ease to his own person, but not to mine. I really did not know what to make of him. There never was such a Hector. I cannot say exactly how long I had him on the hook; it seemed a week at least. At length John Haliburton, who was then my fisherman, waded into the river up to his middle, and cleeled him whilst he was hanging in the stream, and before he was half beat."—P. 66.

Many simple-minded people, with something of a sentimental turn, (they are almost always fond of raw oysters, and gloat over a roasted turkey, although they know that it was bled to death by cutting the roots of its tongue,) look upon angling as a "cruel sport." Let us see, with Mr Scrope, how this matter really stands.

"I take a little wool and feather, and tying it in a particular manner upon a hook, make an imitation of a fly; then I throw it across the river, and let it sweep round the stream with a lively motion. This I have an undoubted right to do, for the river belongs to me or my friend; but mark what follows.

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Up starts a monster fish with his murderous jaws, and makes a dash at my little *Andromeda*. Thus he is the aggressor, not I; his intention is evidently to commit murder. He is caught in the act of putting that intention into execution. Having wantonly intruded himself on my hook, which I contend he had no right to do, he darts about in various directions, evidently surprised to find that the fly, which he hoped to make an easy conquest of, is much stronger than himself. I naturally attempt to regain this fly, unjustly withheld from me. The fish gets tired and weak in his lawless endeavours to deprive me of it. I take advantage of his weakness, I own, and drag him, somewhat loth, to the shore, when one rap on the back of the head ends him in an instant. If he is a trout, I find his stomach distended with flies. That beautiful one called the *May fly*, who is by nature almost ephemeral—who rises up from the bottom of the shallows, spreads its light wings, and flits in the sunbeam in enjoyment of its new existence—no sooner descends to the surface of the water to deposit its eggs, than the unfeeling fish, at one fell spring, numbers him prematurely with the dead. You see, then, what a wretch a fish is; no ogre is more bloodthirsty, for he will devour his nephews, nieces, and even his own children, when he can catch them; and I take some credit for having shown him up. Talk of a wolf, indeed, a lion, or a tiger! Why, these, are all mild and saintly in comparison with a fish! What a bitter fright must the smaller fry live in! They crowd to the shallows, lie hid among the weeds, and dare not say the river is their own. I relieve them of their apprehensions, and thus become popular with the small shoals. When we see a fish quivering upon dry land, he looks so helpless without arms or legs, and so demure in expression, adding hypocrisy to his other sins, that we naturally pity him; then kill and eat him, with Harvey sauce, perhaps. Our pity is misplaced,—the fish is not. There is an immense trout in Loch Awe in Scotland, which is so voracious, and swallows his own species with such avidity, that he has obtained the name of *Salmo ferox*. I pull about this unnatural monster till he is tired, land him, and give him the *coup-de-grace*. Is this cruel? Cruelty should be made of sterner stuff."—P. 83.

Mr Scrope is known as an accomplished artist as well as an experienced angler, and we need not now to tell

our readers that he is also a skilful author. It does not fall to the lot of all men to handle with equal dexterity the brush, the pen, and the rod—to say nothing of the rifle—still less of the leister, under cloud of night. There is much in the present volume to interest even those who are so unfortunate as to have never seen either grilse or salmon, except as pupils or practitioners in the silver-fork school. His reminiscences of his own early life and manlier years, under the soubriquet of Harry Otter, are pleasantly told, and his adventurous meetings with poachers and painters are amusing in themselves, as well as instructive in their tendency to illustrate, not only the deeper mysteries of piscatorial art, but the life and conversation of the amphibious people who dwell by the sides of rivers. His first arrival in “fair Melrose,” the moonlight lustre of which was then unsung, is thus described—

“It was late, and I looked forth on the tranquil scene from my window. The moonbeams played upon the distant hill-tops, but the lower masses slept as yet in shadow; again the pale light caught the waters of the Tweed, the lapse of whose streams fell faintly on the ear, like the murmuring of a sea-shell. In front rose up the mouldering abbey, deep in shadow; its pinnacles, and buttresses, and light tracery, but dimly seen in the solemn mass. A faint light twinkled for a space among the tombstones; soon it was extinct, and two figures passed off in the shadow, who had been digging a grave even at that late hour. As the night advanced, a change began to take place. Clouds heaved up over the horizon; the wind was heard in murmurs; the rack hurried athwart the moon; and utter darkness fell upon river, mountain, and haugh. Then the gust swelled louder, and the storm struck fierce and sudden against the casement. But as the morrow dawned, though rain-drops still hung upon the leaf, the clouds sailed away, the sun broke forth, and all was fair and tranquil.”—P. 97.

The fisherman was sent for express, and his general garb and fly-bedizened hat, are soon portrayed; while the “waxing” of the Tweed, and how the Eildon Hills were of old cloven by the art of grammar, conclude the fourth chapter, and bring us only to the hundredth page.

The ensuing section of the work opens with some general observations

on the scenery of that now noted district of the south of Scotland, blended with the graceful expression of those melancholy remembrances, we doubt not deeply felt, which must ever cast a dark shadow over the minds of the surviving associates of the Great Minstrel. Alas! where can we turn ourselves without being reminded of the transitory nature of this our low estate, of its dissevered ties, its buried hopes, and lost affections! How many bitter endurances, reflected from the bosom of the past, are ever mingling with all those ONGOINGS of human life and action which we call enjoyments! How mixed in their effects are even the natural glories of this our fair creation! What golden sunset casts not its far-beaming splendour, not only on the great mountains and the glittering sea, but also breaks, as if in mockery, into ghastly chambers where the desolation of death, “the wages of sin,” is miserably brooding! And yet how solemnizing, how elevating in their influences, are all the highest beauties both of art and nature, notwithstanding the awe, approaching to fearfulness, with which they not seldom affect our spirits. The veneration with which we gaze even on insensate walls which once formed the loved abode of genius and virtue, is a natural tribute to a noble nature, and flows from one of the purest and most sustaining sources of emotion by which our humanity is distinguished. It almost looks as if, in accordance with the Platonic philosophy, there remained to man, from an original and more lofty state of existence, some dim remembrance of perfection.

“This inborn and implanted recollection of the godlike,” says Schlegel, “remains ever dark and mysterious; for man is surrounded by the sensible world, which being in itself changeable and imperfect, encircles him with images of imperfection, changeableness, corruption, and error, and thus casts perpetual obscurity over that light which is within him. Wherever, in the sensible and natural world, he perceives any thing which bears a resemblance to the attributes of the Godhead, which can serve as a symbol of a high perfection, the old recollections of his soul are awakened and refreshed. The love of the beautiful fills and animates the soul of the beholder with an awe and reverence which belong not to the beautiful itself—at least not to any

sensible manifestation of it—but to that unseen original of which material beauty is the type. From this admiration, this new-awakened recollection, and this instantaneous inspiration, spring all higher knowledge and truth. These are not the product of cold, leisurely, and voluntary reflection, but occupy at once a station far superior to what either thought, or art, or speculation, can attain; and enter into our inmost souls with the power and presence of a gift from the divinity.”

Mr Scrope's first visit to the Tweed was made before the “Ariosto of the North” had sung those undying strains which have since added so much associated interest to the finely varied courses of that fair river. But many fond lovers of nature, then as now,

“Though wanting the accomplishment of verse,”

were well acquainted with all its unrecorded beauties.

“What stranger,” asks our author, “just emerging from the angular enclosures of the south, scored and subdued by tillage, would not feel his heart expand at the first sight of the heathy mountains, swelling out into vast proportions, over which man had no dominion? At the dawn of day he sees, perhaps, the mist ascending slowly up the dusky river, taking its departure to some distant undefined region; below the mountain range his sight rests upon a deep and narrow glen, gloomy with woods, shelving down to its centre. What is hid in that mysterious mass the eye may not visit; but a sound comes down from afar, as of the rushing and din of waters. It is the voice of the Tweed, as it bursts from the melancholy hills, and comes rejoicing down the sunny vale, taking its free course through the haugh, and glittering amongst sylvan bowers—swelling out at times fair and ample, and again contracted into gorges and sounding cataracts—lost for a space in its mazes behind a jutting brae, and re-appearing in dashes of light through bolls of trees opposed to it in shadow.

“Thus it holds its fitful course. The stranger might wander in the quiet vale, and far below the blue summits he might see the shaggy flock grouped upon some sunny knoll, or struggling among the scattered birch-trees; and lower down on the haugh, his eye perchance might rest awhile on some cattle standing on a tongue of land by the margin of the river, with their dark and rich brown forms opposed to the brightness of the waters. All these outward pictures he

might see and feel; but he would see no farther: the lore had not spread its witchery over the scene—the legends slept in oblivion. The stark moss-trooper, and the clanking stride of the warrior, had not again started into life; nor had the light blazed gloriously in the sepulchre of the wizard with the mighty book. The slogan swelled not anew upon the gale, sounding through the glens and over the misty mountains; nor had the minstrel's harp made music in the stately halls of Newark, or beside the lonely braes of Yarrow.

“Since that time I have seen the Cottage of Abbotsford, with the rustic porch, lying peacefully on the haugh between the lone hills; and have listened to the wild rush of the Tweed as it hurried beneath it. As time progressed, and as hopes arose, I have seen that cottage converted into a picturesque mansion, with every luxury and comfort attached to it, and have partaken of its hospitality; the unproductive hills I have viewed covered with thriving plantations, and the whole aspect of the country civilized, without losing its romantic character. But, amidst all these revolutions, I have never perceived any change in the mind of him who made them,—‘the choice and master spirit of the age.’ There he dwelt in the hearts of the people, diffusing life and happiness around him; he made a home beside the border river, in a country and a nation that have derived benefit from his presence, and consequence from his genius. From his chamber he looked out upon the grey ruins of the Abbey, and the sun which set in splendour beneath the Eildon Hills. Like that sun, his course has been run; and, though disastrous clouds came across him in his career, he went down in unfading glory.

“These golden hours, alas! have long passed away; but often have I visions of the sylvan valley, and its glittering waters, with dreams of social intercourse. Abbotsford, Mertoun, Chiefswood, Huntly-Burn, Allerley—when shall I forget ye?”—P. 102.

How many share these sad and vain regrets! The very voice of the living waters, which once glittered so rejoicingly through the green pastures, or reflected in their still expanse the lichen-covered crag or varied woodland, seems now to utter an “*illectabile murmur*,” while

“A trouble not of clouds or weeping rain,
Nor of the setting sun's pathetic light,
Engender'd, hangs o'er Eildon's triple height.”

On the 21st of September 1832, Sir Walter Scott breathed his last, in the presence of all his children. "It was a beautiful day," we have been elsewhere told, "so warm that every window was wide open, and so perfectly still, that the sound of all others most delicious to his ear, the gentle ripple of the Tweed over its pebbles, was distinctly audible as we knelt around the bed, and his eldest son kissed and closed his eyes. No sculptor ever modelled a more majestic image of repose."*

We must here unwillingly conclude our account of Mr Scrope's volume, although we have scarcely even entered on many of its most important portions. Bait-fishing for salmon, and the darker, though torch-illuminated, mysteries of the leister, occupy the terminal chapters. A careful study of the whole will amply repay the angler, the naturalist, the artist, and the general admirer of the inexhaustible beauties of rural scenery—nowhere witnessed or enjoyed to such advantage as by the side of a first-rate river.

THE WHIPIAD, A SATIRICAL POEM.

BY REGINALD HEBER, BISHOP OF CALCUTTA.

IN offering this little poem to the public, some few words, by way of explanation, are deemed necessary. Most of the circumstances alluded to in it will be familiar to Oxford readers of Bishop Heber's standing, but especially to those of his own college, Brazenose. The origin of the poem was simply this:—A young friend of his, B——d P——t, went to call upon him at Brazenose, and, without being aware of the heinous crime he was committing, cracked a four-horse whip in the quadrangle. This moved the ire of a certain doctor, a fellow and tutor, and at that time also dean of the college, commonly called *Dr Toe* from a defect in one of his feet. The doctor had unfortunately made himself obnoxious to most of those of his own college, under-graduates as well as others, by his absurd conduct and regulations. On the following day Mr P——t cracked the whip in the quadrangle, when the doctor issued from his rooms in great wrath, and after remonstrating with Mr P——t, and endeavouring to take the whip from him, a scuffle ensued, in which the whip was broken, and the doctor overpowered and thrown down by the victorious P——t, who had fortunately taken his degree of Master of Arts. Heber, then an under-graduate of only a few terms' standing, wrote the first canto the same evening, and the intrinsic merit of the poem will recommend it to most readers. But it will be doubly interesting when considered as one of the *first*, if not the *very first*, of the poetical productions of that eminent and distinguished scholar. In it may be traced the dawnings of that genius which was afterwards to delight the world in an enlarged sphere of usefulness.

K.

CANTO FIRST.

Where whiten'd Cain the curse of heaven defies,†
And leaden slumber seals his brother's eyes,
Where o'er the porch in brazen splendour glows
The vast projection of the mystic nose,

* The Life of Sir Walter Scott, Bart., by his literary executor.

† In the quadrangle of Brazenose College, there is a statue of Cain destroying Abel with a bone, or some such instrument. It is of lead, and *white-washed*, and no doubt that those who have heard that Cain was struck black, will be surprised to find that in Brazenose he is white as innocence.

Triumph erewhile of Bacon's fabled arts,*
 Now well-hung symbol of the student's parts;
 'Midst those unhallow'd walls and gloomy cells
 Where every thing but Contemplation dwells,
 Dire was the feud our sculptured Alfred saw,†
 And thy grim-bearded bust, Erigena,
 When scouts came flocking from the empty hall,
 And porters trembled at the Doctor's call;
 Ah! call'd in vain, with laugh suppress they stood
 And bit their nails, a dirty-finger'd brood.
 E'en Looker gloried in his master's plight,‡
 And John beheld, and chuckled at the sight.§
 Genius of discord! thou whose murky flight
 With iron pennons more obscured the night—
 Thou, too, of British birth, who dost reside
 In Syms's or in Goodwin's blushing tide,||
 Say, spirit, say, for thy enlivening bowl
 With fell ambition fired thy favourite's soul,
 From what dread cause began the bloodless fray
 Pregnant with shame, with laughter, and dismay?
 Calm was the night, and all was sunk to rest,
 Save Shawstone's party, and the Doctor's breast:
 He saw with pain his ancient glory fled,
 And thick oblivion gathering round his head.
 Alas! no more his pupils crowding come,
 To wait indignant in their tyrant's room,¶
 No more in hall the fluttering theme he tears,
 Or lolling, picks his teeth at morning prayers;
 Unmark'd, unfear'd, on dogs he vents his hate,
 And spurns the terrier from his guarded gate.
 But now to listless indolence a prey,
 Stretch'd on his couch, he sad and darkling lay;
 As not unlike in venom and in size,
 Close in his hole the hungry spider lies.
 "And oh!" he cries, "am I so powerless grown,
 That I am fear'd by cooks and scouts alone?
 Oh! for some nobler strife, some *senior* foe,
 To swell by his defeat the name of Toe!"
 He spoke—the powers of mischief heard his cries,
 And steep'd in sullen sleep his rheumy eyes.
 He slept—but rested not, his guardian sprite
 Rose to his view in visions of the night,
 And thus, with many a tear and many a sigh,
 He heard, or seem'd to hear, the mimic demon cry:—**

* All the world has rung with the fame of Roger Bacon, formerly of this college, and of his exploits in astrology, chemistry, and metallurgy, *inter alia* his brazen head, of which alone the nose remains, a precious relic, and (to use the words of the excellent author of the *Oxford Guide*) still conspicuous over the portal, where it erects itself as a symbolical illustration of the Salernian adage "*Noscitur a naso.*"

† Two medallions of Alfred and Erigena ornament the outside of the Hall, so as to overlook the field of battle.

‡ The Porter of the college.

§ The doctor's servant or scout.

|| Two wine-merchants residing in Oxford.

¶ To those gentlemen who, for half an hour together, have sometimes had the honour of waiting in the Doctor's antechamber, "*Donec libeat vigilare tyranno,*" this passage will need no explanation; and of his acts of graceful dignity and unaffected piety at chapel, perhaps the less that is said the better.

** It was a Rosicrucian tenet, that the demon was assimilated to the object of his

" Is this a time for distant strife to pray,
 When all my power is melting fast away,
 Like mists dissolving at the beams of day,
 When masters dare their ancient rights resume,
 And bold intruders fill the common room,
 Whilst thou, poor wretch, forsaken, shunn'd by all,
 Must pick thy commons in the empty hall?
 Nay more! regardless of thy hours and thee,
 They scorn the ancient, frugal hour of three.*
 Good Heavens! at four their costly treat is spread,
 And juniors lord it at the table's head;
 See fellows' benches sleeveless striplings bear, †
 Whilst Smith and Sutton from the canvass stare. ‡
 Hear'st thou through all this consecrated ground,
 The rattling thong's unwonted clangour sound?
 Awake! arise! though many a danger lur,
 By one bright deed to vindicate thy power."
 He ceased; as loud the fatal whip resounds,
 With throbbing heart the eager Doctor bounds.
 So when some bear from Russia's clime convey'd,
 Politer grown, has learnt the dancer's trade,
 If weary with his toil perchance, he hears
 His master's lash re-echoing in his ears,
 Though loath, he lifts his paws, and bounds in air,
 And hops and rages whilst the rabble stare.

CANTO THE SECOND.

You the great foe of this Assembly!
 I the great foe? Why the great foe?
 In that being one of the meanest, barest, poorest,
 —Thou goest foremost.—SHAKESPEARE'S *Coriolanus*.

Forth from his cell the wily warrior hies,
 And swift to seize the unwary victim flies.
 For sure he deem'd, since now declining day
 Had dimm'd the brightness of his visual ray,
 He deem'd on helpless under-graduate foes
 To purge the bile that in his liver rose.
 Fierce schemes of vengeance in his bosom swell,
 Jobations dire, and Impositions fell.

care; and in this we are confirmed by the authority of the Doctor himself, who treated very largely on the subject of demons in his lecture on Plato's *Phædon*. The powers of his mind were never more successfully displayed than when he illustrated his positions by the scriptural instance of the two Galilean demoniacs, who abode in the tombs night and day. It was reserved for his ingenuity and learning to discover that those unfortunate Bedlamites were not mortals, but departed spirits.

* The real friend of collegiate discipline, whose feelings our author would blush to offend, will be pleased to recollect that this deviation from the usual dinner hour took place in the long vacation; that it was introduced for the convenience of study, and that the doctor, could he so far have forgotten his dignity as to have joined the four o'clock party, would have found decorous manners, and more than one brother fellow of the company.

† Wisely was it ordained by our founders, that, young men being too apt to laugh in their sleeves at the conduct of their superiors, the academical dress of the undergraduates should, as far as possible, obviate that inconvenience. Thus, also, Tully bath it, "*Cedant arma togæ*."

‡ The two founders of Brazenose College.

And now a cross he'd meditate, and swear*
 Six ells of Virgil should the crime repair.†
 Along the grass with heedless haste he trod,‡
 And with unequal footsteps press'd the sod—
 That hallow'd sod, that consecrated ground,
 By eclogues, fines, and crosses fenced around.
 When lo! he sees, yet scarcely can believe,
 The destined victim wears a master's sleeve;
 So when those heroes, Britain's pride and care,
 In dark Batavian meadows urge the war;
 Oft as they roam'd, in fogs and darkness lost,
 They found a Frenchman what they deem'd a post.
 The Doctor saw; and, filled with wild amaze,
 He fix'd on P——t§ his quick convulsive gaze.
 Thus shrunk the trembling thief, when first he saw,
 Hung high in air, the waving Abershaw.||
 Thus the pale bawd, with agonizing heart,
 Shrieks when she hears the beadle's rumbling cart.
 "And oh! what noise," he cries, "what sounds unblest,
 Presume to break a senior's holy rest? ¶
 Full well you know, who thus my anger dare,
 To horse-whips what antipathy I bear.
 Shall I, in vain, immersed in logic lore,
 O'er Saunderson and Allrick try to pore—
 I, who the major to the minor join,
 And prove conclusively that *seven's* not *nine*?
 With expectation big, and hope elate,
 The critic world my learned labours wait:
 And shall not Strabo then respect command,
 And shall not Strabo stay thy insulting hand?
 Strabo! ** whose pages, eighteen years and more,
 Have been my public shame, my private bore?
 Hence, to thy room; audacious wretch! retire,
 Nor think thy sleeves shall save thee from mine ire."
 He spoke; such fury sparkled in his face,
 The Buttery trembled to its tottering base,
 The frightened rats in corners laid them down,
 And all but P——t was daunted at his frown;
 Firm and intrepid stood the reverend man,
 As thrice he stroked his face, and thus began:
 "And hopest thou then," the injured Bernard said,
 "To launch thy thunders on a master's head?"

* It is necessary to explain to non-academic readers, that it is customary for the tutor of a college to put an X opposite the name of an offending member in the Buttery Book, as it is called, by which he is interdicted from having bread buttered, a kind of excommunication.

† For the meaning of this expression we refer the reader to the most preposterous imposition ever known in the annals of collegiate punishment; the original MS. of which is preserved in the museum of an eminent collector in Kent. In short, as in Cambridge they sell their butter by the yard, so at Brazenose the cloth measure has been applied with singular success to the works of genius; and perhaps the system may be so far improved upon, that a future under-graduate may have to toil through a *fur-long* of Strabo, or a *perch* of logic.

‡ This alludes to the hobbling gait of the Doctor, in consequence of the defect in his foot.

§ The Rev. B——d P——t.

|| Alluding to a notorious malefactor, executed about this time, and hung in chains on Wimbledon Common.

¶ Prophetically spoken, as the Doctor was then only a junior fellow.

** The Doctor, finding that Horace prescribed a nine years' delay for a play or poem, inferred that more than twice that time was necessary for the learned labours of the editor of Strabo.

O, wont to deal the trope and dart the fist,
 Half-learn'd logician, half-form'd pugilist,
 Censor impure, who dar'st, with slanderous aim,
 And envy's dart, assault a H——r's name.
 Senior, self-called, can I forget the day,
 When titt'ring under-graduates mock'd thy sway,
 And drove thee foaming from the Hall away?
 Gods, with what raps the conscious tables rung,
 From every form how shrill the cuckoo sung! *
 Oh! sounds unblest—Oh! notes of deadliest fear—
 Harsh to the tutor's or the lover's ear,
 The hint, perchance, thy warmest hopes may quell,
 And cuckoo mingle with the thoughts of *Bel.*†
 At that loved name, with fury doubly keen,
 Fierce on the Deacon rush'd the raging Dean;
 Nor less the dauntless Deacon dare withstand
 The brandish'd weight of Toe's uplifted hand.
 † The ghost of themes departed, that, of yore,
 Disgraced alike, the Doctor praised or tore,
 On paper wings flit dimly through the night,
 And, hovering low in air, beheld the fight.
 Each ill-starr'd verse its filthy den forsakes,
 Black from the spit, or reeking from the jakes;
 The blot-stain'd troop their shadowy pages spread,
 And call for vengeance on the murderer's head.

CANTO THE THIRD.

Digito male pertinaci.—Hor.

§ Shade of Boileau! (who told in deathless lays
 A choral pulpit's military praise,
 Thou, too, that dared'st a cloister'd warfare sing,
 And dip thy bucket in Castalia's spring!
 Forgive, blest bards, if, with unequal fire,
 I feebly strike the imitative lyre;
 Though strong to celebrate no vulgar fray,
 Since P——t and conquest swell the exulting lay.
 Not link'd, alas! in friendship's sacred band,
 With hands fast lock'd the furious parsons stand;
 Each grasps the whip with unrelenting might—
 The whip, the cause and guerdon of the fight—
 But either warrior spends his strength in vain,
 And panting draws his lengthen'd breath with pain,
 Till now the Dean, with throat extended wide,
 And faltering shout, for speedy succour cried

* For the wonderful answers of the learned cuckoo, at logic lecture, we refer to his (the cuckoo's) equally edified class-fellows.

† The reader will perhaps be astonished to find, that the Doctor was supposed to flatter himself with the hope that his attentions were not altogether unacceptable to a young lady of singular elegance and personal accomplishments, here alluded to.

‡ "Obscœnæque volucres signa dabant."

§ The poet invokes his heroi-comic predecessors, the author of the *Lutrin*, and Alessandro Tassoni, whose *Secchia Rapita*, or Rape of the Bucket, is well known to the amateurs of Italian poetry.

* To them who in yon grateful cell repose,
 Where Greenland odours feast the stranger's nose—
 "Scouts, porters, shoe-blacks, whatsoe'er your trade,
 All, all, attend, your master's fist to aid!"
 They heard his voice, and, trembling at the sound,
 The half-breech'd legions swarm'd like moths around;
 But, ah! the half-breech'd legions, call'd in vain,
 Dismay'd and useless, fill'd the cumber'd plain;
 And while for servile aid the Doctor calls,
 † By P——t subverted, prone to earth he sprawls.
 ‡ E'en then were heard, so Brazenose students sing,
 The grass-plot chains in boding notes to ring;
 E'en then we mark'd, where, gleaming through the night,
 Aerial crosses shed a lurid light.
 Those wrestlers, too, whom naked we behold
 Through many a summer's night and winter's cold,
 Now changed appear'd, his pristine languor fled,
 Expiring Abel raised his sinking head,
 While with fix'd eyes his murderer seemed to stand,
 The bone half dropping from his nerveless hand.
 So, when of old, as Latian records tell,
 At Pompey's base the laurel'd despot fell,
 Reviving freedom mock'd her sinking foe,
 And demons shriek'd as Brutus dealt the blow.
 His trencher-bonnet tumbling from his crown,
 Subdued by Bernard, sunk the Doctor down;
 But yet, though breathless on the hostile plain,
 The whip he could not seize he snapt in twain—
 "Where now, base themester,"—P——t exulting said,
 And waved the rattling fragments o'er his head—
 "Where now thy threats? Yet learn from me to know
 How glorious 'tis to spare a fallen foe.
 Uncudgel'd, rise—yet hear my high command—
 § Hence to thy room! or dread thy conqueror's hand."
 || His hair all gravel, and all green his clothes,
 In doleful dumps the downcast Doctor rose,
 Then slunk unpitied from the hated plain,
 And inly groaning sought his couch again;
 Yet, as he went, he backward cast his view,
 And bade his ancient power a last adieu.
 So, when some sturdy swain, through miry roads
 A grunting porker to the market goads,
 With twisted neck, splash'd hide, and progress slow,
 Oft backward looks the swine, and half disdains to go.
 "Ah me! how fallen," with choaking sobs he said,
 And sunk exhausted on his welcome bed;

* No classical stranger could ever pass the porter in his lodge at Brazenose, without being sensibly reminded of a favourite passage in Horace, and exclaiming,

"Quis multâ gracilis—puer in rosâ,
 Perfusus liquidis—odoribus
 Grato——sub antro."

† "Procumbit humi bos." This is not the first time the Doctor has been overcome by port.

‡ "Hinc exaudiri gemitus, et seva sonare
 Verbera, tum stridor ferri tractaque catenæ."

§ With great practical justice and classical elegance, the words of the assailant are retorted upon himself—

"Suo sibi gladio hunc jugulo."

|| The *bouleversement* is supposed to have happened on the green adjoining the gravel.

" Ere yet my shame, wide-circling through the town,
 Spreads from the strong contagion of the gown,
 Oh! be it mine, unknowing and unknown,
 * With deans deceased, to sleep beneath the stone."
 As tearful thus, and half convulsed with spite,
 He lengthen'd out with plaints the livelong night,
 At that still hour of night, when dreams are oft'nest true,
 A well-known spectre rose before his view,
 As in some lake, when hush'd in every breeze,
 The bending ape his form reflected sees,
 Such and so like the Doctor's angel shone,
 And by his gait the guardian sprite was known,
 Benignly bending o'er his aching head—
 " Sleep, Henry, sleep, my best beloved," he said,
 " Soft dreams of bliss shall soothe thy midnight hour ;
 Connubial transport and collegiate power.
 Fly fast, ye months, till Henry shall receive
 The joys a bride and benefice can give.
 But first to sanction thy prophetic name,
 In yon tall pile a doctor's honours claim ; §
 E'en now methinks the awe-struck crowd behold
 Thy powder'd caxon and thy cane of gold.
 E'en now—but hark ! the chimney sparrows sing,
 St Mary's chimes their early matins ring—
 I go—but thou——through many a festive night
 Collegiate bards shall chant thy luckless fight—
 Though many a jest shall spread the table round,
 And many a bowl to B—r—d's health be crown'd—
 O'er juniors still maintain thy dread command,
 Still boast, my son, thy cross-compelling hand. ||
 Adieu!"—His shadowy robes the phantom spread,
 And o'er the Doctor drowsy influence shed ;
 Scared at the sound, far off his terrors flew,
 And love and hope once more his curtains drew.

* Dead deans, broken bottles, dilapidated lanthorns, under-graduated ladders, and other lumber, have generally found their level under the pavement of Brazenose cloisters.

† Like Virgil's nightingale or owl—

" Ferali carmine bubo

Flet noctem."

‡ " Post mediam visus noctem cum somnia vera."

§ We have heard it whispered, but cannot undertake to vouch for the truth of the rumour, that a considerable wager now depends upon the accomplishment of this prophecy within nine calendar months after the Doctor has obtained a *bona fide* degree.

|| Alluding to the collegiate punishment before explained.

CHARLES EDWARD AT VERSAILLES.

ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF CULLODEN.

TAKE away that star and garter—hide them from my loathing sight,
 Neither king nor prince shall tempt me from my lonely room this night;
 Fitting for the throneless exile is the atmosphere of pall,
 And the gusty winds that shiver 'neath the tapestry on the wall.
 When the taper faintly dwindles like the pulse within the vein,
 That to gay and merry measure ne'er may hope to bound again,
 Let the shadows gather round me while I sit in silence here,
 Broken-hearted, as an orphan watching by his father's bier.
 Let me hold my still communion far from every earthly sound—
 Day of penance—day of passion—ever, as the year comes round.
 Fatal day, whereon the latest die was cast for me and mine—
 Cruel day, that quell'd the fortunes of the hapless Stuart line!
 Phantom-like, as in a mirror, rise the griesly scenes of death—
 There before me, in its wildness, stretches bare Culloden's heath—
 There the broken clans are scatter'd, gaunt as wolves, and famine-eyed—
 Hunger gnawing at their vitals—hope abandon'd—all but pride—
 Pride—and that supreme devotion which the Southron never knew,
 And the hatred, deeply rankling, 'gainst the Hanoverian crew.
 Oh, my God! are these the remnants—these the wrecks of the array,
 That around the royal standard gather'd on the glorious day,
 When, in deep Glenfinnart's valley, thousands, on their bended knees,
 Saw once more that stately banner waving in the northern breeze,
 When the noble Tullibardine stood beneath its weltering fold,
 With the ruddy lion ramping in the field of tressured gold!
 When the mighty heart of Scotland, all too big to slumber more,
 Burst in wrath and exultation, like a huge volcano's roar!
 There they stand, the batter'd columns, underneath the murky sky,
 In the hush of desperation, not to conquer but to die.
 Hark! the bagpipe's fitful wailing—not the pibroch loud and shrill,
 That, with hope of bloody banquet, lured the ravens from the hill—
 But a dirge both low and solemn, fit for ears of dying men,
 Marshall'd for their latest battle, never more to fight again.
 Madness—madness! Why this shrinking? Were we less inured to war
 When our reapers swept the harvest from the field of red Dunbar?
 Fetch my horse, and blow the trumpet!—Call the riders of Fitz-James,
 Let Lord Lewis bring the muster!—Valiant chiefs of mighty names—
 Trusty Keppoch! stout Glengarry! gallant Gordon! wise Lochiel!
 Bid the clansmen charge together, fast, and fell, and firm as steel.
 Elcho, never look so gloomy! What avails a sadden'd brow?
 Heart, man—heart! we need it sorely—never half so much as now.
 Had we but a thousand troopers—had we but a thousand more!—
 Noble Perth, I hear them coming!—Hark! the English cannons' roar.
 God! how awful sounds that volley, bellowing through the mist and rain!
 Was not that the Highland slogan? Let me hear that shout again!
 Oh, for prophet eyes to witness how the desperate battle goes!
 Cumberland! I would not fear thee, could my Camerons see their foes.
 Sound, I say, the charge at venture—'tis not naked steel we fear;
 Better perish in the mêlée than be shot like driven deer!
 Hold! the mist begins to scatter. There in front 'tis rent asunder,
 And the cloudy battery crumbles underneath the deafening thunder;
 There I see the scarlet gleaming! Now, Macdonald—now or never!—
 Woe is me, the clans are broken! Father, thou art lost for ever!
 Chief and vassal, lord and yeoman, there they lie in heaps together,
 Smitten by the deadly volley, roll'd in blood upon the heather;
 And the Hanoverian horsemen, fiercely riding to and fro,
 Deal their murderous strokes at random.—

Ah my God! where am I now?

Will that baleful vision never vanish from my aching sight?
 Must those scenes and sounds of terror haunt me still by day and night?
 Yea, the earth hath no oblivion for the noblest chance it gave,
 None, save in its latest refuge—seek it only in the grave.

Love may die, and hatred slumber, and their memory will decay,
 As the water'd garden recks not of the drought of yesterday;
 But the dream of power once broken, what shall give repose again?
 What shall charm the serpent-furies coil'd around the maddening brain?
 What kind draught can nature offer strong enough to lull their sting?
 Better to be born a peasant than to live an exiled king!
 Oh, these years of bitter anguish!—What is life to such as me,
 With my very heart as palsied as a wasted cripple's knee!
 Suppliant-like for alms depending on a false and foreign court,
 Jostled by the flouting nobles, half their pity, half their sport.
 Forced to hold a place in pageant, like a royal prize of war
 Walking with dejected features close behind his victor's car,
 Styled an equal—deem'd a servant—fed with hopes of future gain—
 Worse by far is fancied freedom than the captive's clanking chain!
 Could I change this gilded bondage even for the massy tower
 Whence King James beheld his lady sitting in the castle bower—
 Birds around her sweetly singing, fluttering on the kindled spray,
 And the comely garden glowing in the light of rosy May.
 Love descended to the window—Love removed the bolt and bar—
 Love was warder to the lovers from the dawn to even-star.
 Wherefore, Love, didst thou betray me? Where is now the tender glance?
 Where the meaning looks once lavish'd by the dark-eyed Maid of France?
 Where the words of hope she whisper'd, when around my neck she threw
 That same scarf of broider'd tissue, bade me wear it and be true—
 Bade me send it as a token when my banner waved once more
 On the castled Keep of London, where my fathers' waved before?
 And I went and did not conquer—but I brought it back again—
 Brought it back from storm and battle—brought it back without stain;
 And once more I knelt before her, and I laid it at her feet,
 Saying, "Wilt thou own it, Princess? There at least is no defeat!"
 Scornfully she look'd upon me with a measured eye and cold—
 Scornfully she view'd the token, though her fingers wrought the gold,
 And she answer'd, faintly flushing, "Hast thou kept it, then, so long?
 Worthy matter for a minstrel to be told in knightly song!
 Worthy of a bold Provençal, pacing through the peaceful plain,
 Singing of his lady's favour, boasting of her silken chain,
 Yet scarce worthy of a warrior sent to wrestle for a crown.
 Is this all that thou hast brought me from thy field of high renown?
 Is this all the trophy carried from the lands where thou hast been?
 It was broider'd by a Princess, can'st thou give it to a Queen?"
 Woman's love is writ in water! Woman's faith is traced in sand!
 Backwards—backwards let me wander to the noble northern land;
 Let me feel the breezes blowing fresh along the mountain side;
 Let me see the purple heather, let me hear the thundering tide,
 Be it hoarse as Corrievreckan spouting when the storm is high—
 Give me but one hour of Scotland—let me see it ere I die!
 Oh, my heart is sick and heavy—southern gales are not for me;
 Though the glens are white with winter, place me there, and set me free;
 Give me back my trusty comrades—give me back my Highland maid—
 Nowhere beats the heart so kindly as beneath the tartan plaid!
 Flora! when thou wert beside me, in the wilds of far Kintail—
 When the cavern gave us shelter from the blinding sleet and hail—
 When we lurk'd within the thicket, and, beneath the waning moon,
 Saw the sentry's bayonet glimmer, heard him chant his listless tune—
 When the howling storm o'ertook us drifting down the island's lee,
 And our crazy bark was whirling like a nutshell on the sea—
 When the nights were dark and dreary, and amidst the fern we lay
 Faint and foodless, sore with travel, longing for the streaks of day;
 When thou wert an angel to me, watching my exhausted sleep—
 Never didst thou hear me murmur—couldst thou see how now I weep!
 Bitter tears and sobs of anguish, unavailing though they be.
 Oh the brave—the brave and noble—who have died in vain for me!

W. E. A.

EARLY GREEK ROMANCES—THE ETHIOPICS OF HELIODORUS.

"It is not in Provence, (Provincia *Romanorum*,) as is commonly said from the derivation of the name—nor yet in Spain, as many suppose, that we are to look for the fatherland of those amusing compositions called *Romances*, which are so eminently useful in these days as affording a resource and occupation to ladies and gentlemen who have nothing to do. It is in distant and far different climes to our own, and in the remote antiquity of long vanished ages:—it is among the people of the East, the Arabs, the Egyptians, the Persians, and the Syrians, that the germ and origin is to be found of this species of fictitious narrative, for which the peculiar genius and poetical temperament of those nations particularly adapt them, and in which they delight to a degree scarcely to be credited. For even their ordinary discourse is interspersed with figurative expressions; and their maxims of theology and philosophy, and above all, of morals and political science, are invariably couched under the guise of allegory or parable. I need not stay to enlarge upon the universal veneration paid throughout the East to the fables of Bidpai or Pilpay, and to Lokman, who is (as may easily be shown) the Esop of the Greeks:—and it is well known that the story of Isfendiyar, and of the daring deeds of the Persian hero Rustan, in love and war,* are to this day more popular in those regions than the tales of Hercules, Roland, or Amadis de Gaul, ever were with us. And so decidedly is Asia the parent of these fictions, that we shall

find on examination, that nearly all those who in early times distinguished themselves as writers of what are now called romances, were of oriental birth or extraction. Clearchus, a pupil of Aristotle, and the first who attempted any thing of the sort in the Greek language, was a native of Soli in Cilicia:—Jamblichus was a Syrian, as were also Heliodorus and Lucian, the former being of Emessa, the latter of Samosata:—Achilles Tatius† was an Alexandrian; and the rule will be found to hold good in other instances, with scarcely a single exception."

Such is the doctrine laid down (at somewhat greater length than we have rendered it) by the learned Huetius, in his treatise *De Origine Fabularum Romanensium*; and from the general principle therein propounded, we are certainly by no means inclined to dissent. But while fully admitting that it is to the vivid fancy and picturesque imagination of the Orientals that we owe the origin of all those popular legends which have penetrated, under various changes of costume, into every corner of Europe,‡ as well as those more gorgeous creations which appear, interwoven with the ruder creations of the northern nations, to have furnished the groundwork of the *fabliaux* and *lais* of the chivalry of the middle ages:—we still hold that the invention of the romance of ordinary life, in which the interest of the story depends upon occurrences in some measure within the bounds of probability, and in which the heroes and heroines are neither invested with superhuman qualities, nor extricated

* The exploits of these and other paladins of the Kaianian dynasty, the heroic age of Persian history, are now known to us principally through the *Shah-Nameh* of Ferdousi, a poem bearing date only at the beginning of the eleventh century; but both this and its predecessor, the *Bostan-Nameh*, were founded on ballads and *parshadias* of far distant ages, which had escaped the ravages of time and the Mohammedans, and some of which are even now preserved among the ancient tribes of pure Persian descent, in the S. W. provinces of the kingdom. Sir John Malcolm (*History of Persia*, ii. 444, note, 8vo. ed.) gives an amusing anecdote of the effect produced among his escort by one of these popular chants.

† The prototype of the well-known Welsh legend of Beth-Gelert, for instance, is found in the Sanscrit *Hitopadosa*, as translated by Sir William Jones, with a mere change in the *dramatis personæ*—the faithful hound Gelert becoming a tame mungoos or ichneumon, the wolf a cabra-capello, and the young heir of the Welsh prince an infant rajah.

from their difficulties by supernatural means, must be ascribed to a more *European* state of society than that which produced those tales of wonder, which are commonly considered as characteristic of the climes of the East. Even the authors enumerated by the learned bishop of Avranches himself, in the passage above quoted, were all denizens of the *Greek* cities of Asia Minor, Syria, and Egypt, and consequently, in all probability, Greeks by descent; and though the scene of their works is frequently laid in Asia, the costumes and characters introduced are almost invariably on the Greek model. These writers, therefore, may fairly be considered as constituting a distinct class from those more strictly Oriental, not only in birth, but in language and ideas; and as being, in fact, the legitimate fore-runners of that portentous crowd of modern novelists, whose myriad productions seem destined (as the Persians believe of the misshapen progeny of Gog and Magog, confined within the brazen wall of Iskender,) to over-run the world of literature in these latter days.

At the head of this early school of romantic writers, in point of merit as of time, (for the writings of Lucian can scarcely be considered as regular romances; and the "*Babylonica*" of Jamblichus, and the "*Dinias and Dercyllis*" of Antonius Diogenes, are known to us only by the abstract of them preserved in Photius,) we may, without hesitation, place Heliodorus, the author of the "*Ethiopics*," "whose writings"—says Huetius—"the subsequent novelists of those ages constantly proposed to themselves as a model for imitation; and as truly may they all be said to have drunk of the waters of this fountain, as all the poets did of the Homeric spring." To so servile an extent, indeed, was this imitation carried, that while both the incidents and characters in the "*Clitophon and Leucippe*" of Achilles Tatius, a work which, in point of literary merit, stands next to that of Heliodorus, are, in many passages, almost a reproduction, with different names and localities,* of those in the

"*Ethiopics*," the last-named has again had his copyists in the "*Hysminias and Hymine*" of Eustathius or Eumathius, and the "*Dosicles and Rhod-anthe*" of Theodorus Prodromus, the latter of whom was a monk of the twelfth century. In these productions of the lower empire, the extravagance of the language, the improbability of the plot, and the wearisome dullness of the details, are worthy of each other; and are only varied occasionally by a little gross indelicacy, from which, indeed, none but Heliodorus is wholly exempt. Yet, "as in the lowest deep there is a lower still," so even Theodorus Prodromus has found an humble imitator in Nice-tas Eugenianus, than whose romance of "*Charicles and Drosilla*" it must be allowed that the force of nonsense "can no further go." Besides this descending scale of plagiarism, which we have followed down to its lowest anti-climax, we should mention, for the sake of making our catalogue complete, the "*Pastorals*, or *Daphnis and Chloe*" of Longus—a work in itself of no particular merits or demerits as a literary composition, but noted for its unparalleled depravity, and further remarkable as the first of the class of pastoral romances, which were almost as rife in Europe during the middle ages as novels of fashionable life are, for the sins of this generation, at the present day. There only remain to be enumerated the three precious far-ragos entitled "*The Ephesiacs*, or *Habrocomas and Anthia*"—"the *Babylonics*"—and "the *Cypriacs*"—said to be from the pen of three different Xenophons, of whose history nothing, not even the age in which any of them lived, can be satisfactorily made out—though the uniformity of stupid extravagance, not less than the similarity of name, would lead *à priori* to the conclusion that one luckless wight must have been the author of all three. From this list of the Byzantine romances, (in which we are not sure that one or two may not after all have been omitted,) it will be seen that Heliodorus had a tolerably numerous progeny, even in his own language, to answer for; though we

* The principal adventures of Clitophon and Leucippe consist in being twice taken by pirates on the banks of the Nile, as Theagenas and Chariclea are in the *Ethiopics*.

fear we must concur in the sweeping censure of a Quarterly Reviewer, (vol. x. p. 301,) who condemns them *en masse*, with the single exception of the "*Ethiopics*" of the last-named author, as "a few tiresome stories, absolutely void of taste, invention, or interest; without influence even upon the declining literature of their own age, and in all probability quite unknown to the real forerunners of Richardson, Fielding, and Rousseau."

A work thus excepted, by common consent, from the general reprobation in which all its compeers are involved, must deserve some notice from its negative, if not from its positive merits; and the particulars which have been preserved of its literary history are also somewhat curious. Even in these days, when almost every other individual is a novelist, either *in esse* or in embryo, the announcement of a love-story from the pen of a bishop would create what is called "a considerable sensation"—though perhaps it would hardly draw down on the author such condign and summary punishment as was inflicted by the straitlaced Kirk of Scotland, less than a century ago, on one of her ministers, for the high crime and misdemeanour of having indited "a stage play, called the *Tragedy of Douglas*."* Yet not only the "*Ethiopics*," but the best known of its successors, the "*Clitophon* and *Leucippe*" of Achilles Tatius, are both universally asserted to have been juvenile productions of ecclesiastics who afterwards attained the episcopal dignity: and the former, if we may credit the Ecclesiastical History of Nicephorus, fared not much better at the hands of the Provincial Synod of Thessaly than did the "*Tragedy of Douglas*" at those of the Scottish Presbyteries. Hear what saith the historian: "This Heliodorus, bishop of Trica, had in his youth written certain love-stories called the "*Ethiopics*," which are highly popular even at the

present day, though they are now better known by the title of '*Chariclea*'"—(the name of the heroine)—"and it was by reason thereof that he lost his see. For, inasmuch as very many of the youth were drawn into peril of sin by the perusal of these amorous tales, it was determined by the provincial synod that either these books, which kindled the fire of love, should themselves be consumed by fire, or that the author should be deposed from his episcopal functions—and this choice being propounded to him, he preferred resigning his bishopric to suppressing his writings."—(*Niceph. Hist. Ecclesiast.* lib. xii. c. 34.)† Heliodorus, according to the same authority, was the first Thessalian bishop who had insisted on the married clergy putting away their wives, which may probably have tended to make him unpopular: but the story of his deposition, it should be observed, rests solely on the statement of Nicephorus, and is discredited by Bayle and Huet, who argue that the silence of Socrates (*Ecclesiast. Hist.* v. chap. 22.) in the passage where he expressly assigns the authorship of the "*Ethiopics*" to the Bishop Heliodorus, more than counterbalances the unsupported assertion of Nicephorus—"an author," says Huet, "of more credulity than judgment." If Heliodorus were, indeed, as has been generally supposed, the same to whom several of the Epistles of St Jerome were addressed, this circumstance would supply an additional argument against the probability of his having incurred the censures of the church: but whatever the testimony of Nicephorus may be worth on this point, his mention of the work affords undeniable proof of its long continued popularity, as his Ecclesiastical History was written about A.D. 900, and Heliodorus lived under the reign of the sons of Theodosius, or fully five hundred years earlier. Enough, however, has been said of

* Home was expelled the ministry for this heinous offence, which raised a fearful turmoil at the time among Synods and Presbyteries. The Glasgow Presbytery published a declaration (Feb. 14, 1757) on the "melancholy but notorious fact, that one, who is a minister of the Church of Scotland, did himself write and compose a stage play intitled the *Tragedy of Douglas*;" and to this declaration various other presbyteries published their adhesion.

† This sentence might, with more justice, have been visited upon the work of the other bishop, Achilles Tatius, for his not infrequent transgressions against delicacy, a fault never chargeable on Heliodorus.

him in his capacity of a bishop—and we shall proceed to consider him in that of an author, by which he is far better known than by his episcopacy.

The time of the story is laid in the middle ages of Grecian history, after the conclusion of the wars between Greece and Persia, and while Egypt was still governed by the satraps of the great king; and the first scene at once plunges the reader, in accordance with the Horatian precept, *in medias res*. A band of marauders, prowling on the coast of Egypt, are surprised by the sight of a ship moored to the shore without any one on board, while the beach around is strewn with the fragments of a costly banquet, and with a number of dead bodies of men, slain apparently in mutual conflict; the only survivors being a damsel of surpassing beauty, arrayed as a priestess of Diana, who is wailing over the inanimate form of a wounded youth. Before they have time, however, either to unravel the mystery, or to avail themselves of the booty thus unexpectedly spread before them, they are in turn put to flight by a more numerous party of robbers, or rather buccaneers, (*bucoli* or *herdsmen*,) who carry off the forlorn couple to their retreat, in the innermost recesses of a vast lake or morass, near the Heracleotic mouth of the Nile.* The description of this robber-colony appears to have been drawn from an existing or well-remembered state of things, and bears considerable resemblance, except in the presence of women and children, to a *setsha*, or stronghold, of the Zaporog Cossacks in the islets of the Dniepr.

"This whole region is called by the Egyptians the *Bucolia*, or 'pasturages,' and is a tract of low land, which has been converted by the inundations of the Nile into a lake, of great depth in the middle, and gradually shoaling towards the margins into a marsh. Among this labyrinth of

lakes and morasses, all the robber-community of Egypt hold their commonwealth; some building huts wherever there is enough of dry land for the purpose, and others living wholly on board their boats, which serve them for a home, as well as to transport them from place to place. In these narrow craft their children are born and brought up, tied by a cord round their foot, in their infancy, to keep them from falling overboard, and tasting for their first food, after being weaned, the fish of the lake dried in the sun. Thus, many of these *buccaneers* are natives of the lake itself, which they regard as their country and their fortress; and they also receive among them many recruits of the same sort as themselves. The waters serve them for a defence, and they are further fortified by the vast quantity of reeds overgrowing the borders of the lake, through which they have contrived certain narrow winding paths known only to themselves, to guard them against sudden incursions from without."

The chief, Thyamis, is forthwith desperately smitten by the charms of Chariclea, and announces, in a set speech to his followers, when assembled for the division of the booty, his intention of taking her to wife. The heroine, as usual with heroines in such trying circumstances, feigns compliance, stipulating only for the delay of the ceremony till she could deposit her sacred ornaments in a temple; a request which Thyamis—who, by the way, is no vulgar depredator, but an Egyptian of rank, who has been deprived of an hereditary† priesthood, and driven into hiding, by the baseness of a younger brother—is too well bred to refuse. The beautiful captive is accordingly, (with Theagenes, whom she calls her brother,) given in charge, for the time, to an Athenian prisoner named Cnemon, who had been driven into exile by the vindictive artifices of his step-

* This is usually called the *Canopia* mouth; but Herodotus (who says that it was dug by artificial means) calls it the *Bucolic*, perhaps from the haunts above described in its neighbourhood.

† The hereditary succession of the Egyptian priesthood is stated both by Herodotus and Diodorus; but Sir J. G. Wilkinson (*Manners of the Ancient Egyptians*, i. 262,) believes that, "though a priest was son of a priest, the peculiar office held by a son may sometimes have been different in point of rank from that of his father."

mother and her confidante, and the recital of whose adventures (apparently borrowed from those of Hippolitus) occupies a considerable space at this juncture, without much advancing the story. On the following day, however, the settlement is attacked by an irresistible force, guided by the gang who had been driven from their prey on the beach. Thyamis, after performing prodigies of valour, is taken prisoner; and Theagenes and Chariclea, with Cnemon, escaping in the confusion, find themselves alone in an island of the lake. Cnemon, as being best acquainted with the language and the surrounding country, is sent the next day to the main land, to make discoveries, accompanied by Thermuthis, the buccanier lieutenant, who had returned when the fray was over, in hopes of recovering a fair captive of his own. The object of his search, however, who proves to be no other than Thisbe, the treacherous soubrette through whom Cnemon's misfortunes had arisen, had been slain by accident in the conflict; and Thermuthis, whose suspicions had been awakened by the joy expressed by Cnemon, is meditating the murder of his fellow-traveller, when he opportunely perishes by the bite of an asp. Cnemon, continuing on his way,* reaches the margin of the Nile opposite the town of Chemmis, and there encounters a venerable personage, who, wrapt in deep thought, is pensively pacing the banks of the river. This old Egyptian priest, (for such he proves to be,) Calasiris by name, not only takes the abrupt intrusion of Cnemon in perfect good part, but carries his complaisance so far as to

invite him to the house of a friend of whom he is himself a guest, and the honours of whose mansion he is doing in the temporary absence of the owner. This obliging offer is, of course, accepted with great alacrity; and, in the course of after-dinner conversation, the incidental mention by Calasiris of the names of Theagenes and Chariclea, and the consequent enquiries of Cnemon, who recognises them as those of his late fellow-captives, lead to a long episodical narration from the old gentleman, during which Cnemon, in return for the hospitality and confidence thus unexpectedly shown him, displays most enviable powers as a listener, and which, in a great measure, unfolds the plot to the reader.

It appears that Persina, consort of Hydaspes, King of Ethiopia, had given birth, in consequence of one of those accidents which will sometimes happen in the best regulated families, to a *white* or fair-complexioned daughter; † and dreading lest the hue of her offspring, unusual in that country, might draw on herself suspicions which might expose her to certain pains and penalties, she secretly committed the infant to the care of Sisimithres, an officer of the court, placing at the same time in his hands, as tokens by which she might afterwards be recognised, various costly ornaments, especially a ring which had been given her by the king at their nuptials, bearing “the royal symbol engraven within a circle on the talismanic stone *Pantarbé*,” and a fillet on which was embroidered, in the Ethiopic character, ‡ the story of the child's birth. Under the guardian-

* Before setting out on this expedition, he “reduces his hair to a more moderate quantity than that usually worn by robbers.” Thus, the Italian bravoes of the middle ages, when they repented their evil ways, were wont to “shave the tuft,” which was thrown over the face as a disguise; hence the phrase, *radere il ciuffo*, still used as synonymous with becoming an honest man. See Manzoni's well-known romance of “*I Promessi Sposi*.”

† The incidents of the birth of Chariclea have been copied by Tasso in the story of Clorinda, as related to her by Arsete, in the 12th canto of “*Gierusalemme Liberata*.” In the “*Shah-Nameh*,” also, Zal, the father of the Persian hero Rustan, being born *with white hair*, is exposed by his father Sam on the mountain of Elborz, where he is preserved and brought up by the giant-bird Simorgh.

‡ “In the *royal* character”—“*γράμμασιν Αἰθιοπικαῖς οὐ δημοτικαῖς, ἀλλὰ βασιλικαῖς*.” This distinction between the royal and popular system of hieroglyphics, as well as the etiquette, before mentioned, of inscribing the title of the king within a circle or oval, is borrowed, as need hardly be mentioned, from the monuments of Egypt.

ship of Sisimithres, she remained seven years; till, fearing for her safety if she continued in Ethiopia, he took the opportunity of his being sent to Thèbes as ambassador from Hydaspes to the Satrap of Egypt, to transfer his charge, with the tokens attached to her, to a priest of the Delphian Apollo, named Charicles, who was travelling in search of consolation for domestic afflictions. Before Sisimithres, however, had time to explain the previous history of the foundling, he was compelled to leave Egypt in haste; and Charicles, carrying her with him on his return to his Grecian home, adopted her as his daughter, and gave her the name of Chariclea. She grew up at Delphi a miracle of grace and beauty, dedicating herself to the service of the temple, and obedient to the will of her supposed father in all points, except one, her determination to lead a single life. At this juncture, Calasiris (who, as it now incidentally transpires, is father of Thyamis and his rival-brother Potosiris) arrives at Delphi during the celebration of the Pythian games, having found it expedient to absent himself from Egypt for a time, for various family reasons, and more especially on account of the prediction of an oracle, that he should live to see his two sons engaged with each other in mortal conflict. A favourable response, vouchsafed to him by the Pythia from the tripod, at his entrance into the fane of Apollo, having pointed him out as a personage of consideration, he is treated with high distinction by Charicles, who confides to him the history of Chariclea, as far as he is himself acquainted with it, and entreats him to dispose her, by those occult sciences in which the Egyptian priests were supposed to be versed, to listen to the suit of his nephew Alcámenes, whom he had destined for her husband. Calasiris promises compliance; but the scene is now changed by the arrival of a magnificent deputation from the Ænians, a noble tribe of Thessaly, headed by a princely youth named Theagenes, who, as a reputed descendant of Achilles, has come to sacrifice at the shrine of his ancestor Neoptolemus. The pomp and pageantry of the ceremonial is described in vivid language, and with considerable effect: and as a specimen of our

author's manner, we shall quote the procession of the Thessalians to the temple.

"In the van came the oxen destined for sacrifice, led by men of rustic guise and rude demeanour, each clad in a white tunic closely girt about him, with the right arm bare to the shoulder, and brandishing a double-headed axe. The oxen were all black without mixture, with massive necks, low-hung dewlaps, and straight and even horns, which in some were gilt, in the others twined with garlands; and their number was neither more nor less than a hundred—a true hecatomb. Next followed the rest of the victims, each kind of animal kept separate and in order, and all marshalled to the sound of flutes and other wind instruments. Then appeared, in rich and flowing robes, and with their long locks floating loose on their shoulders, a band of the deep-zoned virgins of Thessaly, divided into two separate sets or choruses, the first of which bore baskets of flowers and ripe fruit, while those in the second carried salvers of sweetmeats and rich perfumes, which filled the air with the mingled fragrance breathing from them; but these light burdens were supported on their heads, thus leaving their hands free to be joined in the movements of the dance, to the slow and stately measure of which they advanced; while one chorus led the hymn, the strains of which were taken up by the other, in praise of Peleus and Thetis, their hero-son, and Neoptolemus and the other heroes of his race. The alternate rhythm of the chant keeping time with the fall of their footsteps, riveted the attention of the spectators, who seemed spell-bound by the sweet voices of the maidens, till the cavalcade which succeeded, flashing out from the crowd beyond, with their princely leader at their head, once more attracted all eyes to themselves. The troop consisted of fifty horsemen, who rode like guards in double file, twenty-five on each side of the chief, arrayed all alike in white cloaks with borders of azure embroidery, clasped across the breast with golden buckles, and with buskins laced above the ankle with scarlet thongs. Their steeds were all of that generous breed which the rich plains of Thessaly alone produce, and pawed the ground as if impatient of

the bit by which their ardour was restrained by their riders; and the silver and gold which glittered on their frontlets and caparisons, showed the rivalry prevailing among these cavaliers in the splendour of the equipments, rather of their coursers than themselves. But it was on him who rode in the midst of this gallant party, eclipsing all his comrades as the glare of lightning seems to obscure all lesser luminaries, that the eyes of the gazing crowd were now fixed. He was completely armed at all points, except his head, and grasped in his hand an ashen lance; while a scarlet cloak, on which was depicted, in figures of gold tissue, the battle of the Centaurs with the Lapithæ, flowed loose over his panoply, and was fastened in front with a clasp, representing Pallas sculptured in amber, and holding before her the Gorgon's head on her shield. The breeze, which blew back his locks from his forehead, gave his features more fully to view; and even the horse which bore him seemed to move with a statelier gait, arching his neck and proudly caracoling, as if conscious of the noble presence of his master; while the admiration of the surrounding multitude burst out into a spontaneous shout of applause, and some of the women of the lower class even threw fruit and flowers towards him, in the hope, I suppose, of drawing on themselves a glance of acknowledgement from his eye."

The cavalier thus eulogized by Calasiris is of course Theagenes, who, after thrice encompassing in due form the tomb of Neoptolemus, at length reaches the Temple of Apollo; but, during the performance of the ceremonial, it falls to his lot to receive the torch with which the altar is to be kindled from the hand of Chariclea, and love at first sight, mutual and instantaneous, is the result. The aid of Calasiris is again invoked by both the lovers; and the good old gentleman, whose knowledge of the Ethiopian hieroglyphics, by enabling him to decipher the mysterious inscription on the fillet, has put him in possession of the true parentage of Chariclea,

(which he does not, however, communicate to Charicles,) at once resolves to contrive their elopement, being further stimulated thereto by Apollo in a dream—the agency of dreams, it should be remarked, being introduced on almost every possible occasion throughout the narrative, and their dictates in all cases religiously acted upon by the parties interested. A passage is procured on board a Phœnician ship opportunely lying in the Crissæan Gulf, the nearest point of the coast to Delphi; and the abduction of Chariclea having been effected by apparent violence by the companions of Theagenes, the trio set sail for Sicily, the fugitives passing as the children of Calasiris. The voyage is at first prosperous; but the ship happening to touch at Zacynthus, the beauty of Chariclea attracts the eye of a noted pirate named Trachinus, who, when the vessel resumes her course, pursues and captures her after a long chase, and turning the crew adrift in the boat,* and carries his prize, with his three captives, to the coast of Egypt, where he prepares a feast on the beach, from the materials furnished by the rich cargo of the Phœnician ship, in honour of his intended nuptials. Calasiris, however, whose genius seems ever fertile in expedients, has contrived to possess the mind of Pelorus, the pirate lieutenant, with the belief that he is the object of the fair captive's preference; and his assertion at the banquet of his claims gives rise to a furious conflict among the intoxicated pirates, ending in the slaughter of the whole party except Pelorus himself, who in turn falls by the sword of Theagenes. Calasiris, who had prudently retired to a safe distance till the fighting was over, is now on the point of coming forward to aid Chariclea in the care of her wounded lover, when he is anticipated by the arrival of the robbers, by whom, as related at the commencement of the story, he sees his protégés carried off.

Before this recital, however, had been brought to a close, Nausicles,† the master of the house, returns, and

* The capture of the vessel has furnished the subject of a painting by Raffaele and Giulio Romano.

† He is called "A merchant of Naucratis," though resident in Chemmis. But Naucratis, as we find from Herodotus, (ii. 179,) "was of old the only free

the cause of his absence is explained. An Athenian mistress whom he had brought from Greece had fallen into the hands of the freebooters; and Nausicles, having procured the aid of a body of Persian troops from the governor of the district, had proceeded against the buccanier settlement in order to recover her. On reaching the island, however, they find only Theagenes and Chariclea, Cnemon and Thermuthis having just started on their voyage of discovery; and Nausicles, disappointed of finding her whom he sought, (and who was no other than the faithless Thisbe, slain, as above related, in the battle,) conceived the idea of claiming Chariclea in her place by way of indemnity; while Theagenes was sent off to Memphis by the Persian officer, who deemed that his beauty and noble bearing would make him an acceptable addition to the household* of the Satrap Oroondates. The lovers are thus again separated, and Chariclea is in despair; but, on arriving at the house of Nausicles, she is of course immediately recognised and reclaimed by Calasiris. Cnemon, who seems to have as extraordinary a genius for sudden friendships as the two heroines in the "Rovers," marries the fair daughter of Nausicles after a few hours' courtship, and at once sets sail with his father-in-law for Greece, having ascertained from him that the detection of his enemies had now made his return safe:—And Calasiris and Chariclea, disguised as beggars, set out in search of the lost Theagenes. That luckless hero had, meanwhile, been re-captured on his road to Memphis, by his old friend Thyamis, who, having escaped (it does not exactly appear how) from the emissaries of his treacherous brother, with whom the attack on the island proves to have originated, is now at the head of another and more powerful body of the buccanier fraternity, in the district of Bessa. He receives Theagenes

with great cordiality, and, having beaten off an attack from the Persian troops, takes the bold resolution of leading his lawless followers against Memphis itself, in order to reclaim his right to the priesthood, while Oroondates is engaged on the southern frontier in withstanding an invasion of the Ethiopians. Arsace, the wife of the sátrap, who is acting as vicerent for her husband, unprovided with troops to repel this sudden incursion, proposes that the two brothers shall settle the ecclesiastical succession by single combat; and a duel accordingly takes place under the walls of Memphis, in which Petosiris is getting considerably the worst of it, when the combat is interrupted by the arrival of Chariclea and Calasiris, who thus witnesses the spectacle foretold by the oracle—(the dread of seeing which had driven him into voluntary exile)—his two sons aiming at each other's life. The situation is a well-conceived one, and described with spirit. Calasiris is recognised by his penitent sons, and himself resumes the priesthood, the contested vacancy in which had been occasioned only by his absence and supposed death. The lovers are received as his guests in the temple of Isis, and all seems on the point of ending happily, when Calasiris, as if the object of his existence had been accomplished in the fulfilment of the oracle, is found the same night dead in his bed.

The loss of their old protector soon involves them in a fresh maze of troubles. Thyamis, indeed, whose elevation to the high priesthood seems to have driven his former love for Chariclea out of his head, still continues their friend; but Arsace, the haughty consort of the satrap, who is represented as a princess of the royal blood of Persia, and a prototype of Catharine of Russia in her amours, has already cast her eyes on Theagenes, whose personal attractions seem on all occasions to have been as irresistible by the

port of Egypt; and, if any trader came to one of the other mouths of the Nile, he was put upon oath that his coming was involuntary, and was then made to sail to the Canopic mouth. But, if contrary winds prevented him from doing this, he was obliged to send his cargo in barges round the Delta to Naucratis, so strict was the regulation." Amasis was the first king who had permitted the trade of the Greeks at this port, [ib. 178,] and the restriction appears to have been continued under the Persian rule:

* The establishment of household slaves or *Mamlukes* seems to have been nearly on the same footing with the ancient as with the modern Persians.

ladies as those of the fair partner of his wanderings by the other sex.* Under pretence of removing them from the temple during the period of mourning for Calasiris, they are lodged in the palace of the satrapess, where the constancy of the hero is exposed to a variety of perilous temptations, but comes forth, of course, unscathed from the ordeal. The love of ladies thus rejected has been prone, in all ages and countries, particularly in Egypt since the days of Yusuf and Zuleikha,† to turn into hatred; and Arsace is no exception to this long-established usage. Theagenes is accordingly thrown into a dungeon, and regularly bastinadoed under the superintendence of a eunuch, in order to instil into him proper notions of gallantry; while an attempt on the life of Chariclea, whom Arsace has discovered not to be his sister, fails through the mistake of an attendant, who delivers the poisoned goblet intended for her to Cybele, the princess's nurse and confidante, and the contriver of the plot. Chariclea, however, is condemned on this pretext to be burned alive as a poisoner; but the flames recoil before the magical influence of the gem *Pantarbé*, which she wears in her mother's ring; and before Arsace has time to devise any fresh scheme for her destruction, the confidential eunuch of Oroondates, to whom the misdeeds of his spouse had become known, arrives from the camp of Syene with orders to bring the two captives to the presence of the satrap. Arsace commits suicide in despair; but the escort of the lovers, while travelling along the banks of the Nile, is surprised by a roving party of Ethiopians; and they are carried to the camp of Hydaspes, by whom they are destined, according to Ethiopian usage, to be hereafter sacrificed to the sun and moon—the national deities of

the country, as first-fruits of the war. A long account is now introduced of the siege and capture of Syene by the Ethiopians, and the victory of Hydaspes over Oroondates, which occupies the whole of the ninth book; and though in itself not ill told, is misplaced, as interrupting the narrative at the most critical point of the story. Peace is at last concluded between the belligerents; and Hydaspes, returning in triumph to his capital of Meroë, holds a grand national festival of thanksgiving, at which the victims are to be sacrificed. The secret of her birth had, however, been revealed to Chariclea by Calasiris before the elopement from Delphi, and when on the point of being led to the altar, she suddenly throws herself at the feet of the Queen Persina, and, producing the well-remembered token of the fillet and the ring, claims the protection of her parents. The recognition of the mother is instantaneous; but Hydaspes, who had always believed that the child to which his queen gave birth had died in early infancy, remains incredulous, till his doubts are removed by the evidence of Sisimithres, who identifies Chariclea as the child which he had confided, ten years before, to the care of Charicles. At this juncture Charicles himself appears, having come to Egypt to reclaim his lost child from Calasiris, and thence having been sent on by Oroondates to the court of Ethiopia:—and the denouement, as far as the heroine is concerned, is now complete. Theagenes, however, still remains doomed, and Hydaspes seems unwilling to relinquish his victim; but, after an interval of suspense, during which he incidentally performs various exploits rather unusual in a man in momentary expectation of death,‡ he is spared, at the vehement intercession of Persina,

* In all the Greek romances, it seems almost inevitable that all the male characters should fall in love with the heroine, and all the females with the hero; and, this is, in some of them, carried to a ludicrous degree of absurdity.

† The name of Potiphar's wife, according to the 12th chapter of the Koran. The story of Yusuf and Zuleikha forms the subject of one of the most beautiful poems in the Persian language, by Jami.

‡ One of these consists in pursuing a wild bull on horseback, and throwing himself from the horse on the neck of the bull, which he seizes by the horns, and then, by main force wrenching his neck round, hurls him powerless to the ground on his back! Such an achievement appears almost incredible; but it is represented, in all its particulars, in one of the Arundel marbles, (Marmor. Oxon. Selden, xxxviii,) under the name of *Ταυροκαθάψια*, and is mentioned as a national

to whom Chariclea has revealed her love for the young Thessalian. The voice of the people, raised in acclamation at this deed of clemency, is ratified by the approbation of Sisimithres and the Gymnosophists, and all difficulties are now at an end. The betrothal of Theagenes and Chariclea is publicly announced; and, at the termination of the festival, they return in state into the city, with Hydaspes and Persina, as the acknowledged heirs of the kingdom.

Such is the general outline of the story, which, as will have been perceived, is far from deficient either in incident or in strikingly imagined situations; but the merit of the conceptions is too often marred by the mismanagement of the details, and the unskilful arrangement of the different parts of the narrative. Thus all the circumstances of the early history of Chariclea, and the rise of the mutual affection between her and Theagenes, and of their adventurous flight, are made known through a long episode awkwardly put into the mouth of a third person, who himself knows great part of them only at second-hand, and voluntarily related by him to one with whom his acquaintance is scarcely of an hour's standing. This mode of narration, in which one of the characters is introduced (like the prologue in an old play) to recount the previous adventures of the others, is in itself at all times defective; since it injures the effect of the relation by depriving it of those accessory touches which the author, from his conventionally admitted insight into the feelings and motives of his characters, is privileged to supply: whereas a speaker in the first person must necessarily confine himself, unless when narrating his own adventures, to the points which have fallen under his personal observation. In the present instance it is, moreover, needless, as the whole episode might as well have been told in the ordinary manner. The endless captures and recaptures of the lovers, who are continually bandied about from one set of pirates, robbers, or plundering soldiers to an-

other, become, at length, wearisome from repetition; and the dramatic force of the conclusion, which would otherwise be highly effective, is weakened by the knowledge which the reader possesses, that Chariclea is all along aware of the secret of her own parentage, and that she has only to produce the fillet and ring in order to ensure her deliverance from the dreadful doom which appears to threaten her. The improbability of some of the incidents, and the awkward manner in which others are brought about, have been much objected to by modern critics, and it must be admitted that some better way might be found to dispose of personages whose agency was no longer needed, than to cut them off by sudden death, like Calasiris, or by the bite of a venomous serpent, like Thermuthis. But the mechanical art (as it may almost be called) of constructing a story was then in its infancy; and the violations of probability which have been laid to the charge of Heliodorus, are, after all, much less flagrant than those of Achilles Tatius, and infinitely less so than those of any of the other Greek writers of romance; nor would many of our modern novelists, perhaps, gain much by the comparison.

The characters are of very different degrees of merit. Theagenes is as insipid and uninteresting as one of Walter Scott's well-behaved heroes; and his entreaties to Chariclea, in the final scene, no longer to delay making herself known to her parents, betray a most laudable instinct of self-preservation. The deeds of strength and valour which he is occasionally made to perform, seem rather to arise from the author's remembering that his hero must do something to support the character, than to result naturally from the situations in which he is placed; and his love of decorum is carried, on all occasions, to an absurd extent of prudery. "*Le héros de la pièce est d'une sagesse qui a donné lieu à des railleries assez plaisantes,*" says Bayle; though the instance usually cited—a box on the ear, which he gives Chariclea, when she ap-

sport of Thessaly, the native country of Theagenes, both by Pliny (*Hist. Nat.* viii. 45), and by Suetonius (*Claud.* cap. 21)—"He exhibited," (says the latter writer,) "Thessalian horsemen who drive wild bulls round and round the circus, and leaping on them when they are weary, bring them to the ground by the horns."

proaches him in her beggar's dress, under the walls of Memphis, and attempts to throw herself into his arms, is scarcely a fair one, as he does not at the time recognize his beloved under her unbecoming disguise. The character of Chariclea herself, however, makes ample amends for the defects of that of her lover; and this superiority of the heroine, it may be observed, is almost invariable in the early Greek romances. The masculine firmness and presence of mind which she evinces in situations of peril and difficulty, combined at all times with feminine delicacy, and the warmth and confiding simplicity of her love for Theagenes, attach to her a degree of interest which belongs to none of the other personages; and her spontaneous burst of grateful affection, on recognizing, at Meroë, the voice of her foster-father, Charicles, is expressed with exquisite tenderness. Of the subordinate characters little need be said. Charicles is a mere impersonation of benevolence and parental love; and Cnemon seems to have been introduced for little else than to tell his own long story, and listen to that of Calasiris in return. The old Egyptian priest, however, is a sketch of considerable merit. Like Scott's Peregrine Touchwood, though abundantly zealous at all times to serve his friends, he cannot find it in his heart to take any but the most round-about way of doing so; but he is never disconcerted by any of the untoward results of his schemes, and relates to Cnemon, with the most perfect self-complacency, the deceit which he had practised on his confiding host, Charicles, in helping Theagenes to steal away his adopted daughter, and the various scrapes into which his protégés had fallen under his guidance. He has, moreover, pet theories of his own on the phenomena of the Nile, the cause of the roughness of the Ionian Sea, and various other matters, in which he indoctrinates Cnemon *par parenthèse*: he is an enthusiastic admirer and constant quoter of Homer, whose Egyptian birth (at Thebes the hundred-gated) he maintains with all the zeal of a Highlander defending the authenticity of Ossian; and, on the whole, we cannot but think the author has scarcely used him well, in not allowing him to live to see his efforts crowned with success, and to

enjoy the honours which would doubtless have been heaped upon him at the court of Ethiopia.

The author appears to take especial delight in accounts of costumes, processions, sacrifices, &c.; the details given of which are often valuable in an antiquarian point of view; and his information upon these subjects, as well as of the manners of the countries in which the scene is laid, as far as our knowledge of the present day will enable us to decide, is extremely correct. One of the most curious morceaux of this sort, is a minute description of the complete armour for horse and man, worn by the élite of the cavalry in the army of Oroondates; and which, though probably taken from that used by the troops of the Sassanian monarchs cotemporary with Heliodorus, is equally applicable to the period at which the scene is laid; since numerous passages in ancient authors show, that from the earliest times up to the Mohammedan conquest, the Persian nobles and heavy cavalry used panoply as impenetrable as the European chivalry of the middle ages. Among the other scattered traits of manners, it will be remarked as singular, according to the ideas of the present day, that open piracy and robbery are neither spoken of as disreputable, nor as attaching any slur to those who exercised them; inso-much, that the notoriety of Thyamis, having been a chief of freebooters, is not regarded as any obstacle to his assumption of the high-priesthood. But this, it will be found, was strictly in accordance with the manners of the ancient Greeks, among whom piracy was so far from being looked upon in any other light than that of an honourable profession, that Nestor himself, in the third book of the *Odyssey*, asks his guests, Telemachus and Mentor, as an ordinary question, whether business or piracy was the object of their voyage. But the *Bucoli* (herdsmen or buccaniers,) over whom Thyamis held command, should probably, notwithstanding their practice of rapine, be regarded not so much as robbers as in the light of outlaws, who had taken refuge in these impenetrable marshes from the yoke of the Persians; and their constant conflicts with the Persian troops, as well as the march of Thyamis upon Memphis, confirm the opinion that this was the

intention of the author. That these vast marshes of the Delta were in fact, throughout the period of Persian rule in Egypt, the strongholds of Egyptian independence, admits of abundant demonstration from the Greek historians:—it was here, in the mysterious island of Elbo, that Amyrtæus, (called by Thucydides “the king of the marshes,”) held out after the reconquest of Egypt by Megabysus, B. C. 454, “for they could not take him on account of the great extent of the marsh; besides which, the marshmen are the most warlike of all the Egyptians.”* This view of the subject has, at least, the advantage of placing Thyamis in a more respectable light than that of a mere marauder; though his mode of life under either supposition, would be considered, according to modern notions, as a strange training for the sacerdotal office.

Few if any works of fiction have enjoyed so long and widely diffused a celebrity, as the Ethiopics. Whatever credit may be attached to the story preserved by Nicephorus, of the deposition of Heliodorus from his see, it at least affords evidence of the high popularity of the work, even during the lifetime of the author; and we have the personal testimony of Nicephorus himself, that in his own time, five centuries later, it was still regarded with undiminished favour. Down to the fall of the Greek empire, its style and incidents continued to furnish a model to all the wretched scribblers who attempted the composition of romances—nor was its fame confined within the limits of the language in which it was written. It found a place in the

famous library of Matthias Corvinus at Buda; and the dispersion of that celebrated collection on the capture of the city by the Ottomans after the battle of Mohács, in 1526, first made it known to western Europe: the first edition by Obsopœus,† (printed at Basle in 1534,) having been taken in MS. which fell into the possession of a soldier on this occasion. Among the literati of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, its popularity seems almost to have equalled that which it had enjoyed in its native country. Tasso, as has already been noticed, borrowed from it the episode of Clorinda—and Racine (one of whose early productions was also founded upon it) was, in his younger days, so enthusiastic an admirer of it, that when the volume was taken from him by his tutor at Port-Royal, he replied that it mattered little, as he knew the whole by heart! The numerous translations, however, which have appeared in various languages, particularly in French and English, are little calculated to add, by the merits of their execution, to the favour of the work; one English *poetical* version in particular, by Lisle, published in 1527, is one of the most precious specimens of balderdash in existence—a perfect literary curiosity in its way! Of the others, we need mention only the French one of Amyot, (1558,) not for its merits, but from the author’s having been rewarded by Henry II. of France with the nomination to an abbey—as if in tardy compensation to Heliodorus, in the person of his literary representative, for the see from which the authorship is said to have caused his expulsion.

* Thuc. i. cap. 110. The island of Elbo, according to Herodotus, who gives a curious account of the Egyptian marshes and their inhabitants, had been constructed of *cinders*, in long past times, by a king who lay concealed for fifty years from the Ethiopians; but no man knew its situation, till it was again brought to light, after having been lost for five hundred years, by Amyrtæus.

† Of the later editions of the Greek text, the best are those of Coray, Paris, 1804; and Mitscherlich, Strasburg, 1797.

PAST AND PRESENT, BY CARLYLE.

MR CARLYLE—an astute and trenchant critic might, with show of justice, remark—assumes to be the reformer and castigator of his age—a reformer in philosophy, in politics, in religion—denouncing its *mechanical* method of thinking, deploring its utter want of *faith*, and threatening political society, obstinately deaf to the voice of wisdom, with the retributive horrors of repeated revolutions; and yet neither in philosophy, in religion, nor in politics, has Mr Carlyle any distinct dogma, creed, or constitution to promulgate. The age is irreligious, he exclaims, and the vague feeling of the impenetrable mystery which encompasses us, is all the theology we can gather from him; civil society, with its laws and government, is in a false and perilous position, and for all relief and reformation, he launches forth an indisputable morality—precepts of charity, and self-denial, and strenuous effort—precepts most excellent, and only *too* applicable; applicable, unfortunately, after an *à priori* fashion—for if men would but obey them, there had been need of few laws, and of no remedial measures.

This man of faith—our critic might continue—has but one everlasting note; and it is really the most sceptical and melancholy that has ever been heard, or heard with toleration, in our literature. He repeats it from his favourite apostle Goethe; “all doubt is to be cured only—by action.” Certainly, if *forgetting* the doubt, and the subject of doubt, be the sole cure for it. But that other advice which Mr Carlyle tells us was given, and in vain, to George Fox, the Quaker, at a time when he was agitated by doubts and perplexities, namely, “to drink beer and dance with the girls,” was of the very same stamp, and would have operated in the very same manner, to the removing of the pious Quaker’s doubts. Faith! ye lack faith! cries this prophet in our streets; and when reproved and distressed scepticism enquires where truth is to be found, he bids it back to the loom or the forge, to its tools and its workshop, of whatever kind these may be—there to forget the enquiry.

The religion, or, if he pleases, the

formula of religion, which helps to keep men sober and orderly, Mr Carlyle despises, ridicules; “old clothes!” he cries, empty and ragged. It is not till a man has risen into frenzy, or some hot fanaticism, that he deserves his respect. An Irving, when his noble spirit, kindled to fever heat, is seized with delirium, becomes worthy of some admiration. A Cromwell is pronounced emphatically to have believed in a God, and *therefore* to have been “by far the remarkablest governor we have had here for the last five centuries or so.” Meanwhile, is it the faith of an Irving, or the God of a Cromwell, that our subtle-minded author would have us adopt, or would adopt himself? If he scorn the easy, methodical citizen, who plods along the beaten tracks of life, looking occasionally, in his demure, self-satisfied manner, upwards to the heavens, but with no other result than to plod more perseveringly along his very earthy track, it follows not that there is any one order of fanatic spirits with whom he would associate, to whose theology he would yield assent. Verily, no. He demands faith—he gives no creed. What is it *you* teach? a plain-speaking man would exclaim; where is your church? have you also your thirty-nine articles? have you nine? have you *one* stout article of creed that will bear the rubs of fortune—bear the temptations of prosperity or a dietary system—stand both sunshine and the wind—which will keep virtue steady when disposed to reel, and drive back crime to her penal caverns of remorse? What would you answer, O philosopher! if a simple body should ask you, quite in confidence, where wicked people go to?

Were it not better for those to whom philosophy has brought the sad necessity of doubt, to endure this also patiently and silently, as one of the inevitable conditions of human existence? Were not this better than to rail incessantly against the world, for a want of that sentiment which *they* have no means to excite or to authorize?

The same inconsequence in politics. We have *Chartism* preached by one

not a Chartist—by one who has no more his *five points* of Radicalism than his *five points* of Calvinistic divinity—who has no trust in democracy—who swears by no theory of representative government—who will never believe that a multitude of men, foolish and selfish, will elect the disinterested and the wise. Your constitution, your laws, your “horse-haired justice” that sits in Westminster Hall, he likes them not; but he propounds himself no scheme of polity. Reform yourselves, one and all, ye individual men! and the nation will be reformed; practise justice, charity, self-denial, and then all mortals may work and eat. This is the most distinct advice he bestows. Alas! it is advice such as this that the Christian preacher, century after century, utters from his pulpit, which he makes the staple of his eloquence, and which he and his listeners are contented to applaud; and the more contented probably to applaud, as, on all hands, it is tacitly understood to be far *too good*, to be practised.

In fine, turn which way you will, to philosophy, to politics, to religion, you find Mr Carlyle objecting, denouncing, scoffing, rending all to pieces in his bold, reckless, ironical, manner—but *teaching* nothing. The most docile pupil, when he opens his tablets to put down the precious sum of wisdom he has learned, pauses—finds his pencil motionless, and leaves his tablet still a blank.

Now all this, and more of the same kind, which our astute and trenchant critic might urge, may be true, or very like the truth, but it is not the whole truth.

“To speak a little pedantically,” says our author himself, in a paper called *Signs of the Times*, “there is a science of *Dynamics* in man’s fortune and nature, as well as of *Mechanics*. There is a science which treats of, and practically addresses, the primary, unmodified, forces and energies of man, the mysterious springs of love, and fear, and wonder, of enthusiasm, poetry—religion, all which have a truly vital and *infinite* character; as well as a science which practically addresses the finite, modified developments of these, when they take the shape of immediate ‘motives,’ as hope of reward, or as fear of punishment. Now it is certain, that in former times the

wise men, the enlightened lovers of their kind, who appeared generally as moralists, poets, or priests, did, without neglecting the mechanical province, deal chiefly with the dynamical; applying themselves chiefly to regulate, increase, and purify, the inward primary powers of man; and fancying that herein lay the main difficulty, and the best service they could undertake.” —*Misc.* vol. ii. p. 277.

In such *Dynamics* it is that Mr Carlyle deals. To speak in our own plain common-place diction, it is to the elements of all religious feeling, to the broad unalterable principles of morality, that he addresses himself; stirring up in the minds of his readers those sentiments of reverence to the Highest, and of justice to all, even to the lowest, which can never utterly die out in any man, but which slumber in the greater number of us. It is by no means necessary to teach any peculiar or positive doctrine in order to exert an influence on society. After all, there is a moral heart beating at the very centre of this world. Touch it, and there is a responsive movement through the whole system of the world. Undoubtedly external circumstances rule in their turn over this same central pulsation: alter, arrange, and modify, these external circumstances as best you can, but he who, by the *word* he speaks or writes, can reach this central pulse immediately—is he idle, is he profitless?

Or put it thus: there is a justice between man and man—older, and more stable, and more lofty in its requisitions, than that which sits in ermine, or, if our author pleases, in “horse-hair,” at Westminster Hall; there is a morality recognized by the intellect and the heart of all reflective men, higher and purer than what the present forms of society exact or render feasible—or rather say, a morality of more exalted character than that which has hitherto determined those forms of society. No man who believes that the teaching of Christ was authorized of heaven—no man who believes this only, that his doctrine has obtained and preserved its heavenly character from the successful, unanswerable, appeal which it makes to the human heart—can dispute this fact. Is he an idler, then, or a dreamer in the land, who comes forth, and on the high-road of our popular literature, insists

on it that men should assume their full *moral strength*, and declares that herein lies the salvation of the world? But what can he do if the external circumstances of life are against him?—if they crush this moral energy?—if they discountenance this elevation of character? Alone—perhaps nothing. He with both hands is raising one end of the beam; go you with your tackle, with rope and pulley, and all mechanical appliances, to the other end, and who knows but something may be effected?

It is not by teaching this or that dogma, political, philosophical, or religious, that Mr Carlyle is doing his *work*, and exerting an influence, by no means despicable, on his generation. It is by producing a certain moral tone of thought, of a stern, manly, energetic, self-denying character, that his best influence consists. Accordingly we are accustomed to view his works, even when they especially regard communities of men, and take the name of histories, as, in effect, appeals to the individual heart, and to the moral will of the reader. His mind is not legislative; his mode of thinking is not systematic; a state economy he has not the skill, perhaps not the pretension, to devise. When he treats of nations, and governments, and revolutions of states, he views them all as a wondrous picture, which he, the observer, standing apart, watches and apostrophizes; still revealing *himself* in his reflections upon them. The picture to the eye, he gives with marvellous vividness; and he puts forth, with equal power, that sort of world-wide reflection which a thinking being might be supposed to make on his first visit to our planet; but the space between—those intermediate generalizations which make the pride of the philosophical historian—he neglects, has no taste for. Such a writer as Montesquieu he holds in manifest antipathy. His *History of the French Revolution*, like his *Chartism*, like the work now before us, his *Past and Present*, is still an appeal to the consciousness of each man, and to the high and eternal laws of justice and of charity—lo, ye are brethren!

And although it be true, as our critic has suggested, that to enlarge upon the misery which lies low and wide over the whole ground-plot of civilized society, without at the same time

devising an effectual remedy, is a most unsatisfactory business; nevertheless, this also must be added, that to forget the existence of this misery would not be to cure it—would, on the contrary, be a certain method of perpetuating and aggravating it; that to *try* to forget it, is as little wise as it is humane, and that indeed such act of oblivion is altogether impossible. If crowds of artisans, coming forth from homes where there is neither food nor work, shall say, in the words that our author puts into their mouths, “Behold us here—we ask if you mean to lead us towards work; to try to lead us? Or if you declare that you cannot lead us? And expect that we are to remain quietly unled; and in a composed manner perish of starvation? What is it that you expect of us? What is it that you mean to do with us?”—if, we say, such a question is asked, we may not be able to answer, but we cannot stifle it. Surely it is well that every class in the community should know how indissolubly its interest is connected with the well-being of other classes. However remote the man of wealth may sit from scenes like this—however reluctant he may be to hear of them—nothing can be more true than that this distress is *his calamity*, and that on him also lies the inevitable alternative to remedy or to suffer.

It accords with the view we have here taken of the writings of Mr Carlyle, that of all his works that which pleased us most was the one most completely *personal* in its character, which most constantly kept the reader in a state of self-reflection. In spite of all its oddities and vagaries, and the chaotic shape into which its materials have been thrown, the *Sartor Resartus* is a prime favourite of ours—a sort of volcanic work; and the reader stands by, with folded arms, resolved at all events to secure peace within his own bosom. But no sluggard’s peace; his arms are folded, not for idleness, only to repress certain vain tremors and vainer sighs. He feels the calm of self-renunciation, but united with no monkish indolence. Here is a fragment of it. How it rebukes the spirit of strife and contention!

“To me, in this our life,” says the Professor, “which is an internecine warfare with the time-spirit, other warfare seems questionable. Hast thou in any

way a contention with thy brother, I advise thee, think well what the meaning thereof is. If thou gauge it to the bottom, it is simply this—'Fellow, see! thou art taking more than thy share of happiness in the world, something from *my* share; which, by the heavens, thou shalt not; nay, I will fight thee rather.' Alas! and the whole lot to be divided is such a beggarly matter, truly a 'feast of shells,' for the substance has been spilled out: not enough to quench one appetite; and the collective human species clutching at them! Can we not, in all such cases, rather say—'Take it, thou too ravenous individual; take that pitiful additional fraction of a share, which I reckoned mine, but which thou so wanted; take it with a blessing: would to heaven I had enough for thee!'—P. 200.

Truisms! Preachments repeated from Solomon downwards! some quick, impatient reader, all animal irritability, will exclaim—Good, but it is the very prerogative of genius, in every age, to revive truisms such as these, and make them burn in our hearts. Many a man in his hour of depression, when resolution is sicklied over by the pale cast of thought, will find, in the writings of Carlyle, a freshening stimulant, better than the wine-cup, or even the laughter of a friend, can give. In some of his biographical sketches, with what force has he brought out the moral resolution which animated, or ought to have animated, the man of whom he is writing! We shall have occasion, by and by, to notice what, to our mind, appears a mere perversion of thought, and a mischievous exaggeration in our author, who, in his love of a certain *energy* of character, has often made this energy (apart from a moral purpose) the test and rule of his admiration. But at present turn to his admirable estimation of Dr Samuel Johnson, and the noble regret which he throws over the memory of Burns. A portion of the first we cannot resist extracting. What a keen mountain air, bracing to the nerves, mortal to languor and complaint, blows over us from passages such as these:—

"The courage we desire and prize is not the courage to die decently, but to live manfully. Johnson, in the eighteenth century, and as a man of letters, was, in good truth, 'the bravest of the brave.' What mortal could have more to war

with? Yet, as we saw, he yielded not, faltered not; he fought, and even, such was his blessedness, prevailed. Whoso will understand what it is to have a man's heart, may find that, since the time of John Milton, no braver heart had beat in any English bosom than Samuel Johnson now bore. Observe, too, that he never called himself brave, never felt himself to be so; the more completely *was* he so. No Giant Despair, no Golgotha Death-Dance, or Sorcerer's Sabbath of 'Literary Life in London,' appals this pilgrim; he works resolutely for deliverance; in still defiance steps stoutly along. The thing that is given him to do he can make himself do; what is to be endured he can endure in silence.

"How the great soul of old Samuel, consuming daily his own bitter, unalleviable allotment of misery and toil, shows beside the poor, flimsy, little soul of young Boswell; one day flaunting in the ring of vanity, tarrying by the wine-cup, and crying, Aha, the wine is red; the next day deploring his down-pressed, night-shaded, quite poor estate; and thinking it unkind that the whole movement of the universe should go on, while *his* digestive apparatus had stopped! We reckon Johnson's 'talent of silence' to be among his great and rare gifts. Where there is nothing further to be done, there shall nothing further be said; like his own poor, blind, Welshwoman, he accomplished somewhat, and also 'endured fifty years of wretchedness with unshaken fortitude.' How grim was life to him; a sick prison-house and doubting-castle! 'His great business,' he would profess, 'was to escape from himself.' Yet towards all this he has taken his position and resolution; can dismiss it all 'with frigid indifference, having little to hope or to fear.' Friends are stupid, and pusillanimous, and parsimonious; 'wearied of his stay, yet offended at his departure;' it is the manner of the world. 'By popular delusion,' remarks he, with a gigantic calmness, 'illiterate writers will rise into renown:' it is a portion of the history of English literature; a perennial thing, this same popular delusion; and will—alter the character of the language. * * *

"The life of this man has been, as it were, turned inside out, and examined with microscopes by friend and foe; yet was there no lie found in him. His doings and writings are not *shows*, but *performances*: you may weigh them in the balance, and they will stand weight. Not a line, not a sentence is dishonestly done, is other than it pretends to be. Alas! and he wrote not out of inward inspiration, but to earn his wages; and with that

grand perennial tide flowing by, in whose waters he nevertheless refused to fish, to whose rich oyster-beds the dive was too muddy for him. Observe, again, with what innate hatred of cant he takes to himself, and offers to others, the lowest possible view of his business, which he followed with such nobleness. Motive for writing he had none, as he often said, but money; and yet he wrote *so*. Into the region of poetic art he indeed never rose; there was no *ideal* without him, avowing itself in his work; the nobler was that unavowed *ideal* which lay within him, and commanded, saying, Work out thy artianship in the spirit of an artist! They who talk loudest about the dignity of art, and fancy that they too are artistic guild-brethren, and of the celestials, let them consider well what manner of man this was, who felt himself to be only a hired day-labourer."—*Misc.* vol. iv. p. 19.

The *History of the French Revolution* deserves, no doubt, notwithstanding the sort of partiality we have intimated for its wild predecessor, to be considered as the greatest work of Mr Carlyle; but it is the work of which criticism, if she ventures to speak at all, must speak with the loudest and most frequent protests. There are certain grave objections which cannot be got over. As to the *style*, indeed, Mr Carlyle is, on this head, (except, occasionally, when writing for some *Review* in which a very violent departure from the English language would not be advisable,) far above all criticism. The attempt to censure the oddities with which it abounds—the frequent repetition—the metaphor and allusion used again and again till the page is covered with a sort of slang—would only subject the critic himself to the same kind of ridicule that would fall upon the hapless wight who should bethink him of taking some Shandean work gravely to task for its scandalous irregularities, and utter want of methodical arrangement. Such is *Carlylism*; and this is all that can be said upon the matter. But the style which seemed not altogether unnatural, and far from intolerable, in Herr Teufelsdröckh, becomes a strangely inconvenient medium of communication where a whole history is to be told in it. The mischief is, that it admits of no safe middle path: it must arrest attention for its novelty, its graphic power, its bold originality; or it must offend by its newfangled

phrase, its jerking movement, and its metaphor and allusion reduced into a slang. Meanwhile, there is so much in a history which needs only to be told—so much, which even this author, *skip* how he may, must relate, for the sake merely of preserving a continuous narrative—and where the perfection of style would be, as all the world knows, that it should draw no attention whatever to itself. A style like this of our author's, once assumed, cannot be laid down for a moment; and the least important incident is related with the same curiosity of diction, and the same startling manner, that delighted us in the *Siege of the Bastille*. To convey mere information, it seems quite unserviceable. "How inferior," says our author somewhere himself,—“how inferior for *seeing by* is the brightest train of fireworks to the humblest farthing candle!”

The basis of a history is surely, after all, the narrative, and whatever may be the estimate of others, the *historian* proceeds on the supposition that the facts he has to relate are, for their own sake, deserving to be had in remembrance. If not, why is he there recording and verifying them? But Mr Carlyle proceeds throughout on quite the contrary supposition, that the fact for itself is worth nothing—that it is valuable only as it presents some peculiar picture to the imagination, or kindles some noteworthy reflection. He maintains throughout the attitude of one who stands apart, looking *at* the history; rarely does he assume the patient office of that scribe whom we remember to have seen in the frontispiece of our school histories, recording faithfully what the bald-headed Time, sitting between his scythe and his hour-glass, was dictating.

Never, indeed, was history written in so mad a vein—and that not only as regards style, but the prevailing mood of mind in which the facts and characters are scanned. That mood is for the most part ironical. There is philanthropy, doubtless, at the bottom of it all; but a mocking spirit, a profound and pungent irony, are the manifest and prevailing characteristics. It is a philanthropy which has borrowed the manner of Mephistopheles. It is a modern Diogenes—in fact it is Diogenes Teufelsdröckh himself, surveying the Revolution from his soli-

tary watch-tower, where he sits so near the eternal skies, that a whole generation of men, *whirling off in wild Sahara waltz into infinite space*, is but a spectacle, and a very brief and confused one. This lofty irony, pungent as it is, grows wearisome. By throwing a littleness on all things, it even destroys the very aliment it feeds on; nothing, at last, is worth the mocking. But the weariness it occasions is not its greatest fault. It leads to a most unjust and capricious estimate of the characters and actions of men. Capricious it must, of necessity, become. To be ironical always were insufferable; even for the sake of artistical effect, some personages, and some events, must be treated with a natural feeling of respect or abhorrence; yet if one murder is to be recorded with levity, why not another?—if one criminal is to be dismissed with a jest, levelled perhaps at some personal oddity, why is an earnest indignation to be bestowed on the next criminal that comes under notice? The distinctions that will be made will be not fair judgments, but mere favouritism. Situated thus—plain moral distinctions having been disparaged—Mr Carlyle has given way to his admiration of a certain *energy* of character, and makes the possession of this sole excellence the condition of his favour, the title to his respect, or perhaps, we should say, to an immunity from his contempt. The man who has an *eye*—that is, who glares on you like a tiger—he who, in an age of revolution, is most thoroughly revolutionary, and *swallows all formulas*—he is made a hero, and honourable mention is decreed to him; whilst all who acted with an ill-starred moderation, who strove, with ineffectual but conscientious effort, to stay the wild movement of the revolution, are treated with derision, are dismissed with contempt, or at best with pity for their *weakness*.

His first hero is Mirabeau, a man of energy enough doubtless, and who had, in a most remarkable degree, that force of character which gives not only influence over, but a sort of *possession* of, other men's minds, though they may claim far higher intellectual endowments. For this one quality he is forgiven every thing. The selfish ambition of which he must be more than suspected, is not glanced

at. Even the ridicule due to his inordinate vanity, is spared him. "Yes, support that head," says this dying gladiator to his friend; "would I could bequeath it to thee!" And our caustic Diogenes withholds the lash. As the history proceeds, Danton is elevated to the place of hero. He is put in strong contrast with Robespierre. The one is raised into simple admiration, the other sunk into mere contempt; both are spared the just execration which their crimes have merited. The one good quality of Danton is, that, like Mirabeau, he had an *eye*—did not see through *logic spectacles*—had *swallowed all formulas*. So that, when question is made of certain massacres in which he was implicated, we are calmly told "that some men have tasks frightfuller than ours." The one great vice of Robespierre is, that he lacked courage; for the rest, he is "sea-green and incorruptible"—"thin and acrid." His incorruptibility is always mentioned contemptuously, and generally in connexion with his bilious temperament, as if they related as cause and effect, or were both alike matters of pathology. Mr Carlyle has a habit of stringing together certain moral with certain physical peculiarities, till the two present themselves as of quite equal importance, and things of the same category.

Yet this Robespierre, had our author been in want of another hero, possessed one quality, which, in his estimate, would have entitled him to occupy the pedestal. He had *faith*. "Of incorruptible Robespierre, it was long ago predicted that he might go far—mean, meagre mortal though he was—for *doubt* dwelt not in him." And this prediction was uttered by no less a man than Mirabeau. "Men of insight discern that the sea-green may by chance go far: 'this man,' observes Mirabeau, 'will do somewhat; he believes every word he says.'" The audacity of Danton the 'sea-green' certainly did not possess, but of that sort of courage which can use the extremest means for the desired end, he surely had sufficient. He shrunk from no crime, however exorbitant. His *faith* carried him through all, and nearer to the goal than any of his compeers. He walked as firm as others round the crater of this volcano, and walked there the longest.

It is impossible not to feel that *here*, by the side of Danton, a great injustice has been done to the incorruptible and *faithful* Robespierre.

Well may *energy* or *will* stand in the place of goodness with Mr Carlyle, since we find him making in another place this strange paradoxical statement: "*Bad* is by its nature negative, and can do *nothing*; whatsoever enables us to do any thing is by its very nature *good*." So that such a thing as a *bad deed* cannot exist, and such an expression is without meaning. Accordingly, not only is energy applauded, but that energy applauded most that *does most*. Those who exercised their power, and the utmost resolution of mind, in the attempt to restrain the Revolution, are not to be put in comparison with those who *did something*—who carried forward the revolutionary movement. With what contempt he always mentions Lafayette—a man of limited views, it is true; and whose views at the time were wide enough? or to whom would the widest views have afforded a practical guidance?—but a man of honour and of patriotic intentions! It is "Lafayette—thin, constitutional pedant; clear, thin, inflexible, as water turned to thin ice." And how are the whole party of the Gironde treated with slight and derision, because, at a period of what proved to be irremediable confusion—when nothing but the whirlwind was to be reaped—they were incessantly striving to realize for their country some definite and permanent institutions! But though their attempt we see was futile, could they do other than make the attempt? Mr Carlyle describes the position of affairs very ably in the following passage:—

"This huge insurrectionary movement, which we liken to a breaking out of Tophet and the abyss, has swept away royalty, aristocracy, and a king's life. The question is, what will it next do? how will it henceforth shape itself? Settle down into a reign of law and liberty, according as the habits, persuasions, and endeavours of the educated, monied, respectable class prescribe? That is to say, the volcanic lava-flood, bursting up in the manner described, will explode, and flow according to Girondine formula and pre-established rule of philosophy? If so, for our Girondine friends it will be well.

"Meanwhile, were not the prophecy rather, that as no external force, royal or other, now remains which could control

this movement, the movement will follow a course of its own—probably a very original one. Further, that whatsoever man or men can best interpret the inward tendencies it has, and give them voice and activity, will obtain the lead of it. For the rest, that, as a thing *without order*—a thing proceeding from beyond and beneath the region of order—it must work and wither, not as a regularity, but as a chaos—destructive and self-destructive always; till something that *has order* arise, strong enough to bind it into subjection again; which something, we may further conjecture, will not be a formula, with philosophical propositions and forensic eloquence, but a reality, probably with a sword in its hand!"

But, true as all this may be, Mr Carlyle would be the last man to commend the Girondists had they allowed themselves to be borne along *passively* by this violent movement: is it fair dealing, then, that their efforts—the only efforts they *could* make—efforts which cost them life, should be treated as little better than idle pedantries?

But what criticism has to say in *praise* of this extraordinary work, let it not be said with stint or timidity. The bold glance at the Revolution, taken from his Diogenes' station, and the vivid descriptions of its chief scenes, are unrivalled.

That many a page sorely tries the reader's patience is acknowledged, and we might easily fill column after column with extracts, to show that the style of Mr Carlyle, especially when it is necessary for him to descend to the common track of history, can degenerate into a mannerism scarce tolerable, for which no term of literary censure would be too severe. We have, however, no disposition to make any such extracts; and our readers, we are sure, would have little delight in perusing them. On the other hand, when he does succeed, great is the glory thereof; and we cannot forego the pleasure of making one quotation, however well known the remarkable passages of this work may be, to illustrate the triumphant power which he not unfrequently displays. Here is a portion of his account of the *Taking of the Bastille*. It will be borne in mind, that there is throughout a mixture of the ironical and mock-heroic:

"All morning since nine there has been a cry every where: To the Bastille! Repeated 'deputations of citizens' have been

here, passionate for arms; whom De Launay has got dismissed by soft speeches through port-holes. Towards noon elector Thuriot de la Rosière gains admittance; finds De Launay indisposed for surrender; nay, disposed for blowing up the place rather. Thuriot mounts with him to the battlements: heaps of paving stones, old iron, and missiles lie piled; cannon all duly levelled; in every embrasure a cannon—only drawn back a little! But *outwards*, behold how the multitude flows on, swelling through every street: tocsin furiously pealing, all drums beating the *générale*: the suburb Saint Antoine rolling hitherward wholly as one man!

“Woe to thee De Launay, in such an hour, if thou canst not, taking some one firm decision, *rule* circumstances! Soft speeches will not serve, hard grape-shot is questionable; but hovering between the two is unquestionable. Ever wilder swells the tide of men; their infinite hum waxing even louder into imprecations, perhaps into crackle of stray musketry—which latter, on walls nine feet thick, cannot do execution. The outer drawbridge has been lowered for Thuriot; new *deputation of citizens* (it is the third and noisiest of all) penetrates that way into the outer court: soft speeches producing no clearance of these, De Launay gives fire; pulls up his drawbridge; a slight sputter—which has *kindled* the too combustible chaos; made it a roaring fire-chaos. Bursts forth insurrection at sight of its own blood, (for there were deaths by that sputter of fire,) into endless rolling explosion of musketry, distraction, execration. The Bastile is besieged!

“On, then, all Frenchmen that have hearts in their bodies! Roar with all your throats, of cartilage and metal, ye sons of liberty; stir spasmodically whatsoever of utmost faculty is in you, soul, body, or spirit; for it is the hour! Smite thou, Louis Tournay, cart-wright of the Marais, old soldier of the regiment Dauphiné: smite at that outer drawbridge chain, though the fiery hail whistles round thee! Never, over nave or fellow, did thy axe (*g. hammer?*) strike such a stroke. Down with it, man: down with it to Orcus: let the whole accursed edifice sink thither, and tyranny be swallowed up for ever! Mounted, some say, on the roof of the guard-room, some ‘on bayonets stuck into the joints of the wall,’ Louis Tournay smites, brave Aubin Bonnemère (also an old soldier) seconding him: the chain yields, breaks; the huge drawbridge slams down thundering, (*avec fracas.*) Glorious: and yet, alas, it is still but the outworks! The eight grim towers, with their Invalides’ musketry, their paving

stones and cannon-mouths, still roar aloft intact; ditch yawning impassable, stone-faced; the inner drawbridge with its *back* towards us; the Bastile is still to take!

“To describe this siege of the Bastile (thought to be one of the most important in history) perhaps transcends the talent of mortals. Could one but, after infinite leading, get to understand so much as the plan of the building! But there is open esplanade at the end of the Rue Saint-Autoine; there are such Fore-courts, *Cour avancée, Cour de l’Orme*, arched gateway, (where Louis Tournay now fights,) then new drawbridges, dormant bridges, rampart-bastions, and the grim Eight Towers: a labyrinthic mass, high-frowning there, of all ages, from twenty years to four hundred and twenty; beleaguered, in this its last hour, as we said, by mere chaos come again! Ordinance of all calibres; throats of all capacities; men of all plans, every man his own engineer; seldom, since the war of pigmies and cranes, was there seen so anomalous a thing. Half-pay Elie is home for a suit of regimentals; no one would heed him in coloured clothes: half-pay Hulin is haranguing Gardes Françaises in the Place de Grève. Frantic patriots pick up the grape-shots; bear them, still hot, (or seemingly so,) to the Hôtel de Ville:—Paris, you perceive, is to be burnt!—Paris wholly has got to the acme of its frenzy; whirled, all ways, by panic madness.

“Let conflagration rage of whatsoever is combustible! Guard-rooms are burnt, Invalides’ mess-rooms. A distracted ‘peruke-maker with two fiery torches’ is for burning ‘the saltpetres of the arsenal;’ had not a woman run screaming—had not a patriot, with some tincture of natural philosophy, instantly struck the wind out of him, (butt of musket on pit of stomach,) overturned barrels, and stayed the devouring element.

“Blood flows; the aliment of new madness. The wounded are carried into the houses of the Rue Cerisue; the dying leave their last mandate not to yield till the accursed stronghold fall. And yet, alas, how fall? The walls are so thick! Deputations, three in number, arrive from the Hôtel de Ville. These wave their town-flag in the gateway, and stand rolling their drum; but to no purpose. In such crack of doom De Launay cannot hear them, dare not believe them; they return with justified rage, the whew of lead still singing in their ears. What to do? The firemen are here, squirting with their fire-pumps on the Invalides’ cannon, to wet the touch-holes; they unfortunately

cannot squirt so high, but produce only clouds of spray. Individuals of classical knowledge propose *catapults*. Santerre, the sonorous brewer of the suburb Saint Antoine, advises rather that the place be fired, by a 'mixture of phosphorus and oil of turpentine, spouted up through forcing pumps.' O Spinola Santerre, hast thou the mixture *ready*? Every man his own engineer! And still the fire-deluge abates not: even women are firing, and Turks; at least one woman (with her sweetheart) and one Turk. Gardes Françaises have come; real cannon, real cannoneers. Usher Maillard is busy; half-pay Elie, half-pay Hulin rage in the midst of thousands.

"How the great Bastille clock ticks (inaudible) in its inner court there, at its ease, hour after hour, as if nothing special, for it or the world, were passing! It tolled one when the firing began; and is now pointing towards five, and still the firing slakes not. Far down in their vaults the seven prisoners hear muffled din as of earthquakes; their turnkeys answer vaguely. * * *

"For four long hours now has the world-bedlam roared: call it the world-chimera, blowing fire! The poor Invalides have sunk under their battlements, or rise only with reversed muskets; they have made a white flag of napkins; go beating the *chamade*, or seeming to beat, for one can hear nothing. The very Swiss at the portcullis look weary of firing; disheartened in the fire-deluge, a port-hole at the drawbridge is opened, as by one that would speak. See Huissier Maillard, the shifty man! On his plank, swinging over the abyss of that stone ditch—plank resting on parapet, balanced by weight of patriots—he hovers perilous. *Such a dove towards such an ark!* Deftly thou shifty usher; one man already fell, and lies smashed, far down there, against the masonry. Usher Maillard falls not; deftly, unerring he walks, with outspread palm. The Swiss holds a paper through his port-hole; the shifty usher snatches it, and returns. Terms of surrender—pardon, immunity to all. Are they accepted? "*Foi d'officier*—on the word of an officer," answers half-pay Hulin, or half-pay Elie, for men do not agree on it, "they are!" Sinks the drawbridge, Usher Maillard bolting it when down—rushes in the living deluge—the Bastille is fallen! "*Victoire! La Bastille est prise!*"—Vol. i. p. 233.

Such descriptions, we need hardly say, are not the sport of fancy, nor constructed by the agglomeration of

eloquent phrases; they are formed by collecting together (and this constitutes their value) facts and intimations scattered through a number of authorities. It would be a great mistake, however, to suppose that there is no imagination, or little artistic talent, displayed in collecting the materials for such a description. There may be genius in *reading well* quite as certainly as in *writing well*; nor is it any common or inferior ability that detects at a glance, amongst a multitude of facts, the one which has real significance, and which gives its character to the scene to be reviewed. If any one wishes to convince himself how much a man of genius may see in the page which can hardly obtain the attention of an ordinary reader, the last work of Mr Carlyle, *Past and Present*, will afford him an opportunity of making the experiment. He has but to turn, after reading in that work the account of Abbot Samson, to the Chronicle of *Jocelin*, from which it has been all faithfully extracted, and he will be surprised that our author could find so much life and truth in the antiquarian record. Or the experiment would be still more perfect if he should read the chronicle first, and then turn to the extracted account in *Past and Present*.

It is time, indeed, that we ourselves turned to this work, the perusal of which has led us to these remarks upon Mr Carlyle. We were desirous, however, of forming something like a general estimate of his merits and demerits before we entered upon any account of his last production. What space we have remaining shall be devoted to this work.

Past and Present, if it does not enhance, ought not, we think, to diminish from the reputation of its author; but as a *mannerism* becomes increasingly disagreeable by repetition, we suspect that, without having less merit, this work will have less popularity than its predecessors. The style is the same "motley wear," and has the same jerking movement—seems at times a thing of shreds and patches hung on wires—and is so full of brief allusions to his own previous writings, that to a reader unacquainted with these it would be scarce intelligible. With all this it has the same vigour, and produces the same vivid impres-

sion that always attends upon his writings. Here, as elsewhere, he pursues his author-craft with a right noble and independent spirit, striking manifestly for truth, and for no other cause; and here also, as elsewhere, he leaves his side unguarded, open to unavoidable attack, so that the most blundering critic cannot fail to hit right, and the most friendly cannot spare.

The *past* is represented by a certain Abbot Samson, and his abbey of St Edmunds, whose life and conversation are drawn from the chronicle already alluded to, and which has been lately published by the Camden Society.* Our author will look, he tells us, face to face on this remote period, "in hope of perhaps illustrating our own poor century thereby." Very good. To get a station in the past, and therefrom view the present, is no ill-devised scheme. But Abbot Samson and his monks form a very limited, almost a domestic picture, which supplies but few points of contrast or similitude with our "own poor century," which, at all events, is very rich in point of view. When, therefore, he proceeds to discuss the world-wide topics of our own times, we soon lose all memory of the Abbot and his monastery, who seems indeed to have as little connexion with the difficulties of our position, as the statues of Gog and Magog in Guildhall with the decision of some election contest which is made to take place in their venerable presence. On one point only can any palpable contrast be exhibited, namely, between the religious spirit of his times and our own.

Now, here, as on every topic where a comparison is attempted, what must strike every one is, the manifest partiality Mr Carlyle shows to the past, and the unfair preference he gives it over the present. Nothing but respect and indulgence when he revisits the monastery of St Edmunds; nothing but censure and suspicion when he enters, say, for instance, the precincts of Exeter Hall. Well do we know, that if Mr Carlyle could meet such a monk alive, as he here treats with so much deference, encounter him face to face, talk to him, and hear

him talk; he and the monk would be intolerable to each other. Fortunately for him, the monks are dead and buried whom he lauds so much when contrasted with our modern pietists. Could these tenants of the stately monastery preach to him about their purgatory and their prayers—lecture him, as assuredly they would, with that same earnest, uncomfortable, too anxious exhortation, which all saints must address to sinners—he would close his ears hermetically—he would fly for it—he would escape with as desperate haste as from the saddest whine that ever issued from some lath-and-plaster conventicle.

Mr Carlyle censures our poor century for its lack of faith; yet the kind of faith it possesses, which has grown up in it, which is *here* at this present, he has no respect for, treats with no manner of tenderness. What *other* would he have? He deals out to it no measure of philosophical justice. He accepts the faith of every age but his own. He will accept, as the best thing possible, the trustful and hopeful spirit of dark and superstitious periods; but if the more enlightened piety of his own age be at variance even with the most subtle and difficult tenets of his own philosophy, he will make no compromise with it, he casts it away for contemptuous infidelity to trample on as it pleases. When visiting the past, how indulgent, kind, and considerate he is! When Abbot Samson (as the greatest event of his life) resolves to see and to touch the remains of St Edmund, and "taking the head between his hands, speaks groaning," and prays to the "Glorious Martyr that it may not be turned to his perdition that he, miserable and sinful, has dared to touch his sacred person," and thereupon proceeds to touch the eyes and the nose, and the breast and the toes, which last he religiously counts; our complacent author sees here, "a noble awe surrounding the memory of the dead saint, symbol, and promoter of many other right noble things." And when he has occasion to call to mind the preaching of Peter the Hermit, who threw the fanaticism of the west on the fanaticism of the east, and in order that

* *Chronica JOCELINI DE BRAKELONDA, de rebus gestis Samsonis Abbatis Monasterii Sancti Edmundi: nunc primum typis mandata, curante JOHANNE GOGGE ROKEWOOD.* (Camden Society, London, 1840.)

there should be no disparity between them in the sanguinary conflict, assimilated the faith of Christ to that of Mahommed, and taught that the baptized believer who fell by the Saracen would die in the arms of angels, and at the very gates of heaven; here, too, he bestows a hearty respect on the enthusiastic missionary, and all his fellow crusaders: it seems that he also would willingly have gone with such an army of the faithful. But when he turns from the past to the present, all this charity and indulgence are at an end. He finds in his own mechanico-philosophical age a faith in accordance with its prevailing modes of thought—a faith lying at the foundation of whatever else of doctrinal theology it possesses—a faith diffused over all society, and taught not only in churches and chapels to pious auditories, but in every lecture-room, and by scientific as well as theological instructors—a faith in God, as creator of the universe, as the demonstrated author, architect, originator, of this wondrous world; and lo! this same philosopher who looked with encouraging complacency on Abbot Samson bending in adoration over the exhumed remains of a fellow mortal, and who listens without a protest to the cries of sanguinary enthusiasm, rising from a throng of embattled Christians, steps disdainfully aside from this faith of a peaceful and scientific age; he has some subtle, metaphysical speculations that will not countenance it; he demands that a faith in God should be put on some other foundation, which foundation, unhappily, his countrymen, as yet unskilled in transcendental metaphysics, cannot apprehend; he withdraws his sympathy from the so trite and sober-minded belief of an industrious, experimental, ratiocinating generation, and cares not if they have a God at all, if they can only make his existence evident to themselves from some commonplace notion of design and prearrangement visible in the world. Accordingly, we have passages like the following, which it is not our fault if the reader finds to be not very intelligible, or written in, what our author occasionally perpetrates, a sad jargon.

“For out of this that we call Atheism, come so many other *isms* and falsities, each falsity with its misery at its heels!—A SOUL is not, like wind, (*spiritus* or

breath,) contained within a capsule; the ALMIGHTY MAKER is not like a clockmaker that once, in old immemorial ages, having made his horologe of a universe, sits ever since and sees it go! Not at all. Hence comes Atheism; come, as we say, many other *isms*; and as the sum of all comes *vatelism*, the reverse of heroism—sad root of all woes whatsoever. For indeed, as no man ever saw the above said wind element inclosed within its capsule, and finds it at bottom more deniable than conceivable; so too, he finds, in spite of Bridgewater bequests, your clockmaker Almighty an entirely questionable affair, a deniable affair; and accordingly denies it, and along with it so much else.”—(P. 199.)

Do we ask Mr Carlyle to falsify his own transcendental philosophy for the sake of his weaker brethren? By no means. Let him proceed on the “high *à priori* road,” if he finds it—as not many do—practicable. Let men, at all times, when they write as philosophers, speak out simply what they hold to be truth. It is his *partiality* only that we here take notice of, and the different measure that he deals out to the past and the present. Out of compliment to a bygone century he can sink philosophy, and common sense too; when it might be something more than a compliment to the existing age to appear in harmony with its creed, he will not bate a jot from the subtlety of his metaphysical convictions.

Mr Carlyle not being *en rapport* with the religious spirit of his age, finds therein no religious spirit whatever; on the other hand, he has a great deal of religion of his own, not very clear to any but himself; and thus, between these two, we have pages, very many, of such raving as the following:—

“It is even so. To speak in the ancient dialect, we ‘have forgotten God;’—in the most modern dialect, and very truth of the matter, we have taken up the fact of the universe as it *is not*. We have quietly closed our eyes to the eternal substance of things, and opened them only to the shows and shams of things. We quietly believe this universe to be intrinsically a great unintelligible *PERHAPS*; extrinsically, clear enough, it is a great, most extensive cattle-fold and workhouse, with most extensive kitchen-ranges, dining-tables—whereat he is wise who can find a place! All the truth of this universe is uncertain; only the profit and the loss of

it, the pudding and praise of it, are and remain very visible to the practical man.

"There is no longer any God for us! God's laws are become a greatest-happiness principle, a parliamentary expediency; the heavens overarch us only as an astronomical timekeeper: a butt for Herschel telescopes to shoot science at, to shoot sentimentalities at:—in our and old Jonson's dialect, man has lost the *soul* out of him; and now, after the due period, begins to find the want of it! This is verily the plague-spot—centre of the universal social gangrene, threatening all modern things with frightful death. To him that will consider it, here is the stem, with its roots and top-root, with its world-wide upas boughs and accursed poison exudations, under which the world lies writhing in atrophy and agony. You touch the focal centre of all our disease, of our frightful nosology of diseases, when you lay your hand on this. There is no religion; there is no God; man has lost his soul, and vainly seeks antiseptic salt. Vainly: in killing Kings, in passing Reform Bills, in French Revolutions, Manchester Insurrections, is found no remedy. The foul elephantine leprosy, alleviated for an hour, re-appears in new force and desperateness next hour.

"For actually this is *not* the real fact of the world; the world is not made so, but otherwise! Truly, any society setting out from this no-God hypothesis will arrive at a result or two. The *unveracities*, escorted each unveracity of them by its corresponding misery and penalty; the phantasms and fatuities, and ten-years' corn-law debates, that shall walk the earth at noonday, must needs be numerous! The universe being intrinsically a perhaps, being too probably an 'infinite humbug,' why should any minor humbug astonish us? It is all according to the order of nature; and phantasms riding

with huge clatter along the streets, from end to end of our existence, astonish nobody. Enchanted St Ives' workhouses and Joe Manton aristocracies; giant-working mammonism near strangled in the partridge nets of giant-looking Idle Dilettantism—this, in all its branches, in its thousand thousand modes and figures, is a sight familiar to us."—P. 185.

What is to be said of writing such as this! For ourselves, we hurry on with a sort of incredulity, scarce believing that it is set down there for our steady perusal; we tread lightly over these "Phantasms" and "Unveracities," and "Double-barrelled Dilettantism," (another favourite phrase of his—pity it is not more euphonious—but none of his coinage rings well,) we step on, we say, briskly, in the confident hope of soon meeting something—if only a stroke of humour—which shall be worth pausing for. Accordingly in the very page where our extract stopped, in the very next paragraph, comes a description of a certain pope most delectable to read. As it is but fair that our readers should enjoy the same compensation as ourselves, we insert it in a note.*

The whole parallel which he runs between past and present is false—whimsically false. At one time we hear it uttered as an impeachment against our age, that every thing is done by committees and companies, shares and joint effort, and that no one man, or hero, can any longer move the world as in the blessed days of Peter the Hermit. Were we disposed to treat Mr Carlyle as members of Parliament, by the help of their *Hansard*, controvert each other, we

* "The Popish religion, we are told, flourishes extremely in these years, and is the most vivacious-looking religion to be met with at present. '*Elle a trois cents ans dans le ventre*,' counts M. Jouffroy; '*c'est pourquoi je la respecte!*' The old Pope of Rome, finding it laborious to kneel so long while they cart him through the streets to bless the people on *Corpus-Christi* day, complains of rheumatism; whereupon his cardinals consult—construct him, after some study, a stuffed, cloaked figure, of iron and wood, with wool or baked hair, and place it in a kneeling posture. Stuffed figure, or rump of a figure; to this stuffed rump he, sitting at his ease on a lower level, joins, by the aid of cloaks and drapery, his living head and outspread hands: the rump, with its cloaks, kneels; the Pope looks, and holds his hands spread; and so the two in concert bless the Roman population on *Corpus-Christi* day, as well as they can.

"I have considered this amphibious Pope, with the wool-and-iron back, with the flesh head and hands, and endeavoured to calculate his horoscope. I reckon him the remarkablest Pontiff that has darkened God's daylight, or painted himself in the human retina, for these several thousand years. Nay, since Chaos first shivered, and 'sneezed,' as the Arabs say, with the first shaft of sunlight shot through it, what stranger product was there of nature and art working together? Here is a supreme

should have no difficulty in finding amongst his works some passage—whether eloquent or not, or how far intelligible, would be just a mere chance—in which he would tell us that this capacity for joint effort, this habit of co-operation, was the greatest boast our times could make, and gave the fairest promise for the future. In Ireland, by the way, *one man* can still effect something, and work after the fashion, if not with so pure a fanaticism, as Peter the Hermit. The spectacle does not appear very edifying. Pray—the question just occurs to us—pray has Mr O'Connell got an *eye*? Would Mr Carlyle acknowledge that this man has *swallowed all formulas*? Having been bred a lawyer, we are afraid, or, in common Christian speech, we hope, that he has not.

But we are not about to proceed through a volume such as this in a carping spirit, though food enough for such a spirit may be found; there is too much genuine merit, too much genuine humour, in the work. What, indeed, is the use of selecting from an author who *will* indulge in all manner of vagaries, whether of thought or expression, passages to prove that he can be whimsical and absurd, can deal abundantly in obscurities and contradictions, and can withal write the most motley, confused English of any man living? Better take, with thanks, from so irregular a genius, what seems to us good, or affords us gratification, and leave the rest alone.

We will not enter into the account of Abbot Samson; it is a little historical sketch, perfect in its kind, in which no part is redundant, and which, being gathered itself from very scanty sources, will not bear

further mutilation. We turn, therefore, from the *Past*, although, in a literary point of view, a very attractive portion of the work, and will draw our extracts (they cannot now be numerous) from his lucubrations upon the *Present*.

Perhaps the most characteristic passage in the volume is that where, in the manner of a philosopher who suddenly finds himself awake in this “half-realized” world, he scans the institution of an *army*—looks out upon the *soldier*.

“Who can despair of Government that passes a soldier's guard-house, or meets a red-coated man on the streets! That a body of men could be got together to kill other men when you bade them; this, *à priori*, does it not seem one of the impossiblest things? Yet look—behold it; in the stolidest of do-nothing Governments, that impossibility is a thing done. See it there, with buff-belts, red coats on its back; walking sentry at guard-houses, brushing white breeches in barracks; an indisputable, palpable fact. Out of grey antiquity, amid all finance-difficulties, *scaccarium*-tallies, ship-monies, coat-and-conduct monies, and vicissitudes of chance and time, there, down to the present blessed hour, it is.

“Often, in these painfully decadent, and painfully nascent times, with their distresses, inarticulate gaspings, and ‘impossibilities;’ meeting a tall lifeguardsman in his snow-white trousers, or seeing those two statuesque lifeguardsmen, in their frowning bearskins, pipe-clayed buckskins, on their coal-black, sleek, fiery quadrupeds, riding sentry at the Horse-Guards—it strikes one with a kind of mournful interest, how, in such universal down-rushing and wrecked impotence of almost all old institutions, this oldest

priest who believes God to be—what, in the name of God, *does* he believe God to be?—and discerns that all worship of God is a scenic phantasmagory of wax candles, organ blasts, Gregorian chants, mass-brayings, purple monsignori, wool-and-iron rumps, artistically spread out, to save the ignorant from worse. * * *

“There is in this poor Pope, and his practice of the scenic theory of worship, a frankness which I rather honour. Not half and half, but with undivided heart, does *he* set about worshipping by stage machinery; as if there were now, and could again be, in nature no other. He will ask you, What other? Under this my Gregorian chant, and beautiful wax-light phantasmagory, kindly hidden from you is an abyss of black doubts, scepticism, nay, sans-culottic Jacobinism, an *orcus* that has no bottom. Think of that. ‘Groby Pool is thatched with pancakes,’ as Jeannie Deans's innkeeper defined it to be! The bottomless of scepticism, atheism, Jacobinism, behold it is thatched over, hidden from your despair, by stage-properties judiciously arranged. This stuffed rump of mine saves not me only from rheumatism, but you also from what other *isms*!”—P. 187.

fighting institution is still so young! Fresh complexioned, firm-limbed, six feet by the standard, this fighting man has verily been got up, and can fight. While so much has not yet got into being, while so much has gone gradually out of it, and become an empty semblance, a clothes'-suit, and highest king's-cloaks, mere chimeras parading under them so long, are getting unsightly to the earnest eye, unsightly, almost offensive, like a costlier kind of scarecrow's blanket—here still is a reality!

"The man in horse-hair wig advances, promising that he will get me 'justice'; he takes me into Chancery law-courts, into decades, half-centuries of hubbub, of distracted jargon; and *does get* me—disappointment, almost desperation; and one refuge—that of dismissing him and his 'justice' altogether out of my head. For I have work to do; I cannot spend my decades in mere arguing with other men about the exact wages of my work: I will work cheerfully with no wages, sooner than with a ten-years' gangrene or Chancery lawsuit in my heart. He of the horse-hair wig is a sort of failure; no substance, but a fond imagination of the mind. He of the shovel-hat, again, who comes forward professing that he will save my soul. O ye eternities, of him in this place be absolute silence! But he of the red coat, I say, is a success and no failure! He will veritably, if he gets orders, draw out a long sword and kill me. No mistake there. He is a fact, and not a shadow. Alive in this year Forty-three, able and willing to do his work. In dim old centuries, with William Rufus, William of Ipres, or far earlier, he began; and has come down safe so far. Catapult has given place to cannon, pike has given place to musket, iron mail-shirt to coat of red cloth, saltpetre ropematch to percussion-cap; equipments, circumstances, have all changed and again changed; but the human battle-engine, in the inside of any or of each of these, ready still to do battle, stands there, six feet in standard size.

"Strange, interesting, and yet most mournful to reflect on. Was this, then, of all the things mankind had some talent for, the one thing important to learn well, and bring to perfection—this of successfully killing one another? Truly you have learned it well, and carried the business to a high perfection. It is incalculable what, by arranging, commanding, and regimenting, you can make of men. These thousand straight-standing, firm-set individuals, who shoulder arms, who march, wheel, advance, retreat, and are, for your behoof, a magazine charged with fiery death, in the most perfect condition

of potential activity; few months ago, till the persuasive sergeant came, what were they? Multiform ragged losels, runaway apprentices, starved weavers, thievish valets—an entirely broken population, fast tending towards the treadmill. But the persuasive sergeant came; by tap of drum enlisted, or formed lists of them, took heartily to drilling them; and he and you have made them this! Most potent, effectual for all work whatsoever, is wise planning, firm combining, and commanding among men. Let no man despair of Governments who look on these two sentries at the Horse-Guards!" —P. 349.

Passages there are in the work which a political agitator might be glad enough to seize on; but, upon the whole, it is very little that Radicalism or Chartism obtain from Mr Carlyle. No political party would choose him for its champion, or find in him a serviceable ally. Observe how he demolishes the hope of those who expect, by new systems of election, to secure some incomparably pure and wise body of legislators—some aristocracy of talent!

"We must have more wisdom to govern us, we must be governed by the wisest, we must have an aristocracy of talent! cry many. True, most true; but how to get it? The following extract from our young friend of the *Houndsditch Indicator* is worth perusing—"At this time," says he, "while there is a cry every where, articulate or inarticulate, for an aristocracy of talent, a governing class, namely, what did govern, not merely which took the wages of governing, and could not with all our industry be kept from misgoverning, corn-lawing, and playing the very deuce with us—it may not be altogether useless to remind some of the greener-headed sort what a dreadfully difficult affair the getting of such an aristocracy is! Do you expect, my friends, that your indispensable aristocracy of talent is to be enlisted straightway, by some sort of recruitment aforethought, out of the general population; arranged in supreme regimental order; and set to rule over us? That it will be got sifted, like wheat out of chaff, from the twenty-seven million British subjects; that any ballot-box, reform-bill, or other political machine, with force of public opinion ever so active on it, is likely to perform said process of sifting? Would to heaven that we had a sieve; that we could so much as fancy

any kind of sieve, wind-fanners, or *ne plus ultra* of machinery, devisable by man that would do it!

“ Done, nevertheless, sure enough, it must be; it shall, and will be. We are rushing swiftly on the road to destruction; every hour bringing us nearer, until it be, in some measure, done. The doing of it is not doubtful; only the method or the costs! Nay, I will even mention to you an infallible sifting-process, whereby he that has ability will be sifted out to rule amongst us, and that same blessed aristocracy of talent be verily, in an approximate degree, vouchsafed us by-and-by; an infallible sifting-process; to which, however, no soul can help his neighbour, but each must, with devout prayer to heaven, help himself. It is, O friends! that all of us, that many of us, should acquire the true *eye* for talent, which is dreadfully wanting at present.

“ For example, you, Bobus Higgins, sausage-maker on the great scale, who are raising such a clamour for this aristocracy of talent, what is it that you do, in that big heart of yours, chiefly in very fact pay reverence to? Is it to talent, intrinsic manly worth of any kind, you unfortunate Bobus? The manliest man that you saw going in a ragged coat, did you ever reverence him; did you so much as know that he was a manly man at all, till his coat grew better? Talent! I understand you to be able to worship the fame of talent, the power, cash, celebrity, or other success of talent; but the talent itself is a thing you never saw with eyes. Nay, what is it in yourself that you are proudest of, that you take most pleasure in surveying, meditatively, in thoughtful moments? Speak now, is it the bare Bobus, stript of his very name and shirt, and turned loose upon society, that you admire and thank heaven for; or Bobus, with his cash-accounts, and larders dropping fatness, with his respectabilities, warm garnitures, and pony chaise, admirable in some measure to certain of the flunkey species? Your own degree of worth and talent, is it of *infinite* value to you; or only of finite—measurable by the degree of currency, and conquest of praise or pudding, it has brought you to? Bobus, you are in a vicious circle, rounder than one of your own sausages; and will never vote for or promote any talent, except what talent or sham-talent has already *got* itself voted for!—We here cut short the *Indicator*; all readers perceiving whither he now tends.”—P. 39.

In the chapter, also, on Democracy, we have notions expressed upon *liberty* which would make little impression—would be very distasteful to any audience assembled for the usual excitement of political oratory.

“ Liberty! the true liberty of a man, you would say, consisted in his finding out, or being forced to find out, the right path, and to walk thereon—to learn or to be taught what work he actually was able for, and then, by permission, persuasion, and even compulsion, to set about doing the same! That is his true blessedness, honour, ‘liberty,’ and maximum of well-being,—if liberty be not that, I for one have small care about liberty. You do not allow a palpable madman to leap over precipices; you violate his liberty, you that are wise, and keep him, were it in strait waistcoat, away from the precipices! Every stupid, every cowardly and foolish man, is but a less palpable madman; his true liberty were that a wiser man, that any and every wiser man, could, by brass collars, or in whatever milder or sharper way, lay hold of him when he is going wrong, and order and compel him to go a little righter. O! if thou really art my *senior*—seigneur, my *elder*—Presbyter or priest,—if thou art in very deed my *wiser*, may a beneficent instinct lead and impel thee to ‘conquer’ me, to command me! If thou do know better than I what is good and right, I conjure thee, in the name of God, force me to do it; were it by never such brass collars, whips, and handcuffs, leave me not to walk over precipices! That I have been called by all the newspapers a ‘free man,’ will avail me little, if my pilgrimage have ended in death and wreck. O that the newspapers had called me slave, coward, fool, or what it pleased their sweet voices to name me, and I had attained not death but life! Liberty requires new definitions.”—P. 285.

“ But truly, as I had to remark in the meanwhile, the ‘liberty of not being oppressed by your fellow-man,’ is an indispensable, yet one of the most insignificant fractional parts of human liberty. No man oppresses thee—can bid thee fetch or carry, come or go, without reason shown. True; from all men thou art emancipated, but from thyself and from the devil! No man, wiser, unwiser, can make thee come or go; but thy own futilities, bewilderments, thy false appetites for money—Windor Georges and such like! No man op-

presses thee, O free and independent Franchiser! but does not this stupid porter—~~pot~~ oppress thee? no son of Adam can bid thee come and go; but this absurd pot of heavy-wet, this can and does! Thou art the thrall, not of Cedric the Saxon, but of thy own brutal appetites, and this scoured dish of liquor; and thou protest of thy 'liberty,' thou entire blockhead!"—P. 292.

We should hardly think of entering with Mr Carlyle into a controversy upon the corn-laws, or on schemes of emigration, or any disputed point of political economy. He brings to bear upon these certain primitive *moral* views and feelings which are but very remotely applicable in the resolution of these knotty problems. We should almost as soon think of inviting the veritable Diogenes himself, should he roll up in his tub to our door, to a discussion upon our commercial system. Our Diogenes Teufelsdröckh looks upon these matters in a quite peculiar manner; observe, for example, the glance he takes at our present mercantile difficulties, which, doubtless, is not without its own value, nor undeserving of all consideration.

"The continental people, it would seem, are 'exporting our machinery, beginning to spin cotton, and manufacture for themselves, to cut us out of this market and then out of that!' Sad news, indeed, but irremediable—by no means the saddest news. The saddest news is, that we should find our national existence, as I sometimes hear it said, depend on selling manufactured cotton at a farthing an ell cheaper than any other people—a most narrow stand for a great nation to base itself on; a stand which, with all the corn-law abrogations conceivable, I do not think will be capable of enduring.

"My friends, suppose we quitted that stand; suppose we came honestly down from it, and said—'This is our minimum of cotton prices; we care not, for the present, to make cotton any cheaper. Do you, if it seems so blessed to you, make cotton cheaper. Fill your lungs with cotton fuf, your hearts with copperas fumes, with rage and mutiny; become ye the general gnomes of Europe, slaves of the lamp!' I admire a nation which fancies it will die if it do not undersell all other nations to the end of the world. Brothers, we will cease to undersell them; we will be content to equalsell them: to be happy selling equal-

ly with them. I do not see the use of underselling them; cotton cloth is already twopence a yard or lower, and yet bare backs were never more numerous amongst us. Let inventive men cease to spend their existence incessantly contriving how cotton can be made cheaper; and try to invent, a little, how cotton, at its present cheapness, could be somewhat juster divided amongst us! Let inventive men consider whether the secret of this universe, and of man's life there, does after all, as we rashly fancy it, consist in making money? There is one God—just, supreme, almighty: but is Mammon the name of him?

"But what is to be done with our manufacturing population, with our agricultural, with our ever-increasing population?—cry many.—Ay, what? Many things can be done with them, a hundred things, a thousand things—had we once got a soul and begun to try. This one thing of doing for them by 'underselling all people,' and filling our own bursten pockets by the road; and turning over all care for any 'population,' or human or divine consideration, except cash only, to the winds, with a 'Laissez-faire' and the rest of it; this is evidently not the thing. 'Farthing cheaper per yard;' no great nation can stand on the apex of such a pyramid; screwing itself higher and higher: balancing itself on its great toe! Can England not subsist without being *above* all people in working? England never deliberately proposed such a thing. If England work better than all people, it shall be well. England, like an honest worker, will work as well as she can; and hope the gods may allow her to live on that basis. *Laissez-faire* and much else being once dead, how many 'impossibles' will become possible! They are 'impossible' as cotton-cloth at twopence an ell was—till men set about making it. The inventive genius of great England will not for ever sit patient with mere wheels and pinions, bobbins, straps, and billy-rollers whirring in the head of it. The inventive genius of England is not a beaver's, or a spinner's, or a spider's genius: it is a *man's* genius, I hope, with a God over him!"—P. 246.

And hear our Diogenes on the often repeated cry of *over-production*:—

"But what will reflective readers say of a governing class, such as ours, addressing its workers with an indictment of 'over-production!' Over-production: runs it not so? 'Ye miscellaneous ignoble, manufacturing individuals, ye

have produced too much. We accuse you of making above two hundred thousand shirts for the bare backs of mankind. Your trousers too, which you have made of fustian, of cassimere, of Scotch-plaid, of jane, nankeen, and woollen broadcloth, are they not manifold? Of hats for the human head, of shoes for the human foot, of stools to sit on, spoons to eat with—Nay, what say we of hats and shoes? You produce gold watches, jewelleries, silver forks and épergnes, commodes, chiffoniers, stuffed sofas—Heavens, the Commercial Bazar and multitudinous Howel and James cannot contain you! You have produced, produced;—he that seeks your indictment, let him look around. Millions of shirts and empty pairs of breeches hang there in judgment against you. We accuse you of over-producing; you are criminally guilty of producing shirts, breeches, hats, shoes, and commodities in a frightful over-abundance. And now there is a glut, and your operatives cannot be fed.

“Never, surely, against an earnest working mammonism was there brought by game-preserving aristocratic dilettantism, a stranger accusation since this world began. My Lords and Gentlemen—why it was *you* that were appointed, by the fact and by the theory of your position on the earth, to make and administer laws. That is to say, in a world such as ours, to guard against ‘gluts,’ against honest operatives who had done their work remaining unfed! I say, you were appointed to preside over the distribution and apointment of the wages of work done; and to see well that there went no labourer without his hire, were it of money coins, were it of hemp gallows-ropes: that formation was yours, and from immemorial time has been yours, and as yet no other’s. These poor shirt-spinners have forgotten much, which by the virtual unwritten law of their position they should have remembered; but by any written recognized law of their position, what have they forgotten? They were set to make shirts. The community, with all its voices commanded them, saying, ‘make shirts;’—and there the shirts are! Too many shirts? Well, that is a novelty, in this intemperate earth, with its nine hundred millions of bare backs! But the community commanded you, saying, ‘See that the shirts are well apportioned, that our human laws be emblems of God’s law; and where is the apportionment? Two millions shirtless, or ill-shirted workers sit enchanted in work-house Bastiles, five millions

more (according to some) in Ugoline hunger-cellars; and for remedy, you say—what say you? ‘Raise our rents!’ I have not in my time heard any stranger speech, not even on the shores of the Dead Sea. You continue addressing these poor shirt-spinners and over-producers in really a *too* triumphant manner.

“Will you bandy accusations, will you accuse *us* of over-production? We take the heavens and the earth to witness, that we have produced nothing at all. Not from us proceeds this frightful overplus of shirts. In the wide domains of created nature, circulates nothing of our producing. Certain fox-brushes nailed upon our stable-door, the fruit of fair audacity at Melton Mowbray; these we have produced, and they are openly nailed up there. He that accuses us of producing, let him show himself, let him name what and when. We are innocent of producing,—ye ungrateful, what mountains of things have we not, on the contrary, had to consume, and make away with! Mountains of those your heaped manufactures, wheresoever edible or wearable, have they not disappeared before us, as if we had the talent of ostriches, of cormorants, and a kind of divine faculty to eat? Ye ungrateful!—and did you not grow under the shadow of our wings? Are not your filthy mills built on these fields of ours; on this soil of England, which belongs to—whom think you? And we shall not offer you our own wheat at the price that pleases us, but that partly pleases you? A precious notion! What would become of you, if we chose at any time to decide on growing no wheat more?”

An amusing—caustic—exaggeration, more like a portion of a clever satire on man and society, than a sincere discussion of political evils and remedies; and not intended, we trust, for Mr Carlyle’s own sake, to express his real belief in the true causes of the evils of society. If we could suppose that this piece of extravagant and one-sided invective were meant to be seriously taken, as embodying Mr Carlyle’s social and political creed, we should scarcely find words strong enough to reprobate its false and mischievous tendency.

We have already said, that we regard the chief *value* of Mr Carlyle’s writings to consist in the *tone of mind* which the individual reader acquires from their perusal;—manly, energetic, enduring, with high resolves and

self-forgetting effort; and we here again, at the close of our paper, revert to this remark: *Past and Present*, has not, and could not have, the same wild power which *Sartor Resartus* possessed, in our opinion, over the feelings of the reader; but it contains passages which look the same way, and breathe the same spirit. We will quote one or two of these, and then conclude our notice. Their effect will not be injured, we may observe, by our brief manner of quotation. Speaking of "the man who goes about pottering and uproaring for his happiness," he says:—

"Observe, too, that this is all a modern affair; belongs not to the old heroic times, but to these dastard new times. 'Happiness, our being's end and aim,' is at bottom, if we will count well, not yet two centuries old in the world. The only happiness a brave man ever troubled himself with asking much about was, happiness enough to get his work done. Not, 'I can't eat!' but, 'I can't work!' that was the burden of all wise complaining among men. It is, after all, the one unhappiness of a man—that he cannot work—that he cannot get his destiny as a man fulfilled."

"The latest Gospel in this world, is, know thy work and do it. 'Know thyself;' long enough has that poor 'self' of thine tormented thee; thou wilt never get to 'know' it, I believe! Think it not thy business, this of knowing thyself; thou art an unknowable individual; know what thou canst work at; and work at it like a Hercules! That will be thy better plan."

"Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness. He has a work, a life-purpose; he has found it, and will follow it! How, as a free-flowing channel, dug and torn by noble force through the sour mud-swamp of one's existence, like an ever-deepening river, there it runs and flows;—draining off the sour festering water gradually from the root of the remotest grass-blade; making, instead of pestilential swamp, a green fruitful meadow with its clear-flowing stream. How blessed for the meadow itself, let the stream and its value be great or small. Labour is life!"

"Who art thou that complainest of thy life of toil? Complain not. Look up, my wearied brother; see thy fellow workmen there, in God's eternity—surviving there—they alone surviving—sacred band of the Immortals. Even in the weak human memory they survive so long as saints, as heroes, as gods; they alone surviving—peopling, they alone, the immeasured solitudes of time! To thee, Heaven, though severe, is not unkind. Heaven is kind, as a noble mother—as that Spartan mother, saying, as she gave her son his shield, 'with it, my son, or upon it!'

"And who art thou that braggest of thy life of idleness; complacently showest thy bright gilt equipages; sumptuous cushions; appliances for the folding of the hands to more sleep? Looking up, looking down, around, behind, or before, discernest thou, if it be not in Mayfair alone, any *idle* hero, saint, god, or even devil? Not a vestige of one. 'In the heavens, in the earth, in the waters under the earth, is none like unto thee.' Thou art an original figure in this creation, a denizen in Mayfair alone. One monster there is in the world: the idle man. What is his 'religion?' That nature is a phantasm, where cunning, beggary, or thievery, may sometimes find good victual."

"The 'wages' of every noble work do yet lie in heaven, or else nowhere. Nay, at bottom dost thou need any reward? Was it thy aim and life-purpose, to be filled with good things for thy heroism; to have a life of pomp and ease, and be what men call 'happy' in this world, or in any other world? I answer for thee, deliberately, no?"

"The brave man has to give his life away. Give it, I advise thee—thou dost not expect to *sell* thy life in an adequate manner? What price, for example, would content thee? * * * Thou wilt never sell thy life, or any part of thy life, in a satisfactory manner. Give it, like a royal heart—let the price be nothing; thou hast then, in a certain sense, got all for it!"

Well said! we again repeat, O Diogenes Teufelsdröckh!

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POEMS AND BALLADS OF SCHILLER. BY SIR EDWARD LYTTON BULWER.

PART THE LAST.

WE here close our attempts to convey to the English reader some notion, however inadequate, of the genius and mind of Schiller. It is in these Poems, rather, perhaps, than in his Dramas and Prose works, that the upright earnestness of the mind, and the rich variety of the genius, are best displayed. Here, certainly, can best be seen that peculiar union of intellect and imagination which Mr Carlyle has so well distinguished as Schiller's characteristic attribute, and in which it would be difficult to name the modern poet by whom he is surpassed; and here the variety of the genius is least restrained and limited by the earnestness of the mind. For Schiller's variety is not that of Shakespeare, a creative and universal spirit, passing with the breath of life into characters the most diverse, and unidentified with the creations its invisible agency invokes. But it is the variety of one in whom the consciousness of his own existence is never laid aside; shown not so much in baring the minds and hearts of others, as in developing the progress and the struggles of his own, in the infinite gradations of joy and of sorrow, of exquisite feeling and solemn thought. Hence, in the drama, arise his faults and deficiencies; in his characters, he himself speaks. They are gigantic images of his own moods at different epochs of his life—impassioned with Moor—philosophizing with Posa—stately, tranquil, and sad, with Wallenstein. But as, in his dramas, this intense perception of self—this earnest, haunting consciousness—this feeling of genius as a burden, and of life as a religion—interferes with true dramatic versatility; so, on the contrary, these qualities give variety in his poems to the expositions of a mind always varying, always growing—always eager to think, and sensitive to feel. And his art loved to luxuriate in all that copious fertility of materials which the industry of a scholar submitted to the mastery of a poet; to turn to divine song whatever had charmed the study or aroused the thought: philosophy, history, the dogma, or the legend, all repose in the memory to bloom in the verse. The surface of knowledge apparent in his poems is immense; and this alone suffices to secure variety in thought. But the aspiring and ardent nature of his intellect made him love to attempt also constant experiments in the theme and in the style. The romantic ballad, the classical tale, the lyric, the didactic, the epigrammatic—the wealth of his music comprehended every note, the boldness of his temper adventured every hazard. Yet still, (as in our Byron, in our Goldsmith, and as, perhaps, in every mind tenacious of its impressions,) some favourite ideas take possession of him so forcibly, as to be frequently repeated as important truths. The sacred and majestic office of the poet—the beauty of ideal life, (in which the author of the "*Robbers*" and "*William Tell*" deemed, at last, that the only liberty was to be

found)—the worship of Virtue and the Beautiful, for their own sake, and without hope of reward;—these, and many ideas minor to, and proceeding from them, revisit us in a thousand tones of eloquent and haunting music.

Reluctantly we tear ourselves from a task which has indeed been a labour of love. Many poets may inspire as high an admiration as Schiller; few so tender a personal affection. Even in his doubts and his errors, we have that interest in his struggles which arises from the conviction of his sound heart and his manly nature. Wrestling at one time with bitter poverty, at one with unhappy passion—lonely in his habits, prematurely broken in his health, his later wisdom dispelling his early dreams of Utopian liberty—still, throughout all, his bravery never fails him, his gentleness is never soured; his philanthropy changes its form, but it is never chilled. Even when he wanders into error, it is from his search for truth. That *humanity* which the French writers of the last century sought to preach, Schiller took from the scoffing wit of Voltaire, and the unhealthy enthusiasm of Rousseau, to invest it with the thoughtful sweetness and the robust vigour of his own great soul. And we believe that no one can depart from the attentive study of that divine bequest he has left the world, without a more serious respect for virtue, and a more genial affection for mankind.

E. LYTTON BULWER.

SECOND PERIOD.

THE Poems included in the Second Period of Schiller's literary career are few, but remarkable for their beauty, and deeply interesting from the struggling and anxious state of mind which some of them depict. It was, both to his taste and to his thought, a period of visible transition. He had survived the wild and irregular power which stamps, with fierce and somewhat sensual characters, the productions of his youth; but he had not attained that serene repose of strength—that calm, bespeaking depth and fullness, which is found in the best writings of his maturer years. In point of style, the Poems in this division have more facility and sweetness than those that precede them, and perhaps more evident vigour, more popular *verve* and *gusto*, than some that follow: in point of thought, they mark that era through which few men of inquisitive and adventurous genius—of sanguine and impassioned temperament—and of education chiefly self-formed, undisciplined, and imperfect, have failed to pass—the era of doubt and gloom, of self-conflict, and of self-torture.—In the "*Robbers*," and much of the poetry written in the same period of Schiller's life, there is a bold and wild imagination, which attacks rather than questions—innovates rather than examines—seizes upon subjects of vast social import, that float on the surface of opinion, and assails them with a blind and half-savage rudeness, according as they offend the enthusiasm of unreasoning youth. But now this eager and ardent mind had paused to contemplate; its studies were turned to philosophy and history—a more practical knowledge of life (though in this last, Schiller, like most German authors, was ever more or less deficient in variety and range) had begun to soften the stern and fiery spirit which had hitherto sported with the dangerous elements of social revolution. And while this change was working, before its feverish agitation subsided into that Kantism which is the antipodes of scepticism, it was natural that, to the energy which had asserted, denounced, and dogmatized, should succeed the reaction of despondency and distrust. Vehement indignation at "the solemn plausibilities" of the world pervades the "*Robbers*." In "*Don Carlos*," (commenced in this period, though published much later,) the passion is no longer vehement indignation, but mournful sorrow—not indignation that hypocrisy reigns, but sorrow that honesty cannot triumph—not indignation that formal vice usurps the high places of the world, but sorrow that, in the world, warm and generous virtue glows, and feels, and suffers—without reward. So, in the poems of this period, are two that made a considerable sensation at their first appearance—"The Conflict," published originally under the title of "*The Freethinking of Passion*," and "*Resignation*." They present

a melancholy view of the moral struggles in the heart of a noble and virtuous man. From the first of these poems, Schiller, happily and wisely, at a later period of his life, struck the passages most calculated to offend. What hand would dare restore them? The few stanzas that remain still suggest the outline of dark and painful thoughts, which is filled up in the more elaborate, and, in many respects, most exquisite, poem of "*Resignation*." Virtue exacting all sacrifices, and giving no reward—Belief which denies enjoyment, and has no bliss save its own illusions; such is the sombre lesson of the melancholy poet—the more impressive because *so far* it is truth—deep and everlasting truth—but only, to a Christian, a part of truth. Resignation, so sad if not looking beyond the earth, becomes joy, when assured and confident of heaven. Another poem in this intermediate collection was no less subjected to severe animadversion, but with infinitely less justice. We mean "*The Gods of Greece*." This lament for the beautiful old mythology, is but the lament of a poet for the ancient founts of poetry; and few, now-a-days, can be literal enough to suppose it seriously intended to set up Paganism, to the disparagement of Christianity. But the fact is, that Schiller's mind was so essentially religious, that we feel more angry, when he whom we would gladly hail as our light and guide, only darkens us or misleads, than we should, with a less grave and reverent genius. Yet a period—a transition state—of doubt and despondency is perhaps common to men in proportion to their natural dispositions to faith and veneration. With them, it comes from keen sympathy with undeserved sufferings—from wrath at wickedness triumphant—from too intense a brooding over the great mysteries involved in the government of the world. Scepticism of this nature can but little injure the frivolous, and will be charitably regarded by the wise. Schiller's mind soon outgrew the state which, to the mind of a poet, above all men, is most ungenial, but the sadness which the struggle bequeathed, seems to have wrought a complete revolution in all his preconceived opinions. The wild creator of the "*Robbers*," drunk with liberty, and audacious against all restraint, becomes the champion of "*Holy Order*,"—the denouncer of the French Republic—the extoller of an Ideal Life, which should entirely separate Genius the Restless from Society the Settled. And as his impetuous and stormy vigour matured into the lucent and tranquil art of "*Der Spaziergang*," "*Wallenstein*," and "*Die Braut von Messina*," so his philosophy threw itself into calm respect for all that custom sanctioned, and convention hallowed.

But even during the painful transition, of which, in his minor poems, glimpses alone are visible, Scepticism, with Schiller, never insults the devoted, or mocks the earnest mind. It may have sadness—but never scorn. It is the question of a traveller who has lost his way in the great wilderness, but who mourns with his fellow-seekers, and has no bitter laughter for their wanderings from the goal. This division begins, indeed, with a Hymn which atones for whatever pains us in the two whose strain and spirit so gloomily contrast it, viz. the matchless and immortal "*Hymn to Joy*"—a poem steeped in the very essence of all-loving and all-aiding Christianity—breathing the enthusiasm of devout yet gladsome adoration, and ranking amongst the most glorious bursts of worship which grateful Genius ever rendered to the benignant Creator.

And it is peculiarly noticeable, that, whatever Schiller's state of mind upon theological subjects at the time that this hymn was composed, and though all doctrinal stamp and mark be carefully absent from it, it is yet a poem that never could have been written but in a Christian age, in a Christian land—but by a man whose whole soul and heart had been at one time (nay, *was* at the *very moment* of composition) inspired and suffused with that firm belief in God's goodness and His justice—that full assurance of rewards beyond the grave—that exulting and seraphic cheerfulness which associates joy with the Creator—and that animated affection for the Brotherhood of Mankind, which Christianity—and Christianity alone, in its pure, orthodox, gospel form, needing no aid from schoolman or philosopher—taught and teaches. Would, for objects higher than the praise which the ingenuity of labour desires and strives for—would that some faint traces of the splendour which invests the original, could attend the passage of thoughts so noble and so tender, from the verse of a poet to the rhyme of a translator!

HYMN TO JOY.

Spark from the fire that Gods have fed—
 Joy—thou Elysian Child divine,
 Fire-drunk, our airy footsteps tread,
 O Holy One! thy holy shrine.
 The heart that Custom from the other
 Divides, thy charms again unite;
 And man in man but hails a brother,
 Wherever rest thy wings of light.

Chorus—Embrace ye millions—let this kiss,
 Brothers, embrace the earth below!
 Yon starry worlds that shine on this,
 One common Father know!

He who this lot from fate can grasp—
 Of one true friend the friend to be,—
 He who one faithful maid can clasp,
 Shall hold with us his jubilee;
 Yes, each who but one single heart
 In all the earth can claim his own!—
 Let him who cannot, stand apart,
 And weep beyond the pale, alone!

Chorus—Homage to holy Sympathy,
 Ye dwellers in our mighty ring;
 Up to yon Star-pavilions—she
 Leads to the Unknown King!

All being drinks the mother-dew
 Of joy from Nature's holy bosom;
 And Vice and Worth her steps pursue—
 We trace them by the blossom.
 Hers Love's sweet kiss—the grape's rich treasure,
 That cheers Life on to Death's abode;
 Joy in each link—the worm has pleasure,
 The Cherub has the smile of God!

Chorus—Why bow ye down—why down—ye millions?
 O World, thy Maker's throne to see,
 Look upward—search the Star-pavilions:
 There must His mansion be!

Joy is the mainspring in the whole
 Of endless Nature's calm rotation;
 Joy moves the dazzling wheels that roll
 In the great Timepiece of Creation;
 Joy breathes on buds, and flowers they are;
 Joy beckons—suns come forth from heaven;
 Joy rolls the spheres in realms afar,
 Ne'er to thy glass, dim Wisdom, given!

Chorus—Joyous as Suns careering gay
 Along their royal paths on high,
 March, Brothers, march your dauntless way,
 As Chiefs to Victory!

Joy, from Truth's pure and lambent fires,
 Smiles out upon the ardent seeker;
 Joy leads to Virtue Man's desires,
 And cheers as Suffering's step grows weaker.
 High from the sunny slopes of Faith,
 The gales her waving banners buoy;

And through the shattered vaults of Death,
Springs to the choral Angels—Joy!

Chorus—Bear this life, millions, bravely bear—
Bear this life for the Better One!
See ye the Stars?—a life is there,
Where the reward is won.

Man never can the gods requite;
How fair alike to gods to be!
Where want and woe shall melt in light
That plays round Bliss eternally!
Revenge and Hatred both forgot;
No foe, the deadliest, unforgiven;
With smiles that tears can neighbour not;
No path can lead Regret to Heaven!

Chorus—Let all the world be peace and love—
Cancel thy debt-book with thy brother;
For God shall judge of *us* above,
As we shall judge each other!

Joy sparkles to us from the bowl—
Behold the juice whose golden colour
To meekness melts the savage soul,
And gives Despair a Hero's valour.
Up, brothers!—Lo, we crown the cup!
Lo, the wine flashes to the brim!
Let the bright Fount spring heavenward!—Up!
To THE GOOD SPIRIT this glass!—To HIM!

Chorus—Praised by the ever-whirling ring
Of Stars, and tuneful Seraphim—
To THE GOOD SPIRIT—the Father-King
In Heaven!—This glass to Him!

Strong-hearted Hope to Sorrow's sloth;
Swift aid to guiltless Woe;
Eternity to plighted Troth;
Truth just to Friend and Foe;
Proud men before the throne to stand;
(These things are worth the dying!)
Good fortune to the Honest, and
Confusion to the Lying!

Chorus—Draw closer in the holy ring,
Sworn by the wine-cup's golden river—
Sworn by the Stars, and by their King,
To keep our vow for ever!

THE INVINCIBLE ARMADA.

She comes, she comes—the Burthen of the Deeps!
Beneath her wails the Universal Sea!
With clanking chains and a new God, she sweeps,
And with a thousand thunders, unto thee!
The ocean-castles and the floating hosts—
Ne'er on their like, look'd the wild waters!—Well
May man the monster name “Invincible.”
O'er shudd'ring waves she gathers to thy coasts!
The horror that she spreads can claim
Just title to her haughty name.
The trembling Neptune quails

Under the silent and majestic forms ;
 The Doom of Worlds in those dark sails ;—
 Near and more near they sweep ! and slumber all the Storms

Before thee the array,
 Blest island, Empress of the Sea !
 The sea-born squadrons threaten thee,
 And thy great heart, BRITANNIA !
 Woe to thy people, of their freedom proud—
 She rests, a thunder heavy in its cloud !
 Who, to thy hand the orb and sceptre gave,
 That thou should'st be the sovereign of the nations ?
 To tyrant kings thou wert thyself the slave,
 Till Freedom dug from Law its deep foundations ;
 The mighty CHART thy citizens made kings,
 And kings to citizens sublimely bow'd !
 And thou thyself, upon thy realm of water,
 Hast thou not render'd millions up to slaughter,
 When thy ships brought upon their sailing wings
 The sceptre—and the shroud ?
 What should'st thou thank ?—Blush, Earth, to hear and feel :
 What should'st thou thank ?—Thy genius and thy steel.
 Behold the hidden and the giant fires !
 Behold thy glory trembling to its fall !
 Thy coming doom the round earth shall appall,
 And all the hearts of freemen beat for thee,
 And all free souls their fate in thine foresee—
Theirs is thy glory's fall !
 One look below the Almighty gave,
 Where stream'd the lion-flags of thy proud foe ;
 And near and wider yawn'd the horrent grave.
 " And who," saith HE, " shall lay mine England low—
 The stem that blooms with hero-deeds—
 The rock when man from wrong a refuge needs—
 The stronghold where the tyrant comes in vain ?
 Who shall bid England vanish from the main ?
 Ne'er be this only Eden freedom knew,
 Man's stout defence from Power, to Fate consign'd."
 God the Almighty blew,
 And the Armada went to every wind !

THE CONFLICT.

No ! I this conflict longer will not wage,
 The conflict Duty claims—the giant task ;—
 Thy spells, O Virtue, never can assuage
 The heart's wild fire—this offering do not ask !

True, I have sworn—a solemn vow have sworn,
 That I myself will curb the self within ;
 Yet take thy wreath, no more it shall be worn—
 Take back thy wreath, and leave me free to sin.

Rent be the contract I with thee once made ;—
 She loves me, loves me—forfeit be thy crown !
 Blest he who, lull'd in rapture's dreamy shade,
 Glides, as I glide, the deep fall gladly down.

She sees the worm that my youth's bloom decays,
 She sees my springtime wasted as it flees ;
 And, marv'ling at the rigour that gainsays
 The heart's sweet impulse, my reward decrees.

Distrust this angel purity, fair soul!
 It is to guilt thy pity armeth me;
 Could Being lavish its unmeasured whole,
 It ne'er could give a gift to rival *Thee*!

Thee—the dear guilt I ever seek to shun,
 O tyranny of fate, O wild desires!
 My virtue's only crown can but be won
 In that last breath—when virtue's self expires!

RESIGNATION.

And I, too, was amidst Arcadia born,
 And Nature seem'd to woo me;
 And to my cradle such sweet joys were sworn:
 And I, too, was amidst Arcadia born,
 Yet the short spring gave only tears unto me!
 Life but one blooming holiday can keep—
 For me the bloom is fled;
 The silent Genius of the Darker Sleep
 Turns down my torch—and weep, my brethren, weep—
 Weep, for the light is dead!
 Upon thy bridge the shadows round me press,
 O dread Eternity!
 And I have known no moment that can bless;—
 Take back this letter meant for Happiness—
 The seal's unbroken—see!
 Before thee, Judge, whose eyes the dark-spun veil
 Conceals, my murmur came;
 On this our orb a glad belief prevails,
 That, thine the earthly sceptre and the scales,
 REQUITER is thy name.

Terrors, they say, thou dost for Vice prepare,
 And joys the good shall know;
 Thou canst the crooked heart unmask and bare;
 Thou canst the riddle of our fate declare;
 And keep account with Woe.
 With thee a home smiles for the exiled one—
 There ends the thorny strife.
 Unto my side a godlike vision won,
 Called TRUTH, (few know her, and the many shun,)
 And check'd the reins of life.
 "I will repay thee in a holier land—
 Give thou to me thy youth;
 All I can grant thee lies in this command."
 I heard, and, trusting in a holier land,
 Gave my young joys to Truth.

"Give me thy Laura—give me her whom Love
 To thy heart's core endears;
 The usurer, Bliss, pays every grief—*above*!"
 I tore the fond shape from the bleeding love,
 And gave—albeit with tears!
 "What bond can bind the Dead to life once more?
 Poor fool," (the scoffer cries;)
 "Gull'd by the despot's hireling lie, with lore
 That gives for Truth a shadow;—life is o'er
 When the delusion dies!"
 "Tremblest thou," hiss'd the serpent-herd in scorn,
 "Before the vain deceit?"

Made holy but by custom, stale and worn,
 The phantom Gods, of craft and folly born—
 The sick world's solemn cheat?
 What is this Future underneath the stone?
 But for the veil that hides, revered alone;
 The giant shadow of our Terror, thrown
 On Conscience' troubled glass—
 Life's lying likeness—in the dreary shroud
 Of the cold sepulchre—
 Embalm'd by Hope—Time's mummy—which the proud
 Delirium, driv'ling through thy reason's cloud,
 Calls '*Immortality!*'
 Giv'st thou for hope (corruption proves its lie)
 Sure joy that most delights us?
 Six thousand years has Death reign'd tranquilly!—
 Nor one corpse come to whisper those who die,
 What *after* death requites us!"
 Along Time's shores I saw the Seasons fly;
 Nature herself, interr'd
 Among her blooms, lay dead; to those who die
 There came no corpse to whisper Hope! Still I
 Clung to the Godlike Word.
 Judge!—All my joys to thee did I resign,
 All that did most delight me;
 And now I kneel—man's scorn I scorn'd—thy shrine
 Have I adored—Thee only held divine—
 Requirer, now requite me!
 "For all my sons an equal love I know,
 And equal each condition,"
 Answer'd an unseen Genius—"See below,
 Two flowers, for all who rightly seek them, blow—
 The HOPE and the FRUITION.
 He who has pluck'd the one, resign'd must see
 The sister's forfeit bloom:
 Let Unbelief enjoy—Belief must be
 All to the chooser;—the world's history
 Is the world's judgment doom.
 Thou hast had HOPE—in thy belief thy prize—
 Thy bliss was centred in it:
 Eternity itself—(Go ask the Wise!)
 Never to him who forfeits, resupplies
 The sum struck from the Minute!"

THE GODS OF GREECE.

1.

Ye in the age gone by,
 Who ruled the world—a world how lovely then!—
 And guided still the steps of happy men
 In the light leading-strings of careless joy!
 Ah, flourish'd then yourservice of delight!
 How different, oh, how different, in the day
 When thy sweet fanes with many a wreath were bright,
 O Venus Amathusia!

2.

Then, through a veil of dreams
 Woven by Song, Truth's youthful beauty glow'd,
 And life's redundant and rejoicing streams
 Gave to the soulless, soul—where'er they flow'd.

Man gifted Nature with divinity
 To lift and link her to the breast of Love;
 All things betray'd to the initiate eye
 The track of gods above!

3.

Where lifeless—fix'd afar,
 A flaming ball to our dull sense is given,
 Phœbus Apollo, in his golden car,
 In silent glory swept the fields of heaven!
 On yonder hill the Oread was adored,
 In yonder tree the Dryad held her home;
 And from her Urn the gentle Naiad pour'd
 The wavelet's silver foam.

4.

Yon bay, chaste Daphnè wreathed,
 Yon stone was mournful Niobe's mute cell,
 Low through yon sedges pastoral Syrinx breathed,
 And through those groves wail'd the sweet Philomel;
 The tears of Ceres swell'd in yonder rill—
 Tears shed for Proserpine to Hades borne;
 And, for her lost Adonis, yonder hill
 Heard Cytherea mourn!—

5.

Heaven's shapes were charm'd unto
 The mortal race of old Deucalion;
 Pyrrha's fair daughter, humanly to woo,
 Came down, in shepherd-guise, Latona's son.
 Between men, heroes, Gods, harmonious then
 Love wove sweet links and sympathies divine;
 Blest Amathusia, heroes, Gods, and men,
 Equals before thy shrine!

6.

Not to that culture gay,
 Stern self-denial, or sharp penance wan!
 Well might each heart be happy in that day—
 For Gods, the Happy Ones, were kin to Man!
 The Beautiful alone, the Holy there!
 No pleasure shamed the Gods of that young race;
 So that the chaste Camœnæ favouring were,
 And the subduing Grace!

7.

A palace every shrine;
 Your very sports heroic;—Yours the crown
 Of contests hallow'd to a power divine,
 As rush'd the chariots thund'ring to renown.
 Fair round the altar where the incense breathed,
 Moved your melodious dance inspired; and fair
 Above victorious brows, the garland wreathed
 Sweet leaves round odorous hair!

8.

The lively Thyrsus-swingers,
 And the wild car the exulting Panthers bore,
 Announced the Presence of the Rapture-Bringer—
 Bounded the Satyr and blithe Fawn before;
 And Mænads, as the frenzy stung the soul,
 Hymn'd, in their madding dance, the glorious wine—
 As ever beckon'd to the lusty bowl
 The ruddy Host divine!

9.

Before the bed of death

No ghastly spectre stood—but from the porch
Of life, the lip—one kiss inhaled the breath,
And the mute graceful Genius lower'd a torch.
The judgment-balance of the Realms below,
A judge, himself of mortal lineage, held;
The very Furies at the Thracian's woe,
Were moved and music-spell'd.

10.

In the Elysian grove

The shades renew'd the pleasures life held dear:
The faithful spouse rejoin'd remember'd love,
And rush'd along the meads the charioteer;
There Linus pour'd the old accustom'd strain;
Admetus there Alcestes still could greet; his
Friend there once more Orestes could regain,
His arrows—Philoctetes!

11.

More glorious then the meeds

That in their strife with labour nerved the brave,
To the great doer of renowned deeds,
The Hebe and the Heaven the Thunderer gave.
To him the rescued Rescuer of the dead,
Bow'd down the silent and Immortal Host;
And the Twin Stars their guiding lustre shed,
On the bark tempest-tost!

12.

Art thou, fair world, no more?

Return, thou virgin-bloom on Nature's face;
Ah, only on the Minstrel's magic shore,
Can we the footstep of sweet Fable trace!
The meadows mourn for the old hallowing life;
Vainly we search the earth of gods bereft;
Where once the warm and living shapes were rife,
Shadows alone are left!

13.

Cold, from the North, has gone

Over the Flowers the Blast that kill'd their May;
And, to enrich the worship of the ONE,
A Universe of Gods must pass away!
Mourning, I search on yonder starry steeps,
But thee no more, Selene, there I see!
And through the woods I call, and o'er the deeps,
And—Echo answers me!

14.

Deaf to the joys she gives—

Blind to the pomp of which she is possess—
Unconscious of the spiritual Power that lives
Around, and rules her—by our bliss unblest—
Dull to the Art that colours or creates,
Like the dead timepiece, Godless NATURE creeps
Her plodding round, and, by the leaden weights,
The slavish motion keeps.

15.

To-morrow to receive

New life, she digs her proper grave to-day;

And icy moons, with weary sameness, weave
 From their own light their fullness and decay :
 Home to the Poet's land the Gods are flown ;
 Light use in *them* that later world discerns,
 Which, the diviner leading-strings outgrown,
 On its own axle turns.

16.

Home!—and with them are gone
 The hues they gazed on, and the tones they heard,
 Life's beauty and life's melodies—alone
 Broods o'er the desolate void the lifeless Word !
 Yet rescued from Time's deluge, still they throng,
 Unseen, the Pindus they were wont to cherish,
 Ah—that which gains immortal life in song
 To mortal life must perish !

We subjoin a few poems, belonging to the third period, which were omitted in our former selections from that division.

THE MEETING.

1.

I see her still, with many a fair one nigh,
 Of every fair the stateliest shape appear :
 Like a lone sun she shone upon my eye—
 I stood afar, and durst not venture near.
 Seized, as her presence brighten'd round me, by
 The trembling passion of voluptuous fear,
 Yet, swift, as borne upon some hurrying wing,
 The impulse snatch'd me, and I struck the string !

2.

What then I felt—what sung—my memory hence
 From that wild moment would in vain invoke—
 It was the life of some discover'd sense
 That in the heart's divine emotion spoke ;
 Long years imprison'd, and escaping thence
 From every chain, the SOUL enchanted broke,
 And found a music in its own deep core,
 Its holiest, deepest deep, unguess'd before.

3.

Like melody long hush'd, and lost in space,
 Back to its home the breathing spirit came :
 I look'd, and saw upon that angel face
 The fair love circled with the modest shame ;
 I heard (and heaven descended on the place)
 Low-whisper'd words a charmed truth proclaim—
 Save in thy choral hymns, O spirit-shore,
 Ne'er may I hear such thrilling sweetness more !

4.

“ I know the worth within the heart which sighs,
 Yet shuns, the modest sorrow to declare ;
 And what rude Fortune niggardly denies,
 Love to the noble can with love repair.
 The lowly have the loftiest destinies ;
 Love only culls the flower that love should wear ;
 And ne'er in vain for love's rich gifts, shall yearn
 The heart that feels their wealth—and can return !”

TO EMMA.

1.

Amidst the cloud-grey deeps afar
 The Bliss departed lies ;
 How linger on one lonely star
 The loving wistful eyes !
 Alas—a star in truth—the light
 Shines but a signal of the night !

2.

If lock'd within the icy chill
 Of the long sleep, thou wert—
 My faithful grief could find thee still
 A life within my heart ;—
 But, oh, the worse despair to see
 Thee live to earth, and die to me !

3.

Can those sweet longing hopes, which make
 Love's essence, thus decay ?
 Can that be love which doth forsake ?—
That love—which fades away ?
 That earthly gifts are brief, I knew—
 Is that all heaven-born mortal too ?

TO A YOUNG FRIEND DEVOTING HIMSELF TO PHILOSOPHY.

Severe the proof the Grecian youth was doom'd to undergo,
 Before he might what lurks beneath the Eleusinia know—
 Art *thou* prepared and ripe, the shrine—that inner shrine—to win,
 Where Pallas guards from vulgar eyes the mystic prize within ?
 Know'st thou what bars thy way ? how dear the bargain thou dost make,
 When but to buy uncertain good, sure good thou dost forsake ?
 Feel'st thou sufficient strength to brave the deadliest human fray—
 When Heart from Reason—Sense from Thought, shall rend themselves away ?
 Sufficient valour, war with Doubt, the Hydra-shape, to wage ;
 And that worst Foe within thyself with manly soul engage ?
 With eyes that keep their heavenly health—the innocence of youth
 To guard from every falsehood, fair beneath the mask of Truth ?
 Fly, if thou can'st not trust thy heart to guide thee on the way—
 Oh, fly the charmèd margin ere th' abyss engulf its prey.
 Round many a step that seeks the light, the shades of midnight close ;
 But in the glimmering twilight, see—how safely Childhood goes !

THE PUPPET-SHOW OF LIFE.

(Das Spiel des Lebens.)

A PARAPHRASE.

A *literal* version of this pretty little poem, which possibly may have been suggested by some charming passages in Wilhelm Meister, would, perhaps, be incompatible with the spirit which constitutes its chief merit. And perhaps, therefore, the original may be more faithfully rendered (like many of the Odes of Horace) by paraphrase than translation.

Ho—ho—my puppet-show !
 Ladies and gentlemen, see my show !
 Life and the world—look here, in troth,
 Though but *in parvo*, I promise ye both !
 The world and life—in my box are they ;
 But keep at a distance, good folks, I pray !
 Lit is each lamp, from the stage to the porch,
 With Venus's naphtha, from Cupid's torch ;
 Never a moment, if rules can tempt ye,
 Never a moment my scene is empty !
 Here is the babe in his leading-strings—

Here is the boy at play ;
 Here is the passionate youth with wings,
 Like a bird's on a stormy day,
 To and fro, waving here and there,
 Down to the earth and aloft through the air !
 Now see the man, as for combat, enter—
 Where is the peril he fears to adventure ?
 See how the puppets speed on to the race, }
 Each his own fortune pursues in the chase ; }
 How many the rivals, how narrow the space ! }
 But, hurry and scurry, O mettlesome game !
 The cars roll in thunder, the wheels rush in flame.
 How the brave dart onward, and pant and glow !
 How the craven behind them come creeping slow—
 Ha ! ha ! see how Pride gets a terrible fall !
 See how Prudence, or Cunning, out-races them all !
 See how at the goal, with her smiling eyes,
 Ever waits Woman to give the prize !

THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE NEW CENTURY.

Where can Peace find a refuge ?—whither, say,
 Can Freedom turn ?—lo, friend, before our view
 The CENTURY rends itself in storm away,
 And, red with slaughter, dawns on earth the New.
 The girdle of the lands is loosen'd ;—hurl'd
 To dust the forms old Custom deem'd divine,—
 Safe from War's fury not the watery world ;—
 Safe not the Nile-God nor the antique Rhine.
 Two mighty nations make the world their field,
 Deaming the world is for their heirloom given—
 Against the freedom of all lands they wield
 This—Neptune's trident ; that—the Thund'rer's levin.
 Gold to their scales each region must afford ;
 And, as fierce Brennus in Gaul's early tale,
 The Frank casts in the iron of his sword,
 To poise the balance, where the right may fail—
 Like some huge Polypus, with arms that roam
 Outstretch'd for prey—the Briton spreads his reign ;
 And, as the Ocean were his household home,
 Locks up the chambers of the liberal main.
 Where on the Pole scarce gleams the faintest star,
 Onward his restless course unbounded flies ;
 Tracks every isle and every coast afar,
 And undiscover'd leaves but—Paradise !
 Alas, in vain on earth's wide chart, I ween,
 Thou seek'st that holy realm beneath the sky—
 Where Freedom dwells in gardens ever green—
 And blooms the Youth of fair Humanity !

O'er shores where sail ne'er rustled to the wind,
 O'er the vast universe, may rove thy ken ;
 But in the universe thou canst not find
 A space sufficing for ten happy men !
 In the heart's holy stillness only beams
 The shrine of refuge from life's stormy throng ;
 Freedom is only in the land of Dreams ;
 And only blooms the Beautiful in Song !

THE MINSTRELS OF OLD.

Where now the minstrel of the large renown,
 Rapturing with living words the heark'ning throng ?
 Charming the Man to heaven, and earthward down
 Charming the God ?—who wing'd the soul with song ?
 Yet lives the minstrel, not the deeds—the lyre
 Of old demands ears that of old believed it—
 Bards of bless'd time—how flew your living fire
 From lip to lip ! how race from race received it !
 As if a God, men hallow'd with devotion—
 What GENIUS, speaking, shaping, wrought below,
 The glow of song inflamed the ear's emotion,
 The ear's emotion gave the song the glow ;
 Each nurturing each—back on his soul—its tone
 Whole nations echoed with a rapture-peal ;
 Then all around the heavenly splendour shone
 Which now the heart, and scarce the heart can feel.

FAREWELL TO THE READER.

The Muse is silent ; with a virgin cheek,
 Bow'd with the blush of shame, she ventures near—
 She waits the judgment that thy lips may speak,
 And feels the deference, but disowns the fear.
 Such praise as Virtue gives, 'tis hers to seek—
 Bright Truth, not tinsel Folly to revere ;
 He only for her wreath the flowers should cull
 Whose heart, with hers, beats for the Beautiful.

Nor longer yet these lays of mine would live,
 Than to one genial heart, not idly stealing,
 There some sweet dreams and fancies fair to give,
 Some hallowing whispers of a loftier feeling.
 Not for the far posterity they strive,
 Doom'd with the time, its impulse but revealing,
 Born to record the Moment's smile or sigh,
 And with the light dance of the Hours to fly.

Spring wakes—and life, in all its youngest hues,
 Shoots through the mellowing meads delightedly ;
 Air the fresh herbage scents with nectar-dews ;
 Livelier the choral music fills the sky ;
 Youth grows more young, and Age its youth renews,
 In that field-banquet of the ear and eye ;
 Spring flies—lo, seeds where once the flowers have blush'd
 And the last bloom is gone, and the last music hush'd

A READING PARTY IN THE LONG VACATION.

EVERY one who knows Oxford, and a good many besides, must have heard of certain periodical migrations of the younger members of that learned university into distant and retired parts of her Majesty's dominions, which (on the "*lucus à non lucendo*" principle) are called and known by the name of Reading Parties. Some half dozen under-graduates, in peril of the coming examination, form themselves into a joint-stock cramming company; take L.30 or L.40 shares in a private tutor; pitch their camp in some Dan or Beersheba which has a reputation for dulness; and, like other joint-stock companies, humbug the public, and sometimes themselves, into the belief that they are "doing business." For these classical bubbles, the long vacation is the usual season, and Wales one of the favourite localities; and certainly, putting "Reading" out of the question, three fine summer months might be worse spent, than in climbing the mountains, and whipping the trout-streams, of that romantic land. Many a quiet sea-side town, or picturesque fishing-village, might be mentioned, which owes no little of its summer gayety, and perhaps something of its prosperity, to the annual visit of "the Oxonians:" many a fair girl has been indebted for the most piquant flirtation of the season to the "*gens togata*," who were reading at the little watering-place to which fate and papa had carried her for the race-week, or the hunt ball: and whatever the effect of these voluntary rustications upon the class lists in Oxford, they certainly have procured for the parties occasionally a very high "provincial celebrity." I know that when we beat our retreat from summer quarters at Glyndewi in 18—, the sighs of our late partners were positively heart-rending, and the blank faces of the deserted billiard-marker and solitary livery-stable groom haunt me to this day.

I had been endeavouring by hard reading, for the last three months, to work up the arrears of three years of college idleness, when my evil genius himself, in the likeness of George Gordon of Trinity, persuaded me to

put the finishing touch to my education, by joining a party who were going down to Glyndewi in —shire, "really to read." In an unguarded moment, I consented; packed up books enough to last me for five years, reading at the rate of twenty-four hours per day, wrote to the governor announcing my virtuous intention, and was formally introduced to the Rev. Mr Hanmer, Gordon's tutor, as one of his "cubs" for the long vacation.

Six of us there were to be; a very mixed party, and not well mixed—a social chaos. We had an exquisite from St Mary Hall, a pea-coated Brazenose boatman, a philosophical water-drinker and union-debater from Balliol, and a two-bottle man from Christ Church. When we first met, it was like oil and water; it seemed as if we might be churned together for a century, and never coalesce: but in time, like punch-making, it turned out that the very heterogeneousness of the ingredients was the zest of the compound.

I had never heard of such a place as Glyndewi, nor had I an idea how to get there. Gordon and Hanmer were gone already; so I packed myself on the top of the Shrewsbury mail, as the direct communication between Oxford and North Wales, and there became acquainted with No. 2 of my fellows in transportation; (for, except Gordon and myself, we were all utter strangers to each other.) "I say, Hawkins; let's feel those ribbons a bit, will you?" quoth the occupant of the box-seat to our respectable Jehu. "Can't indeed, sir, with these hosses; it's as much as ever I can do to hold this here near leader." This was satisfactory; risking one's neck in a tandem was all very well—a part of the regular course of an Oxford education; but amateur drivers of stage coaches I had always a prejudice against: let gentlemen keep their own four-in-hands, and upset themselves and families, as they have an undeniable right to do—but not the public. I looked at the first speaker: at his pea-jacket, that is, which was all I could see of him: Oxford decidedly. His cigar was Oxford too, by the villanous

smell of it. He took the coachman's implied distrust of his professional experience good-humouredly enough, proffered him his cigar-case, and entered into a discussion on the near-leader's moral and physical qualities. "I'll trouble you for a light, if you please," said I; he turned round, we stuck the ends of our cigars together, and puffed into each other's faces for about a minute, (my cigars were dampish,) as grave as North American Indians. "Thank you," said I, as the interesting ceremony was concluded, and our acquaintance begun. We got into conversation, when it appeared that he, too, was bound for the undiscovered shores of Glyn dewi, and that we were therefore likely to be companions for the next three months. He was an off-hand, good-humoured fellow; drank brandy and water, treated the coachman, and professed an acquaintance with bar-maids in general, and pretty ones in particular, on our line of road. He was going up for a class, he supposed, he said; the governor had taken a "second below the line" himself, and insisted upon his emulating the paternal distinction; d——d nonsense, he said, in his opinion; except that the governor had a couple of harriers with Greek names, he did not see that his classics were of any use to him: and no doubt but that Hylax and Phryne would run just as well if they had been called Stormer and Merry Lass. However, he must rub up all his old Eton books this 'long,' and get old Hammer to lay it on thick. Such was Mr Branling of Brazenose.

At Shrewsbury, we were saluted with the intelligence, "Coach dines here, gentlemen." We found a couple of fowls that the coach might probably have dined upon, and digested with other articles—in the hind boot; to human stomachs they seemed impracticable. We employed the allotted ten minutes upon a leg of mutton, and ascended again to our stations on the roof: and here was an addition to our party. Externally, it consisted of a mackintosh and a fur cap: in the very short interval between the turned-down flap of the one and the turned-up collar of the other, were a pair of grey-glass spectacles, and part of a nose. So far we had no very sufficient premises from which to draw conclusions, whether or not he were "one of

us." But there were internal evidences; an odour of Bouquet de Roi, or some such villanous compound, nearly overpowering the fragrance of some genuine weed which I had supplied my pea-coated friend with in the place of his Oxford "Havannahs"—a short cough occasionally, as though the smoke of the said weed were not altogether "the perfume of the lips he loved;"—and a resolute taciturnity. What was he? It is a lamentable fact, that an Oxford under-graduate does not invariably look the gentleman. He vibrates between the fashionable assurance of a London swindler, and the modest diffidence of an overgrown schoolboy. There is usually a degree of unfinishedness about him. He seems to be assuming a character: unlike the glorious Burschenschaft of Germany, he has no character of his own. However, for want of more profitable occupation, we set to work in earnest to discover who our fellow-traveller really was: and by a series of somewhat American conversational enquiries, we at last fished out that he was going into —shire like ourselves—nay, in answer to a direct question on the subject, that he hoped to meet Hammer of Trinity at Glyn dewi. But no further information could we get: our new friend was reserved. Mr Branling and I had commenced intimacy already. "My name is Branling of Brazenose;" "and mine Hawthorne of —;" was our concise introduction. But our companion was the pink of Oxford correctness on this point. He thanked the porter for putting his luggage up; called me "Sir" till he found I was an Oxford man; and had we travelled for a month together, would rather have requested the coachman to introduce us, than be guilty of any such barbarism as to introduce himself. So by degrees our intimacy, instead of warming, waxed cold. As night drew on, and the fire of cigars from Branling, self, and coachman, became more deadly, the fur cap was drawn still closer over the ears, the mackintosh crept up higher, and we lost sight of all but the outline of the spectacles.

The abominable twitter of the sparrows in the hedgerows gave notice of the break of day—to travellers the most dismal of all hours, in my opinion—when I awoke from the com-

fortable nap into which I had fallen since the last change of horses. For some time we alternately dozed, tumbled against each other, begged pardon, and awoke; till at last the sun broke out gloriously as we drove into the cheerful little town of B——.

A good breakfast set us all to rights, and made even our friend in the mackintosh talkative. He came out most in the character of tea-maker: (an office, by the way, which he filled to the general satisfaction of his constituents during our stay in North Wales.) We found out that he was a St Mary Hall man, with a duplicate name: Mr Sydney Dawson, as the cards on his multifarious luggage set forth: that he was an aspirant for "any thing he could get" in the way of honours: (humble aspiration as it seemed, it was not destined to be gratified, for he got nothing.) He thought he might find some shooting and fishing in Wales, so had brought with him a gun-case and a setter; though his pretensions to sportsmanship proved to be rather of the cockney order. For three months he was the happily unconscious butt of our party, and yet never but once was our good-humour seriously interrupted.

From B—— to Glyndewi we had been told we must make our way as we could: and a council of war, which included boots and the waiter, ended in the arrival of the owner of one of the herring-boats, of which there were several under "the terrace." "Was you wish to go to Glyndewi, gentlemen? I shall take you so quick as any way; she is capital wind, and you shall have fine sail." A man who could speak such undeniable English was in himself a treasure; for an ineffectual attempt at a bargain for some lobsters (even with a "Welsh interpreter" in our hands) had warned us that there were in this Christian country unknown tongues which would have puzzled even the Rev. Edward Irving. So the bargain was struck: in half-an-hour ourselves and traps were alongside the boat: and after waiting ten minutes for the embarkation of Mr Sydney Dawson and his dog Sholto, who seemed to have an abhorrence of sea-voyages, Branling at last hauled in the latter in the last agonies of strangulation, and his master having tumbled in over him, to the detriment of a pair of clean whites

and a cerulean waistcoat, we—*i. e.* the rest of us—set sail for Glyndewi in high spirits.

Our boatmen were intelligent fellows, and very anxious to display their little stock of English. They knew Mr Hanmer well, they said—he had been at Glyndewi the summer before; he was "nice free gentleman;" and they guessed immediately the object of our pilgrimage: Glyndewi was "very much for learning;" did not gentlemen from Oxford College, and gentlemen from Cambridge College, all come there? We warned him not on any account to couple us in his mind with "Cambridge gentlemen;" we were quite a distinct species, we assured him. (They had beaten us that year in the eight-oar match on the Thames.) But there seemed no sufficient reason for disabusing their minds of the notion, that this influx of students was owing to something classical in the air of Glyndewi: indeed, supposing this theory to be wrong, it was no easy matter to substitute a sounder one. In what did the superiority of Mrs Jenkins's smoky parlour at Glyndewi consist, for the purposes of reading for a degree, compared with my pleasant rooms looking into —— Gardens at Oxford, or the governor's snug library at home? It is an abstruse question. Parents and guardians, indeed, whose part upon the stage of life, as upon the theatrical stage, consists principally in submitting to be more or less humbugged, attribute surprising effects to a fancied absence of all amusements, with a mill-horse round of Greek, Latin, and logic, early rising, and walks in the country with a pocket Horace. From my own experience of reading parties, I should select as their peculiar characteristics, a tendency to hats and caps of such remarkable shapes, as, if once sported in the college quadrangle, would be the subject of a common-room *instanter*; and, among some individuals (whom we may call the peripatetic philosophers of the party) a predilection for seedy shooting-coats and short pipes, with which they perambulate the neighbourhood to the marvel of the aboriginal inhabitants; while those whom we may class with the stoics, display a preference for dressing-gowns and meerschaums, and confine themselves principally to the door-ways and open

windows of their respective lodgings. How far these "helps to knowledge"—for which Oxford certainly does not afford equal facilities—conduce to the required first or second class, is a question I do not feel competent to decide; but *if* reading-parties *do* succeed, the secret of their success may at least as probably lie in these hitherto unregarded phenomena.

Five hours of a fair wind brought us to Glyndewi. Here we found Hanmer and Gordon, who had taken a house for the party, and seemed already domesticated. I cannot say that we were royally lodged: the rooms were low, and the terms high; but as no one thought of taking lodgings at Glyndewi in the winter, and the rats consequently lived in them rent-free for six months, it was but fair somebody should pay: and we did. "Attendance" we had into the bargain. Now, attendance at a lodging-house has been defined to be, the privilege of ringing your bell as often as you please, provided you do not expect any one to answer it. But the bell-ropes in Mrs Jenkins's parlours being only ornamental appendages, our privilege was confined to calling upon the landing-place for a red-headed female, who, when she did come, which was seldom, was terrible to look upon, and could only be conversed with by pantomime.

To do Mrs Jenkins and "Gweny" justice, they were scrupulously clean in every thing but their own persons, which, the latter's especially, seemed to have monopolised the dirt of the whole establishment. College bedrooms are not luxurious affairs, so we were not inclined to be captious on that head: and we slept soundly, and awoke with a determination to make our first voyage of discovery in a charitable spirit.

The result of our morning's stroll was the unanimous conclusion, that Glyndewi was a rising place. It did not seem inclined to rise all at once though; but in patches here and there, with a quarter of a mile or so between, like what we read of the great sea-serpent. (I fear this individual is no more; this matter-of-fact age has been the death of him.) There were two long streets—one parallel to the quay, (or, as the more refined called it, "the terrace,") and the other at right angles to it. The first was Herring Street—the second Goose Street. At

least such were the ancient names, which I give for the benefit of antiquarian readers. Since the then Princess Victoria visited B——, the loyalty of the Glyndewi people had changed "Herring" into "Victoria;" and her royal consort has since had the equivocal compliment paid him of transmuting "Goose Street" into "Albert Buildings." I trust it will not be considered disloyal to say, that the original sponsors—the geese and the herrings—seem to me to have been somewhat hardly used; having done more for their namesakes, than, as far as I can learn, their royal successors even promised.

Glyndewi was rising, however, in more respects than in the matter of taste in nomenclature. Tall houses, all front and windows, were stuck up here and there; sometimes with a low fisherman's cottage between them, whose sinking roof and bulging walls looked as if, like the frog in the fable, it had burst in the vain attempt to rival its majestic neighbour. At one end stood a large hotel with a small business, and an empty billiard-room: at the other, a wall some six inches high marked the spot where subscription-rooms were to be built for the accommodation of visitors and the public generally, as set forth in the prospectus, as soon as the visitors and the public chose to find the money. Nearly the whole of the village was the property of a gentleman who had built the hotel and billiard-room, and run up a few lodging-houses on a speculation, which seemed at best a doubtful one, of making it in time a fashionable watering-place.

Glyndewi had been recommended to us as a quiet place. It was quiet—horribly quiet. Not the quiet of green fields and deep woods, the charm of country life; but the quiet of a teetotal supper-party, or a college in vacation. "Just the place for reading: no gayety—no temptations." So I had written to tell the governor, in the ardour of my setting forth as one of a "reading-party;" alas! it was a fatal mistake. Had it been an ordinarily cheerful place, I think one or two of us could and should have read there; as it was, our whole wits were set to work to enliven its dulness. It took us as long to invent an amusement, as would have sufficed elsewhere for getting tired of half a dozen different dissipation. The very rea-

son which made us fix upon it as a place to read in, proved in our case the source of unmitigated idleness. "No temptations" indeed! there were no temptations—the only temptation I felt there was to hang or drown myself, and there was not a tree six feet high within as many miles, and the Dewi was a river "darkly, deeply, beautifully"—muddy; it would have been smothering rather. We should not have staid to the end of the first month, had it not been for very shame; but to run away from a reading-party would have been a joke against us for ever. So from the time we got up in the morning, until we climbed Mrs Jenkins's domestic treadmill again at night, the one question was, what should we do with ourselves? Walk? there were the A—— and B—— roads—three miles of sand and dust either way. Before us was the bay—behind the ——shire mountains, up which one might walk some sixteen miles, (in the month of July,) and yet the same view from each successive point you reached: viz., a hill before you, which you thought must be the top at last, and Glyndewi—of which we knew the number of houses, and the number of windows in each—behind. Ride then? the two hacks kept by mine host of the Mynysnewydd Arms, deserve a history to themselves. Rossinante would have been ashamed to be seen grazing in the same field with such caricatures of his race. There was a board upon a house a few doors off, announcing that "pleasure and other boats" were to be let on hire. All the boats that we were acquainted with must have been the "other" ones—for they smelled of herrings, sailed at about the pace of a couple of freshmen in a "two-oar," and gave very pretty exercise—to those who were fond of it—in baling. As for reading, we were like the performers at a travelling theatre—always "going to begin."

Branling, indeed, did once shut himself up in his bedroom, as we afterwards ascertained, with a box of cigars and a black and tan terrier, and read for three weeks on end in the peculiar atmosphere thus created. Willingham of Christ Church, and myself, had what was called the dining-room in common, and proceeded so far on the third day after our arrival, as to lay out a very imposing spread of books

upon all the tables; and there it remained in evidence of our good intentions, until the first time we were called upon to do the honours of an extempore luncheon. Unfortunately, from the very first, Willingham and myself were set down by Hanmer as the idle men of the party; this sort of prophetic discrimination, which tutors at Oxford are very much in the habit of priding themselves upon, tends, like other prophecies, to work its own fulfilment. Did a civil Welshman favour us with a call? "Show him in to Mr Hawthorne and Mr Willingham; I dare say they are not very busy"—quoth our *Jupiter tonans* from on high in the dining-room, where he held his court; and accordingly in he came. We had Stilton and bottled porter in charge for these occasions from the common stock; but the honours of all these visits were exclusively our own, as far as houseroom went. In dropped the rest of the party, one by one. Hanmer himself pitched the Ethics into a corner to make room, as he said, for substantials, the froth of bottled Guinness damped the eloquence of Cicero, and Branling having twisted up my analysis of the last-read chapter into a light for his cigar, there was an end of our morning's work. How could we read? That was what we always said, and there was some truth in it.

Mr Branling's reading fit was soon over too; and having cursed the natives for barbarians, because there was not a pack of harriers within ten miles, which confirmed him in the opinion he had always expressed of their utter want of civilization, (for, as he justly remarked, not one in a dozen could even speak decent English,) he waited impatiently for September, when he had got leave from some Mr Williams or Jones, I never remembered which, to shoot over a considerable range about Glyndewi.

But with the 20th of August, a change came o'er the spirit of our dream. Hitherto we had seen little of any of the neighbouring families, excepting that of a Captain George Phillips, who, living only three miles off, on the bank of the river, and having three sons and two daughters, and keeping a pretty yacht, had given us a dinner party or two, and a pleasant day's sail. Capital fellows were the young Phillipses: Nature's gentlemen; un-

sophisticated, hearty Welshmen; lads from sixteen to twenty. Down they used to come, in a most dangerous little craft of their own, which went by the name of the "Coroner's Inquest," to smoke cigars, (against which the Captain had published an interdict at home,) and question us about Oxford larks, and tell us in return stories of wild-fowl shooting, otter hunting, and salmon fishing, in all which they were proficient.

Our establishment was not an imposing one, but of them we made no strangers. Once they came, I remember, self-invited to dinner, in a most unfortunate state of our larder.

The weekly half sheep had not arrived from B——; to get any thing in Glyndewi, beyond the native luxuries of bacon and herrings, was hopeless; and our dinner happened to be a leash of fowls, of which we had just purchased a live supply. Mrs Glasse would have been in despair; we took it coolly; to the three boiled fowls at top, we added three roast ditto at bottom, and by unanimous consent of both guests and entertainers, a more excellent dinner was never put on table.

But the 20th of August! the day of the Glyndewi regatta! *that* must have a chapter to itself.

CHAPTER II.

When a dull place like Glyndewi does undertake to be gay, it seldom does things by halves. Ordinary doses of excitement fail to meet the urgency of the case. It was the fashion, it appeared, for all the country families of any pretensions to *ton*, and not a few of the idlers from the neighbouring watering-places, to be at Glyndewi for the race-week. And as far as the programme of amusements went, certainly the committee (consisting of the resident surgeon, the non-resident proprietor of the "hotel," &c., and a retired major in the H.E.I.C.'s service, called by his familiars by the endearing name of "Tiger Jones") had made a spirited attempt to meet the demand. A public breakfast, and a regatta, and a ball—a "Full Dress and Fancy Ball," the advertisement said, on the 20th a Horse-Race; and an Ordinary on the 21st; a Cricket Match, if possible, and any extra fun which the Visitors' own genius might strike out on the following days.

The little bay of Glyndewi was not a bad place for a boat-race on a small scale. The "terrace" commanded the whole of it; there were plenty of herring-boats, about equally matched in sailing deficiencies, ready and willing to "run"—*i. e.* creep—for the prizes; and an honourable member of the Yacht Club, who for some years past, for reasons which it was said his creditors could explain, had found it more convenient to keep his season at B—— than at Cowes, always paid the stewards the compliment of carrying off the "Ladies' Challenge Cup."

The two or three years' experience which the Glyndewi people had lately gained of the nature and habits of "the Oxonians," made them an article in great demand on these occasions. Mammals and daughters agreed in looking upon us as undeniable partners in the ball-room, while the sporting men booked us as safe for getting up a creditable four-oar, with a strong probability of finding a light weight willing to risk his neck and reputation at a hurdle-race. Certain it is, that from the time the races began to be seriously talked about, we began to feel ourselves invested with additional importance. "Tiger Jones" (who occupied a snug little box about a mile out of Glyndewi, where he lived upon cheroots and brandy and water) called, was exceedingly polite, apologized for not inviting us to dinner—a thing he declared impossible in his quarters—hoped we would call some day and take a lunch with him, spoke with rapture of the capital crew which "the gentlemen who were studying here last summer" had made up, and which ran away from all competitors, and expressed a fervent hope that we should do likewise.

The sporting surgeon (of course he had called upon us long ago) redoubled his attentions, begged that if any of us were cricketers we would endeavour to aid him in getting up a "Glyndewi eleven" against the "Strangers," and fixed himself upon me as an invaluable acquisition, when he found I had actually once played in a match against Marylebone. (I did not tell him that the total score of

my innings was "one.") Would I, then, at once take the drilling of as many recruits as he could get together? And would Mr Willingham and Mr Gordon, who "used to play at school," get up their practice again? (It wanted about a fortnight to the races.) The result of this, and sundry other interviews, was, that Branling at length found a vent for the *vis inertiae* in putting us all, with the exception of Mr Sydney Dawson, whom he declared to be so stiff in the back that he had no hope of him, into training for a four-oar; and the surgeon and myself set off in his gig for B——, to purchase materials for cricket.

It is true, that our respected tutor did look more than usually grave, and shook his head with a meaning almost as voluminous as Lord Burleigh's, when informed of our new line of study. Rowing he declared to be a most absurd expenditure of time and strength; he never could see the fun of men breaking bloodvessels, and getting plucked for their degree, for the honour of "the Trinity Boat." But the cricket touched him on the raw. He was an old Etonian, and had in his time been a good player; and was now as active as any stout gentleman of seven-and-thirty, who had been twelve years a steady admirer of bursary dinners and common-room port. So, after some decent scruples on his part, and some well-timed compliments touching his physical abilities on ours, (he was much vainer of the muscle of his arm than of his high reputation as a scholar,) we succeeded in drawing from him a sort of promise, that if we were so foolish as to get up a match, he would try whether he had forgot all about bowling.

For the next fortnight, therefore, we had occupation enough cut out for us. Branling was unmerciful in his practice on the river; and considering that two of us had never pulled an oar but in the slowest of "Torpids," we improved surprisingly under his tuition. The cricket, too, was quite a new era in our existence. Dawson (we told him that the "Sydney" must be kept for Sundays) was a perfect fund of amusement in his zealous practice. He knew as much about the matter as a cow might, and was rather less active. But if perseverance could have made a cricketer,

he would have turned out a first-rate one. Not content with two or three hours of it every fine evening, when we all sallied down to the marsh, followed by every idler in Glyndewi, he used to disappear occasionally in the mornings, and for some days puzzled us as to where and how he disposed of himself. We had engaged, in our corporate capacity, the services of a most original retainer, who cleaned boots, fetched the beer, eat the cold mutton, and made himself otherwise useful when required. He was amphibious in his habits, having been a herring-fisher the best part of his life; but being a martyr to the rheumatism, which occasionally screwed him up into indescribable forms, had betaken himself to earning a precarious subsistence as he could on shore. It was not often that we required his services between breakfast and luncheon, but one morning, after having dispatched Gwenny in all directions to hunt for Bill Thomas in vain, we at last elicited from her that "may-be she was gone with Mr Dawson." Then it came out, to our infinite amusement, that Dawson was in the habit, occasionally, of impressing our factotum Bill to carry bat, stumps, and ball down to the marsh, and there commencing private practice on his own account.

Mr Sydney Dawson and Bill Thomas—the sublime and the ridiculous—amalgamating at cricket, was far too good a joke to lose; so we got Hammer to cut his lecture short, and come down with us to the scene of action. From the cover of a sand-bank, we had a view of all that was going on in the plain below. There was our friend at the wicket, with his coat off, and the grey spectacles on, in an attitude which it must have taken him some study to accomplish, and Bill, with the ball in his hand, vociferating "Plaiy." A ragged urchin behind the wicket, attempting to bag the balls as Dawson missed them in what had once been a hat, and Sholto looking on with an air of mystification, completed the picture.

"That's too slow," said Sydney, as Bill, after some awful contortions, at length delivered himself of what he called "a cast." "*Diawl!*" said Bill, *sotto voce*, as he again got possession of the ball. "That's too high," was the complaint, as with an

extraordinary kind of jerk, it flew some yards over the batsman's head, and took what remained of the crown out of the little lazzaroni's hat behind. "Diawl!" quoth Bill again, apologetically, "She got too much way on her that time." Bill was generally pretty wide of his mark, and great appeared to be the satisfaction of all parties when Dawson contrived to make a hit, and Sholto and the boy set off after the ball, while the striker leaned with elegant *nonchalance* upon his bat, and Bill mopped his face, and gave vent to a complimentary variety of "Diawl." It was really a pity to interrupt the performance; but we did at last. Bill looked rather ashamed of his share in the business when he saw "Mishtar," as he called Hanmer; but Dawson's self-complacency and good-humour carried him through every thing. "By Jove," said Willingham to him, "no wonder you improve in your style of play; Bill has no bad notion of bowling, has he?" "Why, no; he does very well for practice; and he is to have half-a-crown if he gets me out." "Bowl at his legs, Bill," said Willingham aside, "he's out, you know, if you hit them." "Nay," said Bill, with a desponding shake of the head, "She squat 'n hard on the knee now just, and made 'n proper savage, but I wasn't get nothing for that."

Positively we did more in the way of reading after the boating and the cricket began, than while we continued in a state of vagrant idleness, without a fixed amusement of any kind. In the first place, it was necessary to conciliate Hanmer by some show of industry in the morning, in order to keep him in good humour for the cricket in the evening; for he was decidedly the main hope of our having any thing like a decent eleven. Secondly, the Phillipses took to dining early at home, and coming to practice with us in the evening, instead of dropping down the river every breezy morning, and either idling in our rooms, or beguiling us out mackerel-fishing or flapper-shooting in their boat. And thirdly, it became absolutely necessary that we should do something, if class lists and examiners had any real existence, and were not mere bugbears invented by "alma mater" to instil a wholesome terror into her unruly progeny. Really,

when one compared our actual progress with the Augean labour which was to be gone through, it required a large amount of faith to believe that we were all "going up for honours in October."

We spent a very pleasant morning at Llyn-eiros, the den of "Tiger Jones." He obtained this somewhat appalling soubriquet from a habit of spinning yarns, more marvellous than his unwarlike neighbours were accustomed to, of the dangers encountered in his Indian sports; and one in particular, of an extraordinary combat between his "chokedar" and a tiger—whether the gist of the story lay in the tiger's eating the chokedar, or the chokedar eating the tiger, I am not sure—I rather think the latter. However, in Wales one is always glad to have some distinguishing appellation to prefix to the name of Jones. If a man's godfathers and godmothers have the forethought to christen him "Mountstewart Jones," or "Fitzhardinge Jones," (I knew such instances of cognominal anticlimax,) then it was all very well—no mistake about the individuality of such fortunate people. But "Tom Joneses" and "Bob Joneses" were no individuals at all. They were classes, and large classes; and had to be again distinguished into "Little Bob Joneses" and "Long Bob Joneses." Or if there happened to be nothing sufficiently characteristic in the personal appearance of the rival Joneses, then was he fortunate who had no less complimentary additions to his style and title than what might be derived from the name of his location, or the nature of his engagements. These honours were often hereditary—nay, sometimes descended in the female line. We hear occasionally, in England, of "Mrs Doctor Smith," and "Mrs Major Brown;" and absurd as it is, one does comprehend by intuition that it was the gentleman and not the lady who was the ten-year man at Cambridge, or the commandant of the Boggleton yeomanry; but few besides a Welshman would have learned, without a smile, that "Mrs Jones the officer" was the relic of the late tide-waiter at Glyndewi, or that the quiet, modest little daughter of the town-clerk of B—— was known to her intimates as "Miss Jones the lawyer." Luckily our friend the Tiger was a

bachelor; it would have been alarming to a nervous stranger at the Glyndewi ball, upon enquiring the name of the young lady with red hair and cat's eyes, to have been introduced incontinently to "Miss Jones the tiger."

The Tiger himself was a well-disposed animal; somewhat given to solitary prowling, like his namesakes in a state of nature, but of most untiger-like and facetious humour. He generally marched into Glyndewi after an early breakfast, and from that time until he returned to his "mutton" at five, might be seen majestically stalking up and down the extreme edge of the terrace, looking at the fishing-boats, and shaking—not his tail, for, as all stout gentlemen seem to think it their duty to do by the seaside, he wore a round jacket. From the time that we began our new pursuits, he took to us amazingly—called us his "dear lads"—offered bets to any amount that we should beat the B—Cutter Club, and protested that he never saw finer bowling at Lord's than Hanmer's.

Branling was in delight. He had found a man who would smoke with him all day, (report said, indeed, that the Tiger regularly went to sleep with a cheroot in his mouth,) and he had the superintending of "the boat," which was his thought from morning to night. A light gig, that had once belonged to the custom-house, was polished and painted under his special directions, (often did we sigh for one of King's worst "fours!") and the fishermen marvelled at such precocious nautical talent.

None of these, however—great events as they were in our hitherto monotonous sojourn—were the "crowning mercy" of the Glyndewi regatta. Hitherto the sunshine of bright eyes, and the breath of balmy lips, had been almost as much unknown to us as if we had been still within the monastic walls of Oxford. We had dined in a body at our friend the surgeon's: he was a bachelor. We had been invited by two's and three's at a time to a Welsh squire's in the neighbourhood, who had two maiden sisters, and a fat, good-humoured wife. Captain Phillips had given us a spread more than once at Craig-y-gerron, and, of course, some of us (I was not so fortunate) had handed in the Misses Phillips to dinner; but the greater

part of the time from six till eleven (at which hour Hanmer always ordered out our "trap") was too pleasantly occupied in discussing the captain's port and claret, and laughing at his jokes, to induce us to give much time or attention to the ladies in the drawing-room. If some of my fair readers exclaim against this stoic (or rather epicurean) indifference, it may gratify their injured vanity to know, that in the sequel some of us paid for it.

The Phillipses came down in full force, the day before the regatta; they were engaged to lunch with us, and, as it was the first time that the ladies of the party had honoured us with a visit, we spared no pains to make our entertainment somewhat more *recherché* than was our wont. It was then that I first discovered that Clara Phillips was beautiful. I am not going to describe her now; I never could have described her. All I knew, and all I remember, was, that for a long time afterwards I formed my standard of what a woman ought to be, by unconscious comparison with what she was. What colour her eyes were, was a question among us at the time. Willingham swore they were grey; Dawson insisted that they were hazel; Branling, to whom they referred the point, was inclined to think there was "something green" in them. But that they were eyes of no common expression, all of us were agreed. I think at least half the party were more than half in love with her when that race-week was over. In one sense it was not her fault if we were; for a girl more thoroughly free from every species of coquetry, and with less of that pitiful ambition of making conquests, which is the curse of half the sex, it was impossible to meet with. But she was to blame for it too, in another way; for to know her, and not love her, would have been a reproach to any man. Lively and good-humoured, with an unaffected buoyancy of spirits, interesting herself in all that passed around her, and unconscious of the interest she herself excited, no wonder that she seemed to us like an angel sent to cheer us in our house of bondage. Of her own family she was deservedly the darling; even Dick Phillips, whom three successive tutors had given up in despair, became the most docile of pupils under his sister Clara; accustomed early to join

her brothers in all out-door sports, she was an excellent horsewoman, a fearless sailor, and an untiring explorer of mountains and waterfalls, without losing her naturally feminine character, or becoming in any degree a hoyden or a romp. She sang the sweet national airs of Wales with a voice whose richness of tone was only second to its power of expression. She did every thing with the air of one who, while delighting others, is conscious only of delighting herself; and never seeking admiration, received it as gracefully as it was ungrudgingly bestowed.

If there is one form of taking exercise which I really hate, it is what people call dancing. I am passionately fond of music; but why people should conceive it necessary to shuffle about in all varieties of awkwardness, in order to enjoy it to their satisfaction, has been, is, and probably will ever be, beyond my comprehension. It is all very well for young ladies on the look-out for husbands to affect a fondness for dancing: in the first place, some women dance gracefully, and even elegantly, and show themselves off undoubtedly to advantage; (if any exhibition on a woman's part be an advantage;) then it gives an excuse for whispering, and squeezing of hands, and stealing flowers, and a thousand nameless skirmishings preparatory to what they are endeavouring to bring about—an engagement; but for a man to be fond of shuffling and twirling himself out of the dignity of step which nature gave him—picking his way through a quadrille, like a goose upon hot bricks, or gyrating like a bad tee-totum in what English fashionables are pleased to term a “valse,” I never see a man thus occupied, without a fervent desire to kick him. “What a Goth!” I hear a fair reader of eighteen, prettily ejaculate—“thank Heaven, that all men have not such barbarous ideas! Why, I would go fifty miles to a good ball!” Be not alarmed, my dear young lady; give me but a moment to thank Providence, in my turn, that you are neither my sister nor my daughter, and I will promise you, that you shall never be my wife.

On the Saturday night then, I made Gordon and Willingham both very cross, and caught Sydney Dawson's eye looking over his spectacles with supreme contempt, when I declared

my decided intention of staying at home the night of the ball. Even the Reverend Robert Hanmer, who was going himself, was annoyed when Gordon told him of what he called my wilfulness, having a notion that it was decidedly disrespectful in any of us, either to go when he did *not*, or to decline going when he *did*.

On the Tuesday morning, I sent to B—— for white kids. Gordon looked astonished, Hanmer was glad that I had “taken his advice,” and Willingham laughed outright; he had overheard Clara Phillips ask me to dance with her. Men *are* like green gooseberries—very green ones; women *do* make fools of them, and a comparatively small proportion of sugar, in the shape of flattery, is sufficient.

Two days before the regatta, there marched into Mrs Jenkins's open doorway, a bewildered looking gentleman, shaking off the dust from his feet in testimony of having had a long walk, and enquiring for Hanmer. Gwenny, with her natural grace, trotted up stairs before him, put her head in at the “drawing-room” door, (she seemed always conscious that the less one saw of her person the better,) and having announced briefly, but emphatically, “a gentlemen,” retreated. Hanmer had puzzled himself and me, by an attempt to explain a passage which Aristotle, of course, would have put in plainer language, if he had known what he meant himself—but modern philosophers are kind enough to help him out occasionally—when the entrance of the gentleman in dust cut the Gordian knot, and saved the Stagyrte from the disgrace of having a pretty bit of esoteric abstruseness translated into common sense.

(What a blessing would it be for Dr —, and Professor —, if they might be allowed to mystify their readers in Greek! though, to do them justice, they have turned the Queen's English to good account for that purpose, and have produced passages which first-class men, at an Athenian University, might possibly construe, but which the whole board of sophists might be defied to explain.)

The *deus ex machinâ*—the gentleman on, or rather off the tramp—who arrived thus opportunely, was no less a person than the Reverend George

Plympton, Fellow of Oriel, &c. &c. &c. He was an intimate friend of our worthy tutor's; if the friendship between Oxford dons can be called intimacy. They compared the merits of their respective college cooks three or four times a term, and contended for the superior vintage of the common-room port. They played whist together; walked arm-in-arm round Christchurch meadow; and knew the names of all the old incumbents in each other's college-list, and the value of the respective livings. Mr Plympton and a friend had been making a walking tour of North Wales; that is, they walked about five miles, stared at a mountain, or a fall, or an old castle, as per guide-book, and then coached it to the next point, when the said book set down that "the Black Dog was an excellent inn," or that "travellers would find every accommodation at Mrs Price's of the Wynnstay Arms." Knowing that Hanmer was to be found at Glyndewi, Mr Plympton left his friend at B——, where the salmon was unexceptionable, and had completed the most arduous day's walk in his journal, nearly thirteen miles, in a state of dust and heat far from agreeable to a stoutish gentleman of forty, who usually looked as spruce as if he came out of a band-box. Hanmer and he seemed really glad to see each other. On those "oxless" shores, where, as Byron says, "beef was rare," though "Goat's flesh there was, no doubt, and kid, and mutton,"

the tender reminiscences of far-off Gaude days and Bursary dinners, that must have arisen in the hearts of each, were enough to make their meeting almost an affecting one. Hanmer must have blushed, I think, though far from his wont, when he asked Mr Plympton if he could feed with us at four upon—hashed mutton! (We consumed nearly a sheep per week, and exhausted our stock of culinary ideas, as well as our landlady's patience, in trying to vary the forms in which it was to appear; not having taken the precaution, as some Cambridge men did at B——s one vacation, to bespeak a French cook at a rather higher salary than the mathe-

matical tutor's.*) Probably, however, Mr Plympton's unusual walk made him more anxious about the quantity than the quality of his diet, for he not only attacked the mutton like an Etonian, but announced his intention of staying with us over the ball, if a bed was to be had, and sending to B—— for his decorations. He was introduced in due form to the Phillippes the next day, and in the number and elegance of his bows, almost eclipsed Mr Sydney Dawson, whom Clara never ceased to recommend to her brothers as an example of politeness.

Bright dawned the morning of the 20th of August, the first of the "three glorious days" of Glyndewi. As people came to these races really for amusement, the breakfast was fixed for the very unfashionable hour of ten, in order not to interfere with the main business of the day—the regatta. Before half-past, the tables at the Mynysnewydd Arms were filled with what the *shire Herald* termed "a galaxy of beauty and fashion." But every one seemed well aware, that there were far more substantial attractions present, meant to fill not the tables only, but the guests. The breakfast was by no means a matter of form. People had evidently come with more serious intentions than merely to display new bonnets, and trifle with grapes and peaches. Sea-air gives a whet to even a lady's appetite, and if the performances that morning were any criterion of the effects of that of Glyndewi, the new Poor Law Commissioners, in forming their scale of allowances, must really have reported it a "special case." The fair Cambrians, in short, played very respectable knives and forks—made no bones—or rather nothing but bones—of the chickens, and ate kippered salmon like Catholics. You caught a bright eye gazing in your direction with evident interest—"Would you have the kindness to cut that pasty before you for a lady?" You almost overheard a tender whisper from the gentleman opposite to the pretty girl beside him. She blushes and gently remonstrates. Again his lip almost touches her cheek in earnest persuasion—yes! she is consenting—to another *little* slice of ham! As for the jolly Welsh squires

* Fact.

themselves, and their strapping heirs—apparent, (you remember that six-foot-four man surely, number six of the Jesus boat)—now that the ladies have really done, and the waiters have brought in the relays of branded chickens and fresh-caught salmon, which mine host, who has had some experience of his customers, has most liberally provided—they set to work in earnest. They have been only politely trifling hitherto with the wing of a fowl or so, to keep the ladies' company. But now, as old Captain Phillips, at the head of the table, cuts a slice and a joke alternately, and the Tiger at the bottom begins to let out his carnivorous propensities, one gets to have an idea what breakfast means. "Let me advise you, my dear Mr Dawson—as a friend—you'll excuse an old stager—if you have no particular wish to starve yourself—you've had nothing yet but two cups of tea—to help yourself, and let your neighbours do the same. You may keep on cutting Vauxhall shavings for those three young Lloyds till Michaelmas; pass the ham down to them, and hand me those devilled kidneys."

"Tea? no; thank you; I took a cup yesterday, and haven't been myself since. Waiter! don't you see this tankard's empty?"

"Consume you, Dick Phillips! I left two birds in that pie five minutes back, and you've cleared it out!"

"Diawl, John Jones, I was a fool to look into a tankard after you!"

Every thing has an end, and so the breakfast had at last; and we followed the ladies to the terrace to watch the sailing for the ladies' challenge cup. By the help of a glass we could see three yachts, with about half-a-mile between each, endeavouring to get round a small boat with a man and a flag in it, which, as the wind was about the worst they could have had for the purpose, seemed no easy matter. There was no great interest in straining one's eyes after them, so I found out the Phillipses, and having told Dawson, who was escorting Clara, that Hammer was looking for him to make out the list of "the eleven," I was very sorry indeed when the sound of a gun announced that the Hon. H. Choussier's Firefly had won the cup, and that the other two yachts might be expected in the course of half-an-hour. Nobody waited for them, of course. The

herring boats, after a considerable deal of what I concluded from the emphasis to be swearing in Welch, in which, however, Captain Phillips, who was umpire, seemed to have decidedly the advantage in variety of terms and power of voice, were pronounced "ready," and started by gunfire accordingly. A rare start they made of it. The great ambition of every man among them seemed to be to prevent the boats next in the line from starting at all. It was a general fouling match, and the jabbering was terrific. At last, the two outside boats, having the advantage of a clear berth on one side, got away, and made a pretty race of it, followed by such of the rest as could by degrees extricate themselves from the *mêlée*.

But now was to come our turn. Laden with all manner of good wishes; we hoisted a bit of dark-blue silk for the honour of Oxford, and spurted under the terrace to our starting-place. The only boat entered against us was the Dolphin, containing three stout gentlemen and a thin one, members of the B—— Cutter Club, who evidently looked upon pulling as no joke. Brangling gave us a steady stroke, and Cotton of Balliol steered us admirably; the rest did as well as they could. The old boys had a very pretty boat—ours was a tub—but we beat them. They gave us a stern-chase for the first hundred yards, for I cut a crab at starting; but we had plenty of pluck, and came in winners by a length. Of course we were the favourites—the "Dolphins" were all but one married—and hearty were the congratulations with which we were greeted on landing. Clara Phillips' eyes had a most dangerous light in them, as she shook hands with our noble captain, who was in a terrible hurry, however, to get away, and hunting every where for "that d——d Dawson," who had promised to have Bill Thomas in readiness with "the lush." So I was compelled to stay with her and give an account of the race, which she perfectly understood, and be soundly scolded by the prettiest lips in the world for my awkwardness, which she declared she never could have forgiven if it had lost the race.

"You will come to the ball, then, Mr Hawthorne?"

"Am I not to dance with you?"

"Yes, if you behave well, and don't

tease Mr Sydney Dawson: he is a great favourite of mine, and took great care of me this morning at breakfast."

"Well, then, for your sake, Miss Phillips, I will be particularly civil to him; but I assure you, Dawson is like the fox that took a pride in being hunted; he considers our persecution of him as the strongest evidence of his own superiority; and if you seriously undertake to patronize him, he will become positively unbearable."

The regatta over, we retired to make a hurried dinner, and to dress for the ball. This, with some of our party, was a serious business. Willingham and Dawson were going in fancy dresses. The former was an admirable personification of Dick Turpin, standing upwards of six feet, and broadly built, and becoming his picturesque costume as if it were his everyday suit, he strutted before Mrs Jenkins's best glass, which Hanmer charitably gave up for his accommodation, with a pardonable vanity. Dawson had got a lancer's uniform

from his London tailor; but how to get into it was a puzzle; it was delightful to see his attempts to unravel the gorgeous mysteries which were occupying every available spot in his dingy bedroom. The shako was the main stumbling-block. Being unfortunately rather small, it was no easy matter to keep it on his head at all; and how to dispose of the cap-lines was beyond our united wisdom. "Go without it, man," said Branling: "people don't want hats in a ball-room. You can never dance with that thing on your head."

"Oh, but the head-dress is always worn at a fancy-ball, you know, and I can take it off if I like to dance."

At last, the idea struck us of employing the five or six yards of gold cord that had so puzzled us, in securing shako and plume in a perpendicular position. This at length accomplished, by dint of keeping himself scrupulously upright, Mr Sydney Dawson majestically walked down stairs.

CHAPTER III.

Now, there happened to be at that time residing in Glyndewi an old lady, "of the name and cousinage" of Phillips, who, though an old maid, was one of those unhappily rare individuals who do not think it necessary to rail against those amusements which they are no longer in a situation to enjoy. She was neither as young, nor as rich, nor as light-hearted, as she had been; but it was difficult to imagine that she could ever have been more truly cheerful and happy than she seemed now. So, instead of cutting short every sally of youthful spirits, and every dream of youthful happiness, by sagacious hints of cares and troubles to come, she rather lent her aid to further every innocent enjoyment among her younger friends; feeling, as she said, that the only pity was, that young hearts grew old so soon. The consequence was, that, instead of exacting a forced deference from her many nephews and nieces, (so are first cousins' children called in Wales,) she was really loved and esteemed by them all; and while she never wished to deprive them of an hour's enjoyment, they would willingly give up a pleasant party at any

time to spend an evening with the old lady, and enliven her solitude with the sounds she best loved—the music of youthful voices.

All among her acquaintance, therefore, who were going to the ball in fancy costume, had promised to call upon her, whether in or out of their way, to "show themselves," willing to make her a partaker, as far as they could, of the amusement of the evening. Captain Phillips had asked us if we would oblige him, and gratify a kind old woman, by allowing him to introduce us in our fancy dresses. I had none, and therefore did not form part of the exhibition; but Dick Turpin and the cornet of lancers, with Branling in a full hunting costume, (which always formed part of his travelling baggage,) walked some fifty yards to the old lady's lodgings. Mr Plympton, always polite, accepted Captain Phillips's invitation to be introduced at the same time. Now Mr Plympton, as was before recorded, was a remarkably dapper personage; wore hair powder, a formidably tall and stiff white "choker," and upon all occasions of ceremony, black shorts and silks, with gold buckles. Re-

markably upright and somewhat pompous in his gait, and abominating the free-and-easy manners of the modern school, his bow would have graced the court of Versailles, and his step was a subdued minuet. Equipped with somewhat more than his wonted care, the rev. junior bursar of Oriel was introduced into Mrs Phillips's little drawing-room, accompanying, and strongly contrasting with, three gentlemen in scarlet and gold. Hurriedly did the good old lady seize her spectacles, and rising to receive her guests with a delighted curtsy, scan curiously for a few moments Turpin's athletic proportions, and the fox-hunter's close-fitting leathers and tops. As for Dawson, he stood like the clear-complexioned and magnificently-whiskered officer, who silently invites the stranger to enter the doors of Madame Tussaud's wax exhibition; not daring to bow for fear of losing his beloved shako, but turning his head from side to side as slowly, and far less naturally, than the waxen gentleman aforementioned. All, in their several ways, were worthy of admiration, and all did she seem to admire; but it was when her eye rested at last on the less showy, but equally characteristic figure in black, who stood bowing his acknowledgments of the honour of the interview, with an *empressment* which fully made up for Dawson's forced *hauteur*—that her whole countenance glistened with intense appreciation of the joke, and the very spectacles danced with glee. Again did she make the stranger her most gracious curtsy; again did Mr Plympton, as strongly as a bow could do it, declare how entirely he was at her service: he essayed to speak, but before a word escaped his lips, the old lady fairly burst out into a hearty laugh, clapped her hands, and shouted to his astonished ears, "Capital, capital! do it again! oh, do it again!" For a moment the consternation depicted upon Mr Plympton's countenance at this remarkable reception, extended to the whole of his companions; but the extraordinary sounds which proceeded from Captain Phillips, in the vain attempt to stifle the laugh that was nearly choking him, were too much for the gravity of even the polite Mr Dawson; and it was amidst the violent application of pocket-hand-

kerchiefs in all possible ways, that the captain stepped forward with the somewhat tardy announcement, "My dear aunt, allow me to present the Rev. Mr Plympton, Fellow and Tutor of Oriel College." This was accompanied by a wink and an attempt at a frown, intended to convey the strongest reprobation of the old lady's proceedings; but which, upon the features of the good captain, whose risible muscles were still rebellious, had any thing but a serious effect. "Indeed!" said she, curtsying yet more profoundly in return for another bow. "How do you do, sir? Oh, he is beautiful, isn't he?" half-aside to Willingham, who was swallowing as much as he could of the butt of his whip. Poor Mr Plympton looked aghast at the compliment. Branling fairly turned his back, and burst from the room, nearly upsetting Hanmer and myself, who, having waited below some time for our party to join us, had made our way upstairs to ascertain the cause of the unusual noises which reached us from the open door of the drawing-room. Dawson was shaking with reckless disregard of the safety of his headdress, and the captain in an agony between his natural relish for a joke and his real good-breeding. "Aunt Martha, this is a clergyman, a friend of Mr Hanmer's, who is on a visit here, and whom I introduce to you, because I know you will like him." Mr Plympton commenced a fresh series of bows, in which there was, perhaps, less gallantry and more dignity than usual, looking all the time as comfortable as a gentleman might do who was debating with himself whether the probabilities, as regarded the old lady's next movements, lay on the side of kissing or scratching. Mrs Martha Phillips herself commenced an incoherent apology about "expecting to see four young gentlemen in fancy dresses;" and Hanmer and the captain tried all they could to laugh off a *contretemps*, which to explain was impossible. What the old lady took Mr Plympton for, and what Mr Plympton thought of her, were questions which, so far as I know, no one ventured to ask. He left Glyndewi the next morning; but the joke, after furnishing us with a never-failing fund of ludicrous reminiscence for the rest of our stay, followed him to the Oriel common-

room, and was an era in the dulness of that respectable symposium.

Dancing had begun in good earnest when we arrived at the ball-room. There was the usual motley assemblage of costumes of all nations under the sun, and some which the sun, when he put down the impudence of the wax-lights upon his return the next morning, must have marvelled to behold. Childish as it may be called, a fancy ball is certainly, for the first half-hour at all events, an amusing scene. Willingham and myself stood a little inside the doorway for some moments, he enjoying the admiring glances which his fine figure and picturesque costume were well calculated to call forth, and I vainly endeavouring to make out Clara's figure amidst the gay dresses, and well-grown proportions, of the pretty Cambrians who flitted past. Sounds of expostulation and entreaty, mingled with a laugh which we knew to be Branling's, in the passage outside, disturbed both our meditations, and at last induced me to turn my eyes unwillingly to the open door. Branling was leaning against it in a fit of uncontrollable mirth, and beckoned us earnestly to join him. Outside stood Dawson, stamping with vexation, and endeavouring to undo the complex machinery which had hitherto secured his shako in an erect position. He was in the unfortunate predicament of Dr S——'s candelabrum, which, presented to him as a testimony of respect from his grateful pupils, was found by many feet too large to be introduced into any room in the Dr's comparatively humble habitation, and stood for some time in the manufacturer's show-room in testimony of the fact, that public acknowledgments of merit are *sometimes* made on too large a scale. Architects who give measurements for ordinary doorways, do not contemplate such emergencies as testimonial candelabums or irremovable caps and plumes: and the door of the Glyndewi ball-room had no notion of accommodating a lancer in full dress who could not even be civil enough to take off his hat. So there stood our friend, impatient to display his uniform, and unwilling to lessen the effect of his first appearance by doffing so important a part of his costume: to get through the door, in the rigid inflexibility of head and neck

which he had hitherto maintained, was a manifest impossibility: Branling had suggested his staying outside, and he would undertake to bring people to look at him: but Dawson, for some unaccountable reason, was usually suspicious of advice from that quarter; so he "stooped to conquer" and lost all. The shako tumbled from its precarious perch, and hung ignobly suspended by the cap-lines. A lancer with a pair of grey spectacles, and a shako hanging round his neck, would have been a very fancy dress indeed: so he was endeavouring, at the risk of choking himself, to disentangle, by main force, the complication of knots which we had woven with some dim hope of the result. In vain did we exhort him to take it patiently, and remind him how preposterous it was to expect, that what had taken our united ingenuity half an hour to arrange "to please him," could be undone in a minute. "Cut the cursed things, can't you?" implored he. No one had a knife. "I do believe, Branling, you are tying that knot tighter: I had much rather not have your assistance." Branling protested his innocence. At last we did release him, and he entered the room with a look most appropriately crest-fallen, shako in hand, solacing himself by displaying its glories as well as could be effected by judicious changes of its position.

I soon found Clara, looking more radiantly beautiful than ever I had seen her, in a sweet dress of Stuart tartan. I had to make my apologies, which were most sincerely penitent ones, for not being in time to claim my privilege of dancing the first quadrille with her. She smiled at my evident earnestness, and good-humouredly added, that the next would be a much more pleasant dance, as the room was now beginning to fill. It was a pleasant dance as she said: and the waltz that followed still more delightful: and then Clara, with a blush and a laugh, declined my pressing entreaties until after supper at all events. I refused her good-natured offer of an introduction to "that pretty girl in blue" or any other among the stars of the night: and sat down, or leant against the wall, almost unconsciously watching her light step, and sternly resisting all attempts on the part of my acquaintances to per-

suade me to dance again. Of course all the dancing characters among our party were Clara's partners in succession; and both Gordon and Dawson, who came to ask what had put me into the sulks, were loud in their encomiums on her beauty and fascination; even Branling, no very devoted admirer of the sex, (he saw too much of them, he said, having four presentable sisters,) allowed that she was "the right sort of girl;" but it was not until I saw her stand up with Willingham, and marked his evident admiration of her, and heard the remarks freely made around me, that they were the handsomest couple in the room, that I felt a twinge of what I would hardly allow to myself was jealousy: when, however, after the dance, they passed me in laughing conversation, evidently in high good-humour with each other, and too much occupied to notice any one else, I began to wonder I had never before found out what a conceited puppy Willingham was, and set down poor Clara as an arrant flirt. But I was in a variable mood, it seemed, and a feather—or, what some may say is even lighter, a woman's word—was enough to turn me. So when I found myself, by some irresistible attraction, drawn next to her again at supper, and heard her sweet voice, and saw what I interpreted into a smile of welcome, as she made room for me beside her, I forgave her all past offences, and was perfectly happy for the next hour: nay, even condescended to challenge Willingham to a glass of *soi-disant* champagne. The Tiger, who was, according to annual custom, displaying the tarnished uniform of the 3d Madras N.I., and illustrating his tremendous stories of the siege of Overabad, or some such place, by attacks on all the edibles in his neighbourhood, gave me a look of intelligence as he requested I would "do him the honour," and shook his whiskers with some meaning which I did not think it necessary to enquire into. What was it to him if I chose to confine my attentions to my undoubtedly pretty neighbour? No one could dispute my taste, at all events; for Clara Phillips was a universal favourite, though I had remarked that none of the numerous "eligible young men" in the room appeared about her in the character of a dangler. She was engaged to Wil-

lingham for the waltz next after supper, and I felt queerish again, till she willingly agreed to dance the next set with me, on condition that I would oblige her so far as to ask a friend of hers to be my partner in the mean time. "She is a very nice girl, Mr Hawthorne, though, perhaps, not one of the *belles* of the room, and has danced but twice this evening, and it will be so kind in you to ask her—only don't do it upon my introduction, but let Major Jones introduce you as if at your own request." Let no one say that vanity, jealousy, and all those petty arts by which woman wrongs her better nature, are the rank growth necessarily engendered by the vitiated air of a ball-room; rooted on the same soil, warmed by the same sunshine, fed by the same shower, one plant shall bear the antidote and one the poison: one kind and gentle nature shall find exercise for all its sweetest qualities in those very scenes which, in another, shall foster nothing but heartless coquetry or unfeminine display. Never did Clara seem so lovely in mind and person as when she drew upon her own attractions to give pleasure to her less gifted friend; and, I suppose, I must have thrown into the tone of my reply something of what I felt; for she blushed, uttered a hasty "I thank you," and told Willingham it was time to take their places. I sought and obtained the introduction, and endeavoured, for Clara's sake, to be an agreeable partner to the quiet little girl beside me. One subject of conversation, at all events, we hit upon, where we seemed both at home; and, if I felt some hesitation in saying all I thought of Clara, my companion had none, but told me how much every body loved her, and how much she deserved to be loved. It was really so much easier to draw my fair partner out on this point than any other, that I excused myself for being so eager a listener; and, when we parted, to show my gratitude in what I conceived the most agreeable way, I begged permission to introduce Mr Sydney Dawson, and thus provided her with what, I dare say, she considered a most enviable partner. I had told Dawson she was a very clever girl; (he was fond of what he called "talented women," and had a delusive notion that he was himself a genius:)

he had the impertinence to tell me afterwards he found her rather stupid; I ought, perhaps, to have given him the key-note. During the dance which followed, I remember I was silent and *distract*; and when it was over, and Clara told me she was positively engaged for more sets than she should dance again, I left the ball-room, and wandered feverishly along the quay to our lodgings. I remember persuading myself, by a syllogistic process, that I was not in love, and dreaming that I was anxiously reading the class-list, in which it seemed unaccountable that my name should be omitted, till I discovered, on a second perusal, that just about the centre of the first class, where "Hawthorne, Franciscus, e. Coll—" ought to have come in, stood in large type the name of "CLARA PHILLIPS."

The races, which occupied the morning of the next day, were as stupid as country races usually are, except that the Welshmen had rather more noise about it. The guttural shouts and yells from the throats of tenants and other dependents, as the "mishtur's" horse won or lost, and the extraordinary terms in which they endeavoured to encourage the riders, were amusing even to a stranger, though one lost the point of the various sallies which kept the course in one continued roar. As to the running, every body—that is, all the sporting world—knew perfectly well, long before the horses started, which was to win; that appearing to be the result of some private arrangement between the parties interested, while the "racing" was for the benefit of the strangers and the ladies. Those of the latter who had fathers, or brothers, or, above all, lovers, among the knowing ones, won divers pairs of gloves on the occasion, while those who were not so fortunate, lost them.

I fancied that Clara was not in her usual spirits on the race-course, and she pleaded a headache as an excuse to her sister for ordering the carriage to drive home long before the "sport" was over. If I had thought the said sport stupid before, it did not improve in attraction after her departure; and, when the jumping in sacks, and climbing up poles, and other callisthenic exercises began, feeling a growing disgust for "things in general," I resisted the invitation of a mamma

and three daughters, to join themselves and Mr Dawson in masticating some sandwiches which looked very much like "relics of joy" from last night's supper, and sauntered home, and sat an hour over a cigar and a chapter of ethics. As the clock struck five, remembering that the Ordinary hour was six, I called at the Phillips' lodgings to enquire for Clara. She was out walking with her sister; so I returned to dress in a placid frame of mind, confident that I should meet her at dinner.

For it was an Ordinary for ladies as well as gentlemen. A jovial Welsh baronet sat at the head of the table, with the two ladies of highest "consideration"—the county member's wife and the would-have-been member's daughter—on his right and left; nobody thought of politics at the Glyn Dewi regatta. Clara was there; but she was escorted into the room by some odious man, who, in virtue of having been made high-sheriff by mistake, sat next Miss Anti-reform on the chairman's left. The natives were civil enough to marshal us pretty high up by right of strangership, but still I was barely near enough to drink wine with her.

If a man wants a good dinner, a hearty laugh, an opportunity of singing songs and speech-making, and can put up with indifferent wine, let him go to the race Ordinary at Glyn Dewi next year, if it still be among the things which time has spared. There was nothing like stiffness or formality: people came there for amusement, and they knew that the only way to get it was to make it for themselves. There seemed to be fun enough for half-a-dozen of the common run of such dinners, even while the ladies remained. It was, as Hanmer called it, an *extra-ordinary*. But it was when the ladies had retired, and Hanmer and a few of the "steady ones" had followed them, and those who remained closed up around the chairman, and cigars and genuine whisky began to supersede the questionable port and sherry, and the "Vice" requested permission to call on a gentleman for a song, that we began to fancy ourselves within the walls of some hitherto unknown college, where the "levelling system" had mixed up fellows and undergraduates in one common supper-party, and the portly principal

himself rejoiced in the office of "*arbitrator bibendi*." Shall I confess it? I forgot even Clara in the uproarious mirth that followed. Two of the young Phillipses were admirable singers, and drew forth the hearty applause of the whole company. We got Dawson to make a speech, in which he waxed poetical touching the "flowers of Cambria," and drew down thunders of applause by a Latin quotation, which every one took that means of showing that they understood. I obtained almost unconsciously an immortal reputation by a species of flattery to which the Welsh are most open. I had learnt, after no little application, a Welsh toast—a happy specimen of the language; it was but three words, but they were truly cabalistic. No sooner had I, after a "neat and appropriate" preface, uttered my triple Shibboleth, (it ended in *rag*, and signified "Wales, Welshmen, and Welshwomen,") than the whole party rose, and cheered at me till I felt positively modest. My pronunciation, I believe, was perfect, (a woman's lips and an angel's voice had taught it to me :) and it was indeed the Open Sesame to their hearts and feelings. I became at once the intimate friend of all who could get near enough to offer me their houses, their horses, their dogs—I have no doubt, had I given a hint at the moment, I might have had any one of their daughters. "Would I come and pay a visit at Abergwrnant before I left the neighbourhood? Only twenty-five miles, and a coach from B——!" "Would I, before the shooting began, come to Craig-y-bwldrwn, and stay over the first fortnight in September?" I could have quartered myself, and two or three friends, in a dozen places for a month at a time. And, let me do justice to the warm hospitality of North Wales—these invitations were renewed in the morning: and were I ever to visit those shores again, I should have no fear of their having been yet forgotten.

Captain Phillips had told us, that when we left the table, "the girls" would have some coffee for us, if not too late; and Willingham and myself, having taken a turn or two in the moonlight to get rid of the excitement of the evening, bent our steps in that direction. There were about as many persons assembled as the little

drawing-room would hold, and Clara, having forgotten her headach, and looking as lovely as ever, was seated at a wretched piano, endeavouring to accompany herself in her favourite songs. Willingham and myself stood by, and our repeated requests for some of those melodies which, unknown to us before, we had learnt from her singing to admire beyond all the fashionable trash of the day, were gratified with untiring good-nature. Somehow I thought that she avoided my eye, and answered my remarks with less than her usual archness and vivacity. I could bear it on this evening less than ever; a hair will turn the scale; and I had just been, half ludicrously, half seriously, affected by Welsh nationality. One cannot help warming towards a community which are so warm-hearted among themselves. Visions of I know not what—love and a living, Clara and a cottage—were floating dreamlike before my eyes; and I felt as if borne along by a current whose direction might be dangerous, but which it was misery to resist. Willingham had turned away a minute to hunt for some missing book, which contained one of his favourites; and, leaning over her with my finger pointing to the words which she had just been singing, I said something about there being always a fear in happiness such as I had lately been enjoying, lest it might not last. For a moment she met my earnest look, and coloured violently; and then fixing her eyes on the music before her, she said quickly, "Mr Hawthorne, I thought you had a higher opinion of me than to make me pretty speeches; I have a great dislike to them." I began to protest warmly against any intention of mere compliment, when the return of Willingham with his song prevented any renewal of the subject. I was annoyed and silent, and detected a tremor in her voice while she sang the words, and saw her cheek paler than usual. The instant the song was over, she complained with a smile of being tired, and without a look at either of us, joined a party who were noisily recounting the events of the race-course. Nor could I again that evening obtain a moment's conversation with her. She spoke to me, indeed, and very kindly; but once only did I catch her eye, when I was speaking to some one else—the glance was ra-

pidly withdrawn, but it seemed rather sorrowful than cold.

I was busy with Hanmer the next morning before breakfast, when Dick Phillips made his appearance, and informed us that the "strangers" had made up an eleven for the cricket match, and that we were to play at ten. He was a sort of live circular, dispatched to get all parties in readiness.

"Oh! I have something for you from Clara," said he to me, as he was leaving; "the words of a song she promised you, I believe."

I opened the sealed envelope, saw that it was *not* a song, and left Hanmer somewhat abruptly. When I was alone, I read the following:—

"DEAR MR HAWTHORNE,—Possibly you may have been told that I have, before now, done things which people call strange—that is, contrary to some arbitrary notions which are to supersede our natural sense of right and wrong. But never, until now, did I follow the dictates of my own feelings in opposition to conventional rules, with the painful uncertainty as to the propriety of such a course, which I now feel. And if I had less confidence than I have in your honour and your kindness, or less esteem for your character, or less anxiety for your happiness, I would not write to you now. But I feel, that if you are what I wish to believe you, it is right that you should be at once undeceived as to my position. Others should have done it, perhaps—it would have spared me much. Whether your attentions to me are in sport or earnest, they must cease. I have no right to listen to such words as yours last night—my heart and hand are engaged to one, who deserves better from me than the levity which alone could have placed me in the position from which I thus painfully extricate myself. For any fault on my part, I thus make bitter atonement. I wish you health and happiness, and now let this save us both from further misunderstanding.

"C."

Again and again did I read these words. Not one woman in a hundred would have ventured on such a step. And for what? to save me from the mortification of a rejection? It could be nothing else. How easy for a man

of heartless gallantry to have written a cool note in reply, disclaiming "any aspiration after the honour implied," and placing the warm-hearted writer in the predicament of having declined attentions never meant to be serious! But I felt how kindly, how gently, I had been treated—the worst of it was, I loved her better than ever. I wrote some incoherent words in reply, sufficiently expressive of my bitter disappointment, and my admiration of her conduct; and then I felt "that my occupation was gone." She whom I had so loved to look upon, I trembled now to see. I had no mind to break my heart; but I felt that time and change were necessary to prevent it. Above all, Glyndewi was no place for me to forget *her* in.

In the midst of my painful reflections on all the happy hours of the past week, Gordon and Willingham broke in upon me with high matter for consultation relative to the match. In vain did I plead sudden illness, and inability to play: they declared it would knock the whole thing on the head, for Hanmer would be sure to turn sulky, and there was an end of the eleven; and they looked so really chagrined at my continued refusals, that at length I conquered my selfishness, (I had had a lesson in that,) and, though really feeling indisposed for any exertion, went down with them to the ground. I was in momentary dread of seeing Clara arrive, (for all the world was to be there,) and felt nervous and low-spirited. The strangers' eleven was a better one than we expected, and they put our men out pretty fast. Hanmer got most unfortunately run out after a splendid hit, and begged me to go in and "do something." I took my place mechanically, and lost my wicket to the first ball. We made a wretched score, and the strangers went in exultingly. In spite of Hanmer's steady bowling, they got runs pretty fast; and an easy catch came into my hands just as Clara appeared on the ground, and I lost all consciousness of what I was about. Again the same opportunity offered, and again my eyes were wandering among the tents. Hanmer got annoyed, and said something not over civil: I was vexed myself that my carelessness should be the cause of disappointment twice, and yet more

than half-inclined to quarrel with Branling, whom I overheard muttering about my "cursed awkwardness." We were left in a fearful minority at the close of the first innings, when we retired to dinner. The Glyndewi party and their friends were evidently disappointed. I tried to avoid Clara; but could not keep far from her. At last she came up with one of her brothers, spoke and shook hands with me, said that her brother had told her I was not well, and that she feared I ought not to have played at all. "I wish you could have beat them, Mr Hawthorne—I had bet that you would; perhaps you will feel better after dinner; those kind of headaches soon wear off," she added with a smile and a kind look, which I understood as she meant it. I walked into the tent where we were to dine: I sat next a little man on the opposite side, an Englishman, one of their best players, as active as a monkey, who had caught out three of our men in succession. He talked big about his play, criticised Willingham's batting, which was really pretty, and ended by discussing Clara Phillips, who was, he said, "a demned fine girl, but too much of her." I disliked his flippancy before, but now my disgust to him was insuperable. I asked the odds against us, and took them freely. There was champagne before me, and I drank it in tumblers. I did what even in my undergraduate days was rarely my habit—I drank till I was considerably excited. Hanmer saw it, and got the match resumed at once to save me, as he afterwards said, "from making a fool of myself." I insisted, in spite of his advice "to cool myself," upon going in first. My flippant acquaintance of the dinner-

table stood *point*, and I knew, if I could but see the ball, and not see more than one, that I could occasionally "hit square" to some purpose. I had the luck to catch the first ball just on the rise, and it cut my friend *point* off his legs as if he had been shot. He limped off the ground, and we were troubled with him no more. I hit as I never did before, or shall again. At first I played wild; but as I got cool, and my sight became steady, I felt quite at home. The bowlers got tired, and Dick Phillips, who had no science, but the strength of a unicorn, was in with me half-an-hour, slashing in all directions. In short, the tide turned, and the match ended in our favour.

I was quite sober, and free from all excitement, when I joined Clara, for the last time, after the game was over. "I am so glad you played so well," said she, "if you are but as successful at Oxford as you have been at the boat-race and the cricket, you will have no reason to be disappointed. Your career here has been one course of victory." "Not altogether, Miss Phillips: the prize I shall leave behind me when I quit Glyndewi tomorrow, is worth more than all that I can gain." "Mr Hawthorne," said she kindly, "one victory is in your own power, and you will soon gain it, and be happy—the victory over yourself."

I made some excuse to Hanmer about letters from home, to account for my sudden departure. How the party got on after I left them, and what was the final result of our "reading," is no part of my tale; but I fear the reader will search the class-lists of 18— in vain for the names of Mr Hanmer's pupils.

HAWTHORNE.

CHAPTERS OF TURKISH HISTORY.

No. X.

THE SECOND SIEGE OF VIENNA.

THE Ottoman empire, exhausted by its strenuous and long-continued efforts in the death-struggle of Candia, had need of peace and repose to recruit its resources; but the calm was not of long duration. A fresh complication of interests was now arising in the north, which, by involving the Porte in the stormy politics of Poland and Russia, led to consequences little foreseen at the time, and which, even at the present day, are far from having reached their final accomplishment. Since the ill-judged and unfortunate invasion by Sultan Osman II., in 1620, the good understanding between Poland and the Porte had continued undisturbed, save by the occasional inroads of the Crim Tartars on the one side, and the Cossacks of the Dniepr on the other, which neither government was able entirely to restrain. But the oppression to which the Polish nobles attempted to subject their Cossack allies, whom they pretended to regard as serfs and vassals, was intolerable to these freeborn sons of the steppe; and an universal revolt at length broke out, which was the beginning of the evil days of Poland. For nearly twenty years, under the feeble rule of John Casimer, the country was desolated with sanguinary civil wars; the Czar Alexis Mikhailowitz, eager to regain the rich provinces lost by Russia during the reign of his father, at length appeared in the field as the protector of the Cossacks; and, in 1656, the greater part of their body, with the Ataman Bogdan Khmielnicki at their head, formally transferred their allegiance to the Russian sceptre. This fatal blow, which in effect turned the balance of power, so long fluctuating between Poland and Russia, in favour of the latter, failed, however, to teach moderation to the Polish aristocracy; and the remainder of the Cossacks, who still continued in their ancient seats under the Ataman Doroszenko, finding themselves menaced by a fresh attack, embraced

the resolution of "placing themselves under the shadow of the horse-tails," by becoming the voluntary vassals of the Porte, of which they had so long been the inveterate enemies. In spite of the violent reclamations of the Polish envoy Wizołki, the offer was at once accepted, and a mace and kaftan of honour sent to the ataman as ensigns of investiture, while the Poles were warned to desist from hostilities against the subjects of the sultan. The refusal to accede to this requisition produced an instant declaration of war, addressed in an autograph letter from Kiuprili to the grand chancellor of Poland, and followed up, in the spring of 1672, by the march of an army of 100,000 men for Podolia. The sultan himself took the field for the first time, attended by Kiuprili and the other vizirs of the divan, and carrying with him his court and harem; and the whole host, after a march of four months from Adrianople, crossed the Dniester in the first days of August.

The distracted state of Poland, where the helpless Michael Coribut Wicęnowicki bore but the empty title of king, precluded the possibility of even an attempt at resistance; and the grand marshal of the kingdom, the heroic John Sobieski, who, with only 6000 men, had held his ground against the Cossacks, Turks, and Tartars, through the preceding winter, was compelled to withdraw from Podolia. The whole province was speedily overrun; the fortresses of Kaminiac and Leopold were yielded almost without defence; and the king, terrified at the progress of the invaders, sued for peace, which was signed September 18, 1672, in the Turkish camp at Buczacz. Kaminiac, Podolia, and the Cossack territory, were by this act ceded to the Porte, besides an annual tribute from Poland of 220,000 ducats; and Mohammed, having caused proclamation to be made by the criers that "pardon for his offences had been granted to the

rebel *kral* of the *Lech*,** (Poles,) returned in triumph to Adrianople, leaving his army in winter quarters on the Danube.

The Diet, however, indignantly refused either to ratify the treaty or pay the tribute; and hostilities were resumed the next year with increased inveteracy on both sides. The sultan accompanied his army only to the Danube, where he remained engrossed with the pleasures of the chase at Babatagli; while Sobieski, who had accommodated for the time his differences with his colleague and rival Paç, hetman of Lithuania, and was at the head of 50,000 men, boldly anticipated the tardy movements of the Turks, who were advancing in several separate *corps d'armée*, by crossing the Dniester early in October. He was forthwith joined by Stephen, waiwode of Moldavia, with great part of the Moldavian and Wallachian troops, who unexpectedly deserted the standards of the crescent; and, after several partial encounters, a general engagement took place, November 11, 1673, between the Polish army and the advanced divisions of the Ottomans under the serasker Hussein, pasha of Silistria, who lay in an intrenched camp on the heights near Choczim. A heavy fall of snow during the night, combined with a piercing north wind, had benumbed the frames of the Janissaries, accustomed to the genial warmth of a southern climate; and the enthusiastic valour of the Poles, stimulated by the exhortations and example of their chief, made their onset irresistible. The Turkish army was almost annihilated: 25,000 men, with numerous begs and pashas, remained on the field of battle, or perished in the Dniester from the breaking of the bridge: all their cannon and standards became trophies to the victors: and the green banner of the serasker was sent to Rome by Sobieski, in the belief that it was the *Sandjak-shereef*, or sacred standard of the Prophet—the oriflamme of the Ottoman empire. Never had a defeat nearly so disastrous, with the single exception of that of St Gotthard, ten years before, befallen the Turkish

arms in Europe; and the other corps, under the command of the grand-vizir and of his brother-in-law, Kaplan-pasha of Aleppo, which were marching to the support of Hussein, fell back in dismay to their former ground on the right bank of the Danube. The Poles, however, made no further use of their triumph than to ravage Moldavia; and the death of the king, on the same day with the victory at Choczim, recalled Sobieski to Warsaw, in order to become a candidate for the vacant crown. On his election by the Diet, in May 1674, he made overtures for peace to the Porte; but they were rejected, and the contest continued during several years, without any notable achievement on either side, the war being unpopular with the Turkish soldiery; while the civil dissensions of his kingdom, with his consequent inferiority of numbers, kept Sobieski generally on the defensive. In his intrenched camp at Zuranow, with only 15,000 men, he had for twenty days kept at bay 100,000 Turks under the serasker Ibrahim, surnamed *Shaitan* or *the devil*, when both sides, weary of the fruitless struggle, agreed upon a conference, and peace was signed October 27, 1676. The humiliating demand of tribute was no longer insisted upon; but Kaminiec, Podolia, and great part of the Ukraine, were left in possession of the Turks, whose stubborn perseverance thus succeeded, as on many occasions, in gaining nearly every object for which the war had been undertaken.

Before the news, however, of the pacification with Poland had reached Constantinople, Ahmed-Kiuprili had closed his glorious career. He had long suffered from dropsy, the same disease which had proved fatal to his father, and the effects of which were, in his case, aggravated by too free an indulgence in wine, to which, after his return from Candia, he is said to have become greatly addicted. He had accompanied the sultan, who had for many years remained absent from his capital, on a visit, during the summer months, to Constantinople; but, on the return to Adrianople, he was compelled, by increasing sickness, to halt on the banks of the Erkenek, between Chorlu

* The Poles were sometimes called *Lechi*, from Lech, the name of one of their ancient kings.

and Demotika, where he breathed his last in a *chitlik*, or farm-house, called Kara-Bovir, October 30, at the age of forty-seven, after having administered the affairs of the empire for a few days more than fifteen years. His corpse was carried back to Constantinople, and laid without pomp in the mausoleum erected by his father, amid the lamentations of the people, rarely poured forth over the tomb of a deceased grand-vizir. The character of this great minister has been made the theme of unmeasured panegyrics by the Turkish historians; and Von Hammer-Purgstall (in his *History of the Ottoman Empire*) has given us a long and elaborate parallel between the life and deeds of Ahmed-Kiuprili and of the celebrated vizir of Soliman the Magnificent and his two successors, Mohammed-Pasha Sokkollu; but we prefer to quote the impartial and unadorned portrait drawn by his contemporary Rycaut:—"He was, in person, (for I have seen him often, and knew him well,) of a middle stature, of a black beard, and brown complexion; * something short-sighted, which caused him to knit his brows, and pore very intently when any strange person entered the presence; he was inclining to be fat, and grew corpulent towards his latter days. If we consider his age when he first took upon him this important charge, the enemies his father had created him, the contentions he had with the Valideh-sultana or queen-mother, and the arts he had used to reconcile the affections of these great personages, and conserve himself in the unalterable esteem of his sovereign to the last hour of his death, there is none but must judge him to have deserved the character of a most prudent and politic person. If we consider how few were put to death, and what inconsiderable mutinies or rebellions happened in any part of the empire during his government, it will afford us a clear evidence and proof of his greatness and moderation beyond the example of former times: for certainly he was not a per-

son who delighted in blood, and in that respect far different from the temper of his father: he was generous, and free from avarice—a rare virtue in a Turk! He was educated in the law, and therefore greatly addicted to all the formalities of it, and in the administration of justice very punctual and severe: and as to his behaviour towards the neighbouring princes, there may, I believe, be fewer examples of his breach of faith, than what his predecessors have given in a shorter time of rule. In his wars abroad he was successful, having upon every expedition enlarged the bounds of the empire: he overcame Neuhausel, with a considerable part of Hungary; he concluded the long war with Venice by an entire and total subjugation of the Island of Candia, having subdued that impregnable fortress, which by the rest of the world was considered invincible; and he won Kemenitz (Kaminiec,) the key of Poland, where the Turks had been frequently baffled, and laid Ukraine to the empire. If we measure his triumphs, rather than count his years, though he might seem to have lived but little to his prince and people, yet certainly to himself he could not die more seasonably, nor in a greater height and eminency of glory."

The deceased vizir left no children: and the sultan is said to have offered the seals, in the first instance, as if the office had become in fact hereditary in the family, to Mustapha, another son of Mohammed-Kiuprili, a man of retired and studious habits, who had the philosophy to decline the onerous dignity.† However this may have been, (for the story appears to rest on somewhat doubtful authority,) within seven days of the death of Ahmed, the vizirat had been conferred on Kara-Mustapha Pasha, who then held the office of kaimakam, and had for several years been distinguished by the special favour and confidence of the sultan. The new minister was connected by the ties both of marriage and adoption with the house of

* Von Hammer describes him, without quoting his authority, as of lofty stature, and extremely fair complexion; but Rycaut's personal acquaintance insures his correctness.

† He subsequently became grand-vizir, and was killed at the battle of Salankaman in 1691.

Kiuprili. His father Oroudj, a spahi, holding land at Merzifoun, (a town and district in Anatolia contiguous to Kiupri,) had fallen at the siege of Bagdad, under Sultan Mourad-Ghazi in 1638: and the orphan had been educated in the household of Mohammed-Kiuprili as the companion and adopted brother of his son Ahmed, one of whose sisters he in due time received in marriage. The elevation of his patron to the highest dignity of the empire, of course opened to Kara-Mustapha the road to fortune and preferment—from his first post of deputy to the *meer-akhor*, or master of the horse, he was promoted to the rank of pasha of two tails—and after holding the governments successively of Silistria and Diarbekr, was nominated capitan-pasha in 1662 by his brother-in-law Ahmed; but exchanged that appointment in the following year for the office of kaimakam, in which capacity he was left in charge of the capital on the departure of the vizir to the army in Hungary. His duties in this situation, as lieutenant of the grand-vizir during his absence, gave him constant access to the presence of the sultan: and being (as he is described by the contemporary writer above quoted) “a wise and experienced person, of a smooth behaviour, and a great courtier,” he so well improved the opportunities thus afforded him, as to obtain a place in the monarch’s favour second only to that of Kiuprili himself. This excessive partiality was, however, scarcely justified by the good qualities of the favourite; for though the abilities of Kara-Mustapha were above mediocrity, his avarice was so extreme as to lay him open to the suspicion of corruption: and his sanguinary cruelty, when holding a command in Poland in the campaign of 1674, drew down on him the severe reprobation of his illustrious brother-in-law. The predilection of the sultan for his society continued, however, unabated:—and during the visit of the court to Constantinople in 1675, he was still further exalted by becoming, at least in name, son-in-law to his sovereign, being affianced to the Sultana Khadidjeh, then only three years old. The fêtes of the betrothal, which were celebrated at the same time as those for the circumcision of the heir-apparent, (afterwards Mustapha II.,) were unrivalled for

splendour in a reign distinguished for magnificence:—and on the death of Ahmed-Kiuprili in the following year, this fortunate adventurer found little difficulty in stepping, as we have seen, into the vacated place.

The first cares of the new vizir were on the side of the newly acquired frontier in the Ukraine; for, though all claim to that part of the Cossack territory had been expressly resigned by Poland at the treaty of Durawno, the Czar of Muscovy had never ceased to assert his pretensions to the whole Ukraine, in virtue of the convention of 1656 with Khmielnicki; and during the Polish campaign of 1674, his troops on the border, under a general named Romanodoffski, had several times come into collision with the Turks—an era deserving notice as the first hostile encounter between these two great antagonist powers. The defection of Doroszenko, who had gone over to the Russians at the end of 1676, and surrendered to them the important fortress of Czehryn, the capital and key of the Ukraine, and the repulse of the serasker Ibrahim before its walls in the following year, showed the necessity of vigorous measures: and, in 1678, the grand vizir in person appeared at the head of a formidable force in the Ukraine, bringing with him George Khmielnicki, son of the former ataman, who had long been confined as a state prisoner in the Seven Towers, but was now released to counteract, by his hereditary influence with the Cossacks, the adverse agency of Doroszenko. Czehryn, after a close investment of a month, was carried by storm, the garrison put to the sword, and the fortifications razed. But though the war was continued through another campaign, it was obviously not the interest of the Divan to prolong this remote and unprofitable contest at a juncture when the state of parties in Hungary bid fair to present such an opportunity as had never before occurred, for definitively establishing the supremacy of the Porte over the whole of that kingdom. Negotiations were accordingly opened on the Dniepr between the Muscovite leaders and the Khan Mourad-Gherni; and a peace was signed at Radzin, Feb. 12, 1681, by which the frontiers on both sides were left unaltered, while the Porte expressly renounced all claim to Kiow

and the Russian Ukraine, which had been in the possession of the Czar since 1656. The ratification of the treaty was brought to Constantinople in the following September by an envoy, whose gifts of costly arctic furs, and ivory from the tusks of the walrus, might have unfolded to the Turks the wide extent of the northern realms ruled by the monarch whom they even yet regarded only as a tributary of their own vassal the Khan of the Tartars, and scarcely deigned to admit on equal terms to diplomatic intercourse.

Though the truce for twenty years, concluded between the Porte and the Empire after the defeat of Ahmed-Kiuprili at St Gotthard in 1564, had not yet expired by nearly three years, the political aspect of Hungary left little doubt that the resumption of hostilities would not be so long delayed. To understand more clearly the extraordinary complication of interests of which this country was now the scene, it will, however, be necessary to take a retrospective glance at its history during the seventeenth century, after the treaty of Komorn with the Porte, in 1606, had terminated for the time the warfare of which it had almost constantly been the theatre since the occupation of Buda by Soliman the Magnificent in 1541, and had, in some measure, defined the boundaries of the two great powers between which it was divided. The Emperors of the House of Hapsburg, indeed, styled themselves Kings of Hungary, and Diets were held in their name at Presburg; but the territory actually under their sway amounted to less than a third of the ancient kingdom, comprehending only the northern and western districts; while all the central portion of Hungary Proper, as far as Agria on the north, and the Raab and the Balaton Lake on the west, was united to the Ottoman Empire, and formed the pashaliks of Buda and Temeswar, which were regularly divided into sandjaks and districts, with their due quota of spahis and timariots, who had been drawn from the Moslem provinces of Turkey, and held grants of land by tenure of military service. The principality of Transylvania, (called *Erdel* by the Turks,) which had been erected by Soliman in favour of the son of John Zapolya, comprehended nearly

one-fourth of Hungary, and (though its suzerainty was claimed by Austria in virtue of a reversionary settlement executed by that prince shortly before his death,) was generally, in effect, dependent on, and tributary to the Porte, from which its princes, elected by the Diet at Klaukenburg, received confirmation and investiture, like the waiwodes of the neighbouring provinces of Moldavia and Wallachia. During the interval between the death of John Sigismond Zapolya in 1571, and the election of Michael Abaffi in 1661, not fewer than thirteen princes, besides nearly as many ephemeral pretenders, had occupied the throne; and, though at one time the family of Bathori, and, subsequently, that of Racoczy, established a kind of hereditary claim to election, their tenure was always precarious; and, on more than one occasion, the prince was imposed on the states by the Turks or Austrians, without even the shadow of constitutional forms.

This modified independence of Transylvania, however, often gave its princes great political importance, during the endless troubles of Hungary, as the assertors of civil and religious liberty against the tyranny and bad faith of the Austrian cabinet; which, with unaccountable infatuation, instead of striving to attach to its rule, by conciliation and good government, the remnant of the kingdom still subject to its sceptre, bent all its efforts to destroy the ancient privileges of the Magyars, and to make the crown formally, as it already was in fact, hereditary in the imperial family. The extirpation of Protestantism was another favourite object of Austrian policy: and the cruelties perpetrated with this view by George Basta and the other imperial generals at the beginning of the century was such, that a general rising took place under Stephen Boczkai, then waiwode of Transylvania, Wallachia, and Moldavia, who extorted from the Emperor Rodolph, in 1607, the famous *pacification of Vienna*, which was guaranteed by the Porte, and which secured to the Hungarians full liberty of conscience, as well as the enjoyment of all their ancient rights. This agreement was soon violated; but the Protestants again found a protector in a Transylvanian prince, the cele-

brated Bethlen-Gabor;* who, assuming the royal title, occupied Presburg and Neubausel in 1619, formed an alliance with the Bohemian revolters under Count Thurn, and was narrowly prevented from forming a junction with them under the walls of Vienna, which, if effected, would probably have overthrown the dynasty of Hapsburg. He is said to have entertained the design of uniting all Hungary east of the Theiss, with Transylvania and Wallachia, into a modern *kingdom of Dacia*, leaving the west to the Turks as a barrier against Austrian aggression—but his want of children left his schemes of aggrandizement without a motive, and at his death in 1630 they all fell to the ground. The Thirty Years' War procured the Hungarian subjects of Austria a temporary respite; but Leopold, who was elected king in 1655, and succeeded his father Ferdinand in the empire three years later, stimulated by the triumph of his predecessor over the liberties of Bohemia, resumed with fresh zeal the crusade against the privileges of the Magyars. Not only was the persecution of the Protestants recommenced, but the excesses of the ill-paid and licentious German mercenaries, who were quartered on the country in defiance of the constitution after the twenty years' truce, under the pretence of guarding against any fresh attack from the Turks, were carried to such a height that disaffection became universal even among those who had hitherto constantly adhered to the Austrian interest, so that (in the words of a writer† of the time,) "they began to contrast their own condition with that of the Transylvanians, who are not forced to take the turban, but live quietly under the protection of the Turk—while we (as they say) are exposed to the caprices of a prince under the absolute dominion of the Jesuits, a far worse sort of people than the Dervishes!" As early as 1667, a secret communication had been made to the Porte through the envoy of Abaffi; but Kiuprili, who was then on the point of departure for Candia,

and was unwilling to risk a fresh rupture with the empire in his absence, gave little encouragement either to these overtures, or to the more advantageous propositions received in 1670 from Peter Zriny, Ban of Croatia, and previously a famous partisan-leader against the Moslems; in which the malecontents offered, as the price of Ottoman aid and protection, to cede to the sultan all the fortified towns which should be taken by his arms, and to pay an annual tribute of 30,000 ducats. The conspiracy had, however, become known at Vienna; and instant measures were taken for seizing Zriny and his Croatian confederates, Nadasti, Tattenbach, and Christopher Frangipani, who were all executed in the course of the following year. The Emperor, now considering Hungary as a conquered country, formally abolished the dignity of Palatine, and nominated Gaspar Von Ampringham, grand master of the Teutonic knights, to be viceroy of the kingdom; while the Protestants were persecuted with unheard-of rigour, and many of their ministers imprisoned in the fortresses, or sent in chains to the galleys at Naples.

The confederates of Upper Hungary had been better on their guard: and on the news of the fate of Zriny and his associates, they forthwith assembled in arms at Kaschau or Cassovia, and electing Francis Racoczy, son of the late prince of Transylvania, and son-in-law of Zriny, as their leader, bade defiance to the Emperor. The civil war continued several years without decisive success on either side; till on the death, in 1676, of Racoczy, (who had previously abandoned the popular cause,) the famous Emeric Tekeli, then only twenty years of age, was chosen general. He was the hereditary enemy of the Austrians; his father Stephen, Count of Kersmark, having been besieged in his castle by the Imperialists at the time of his death; and while he pressed the Germans in the field with such vigour as to deprive them of nearly all the fortified places they still held in Upper Hungary, the negotiation with the

* This name in western parlance would be Gabriel de Bethlen; in Hungary, the Christian follows the surname.

† The anonymous biographer of Tekeli, believed to be M. Leclerc.

Porte for aid was renewed, and being backed by the diplomatic influence of France, then at war with the empire, was more favourably received by Kara-Mustapha than the former advances of the malecontents had been by his predecessor. The war with Russia, however, prevented the Turks for the present from interfering with effect; but Abaffi was authorized to support the insurgents in the mean time, while Leopold, fearing the total loss of Hungary, summoned a diet at Edeburg (in 1681) for the redress of grievances, in which most of the ancient privileges of the kingdom were restored, full liberty of conscience promised to the Lutherans and Calvinists, and Paul Esterhazy named Palatine. But these concessions, wrung only by hard necessity from the Cabinet of Vienna, came now too late. Tekeli replied to the amnesty proclaimed by the Emperor, by the publication of a counter-manifesto, in which were set forth a hundred grievances of the Hungarians; and, having obtained a great accession of strength by his marriage (June 1682) to Helen Zriny, the widow of Rácozy, whereby he gained all the adherents of those two powerful houses, he summoned a rival diet at Cassovia, where he openly assumed the title of sovereign prince of Upper Hungary, exercising the prerogatives of royalty, and striking money in his own name, which bore his effigy on the obverse, and on the reverse the motto inscribed on his standards—"Pro Deo, Patriâ, et Libertate."

Though Tekeli professed to act by the authority of the Porte, from which he had received a firman of investiture with the usual ensigns of sovereignty, no formal declaration of war had yet been issued from Constantinople; and many of the Ulemah protested against such a measure, at least till the twenty years' truce, concluded in 1664, should have expired. The aid openly afforded, however, to Tekeli by Abaffi and the pasha of Buda, as well as the constant march of large bodies of troops to the Danube, afforded sufficient indication that an attack would not be long delayed; and Leopold, disquieted at the prospect of having at once to contend against his own revolted subjects, and the mighty force of the Ottoman empire, sent Count Caprara on a mission to Constanti-

nople, in the hope of averting the storm; while, at the same time, he made overtures for an alliance with Poland, still smarting under her losses in the late Turkish war. The mission of Caprara led to no result, from the exorbitant demands made by the Ottoman ministers on behalf both of the Porte and its Hungarian allies, which amounted to little less than a total cession of the country; and a few days after the arrival of the ambassador, the despatch of the firman to Tekeli, and the display of the imperial horsetails in the plain of Daoud-Pasha, showed that the resolution of the Divan was fixed for war. The negotiation with Poland presented almost equal difficulties, from the rooted jealousy entertained by the Poles of the ambition of Austria, and the opposition of the French envoy, De Vitry, who even carried his intrigues so far as to embark in a plot for the death or dethronement of the king, and the substitution of the grand marshal Jablonowski. The firmness of Sobieski, however, whom no minor considerations could blind to the importance of saving Austria and Hungary from the grasp of the Osmanli, overcame all these machinations; and the ratification of the diet was eventually given to a league, offensive and defensive, with Austria, on March 31, 1683—the same day on which the vast host of the Ottomans broke up from its cantonments about Adrianople, and directed its march towards the Danube.

The sons of Naodasti and Zriny, who had been executed ten years before, were retained as hostages, under the name of chamberlains, in the imperial household; and it fell to the lot of the former to announce to Leopold, that the legions of the crescent were pouring down on Hungary. The cheek of the Emperor blanched at the tidings; for well did he know that, till the arrival of the Poles, his disposable force amounted to scarce 35,000 men, under Duke Charles of Lorraine, who could barely make head against Abaffi and Tekeli; while so high were the hopes of the Magyars raised of a speedy and final deliverance from Austrian tyranny, that a plot is even said to have been laid between Zriny and his sister, now the wife of Tekeli, for seizing the person of Leopold in the palace of Vienna,

and giving him up to the Tartars, who had already commenced their ravages on the frontiers. The sultan meanwhile—the cumbrous luxury of whose harem and equipages had retarded the march of the army—had halted at Belgrade, after holding a grand review of his forces, and placing the standard of the Prophet in the hands of the vizir, in token of the full powers entrusted to him for the conduct of the campaign. On the 10th of June, Tekeli, who had crossed the Danube to welcome his potent auxiliaries, was received at Essek with royal magnificence by Kara-Mustapha, who imitated, in the ceremonial observed on this occasion, the pomp of the reception of John Zapolya by Soliman, on his march against Vienna in 1529; but after receiving personal investiture of the royal dignity conferred on him by the sultan, he returned rapidly to Cassovia, where he had fixed his headquarters. The khan of the Tartars had already arrived at Stuhlweissenburg, and was speedily joined by the vizir and the main Turkish army, which, passing the Danube to the number of 140,000 men, swept like a torrent over the rich plains of Lower Hungary: the towns, abandoned by the panic-stricken German garrisons, every where opening their gates to the partisans of Zriny and Tekeli, in the hope of escaping the fate of Veszprim, which had been sacked by the janissaries for attempting resistance. The march was pressed with unexampled rapidity, till on the 28th the whole army was mustered under the walls of Gran; and the vizir, summoning to his tent the khan and the principal pashas, announced that his orders were to make himself master of Vienna.

The veneration with which the Turks have always regarded the memory of the greatest of their sultans, has led them not only to shrink with superstitious awe from attempting any enterprise in which he failed, but even to attach a prophetic importance to his recorded sayings. A promise attributed to him, that “an Ottoman army should never pass the Raab,” had been recalled at the time of the signal defeat experienced by Ahmed-Kiuprili on that river, and his memorable repulse before Vienna had been ever held as a warning, that the Ot-

toman arms were destined never to prevail against the ramparts of the *Kizil-Alma*. These considerations, however, had little weight with Kara-Mustapha; bridges, hastily thrown over the ill-omened stream, afforded a passage to the army, (July 8,) and the march was again directed without stop or stay on Vienna. A body of Hungarians in the pay of the emperor, under Budiani, passed over to the ranks of their insurgent countrymen on the first appearance of the standards of Tekeli; and the Duke of Lorraine, who had withdrawn his infantry to the island of Schutt and the other bank of the Danube, was worsted in a cavalry fight at Petronel by the Tartars, whose flying squadrons were already seen from the walls of Vienna. Proclamation had been made, forbidding the citizens to *speak of the present state of affairs!*—but the emperor and court, who had confidently reckoned on the invaders being delayed by the sieges of Raab and Komorn, no sooner learned that they had passed those fortresses unheeded, and were rapidly approaching the capital, than, seized with a panic-terror, they fled from the devoted city, on the same day with the combat at Petronel, (July 7,) in such dismayed haste, that the empress was forced to lodge one night under a tree in the open air; nor did they deem themselves in safety from the terrible pursuit of the Tartars, till they reached Lintz, on the furthest western verge of the hereditary states. The Austrian towns along the Danube were overwhelmed by the advancing tide of Turks, or ravaged by the Hungarian followers of Tekeli, who vied with their Moslem allies in animosity against the Germans; and the light troops and Tartars, overspreading the country, pushed their predatory excursions so far up the river, as even to alarm the imperial fugitives at Lintz, who consulted their safety by a second flight to Passau. The three great abbeys of Lilienfeldt, Molk, and Klosterneuburg, were preserved from these desultory marauders by the strength of their walls, and the valour of their monastic inmates, who took arms in defence of their cloisters; but the open country was laid waste with the same ferocity as in the invasion by Soliman, and many thousands of the country people were dragged

as slaves into the Turkish camp. The regular columns of the janissaries and feudatory troops, meanwhile, continuing their advance, appeared on the morning of the 14th under the walls of Vienna; the posts of the different corps were assigned on the same day, and in the course of the following night, ground was broken for the trenches on three sides of the city.

The ancient ramparts of Vienna, which had withstood the assault of the great Soliman, had been replaced, not long after the former siege, by fortifications better adapted for modern warfare; but during the long interval of security, the extensive suburbs, with the villas and gardens of the nobles and opulent citizens, had been suffered to encroach on the glacis and encumber the approaches; and the ruins of these luxurious abodes, imperfectly destroyed in the panic arising from the unexpected celerity of the enemy's movements, were calculated at once to impede the fire from the walls, and to afford shelter and lodgement to the besiegers. Such preparations for defence, however, as the time allowed of, had been hastily made by the governor, Rudiger Count Stahrenberg, a descendant of the stout baron who, in the former siege, had repulsed the Tartars in the defiles near Enns, and an artillery officer of proved skill and valour. Most of the gates had been walled up, platforms and covered ways constructed, and the students of the university, with such of the citizens as were able and willing to bear arms, were organized into companies in aid of the regular troops, whose number did not exceed 14,000. But the flower of the Austrian nobility, with many gallant volunteers, not only from Germany, but from other parts of Christendom, were within the walls, and animated by their example the spirits of the defenders, whose only hope of relief lay apparently in the distant and uncertain succours of Poland. The Duke of Lorraine, with his cavalry, had still hoped to maintain himself in the Prater and the Leopoldstadt, (which were on an island separated from the city by a narrow arm of the river,) and thus to keep up the communication with the north bank:—but an overwhelming body of Turkish horse, (among whom were conspicuous the Arab

chargers and gorgeous equipments of a troop of Egyptian Mamlukes, a force rarely seen in the Ottoman armies,) was directed against him on the 17th, and after a desperate conflict, he was driven across the main stream with the loss of 500 men, and with difficulty secured himself from pursuit by breaking the bridge. The suburb of Leopold, in itself a second city, was given up to the flames; and the Turks, erecting two batteries on the bank opposite Vienna, completed the investment on the only side which had hitherto remained open. Kara-Mustapha, in the confidence of anticipated triumph, now summoned Stahrenberg to surrender, by throwing a cartel into the city, wrapped up in linen and fastened to an arrow: and no answer being returned, the fire of the batteries on the Leopold island opened on the town; and in less than a week ten others were completed and mounted with cannon on the landward side.

The main point of attack, in the former siege under Soliman, had been the gate of Carinthia, (Kärnthner-Thor,) and the adjoining bastions; but the weight of the Turkish fire on the land side was now directed principally against the Castle-Gate, (Burg-Thor,) lying to the left of the former, and against the curtain between the Castle bastion and that of Löbel; and on the river side from the batteries of the Leopold island against the Rothen-thurm or Red Tower, at the point where the fortifications abut on the stream of the Danube. The tent of the vizir was pitched opposite the Burg-Thor, in the midst of the janissaries and Roumeliote troops, while the feudatories of Anatolia and Syria, under their pashas, were posted right and left of this central point, and the encampments of the various divisions stretched far round the city in a semi-circle many miles in extent, touching the Danube at its two extreme points of Ebersdorff below Vienna, and Nussdorff in the higher part of the stream, where a bridge thrown over the narrow channel formed a communication between the outposts on the mainland, and those on the Leopold island. The charge of this bridge was assigned to the Moldavian and Wallachian contingents, under the command of Scherban, waiwode of the latter province, and one of the most remarkable ad-

venturers of the age. Born of a noble Wallachian family, which claimed descent from the ancient imperial house of Cantacuzene, he had earned from the Turks, not less by the reckless bravery he had displayed under the standard of the crescent in the wars of Poland, than by the consummate address with which he had steered his way through the tortuous intrigues of the Fanar, the sobriquet of Shaitan Oghlu, *son of Sultan*—nor was he unknown as a gay and gallant visitor to the more polished and voluptuous courts of the west. In his elevation to the throne of his native country, he was said to have been materially assisted by the criminal favour of the consort of his predecessor, the Princess Ducas:—but in the camp before Vienna he assumed the guise of extraordinary piety—a lofty cross was erected before his tent, where the rights of the Greek Church were daily celebrated with extraordinary pomp, and the priests of that communion offered up prayers for the success of the Ottoman arms against the schismatics of the Western Church!*

On the 23d of July, two mines were fired under the counterscarp of the Löbel bastion, and though from the want of skill in the Turkish engineers, they did little damage, the alarm caused among the garrison, who called to mind the formidable use made of this species of approach in the siege of Candia, was such, that Stahrenberg issued orders that one person should be constantly on the watch in each house, to prevent the Turks from making their way into the city by these subterraneous passages. No more than forty mines, however, were sprung during the whole siege, and their effect, from the industry with which they were countermined by the garrison, was far less destructive than at Candia:—but the fire from the batteries continued without cessation, till the counterscarp and ravelin between the two bastions were reduced to a heap of ruins, and the covered approaches of the Turks, in spite of the

constant sorties of the besieged, were pushed so close to the outer works, that the defenders could reach the pioneers employed on the galleries by thrusting at them through the palisades with the long German pikes, the efficiency of which had been so severely experienced in the former siege. The first assault on the ravelin was made July 25—but the explosion of a mine at the instant threw the attacking column into disorder, and they were repulsed after a severe conflict, in which Stahrenberg himself was wounded. The attack was not repeated in force till the night of Aug. 3, when the troops of the pasha of Temeswar, and a select body of janissaries under their *koulkia* or lieutenant-general, rushed with such fury upon the ruined rampart, that though four times driven back, they at last succeeded in effecting a lodgement in the ravelin, and threw up parapets to screen themselves from the fire of the walls. The city, meanwhile, was repeatedly set on fire by bombs thrown from the Turkish batteries; and during the confusion arising from one of these partial conflagrations, a fresh mine was run under the angle of the court bastion, and sprung with such effect as to cause a practicable breach. The quantity of powder, however, had been so greatly over-calculated that great part recoiled among the Turks; and the garrison, by a well-timed sortie, did great damage to the enemy's works. Before the breach, however, could be repaired, the janissaries, recovering from their panic, again assailed it, and, after a desperate struggle, established themselves in the ditch and front of the bastion, while the defenders endeavoured, by changing the direction of their guns, to enfilade the ground thus won by the enemy, so as to prevent their penetrating into the interior, which now lay open to them.

Great had been the panic throughout Europe at the advance of the Turks into Austria, and their appearance before Vienna. The infidel host was magnified, by the exaggerations

* After the defeat of the Turks, Scherban Cantacuzene opened a correspondence with the Emperor and the King of Poland, setting forth his hereditary claim to the imperial crown of Constantinople in the event of their expulsion from Europe! but his intrigues became known to the Ottoman ministry, and he is supposed to have been taken off by poison.

of popular terror, to the number of 100,000 horse and 600,000 foot! And it was doubted whether, after destroying the power of the House of Hapsburg, the vizir would march to the Rhine, and annihilate the remaining strength of Christendom by the overthrow of Louis XIV., or would cross the Alps to fulfil the famous threat of Bayezid I., by stabbing his horse before the high altar of St Peter's. Even among those better qualified to take a calm view of the state of affairs, little hope was entertained that Vienna could hold out till the armies of Poland and the empire could be collected in sufficient force for its relief, if the Turks continued to press the siege with that vigour and stubborn perseverance, the combination of which in the attack of fortified places had hitherto been one of their most remarkable military characteristics. But Kara-Mustapha, deficient alike in martial experience and personal courage, was little qualified either to stimulate the fanatic ardour of the Ottomans or to guide it to victory. While within the wide enclosure of his own tents, carefully pitched beyond the range of cannon-shot from the ramparts, he maintained a household and harem of such luxurious magnificence as none of the sultans had ever carried with them into the field, the rations of the soldiers were reduced, on the pretext that the supplies expected from Hungary had been intercepted by the garrisons of Raab and the other towns on the Danube, which still held out for the emperor; and so little did he care to disguise his apprehensions for his own safety, that he visited the lines only in a litter rendered musket-proof by plates and lattices of iron! Whether he entertained the wild design, as asserted by Cantemir, (whose authority, as that of a contemporary, may in this case perhaps deserve some credit,) of throwing off his allegiance to the sultan, and erecting an independent *Western Empire* of the Ottomans in Austria and Hungary, or whether he was simply instigated by his avarice to preserve the imagined treasures of the capital of the German Cæsars from the pillage which must follow from its being taken by storm—he no sooner saw the imperial city apparently within his grasp, than he restrained, instead of encouraging, the

spirit of the troops, endeavouring rather to wear out the garrison by an endless succession of petty alarms, than to carry the place at once by assault. The murmurs of the soldiers, who even refused to remain in the trenches, were with difficulty quieted by the exhortations of Wani-Effendi, a celebrated Moslem divine, who had accompanied the army in order to share in the merit of the *holy war*—while the remonstrances of the pashas and generals were silenced by the exhibition of the sultan's *khatt-shereef*, which conferred on the vizir plenary powers for the conduct of the war.

While Kara-Mustapha thus lay inactive in his lines before Vienna, Tekeli, who had been detached with his Hungarian followers and an auxiliary Turkish corps to reduce the castle of Presburg, which held out after the surrender of the town, had been defeated by the Duke of Lorraine, aided by a body of Polish cavalry under Lubomirski, the forerunners of the army now assembling at Cracow. All the European princes, meanwhile, with the exception of Louis XIV., who, even in the danger of their common faith, forgot not his hostility to the house of Hapsburg, vied with each other in forwarding the equipment of the host which was to save the bulwark of Christendom. The cardinals at Rome sold their plate to supply funds for the German levies; Cardinal Barberini alone contributed 20,000 florins, and the Pope was profuse in his indulgences to those who joined the new crusade. The emperor, meanwhile, from his retreat at Passau, was abject in his entreaties to Sobieski for speedy succour, offering to cede to him his rights upon Hungary if he could preserve his Austrian capital; but the zeal of the Polish hero needed no stimulus. Though so disabled by the gout as to be unable to mount his horse without help, he was indefatigable in his exertions to hasten the march of his troops, to whom he gave the rendezvous, "Under the counter-scarp at Vienna." On his march into Germany, he was every where received as a deliverer; the Jesuits of Olmutz erected, at his entrance into the town, a triumphal arch, with the inscription, "*Salvatorem expectamus*;" and all hailed, as a sure omen of victory, the presence of the champion whose very name had become a

byword of terror among the Turks. The beleaguered garrison was, meanwhile, cheered by frequent messages promising speedy relief from the Duke of Lorraine, whose emissaries, selected for their knowledge of the Turkish language, contrived to pass and re-pass securely; but an epidemic disease, in addition to the sword and the bombardment, was rapidly thinning their numbers; and Callonitz, bishop of Neustadt, who, in his younger days, had gained distinction against the Turks in Candia, now acquired a holier fame by his pious care of the sick and wounded, who crowded the hospitals and houses. The siege had been languidly carried on during the greater part of August, but at the end of the month fresh symptoms of activity were observed in the Ottoman lines; several mines were sprung on the 27th and 28th, and the fire from the batteries was so warmly kept up, that on the 29th the garrison, conjecturing that the anniversary of the battle of Mohacz had been chosen for the general assault, stood to their arms in anxious suspense. But the day passed over without any alarm, and it was not till September 4, that, having blown up great part of the right face of the court bastion by a powerful mine, 5000 of the *élite* of the janissaries sprang, sword in hand, with loud shouts and the clangour of martial music, into the breach thus made, and forcing their way, with the fanatic valour which had in their best days characterized the sons of Hadji-Bek-tash, into the interior of the bastion, planted their *bairaks*, or pennons, on the ruined ramparts. Stahrenberg himself, with his officers and guards, was fortunately going the rounds at the menaced point at the moment of the explosion and assault, but the Osmanlis held firm the ground they had gained; and Stahrenberg, seeing the enemy thus fairly established within the defences, directed barriers to be constructed and trenches sunk at the head of the streets nearest the breach, while thirty rockets, fired in the night from the steeple of St Stephen's Domkirch, announced the extremity of their distress to their approaching friends; and all eyes were turned to the rocky heights of the Kahlenberg, which bounded the prospect to the west, in hope of descrying the standards of the Christian army.

It was at Tulln, six leagues above Vienna, that Sobieski received, the day after this assault, a despatch from Stahrenberg, containing only the words—"There is no time to be lost!" On the 6th the Poles passed the river by the bridge of Tulln, and the king, amazed at the supineness of the vizir in suffering this movement to be effected without molestation, exclaimed, "Against such a general the victory is already gained!"—and advanced as to an assured triumph. Though far inferior in numbers to the Turks, who, after all their losses by the sword and desertion, still mustered 120,000 effective men, when passed in review on the 8th by the vizir, it was in truth a gallant army which Sobieski now saw united under his command. The Imperialists, under the Duke of Lorraine, were not more than 20,000; but the Saxons and Bavarians, led by their respective electors, and the contingents of the lesser states of the empire, with the fiery hussars and cuirassiers of Poland, formed an aggregate of 65,000 men, more than half of whom were cavalry; while in the ranks were found, besides the German chivalry who fought for their fatherland, many noble volunteers, who had hastened from Spain and Italy to share in the glories anticipated under the leadership of Sobieski. Among these illustrious auxiliaries was a young hero, who had escaped from France in defiance of the mandate of Louis XIV., to flesh his maiden sword in view of the Polish king, and who at a later period, under the well-known name of Prince Eugene, himself earned deathless fame by his achievements against those redoubted enemies, whose first great overthrow he was destined to witness.

On the evening of the 10th the two armies were separated only by the ridge of the Kahlenberg, and the thick forests covering its sides; and a still more urgent message arrived from the governor, who intimated that he had little chance of repelling another assault. "On the same night, however," (says the diary of a Dutch officer in the garrison,) "we saw on the hills many fires, and rockets thrown up, as signals of our approaching succours, which we joyfully answered in like manner . . . and next day the Turks were moving, and their cavalry riding about in confusion, till

about four P.M. we saw several of their regiments drawing off towards the hills, and those in Leopoldstadt marching over the bridge." The knowledge, indeed, that the terrible Sobieski was at the head of the Christian army, had spread such a panic among the Osmanli, that several thousands left the camp the same night; but Kara-Mustapha, though urged by all his officers to march with his whole force to meet the coming storm, contented himself with sending 10,000 men, under Kara-Ibrahim, pasha of Buda, to watch the Poles, while the rest were kept in their lines before the city, which was cannonaded with redoubled fury throughout the 11th and the night following. The summits of the Kahlenberg glittered with the arms of the confederates, who bivouacked there during the night, being unable to pitch their tents from the violence of the wind, which Sobieski, in one of his letters to his queen, (his "*charmante et bien-aimée Mariette*,") says, was attributed by the soldiers to the incantations of the vizir, "who is known to be a great magician." From the top of the Leopoldsberg, the king and the Duke of Lorraine reconnoitred the Turkish camp, which lay in all its wide extent before them, from the opposite skirts of the Wienerberg almost to the foot of the ridge on which they stood, with the lofty pavilions and scarlet screens of the vizir's quarters conspicuous in the midst, while the incessant roar of the artillery rose from the midst of the smoke which enveloped the city.

At five in the morning of the 12th, the sound of musketry was heard from the thickets and wooded ravines at the foot of the Kahlenberg, where the Saxons were already engaged with the Turkish division under Ibrahim-Pasha; and the king, having heard mass on the Leopoldsberg from his chaplain Aviano, mounted his favourite sorrel charger, and, preceded by his son James, whom he had just dubbed a knight in front of the army, and by his esquire bearing his shield and banner, led the Poles, who held the right of the allied line, down the slopes of the mountain. The left wing, which lay nearest the river, was commanded by the Duke of Lorraine; and the columns in the centre were under the orders of the two electors, and the Dukes of Saxe-Lauenburg

and Eisenach. By eight A.M. the action had become warm along the skirts of the Kahlenberg—the Turks, who were principally horse, dismounting to fight on foot behind hastily-constructed abattis of trees and earth, as the nature of the ground was unfavourable to cavalry, and keeping up a heavy fire on the enemy while they were entangled in the ravines. The ardour of the Christians, however, speedily overcame these obstacles; and by ten A.M., their van was debouching from the defiles into the plain with loud shouts of battle; and the Turks, though from time to time receiving reinforcements from the camp, were gradually obliged to give ground. The vizir, meanwhile, remaining immovable in his tent, directed a fresh cannonade to be directed against the city, under cover of which a general assault was to be made; but the long files of camels laden with the spoils of Austria, which were sent off in haste on the road to Hungary, revealed his secret disquietude—and the troops in the trenches, effectually disheartened by the delay and privations of the siege, showed little inclination again to advance against the shattered bastions. The towers and steeples of Vienna were thronged with anxious spectators, who with throbbing hearts watched the advance of their deliverers, who pressed on at all points, "making the Turks give way" (says the diary above quoted) "whenever they came to a shock." The villages of Nussdorff and Heiligenstadt on the Danube, where several *odas* of janissaries, with heavy cannon, were posted, checked for some time the progress of the Austrians on the left; the Duc de Croye, a gallant French volunteer, fell in leading the attack; but a body of Polish cuirassiers were at last sent to their aid, who, levelling their lances, and dashing with loud shouts against the flank of the Turkish batteries, carried the position, and put the defenders to the sword. It was not so much a battle, as a series of desperate but irregular skirmishes scattered over a wide extent of ground—the Turkish troops (who were almost all cavalry, as most of the regulars and artillery were still in the camp) gradually receding before the heavy advancing columns of the Christians. By four P.M. they were driven so close to

their intrenchments, that Sobieski could descry the vizir, seated in a small crimson tent, and tranquilly drinking coffee with his two sons. At this moment, a torrent of the wild cavalry of the Tartars, headed by the khan in person, poured forth from the Moslem lines, and thundered upon the right of the Poles, only to recoil in disorder before the lances of Iablonowski and the Lithuanians, who pushed in pursuit close to a deep ravine, which covered the redoubts of the Turks. But the khan had recognized in the mêlée the well-known figure of Sobieski, whose personal presence had been as yet uncertain. "By Allah!" said he to the vizir on his return from his unsuccessful charge, "the heavens have fallen upon us; for the ill-omened *kral* of the *Leh* (Poles) of a truth is with the infidels!"

The Turks were now every where driven within their lines, and the battle appeared over for the day; but the Poles, with cries of triumph, demanded to be led to the attack of the camp, and Sobieski exclaiming, "Not unto us, O Lord, but to thy name be the praise!" directed the assault. In a moment the Polish chivalry spurred up the steep side of the ravine in the teeth of the Turkish artillery—a redoubt in the centre of the lines was stormed through the gorge by Maligny, brother-in-law of the king—the Pashas of Aleppo and Silistria, whose prowess sustained the fainting courage of their troops, were slain in the front of the battle—and, after a conflict of less than an hour, the whole vast array of the Osmanlis, pierced through the centre by the onset of the Polish lances, gave way in hopeless, irremediable confusion, and, abandoning their camp, artillery, and baggage, fled in wild confusion on the road to Hungary. By 6 P.M. the Polish King reached the tent of the vizir; but Kara-Mustapha had not awaited the arrival of the victor. In an agony of despair at the mighty ruin which he now saw to be inevitable, he gave the barbarous order (which was but partially executed) for the massacre of the women of his harem, to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy; and, seizing the Sandjak-shereef,* mounted an Arabi-

an camel of surpassing swiftness, and accompanied, or perhaps preceded, the flight of his army. Such was the panic haste of the rout, that, before sunset the next day, the whole host swept past the walls of Raab, the garrison of which thus gained the first tidings of the catastrophe—nor have the crimson banners of the crescent been ever again seen on the soil of Germany.

From the desultory character of the action, in which little use was made of artillery, and the headlong dismay in which the Turks at last took to flight, not more than 10,000 of their number, according to the most probable accounts, fell in the battle; of the allies, scarcely 3000 were killed or wounded. Three hundred pieces of cannon of various calibres, many of them taken in former wars by the Turks, and still bearing the arms of Poland or the empire—a countless quantity of arms, ammunition, and warlike implements of all kinds—were found in the abandoned intrenchments; and the abundance of catile, with the amply stored magazines of provisions, afforded instant relief to the famine from which the citizens had been for some time suffering.

Surrounded by a vast crowd, who hailed him with enthusiastic acclamations as their deliverer, and thronged each other with a zeal approaching adoration, to kiss his hand or his stirrup, Sobieski entered Vienna through the breach on the morning of September 13, in company with the Duke of Lorraine and the electoral Prince of Bavaria, and with the horsetails found before the tent of the vizir borne in triumph before him: and having met and saluted Stahrenberg, repaired with him to a chapel in the church of the Augustin friars, to return thanks for the victory. As he entered the church, a priest cried aloud in an ecstasy of fervour—"There was a man sent from God whose name was John," and this text, which in past ages had been applied to the Hungarian paladin, John Hunyades, was again employed by the preachers throughout Europe, in celebration of the new champion of Christendom, John Sobieski. Far different to the entry of the Polish king was the return

* A crimson banner was again sent to Rome as the Sandjak-shereef, as the green one of Hussein had been after the victory of Choczim.

of the Emperor Leopold to his rescued capital. He had quitted it as a fugitive, amid the execrations of the people, who accused him of having drawn on them the storm of invasion, without providing means to ward off the destruction which threatened them; and having descended the Danube in a boat, he re-entered the city on the 14th in the guise of a penitent, proceeding on foot, with a taper in his hand, to the cathedral of St Stephen, where he knelt before the high altar in acknowledgement of his deliverance. But neither from his misfortunes, nor from his returning prosperity, had Leopold learned the lesson of gratitude or humility. He even attempted at first to evade an interview with Sobieski, on the ground that an elective king had never been received on terms of equality by an emperor of Germany: and, when this unworthy plea was overruled by the honest indignation of the Duke of Lorraine, the meeting of the two monarchs was formal and embarrassed: and Sobieski, disgusted at the meanness and arrogance of the prince who owed to him the preservation of his capital and throne, hastily cut short the conference, by deputing to his chancellor Zaluski the task of showing to Leopold the troops who had saved his empire; and departed on the 17th with his noble colleague in arms, the Duke of Lorraine, to follow up their triumphs by attacking the Turks in Hungary.

The battle of Vienna effectually broke the spell of the Ottoman military ascendancy, which for near three centuries had held Europe in awe;—and though the energies of the empire, and the efficacy of its institutions, had long been gradually decaying, it was this great blow which first revealed the secret of its impaired strength. The treaty of Zurawno with Poland in 1676, had raised the Ottoman dominions to the highest point of territorial extent which they ever attained. From the time of the reunion of the empire, after the confusion following the defeat of Bayezid I. by Timour, every reign had seen its boundaries enlarged by successive acquisitions; and if we except the voluntary abandonment, in 1636, of the remote and unprofitable province of Yemen, the horsetails had never receded from any territory on

which they had been planted in token of permanent occupation. Besides the vast territories which were under the immediate rule of pashas sent from the Porte, and which the land and capitation taxes (*ssalyaneh* and *kharatch*,) the khan of the Krim Tartars, the otaman of the Cossacks, the vassal princes of Transylvania, Moldavia, and Wallachia, the hereditary chiefs of the Circassian and Koordish tribes, and the rulers of the Barbary regencies, were all “under the shadow of the imperial horsetails,” and paid tribute and allegiance to the sultan, who might boast, with no less justice than did the monarchs of the Seljookian Turks of old, that a crowd of princes arose from the dust of his footsteps. During the reign of Mohammed IV., the last relics of Venetian rule in the Levant had been extirpated by the conquest of Candia; the frontiers in Hungary and Transylvania had been strengthened by the acquisition of the important fortresses of Grosswardein and Neuhausel, with the territory attached to them; while Poland had been deprived of the province through which she had access to the undefended points of the Ottoman frontier, and the Cossacks, from restless and intractable enemies, had been converted into friends and auxiliaries. In the domestic administration, also, the wisdom and clemency of Ahmed-Kiuprili, supported by a corresponding disposition on the part of the sultan, who was naturally averse to measures of severity, had introduced a spirit of moderation and equity unknown in the Ottoman annals. Such was the condition of the foreign relations and internal government of the Turkish empire at the juncture immediately preceding the death of Ahmed-Kiuprili, whose life closed (as mentioned above) within a few days of the conclusion of the peace of Zurawno:—and the coincidence of this highest point of territorial aggrandizement and domestic prosperity, with the last days of the great minister who had so principal a share in producing them, would almost justify the superstitious belief, that the star of the Kiuprili was in sooth the protecting talisman of the Ottoman state, and inseparably connected with its welfare and splendour.

EXHIBITIONS.

BRITISH art is in a transition state. Remembering many a year past our Academy Exhibitions, and the general, the family resemblance the works bore to each other, the little variety either in style or execution; and of later years noticing the gradual change, the adoption of a new class of subjects, and more varied styles; we are yet struck with the manifest difference between the present and any other we ever remember to have seen. There is, in fact, more originality. There are, indeed, mannerists enough; and we mean not here to use the word in its reprehensive sense; but they stand more alone. There are far fewer imitators—some, of course, there must be, but they are chiefly in those classes where imitation is less easily avoided. Common-place subjects will ever be treated in a common-place manner, and resemble each other. Few venture now to follow even erratic genius in its wild vagaries. Turner has no rivals in the “dissolving-view” style. By those who look to one or two favourite masters, who have hitherto given the character to our exhibitions, perhaps some disappointment may be felt. Edwin Landseer has but two pictures—Sir Augustus Calcott not one; and herein is a great loss, speaking not with reference to his very late pictures, his English landscape, or even his Italian views, but in vivid recollection of his fascinating river views, with their busy boats, under illuminating skies, such as, alas! he has ceased to paint.

With regard to landscape, we progress slowly. Yet we fancy we can perceive indications there, that are of a better promise; although of the higher class of landscape there is not one this year. The promise is in the pencil of Creswick. He labours to unite great finish, too minute finish, with breadth and boldness of effect. His is unquestionably a new style; his subjects are all pleasing, bordering on the poetical; we only question if his aim at minute finishing does not challenge a scrutiny into the accuracy and infinite variety of the detail of nature, that few pictures ought to require, and his certainly do not

satisfy the demand. For, after all, there is a great sameness, where there ought to be variety, particularly in his foliage: it is safer, by a greater generality, to leave much to the imagination. We do not, however, mean to quarrel with this his peculiar style, nor to limit its power. There is something yet not achieved.

Mr Maclise has likewise originated a new style, and if not altogether a new class of subjects, one so richly, so luxuriantly treated as to be fairly considered new. He has given to humour a gentle satire, and more especially to works of creative fancy an historical importance; for herein he is essentially different from all other painters of this class, that none of his pieces, we might almost say none of his figures, are, or pretend to be, real life. If it be said that they are theatrical, we know not but that the term expresses their merit; for as Sir Joshua has well observed, there must be in the theatrical a certain ideal—which is, nevertheless, the higher representative of nature. Mr Maclise has adopted the elaborate finish and lavish ornament, but with so much breadth, and powerful execution, that the display scarcely offends—and he generally seeks subjects that will bear it. As a fault it was conspicuous in his *Lady Macbeth*: the strong emotions of that banquet-scene are of too hurrying, too absorbent a nature, to admit either the conspicuous multiplicity of parts, or the excess of ornament which that work exhibited. It was the very perfection of the “*Sleeping Beauty*,” and singularly enough, begat a repose; for the mind was fascinated into the notion of the long sleep, by the very leisure required and taken to examine the all-quietest detail.

May we not call the style of Mr Redgrave original? perhaps more so in his execution than his subject. He has appropriated the elegant familiar. Many are the painters we might name under whose hands the arts are advancing; those we have named, however, appear to us to be more or less the chief originators of new styles. Nor does it follow from this that their pictures are always the best in any

exhibition, though they may be generally found so to be. If we are to congratulate the world of art on the particular advancement of this year, we shall certainly limit our praise to one picture, because it is the picture of the year; and it is a wondrous improvement upon all our former historical attempts. Whoever has visited the Exhibition will at once know that we allude to Mr Poole's "Plague of London." There has not been so powerful a picture painted in this country since the best days of Sir Joshua Reynolds. For its power we compare it with the "Ugolino" of the President, and we do so the more readily as both pictures are now publicly exhibited. Unlike as they are, unquestionably, in many respects, and painted indeed on opposite principles, regarding the mechanical methods and colour; yet for power, for pathos, they come into competition. The subject chosen by Mr Poole was one of much more difficulty, more complication: he has had, therefore, much more to do, much more to overcome; and he has succeeded. Both, possibly, to a certain extent, were imitators, yet both possessing a genius that made the works their own creations. Sir Joshua saw Rembrandt in every motion of his hand; and Mr Poole was not unconscious of Nicolo Poussin in the design and execution of his "Plague." This is not said to the disparagement of either painter; on the contrary, we should augur ill of that man's genius who would be more ambitious to be thought original in all things than of painting a good picture. Great minds will be above this little ambition. Raffaele borrowed without scruple from those things that were done well before him, a whole figure, and even a group; yet the result was ever a work that none could ever suspect to be by any hand but Raffaele's. In saying that Mr Poole has seen Nicolo Poussin, we do not mean to insinuate more than that fact: others may say more; and, depreciating a work of surprising power, and that, too, coming from an artist who has hitherto exhibited nothing to be compared with it, will add that he has stolen it from Nicolo Poussin. This we boldly deny. The works of Nicolo Poussin of similar subjects are well known, and wonderful works they are; we need mention but two—the one in the National Gal-

lery, the "Plague of Ashdod," and that in the collection of P. S. Miles, Esq., and exhibited last year at the British Institution, and which is engraved in Forster's work. We do not believe that one group or single figure in Mr Poole's picture can be shown in these or any others of Poussin. And in the conception there is a striking difference. Mr Poole's subject, though we have called it the "Plague of London," is not, strictly speaking, the awfulness and the disgust of that dire malady, but the insanity of the fanatic Solomon Eagle, taking a divine, an almost Pythean impress from its connexion with that woful and appalling mystery. This being his subject, he has judiciously omitted much of that dreadfully disgusting detail, which *his* subject compelled Poussin to force upon the spectator. There is, therefore, in Mr Poole's picture more to excite our wonder and pity than disgust; nay, there is even room for the exhibition of tender, sensitive, apprehensive, scarcely suffering beauty, and set off by contrasts not too strong; so that nothing impedes the mind in, or draws it off from, the contemplation of the madman—here more than madman, the maniac made inspired by the belief of the spectator in denunciations which appear verifying themselves visibly before him. It is this feeling which makes the crazed one grand, heroic, and which constitutes this picture an historical work of a high class. It is far more than a collection of incidents in a plague; it is the making the plague itself but an accessory. The theme is of the madness that spreads its bewilderment on all around, as its own of right, as cause and effect—a bewilderment that works beyond the frame, and will not let the beholder question its fanatic power. We will endeavour to describe the picture, but first, take the subject from the catalogue:—"Solomon Eagle exhorting the People to Repentance, during the Plague of the Year 1665. P. F. Poole.—'I suppose the world has heard of the famous Solomon Eagle, an enthusiast; he, though not infected at all, but in his head, went about denouncing of judgment upon the city in a frightful manner, sometimes quite naked, and with a pan of burning charcoal on his head.'—See DE FOE's *Narrative of the Plague in London*."

The scene is supposed to be in that part of London termed "Alsatia," so well described by Sir Walter Scott—the refuge of the destitute and criminal. Here are groups of the infected, the dying, the callous, the despairing—a miserable languor pervades them all. The young—the aged—the innocent—the profligate. One sedate and lovely female is seeking consolation from the sacred book, beside whom sits the father—a grand figure, in whose countenance is a fixed intensity of worldly care, that alone seems to keep life within his listless body; next him is a young mother, with her dying child, and close behind him a maiden, hiding her face, whose eye alone is seen, distended and in vacant gaze. We feel that this is a family group, perhaps the broken remnant of a family, awaiting utter desolation. Behind the group are two very striking figures—a man bewildered, and more than infected, escaping from the house, within the doorway of which we see, written in red characters, "Lord have mercy upon us," and the cross; the nurse is endeavouring to detain him. Nothing can be finer than the action and expression in both figures—the horror of the nurse, and fever energy of the escaped, in whose countenance, never to be forgotten, is the personification of plague-madness. It is recorded that such a one did so escape, swam across the Thames, and recovered. Beyond these are revellers, a dissolute band, card-playing. In the midst of the game one is smitten with the plague, and is falling back—one starts with horror at the sudden seizure—a stupid, drunken indifference marks the others—they had been waiting for a feast, which one is bringing in, who stands just above the falling figure, who will never partake of it. Quite in the background, and behind a low wall, are conveyers of the dead, carrying along a body. This describes the left of the picture. To the right, and near the middle, is a dying boy, leaning upon a man, who is suddenly roused, and rising to hear the denunciations of Solomon Eagle. At his back are two lovely female figures, sisters we should suppose, the younger one dying, supported by the sister's knee, who sits with crossed hands, as if in almost hopeless prayer. Beyond is a wretched man, with his head rest-

ing upon his hand, in a fixed state of stupid indifference; above whom are several figures, mostly of the lower grade, in the various stages of infection or recovery. They are sitting before the window of a house, through the panes of which we see indistinctly one raving; while from the same house a dead body is being let down from above, and in the background are the dead-cart and the carriers. At the feet of the figures by the house lie others, in all the languor of disease and feverish watchfulness. Among these persons are various shades of character, apparently all from nature, each one, artistically speaking, representing a class, and yet with such a stamp of individual nature, that we are satisfied they must have been taken from life. In this respect they resemble Raffaele's beggars at the "Beautiful Gate," in their admirable generality and individuality. Two are very striking—an odd, stiff-looking old man, with a beard, whose marked profile is of the old cheat; he is observing the escape of the man on the opposite side of the picture, and the woman at his side, whose face is turned upwards, one-half an idiot, and all-wicked. We cannot help thinking that we have seen these two characters. It is, perhaps, the skill of the painter that has so represented the class that we have the conviction of the individuals. So far the scene is prepared for the principal *dramatis personæ*; and so far we have only the calamity of the Plague, not in its scenes of turbulence, but kept down under an awful and quiet expectation of doom; so that, were the two principal figures obliterated, we should say the scene is yet but a preparation, awaiting the master figures, to mark its true impression and feeling, constituting the subject of the picture. These principal figures are Solomon Eagle and his attendant; they are placed judiciously in the centre of the picture, in no part intercepted. Solomon Eagle hurries into the picture with a book in one hand, the other raised, as pointing to the heavens, from whence come the denunciations he pronounces: on his head is a pan of burning charcoal. He is naked, excepting his waist. His very attitude is insane—we need not look at his face to see that; the forefinger, starting off from the others,

is of mad action, and similar is the energy of the projected foot. The attitude is of one with a fixed purpose, one under an imaginary divine commission; it is of entire faith and firmness; and never was such insanity more finely conceived in a countenance. The man is all crazed, and grand, awfully grand, in his craziness. He throws around him an infection of craziness, as does the atmosphere of plague. There is a peculiar look in the eye, which shows the most consummate skill of the painter. The finger starts up as with an electric power, as if it could draw down the vengeance which it communicates. We mentioned the attendant figure—not that he is conscious of her presence. She is mysterious, veiled, a masked mystery—a walking tale of plague, woe, and desolation—a wandering, lonely, decayed gentlewoman: we read her history in her look, and in her walk. Her relations have all been smitten, swept away by the pestilence; her mind is made callous by utter misery; she wanders about careless, without any motive; a childish curiosity may be her pleasure, any incident to divert thoughts that make her sensible of her own bereavement. She stops to listen to the denunciations of the crazed prophet, and herself partakes, though callously, of his insanity—half believes, but scarcely feels. The sky is lurid, pestilential; it touches with plague what it illuminates. Such is the picture in its design. The colouring is quite in accordance with the purpose, and completes the sentiment; there is much of a green tone, yet under great variety. There is very great knowledge shown in it of artistical design, and the art of disposing lines; the groups, kept sufficiently distinct, yet have connecting links with each other; and there are general lines that bring all within the compass of one subject. Now, what, after all, is the impression on the mind of the spectator? for it is not enough to paint plague or madness: unless our human sympathy be touched, we turn away in disgust. Yet upon this picture we look with pleasure. Many whom we have heard say they could not bear to look at it, we found again and again standing before it: some we questioned; and at last they acknowledged pleasure. So are we

moved at tragedy: human sympathies are moved—the great natural source of all our pleasures: pity and tenderness, and a sense of the awfulness of a great mystery, are upon us; and though pleased be too light a word, yet we are pleased; and where we are so pleased, we are made better. We feel the good flowing in upon us; and were not the busy scene of the multitudes in an exhibition, and the general glare, distracting, and discordant to the feeling such a picture is calculated to convey, we could enter calmly and deeply into its enjoyment. We have given, at much length, a description of the picture, because we think it a work of more importance than any that has, we would say ever, been exhibited upon the Academy walls—one of more decided commanding genius. There are faults in it doubtless, some of drawing, but not of much importance. We look to the mind in it—to its real greatness of manner, and we believe it to be a work of which the nation may be proud; and were we to look for a parallel, we must go to some of the best works of the best painters of the best ages. We were surprised to find that so small a sum as L.400 was set upon the picture—and more so that it was not sold. We regret that there is no power in the directors of our National Gallery to buy occasionally a modern production. Is there, in that gallery, one work of a British painter in any way equal to it?

There are only two pictures by Mr Maclise—they sustain his reputation.

"The Actress's reception of the Author."—"He advanced into the room trembling and confused, and let his gloves and cloak fall, which having taken up, he approached my mistress, and presented to her a paper with more respect than that of a counsellor when he delivers a petition to a judge, saying, "Be so good, madam, as to accept of this part, which I take the liberty to offer." She received it in a cold and disdainful manner, without even deigning to answer his compliments."—*Gil Blas*, c. xi."

The picture here is the luxuriantly beautiful and insolent prima-donna; we could wish that much of the picture, many of the "figures to let," were away. There is a continuous flowing of graceful lines, in this one figure, with much breadth, that give it

a largeness of style, extremely powerful. She luxuriates in pride, insolence, and beauty. The expression is perfect; nor is it confined to her face—it is in every limb and feature. The poor despised author bows low and submissive—and is even looked at contemptuously by a pet dressed monkey, pampered, and eating fruit: a good satire; the fruit to the unworthy—the brute before the genius. There is the usual display, the usual elaborate finish; but it is perhaps a little harder, with more sudden transitions from brown to white than commonly to be found in Mr Maclise's works.

"Waterfall at St. Nighton's Kieve, near Tintagel, Cornwall." A lovely girl crossing the rocky bed of a stream—attended by a dog, who is leaping from stone to stone. The action of the dog, his care in the act of springing, is admirable, and shows that Mr Maclise can paint all objects well. This is of the high pastoral: the lonely seclusion of the passage between rocks, the scene of the "Waterfall," is a most judicious background to the figure, which is large. It is most sweetly painted.

We are glad to see Mr Ward, R. A., again in the Exhibition. His "Virgil's Bulls," is a subject poetically conceived. The whole landscape is in sympathy, waking watchful sympathy, with the bulls in their conflict. Not a tree, nor a hill, nor a cloud in the sky but looks on as a spectator. All is in keeping. There is no violence in the colour, nothing to distract the attention from the noble animals—all is quiet, passive and observant. A less poetical mind would have given a bright blue, clear sky, and sparkling sunny grass; one more daring than judicious might have placed the creatures in a turbulent scene of storm and uprooted ground; Mr Ward has given all the action to the combatants—you shall see nothing but them, and all nature shall be looking on as in a theatre of her own making. The subject is no less grand on the canvas than in the lines of the poet.

We had fully intended to have omitted any mention of Mr Turner's strange productions; but we hear that a work has appeared, exalting him above all landscape painters that ever existed, by a graduate of the University of Oxford. Believing, then, that

his style is altogether fallacious, and the extravagant praise mischievous, because none can deny him some fascinations of genius, which mislead, we think it right to comment upon his this year's works. Their subjects are taken from abstracts from a MS. poem, of which Mr Turner is, we presume, himself the author; for though somewhat more distinct and intelligible than his paint, they are obscure enough, and by their feet are as much out of the perspective of verse, as his objects are of that of lines. "The opening of the Wall-halla," is by far the best, indeed it has its beauties; distances are happily given: most absurd are the figures, and the inconceivable foreground. The catalogue announcement of No. 129 startled us. We expected to see "Bright Phœbus" himself poetically personating a doge, or a midshipman; for it points to the "Sun of Venice going to Sea." His "Shade and Darkness; or, the Evening of the Deluge," is the strangest of things—the first question we ask is, which is the shade and which the darkness? After the strictest scrutiny, we learn from this bit of pictorial history, that, on the eve of the mighty Deluge, a Newfoundland dog was chained to a post, lest he should swim to the ark; that a pig had been drinking a bottle of wine—an anachronism, for certainly "as drunk as David's sow," was an after-invention: that men, women, and children, (such we suppose they are meant to be) slept a purple sleep, with most gigantic arms round little bodies; that there was fire that did not burn, and water that would nearly obliterate, but not drown. But more wonderful still is the information we pick up, or pick out bit by bit, as strange things glimmer into shape. "Light and Colour, (Goethe's Theory) —The Morning after the Deluge—Moses writing the book of Genesis." Such is the unexpected announcement of the catalogue. But further to account for so remarkable a jumble as we are to behold, Mr Turner adds the following verses:—

"The ark stood firm on Ararat: th' returning sun
Exhaled earth's humid bubbles, and, emulous of light,
Reflected her lost forms, each in prismatic guise,

Hope's harbinger, ephemeral as the summer fly,
Which rises, flits, expands, and dies."

Fallacies of Hope, MS.

This is unquestionably one of the "Fallacies of Hope"—for it is quite hopeless to make out, the sun smoking his cigar of colour, and exhaling earth's humid bubbles; yet we do see a great number of "bubble" heads, scratchy things, in red wigs, rolling and floating out of nothing into nothing. There must indeed have been very wondrous giants in those days; for here is an enormous leg, far beyond the "ex pede Herculem," rising up some leagues off, far bigger than whole figures close at hand. But we learn the wonderful fact, that the morning after the Deluge, Moses, sitting upon nothing, possibly the sky, wrote the book of Genesis with a Perryian pen, and on Bath-post, and that he was so seen by Mr Turner in his own peculiar perspective-defying telescope—for so "*sedet, eternumque sedebit*," in the year 1843. We know that in this account of it we a little jumble past, present, and future; but so we the better describe the picture; for when the Deluge went, Chaos came. That we may the more easily recognize the historian, a serpent is dropping from him, hieroglyphically. Can Mr Turner be serious? or is he trying how far he may perpetrate absurdities, and get the world to believe them beauties; or that his practice is according to any "theory of colour!" His conceptions are such as would be dreams of gallipots of colours, were they endued with life, and the power of dreaming prodigies.

There is unquestionably an impetus given to historical talent—and there is good proof that such talent is not wanting in this year's Exhibition; Mr Patten has chosen a very grand subject from the Inferno of Dante. "Dante, accompanied by Virgil in his descent to the Inferno, recognizes his three countrymen, Rusticucci, Aldobrandi, and Guidoguerra."—*Divina Commedia, Inferno*. The subject is finely conceived by Mr Patten. Virgil and Dante stand upon the edge of the fiery surge; they are noble and solemn figures. There is an abyss of flames below, that sends upward its whirling and tormenting storm, driven round and round, by which are seen the three countrymen. They are well grouped,

and show the whirling motion of the fiery tempest; we should have preferred them more foreshortened, and such we think was the vision in Dante's mind's eye—for he says—

"Thus each one, as he wheel'd, his countenance

At me directed, so that opposite

The neck moved ever to the twinkling feet."

There is great art in placing the large limb of one of the figures immediately over the fiercest centre of fire—it gives interminable space to the fiery sea—and this part of the picture is very daringly and awfully coloured.

We rather object to the equal largeness and importance of all the figures; and perhaps the bodies are too smooth, showing too little of the punishment of flame—they are too quiescent. Dante says, "Ah me, what wounds I marked upon their limbs!" And Rusticucci, who addresses Dante, thus describes their bodies:—

"If woe of this unsound and dreary waste,"
Thus one began, 'added to our sad cheer
Thus peel'd with flame.'

The persons of such sufferers should be Michael Angelesque—punishment and suffering should be equally large. We venture to suggest this criticism to Mr Patten, because the subject is grand, and there is so much good in his manner of treating it; that he will do well to paint another picture of it.

Mr Etty has no less than seven pictures. His "In the Greenwood Shade" is by far the best. Cupid and sleeping nymphs—the rich and lucid colours, softly losing themselves in shade, and here and there playfully recovered; very much remind us of Correggio. We should more applaud Mr Etty for his general colouring, than for his flesh tints; nor have his figures in general the soft and luxuriant roundness which grace and beauty should have—the faces, too, have often too much purple shadow. We have before remarked that, painting too closely from the model, he exhibits Graces that have worn stays. And surely he often mistakingly enlarges the loveliest portion of the female form—the bosom—whose beauty is in its undefined commencement, its gentle and innocent and modest growth. How happily is this hit off by Dryden in his description of

Iphigenia sleeping, to the gaze of the clown Cymon:—

"As yet their places were but signified."

While so many pictures of acknowledged merit are rejected for lack of room, it is scarcely fair, perhaps, for one artist to exhibit so many. Mr Eastlake has, however, been too liberal to others in his forbearing modesty; we could wish he had not confined himself to one. He might offer the lioness's answer, were not his picture one most tenderly expressive of all gentleness. It is an old subject, but treated in no respect after the old manner. The boy is faint and weary, on the ground. Hagar, with a countenance of sweet anxiety, is giving the water, with a care, and with a view to the safety of the draught. There is a dead, dry, burnt palm-tree lying on the ground, poetically descriptive. The expression of both figures is perfect, and they are most sweetly, tenderly painted. If we might make any objection, it would be that the subject is not quite poetically treated as to colour. It may be, and we have no doubt it is, most true to nature in one sense. We can believe that such a country would have such a sky, and such appearance in foreground and distance; but that very truth creates to our mind's eye an anachronism—it brings down the tale of antiquity to very modernism—it robs it of its antique hue—it shows it too commonly, too familiarly. As we read it, we do not so see it; we are not so matter-of-fact. There is an ideal colouring that belongs to sentiment—our minds always adopt it. We have not as yet correctly worked out that theory, and therefore it is not enough in our practice. More particularly in this subject do we require something ideal in the manner, for few are equally true in the characters as in the external scene. Here, certainly, neither Hagar nor Ishmael are of their nation and country. It is too lovely a picture to wish touched. The remarks we venture upon may be applied to most modern pictures of ancient subjects, and may be worth consideration. There are two other pictures, very beautiful pictures, too, in the Exhibition, which have, we think, this defect—"Jephtha's Daughter, the last Day of Mourning. H. O. Neil;" and "Naomi and her Daughter-in-law. E. N. Eddis." The first,

Jephtha's Daughter and her attendant maidens is a group of very lovely figures, extremely graceful, all breathing an air of purity; it is loveliness in many forms; for its conception as to chiaroscuro and colour, is most skilfully managed; but it has this present day's reality, and we only force ourselves to believe it Jephtha's Daughter. Exquisitely beautiful, too, is the affectionate, the very loving Ruth. Orpah, too, is sweet, but the difference is well expressed—"Orpah kissed her mother-in-law, *but* Ruth clave unto her." There is an unaffected simplicity about these figures that is quite charming, a simplicity of *manner* well according with the simplicity of character; but has not the picture in colouring too much of this day's familiar air? In historical design both these pictures are a decided advance in art. We are giving promise.

We could wish that Mr Martin would not ruin his greatness by his littlenesses. There is often a large conception, that we overlook to examine interminable minutæ of parts, and mostly parts repeated; his figures are always injurious. His "Canute the Great rebuking his Courtiers" would have been a fine picture had he contented himself with the real subject—the sea. It is, indeed, crude in colour, and the coldness to the right ill agrees with the red heat on the left; but still, in chiaroscuro, it would have been a fine picture, if completed according to his first intention, but Canute and his courtiers spoil it. In the first place, they make, by their position and ease, the awful overwhelming sea safe. It is, as Longinus remarks, the plank that takes away the danger and the poetry; and such an assemblage of courtiers put the times of Canute quite out of our heads—a collection from a book of fashions—Ladies' Magazines—in their velvet gauze and tiffany, in colours that put the sun to shame, and make him blush less red; and the little, minute work about the pebbly shore creates a weariness, for they tempt us to count the sands. All this arises from a mistaken view of the sublime, that we have before noticed in Mr Martin. It is very strange that an artist of his undoubted genius should err in a matter so essential to the greatness at which he aims.

Would that we could say a word in

favour of Mr Haydon's one historical picture, "The Heroine of Saragossa." She is most unheroic certainly, stretching across the centre of the picture with a most uncomfortable stride, with what a foot! and a toe that looks for amputation—a torch suspended out of her hand, held by nothing—not like "another Helen," to "fire another Troy," but purposing to fire off a huge cannon, without a chance of success; for not only do not her fingers hold the torch, but her face is averted from the piece of ordnance, and her feet are taking her away from it. She is splendidly dressed in red, and without shoes or stockings—a great mistake, for such a foot might have been well hid. She is the very worst historical figure we have ever seen in a picture of any pretensions; there is another figure that only attempts to hold a pistol. The whole is a most unfortunate display of the vulgar historical. The unfortunate woman has two heads of hair, and both look borrowed for the occasion. How very strange it is that an artist who could paint the very respectable picture of the "Raising of Lazarus," now at the Pantheon, should not himself be sensible of the glaring faults of such a picture as this; and we may add, the large one exhibited last year. Mr Haydon understands art, lectures upon it, and is, we believe, enthusiastic in his profession. Does he bring his own works to the test of the principles he lays down? The misconception of men of talent with regard to their own works is an unexplained phenomenon.

Edwin Landseer, R. A., exhibits but two pictures, both excellent. Of the two, we prefer the smaller, "Two horses drinking"—nature itself. Lord Kames, in his *Elements of Criticism*, remarks, that the fore-horse of a team always has his ears forward, on the alert, while the rest mostly throw theirs back. This watchfulness Landseer has observed in the eye of the animal; the eye of the one, protected by the horse nearest to the spectator, has a quiet, unobserving look; the eye of the other is evidently on the watch. A cunning magpie is looking into a bone. The picture is beautifully coloured.

Mr Redgrave's three pictures are exquisitely beautiful, and in his own

truly English style. "The Fortune Hunter,"

"Neglects a love on pure affection built,
For vain indifference if but double-gilt."

A screen separates the deserted one from the courting pair. The contrast in expression of the two fair ones is as good as can be. The "vain indifference" is not as many, treating this subject, have made her, deformed, old, and ugly, for that would have removed our pity from the suffering one, showing the man to be altogether worthless, and the loss an escape; on the contrary she is of a face and person to be admired; but she looks vain and void of affection. We like not so well his "Going to Service;" but his "Poor Teacher," is most charming; it is a most pathetic tale, though it be one figure only, but that how sweet! A lovely girl in mourning is sitting in deep thought waiting for her scholars; on the table is her humble fare, and of that she takes little heed. She is thinking of her bereavement, perhaps a father, a mother, a sister—perhaps she is altogether a bereaved one—a tear is on her cheek. These are the subjects, when so well painted, that make us love innocence and tenderness, the loveliness of duty, and, therefore, they make us better. The habitual sight might rob a villain of his evil thoughts—such human loveliness is the nearest to angelic—indeed it is more, for we must not forget the exceeding greatness, loveliness, of which human nature is capable. Divine love has given it a power to be far above every other nature, and that divine love has touched the heart, and speaks in the countenance of the "Poor Teacher."

Mr Creswick has this year rectified the fault of the last. His greens were thought somewhat too crude and too monotonous. "In culpam ducet culpæ fuga"—the old foot-road is scarcely green enough. All Mr Creswick's pictures have in them a sentiment—nature with him is sentient and suggestive. The very stillness—the silence, the quiet of the old foot-road is the contemplative of many a little history of them whose feet have trod it: such is the character of "The Terrace." But the most strikingly beautiful is "A Welsh Glen"—

"The meeting cliffs each deep-sunk
glen divides,

The woods wild scatter'd clothe their
ample sides."

What sketcher has not frequently come upon a scene like this, and, with a delight not unmingled with awe, hoped to realize it—and how many have failed! How often have we looked down upon the quiet and not shapeless rocky ledges just rising above and out of the dark still water; while beyond them, and low in the transparent pool, are stones rich of hue, and dimly seen, and beyond them the dark deep water spreads, reflecting partially the hues of the cliffs above—and watched the slender boughs, how they shoot out from rocky crevices, and above them branches from many a tree-top high up, hanging over; while we look up under the green arched boughs, and their fan-spreading leafage—every tree, every leaf communing, and all bending down to one object, worshipping as it were the deep pool's mystery! Here is the natural Gothic of Pan's temple—and out from the deep pass, golden and like a painted window of the sylvan aisle, glows the sun-touched wood, illuminated in all its wondrous tracery. In such a scene—where "Contemplation has her fill"—the perfect truth of this highly finished picture is sure to renew the feeling first enjoyed—enjoyed in solitude: it should have no figure but ourselves, for we are in it—and it has none. The colouring and execution are most true to nature; if we would wish any thing altered, it would be the sky, which is a little too light for the deep solemnity of all below it. Exquisitely beautiful as are these scenes from Mr Creswick's pencil, we doubt if he has reached or knows his own power. He has yet to add to this style the largeness of nature. We should venture to recommend to his reading, again and again, those parts of Sir Joshua's Discourses which treat of the large generality of nature.

Stanfield is, as usual, remarkably clear, more characteristic of himself, his manner, than of the places of his subjects—ever the same coloured lights and shadows. His compositions are well made up; there is seldom a line to offend. In "Mazorbo and Torcello, Gulf of Venice," how-

ever, the right-hand corner is extra-parochial to the scene—is unbalanced, and injures the composition. The scenes, as views, are very sweet, and have more repose than he usually throws into his pieces. This sameness of colouring, and scenical arrangement and effect, are no less conspicuous in the works of Mr Roberts, most of which are, however, very beautiful. Very striking is the view of "Ruins on the Island of Philoe, Nubia." It is not the worse for the absence of the general polish. We seem to be on the spot—the effect is so simple, the art is unobserved. We have to wonder at departed glory, at hidden history, and we do wonder. Why is it that Mr Danby, whose pictures of the "Sixth Seal," and the "Deluge," none that have seen them can forget, exhibits but one piece, and that, though very beautiful, not from the boldness of his genius? It is a quiet evening scene—the sun setting red towards the horizon, the sky having much of nature's green tints, her most peaceful hues; some cattle are standing in the river—the left is filled up with trees, which, beautiful in form, want transparency. There is a heaviness in that part too powerful; it attracts, and therefore disturbs the repose. Mr Lee has not very much varied his subjects or manner this year. His scenes are evidently from nature—great parts appear to have been painted out of doors, being fresh and true. Not altogether liking some of his subjects, we cannot but admire the skill in their treatment, the warm glow in the colouring, and true character of some of his woods running off in perspective are most pleasing. He does not aim at sentiment. He often reminds us of Gainsborough's best manner; but he is superior to him always, in subject, in composition, and in variety. He has great skill in the transparency and clearness of his tones. We think his pictures would be vastly improved if painted in a lower key. His "Scenery near Crediton, Devonshire," is remarkably good; perhaps the sky and distance is a little out of harmony with the rest. There are three pictures by Mr Müller, two very effective—"Prayers in the Desert"—but we are more struck with his "Arabs seeking a Treasure." The sepulchral interior is solemnly deep; the dim

obscure, through which are yet seen the gigantic sculptured heads that seem the presiding guardians; the light and shade is very fine, as is the colour; the blue sky, seen from within, wonderfully assists the colour of the interior. There is great grandeur in the scene, and it is finely treated. His other picture, No. 1 in the Exhibition, is so very badly placed over the door, that we do not pretend to judge of it, because, Mr Müller being a good colourist, we do not recognise him in what we can see of this "Mill Scene on the Dolgarley."

Mr Collins has improved greatly upon his last year's exhibition. "A Sultry Day," though at Naples, and a "Windy Day," in Sussex, are not the most pleasant things to feel or to think of. Mr Collins has succeeded in conveying the disagreeableness of the "windy day," and it is the more disagreeable for reminding us of Morland: luckily he has not succeeded in conveying the sultriness. On the contrary, to us, No. 217 breathes of freshness and coolness. It is a very sweet picture; water, boats, and shore, beautifully painted. It is well that Mr Kennedy has but one picture—"Italy"—for he paints by the acre. It is a great mistake—and, while so many pictures of merit are rejected for want of room, some injustice in his doing so. Nor does his subject, which is meagre enough, gain any thing by its size. There is merit in the grouping—not a little affectation in the poor colouring and general effect. Surely he might have made a much prettier small picture of a subject that has no pretensions to be large. Were "Italy" like that, we should totally differ with him, and not subscribe to his quotation—

"I must say

That Italy's a pleasant place to me."

There is a very good picture by J. R. Herbert, A., if it were not for its too great or too common naturalness. The subject is the interview with the woman of Samaria. There is good expression, simplicity of design, but violence of colour. The subject demands a simplicity of colouring. Surely in such a scriptural subject, the annunciation, "I that speak unto thee am He," should alone be in the mind; but here the accessaries are as

conspicuous as the figures. Yet it is a picture of great merit.

There are two pictures of historical subjects, (not in the artistical sense so treated,) which attract great attention. "The Queen receiving the Sacrament," by Leslie; and "Waterloo," by Sir W. Allan, R.A. We are aware of the great value of this manner of pageant painting; it is perhaps worth while to sacrifice much of art to portraiture in this case. Viewing the necessity and the difficulty, we cannot but congratulate Mr Leslie—notwithstanding the peculiarity of the dresses, and the quantity of white to be introduced, this is by no means an unpleasantly coloured picture. There is much richness, in fact; and the artist has, with very great skill, avoided a gaudy effect. So the Battle of Waterloo must derive its great value from the truth of the portraits. It is any thing, however, but an heroic representation of a battle. Perhaps the object of the painter was confined to the facts of a military description, of positions of brigades and battalions—to our unmilitary eyes, there is wanting the vivid action, the energy, the mighty conflict—possibly only the ideal of a battle—which may, after all, be in appearance a much more tame sort of thing than we imagine. There is a necessity, for historical value, to see too much. There is Mr Ward's "Fight of the Bulls:" the whole earth echoes the boundary and the conflict; it is one great scene of energy. But the great fight of men conveys none of this feeling. It is not imposing in effect—it looks indeed rather dingy, the sky and distance cold, and not remarkably well painted—a battle should have more vigorous handling, something of the fury of the fight. If, however, it be matter-of-fact truth; that in such a subject is all important, and should be painted. A battle; any battle, may be another thing.—"Sir Joshua Reynolds and his Friends" is an excellent subject, if all the portraits are from authentic pictures; at a future day it will be of great value, although it is not very agreeable as a picture.

Either the portraits have less effect than they usually have, or there are fewer of them this year. We must give the palm to Mr Grant.

He combines many excellences—perfect truth, unaffected simplicity, and most judicious and ever-harmonious colouring. It may not perhaps be far wrong to say, that he is the very best portrait-painter this country has known since Vandyck; certainly he appreciates, and has often deeply studied, that great painter. We have long considered Mr Grant's female portraits by far the best—the present exhibition raises him as a general portrait-painter. The perfect unaffected ease of his attitudes is a very great thing. Here are three pictures in a line, portraits, the *sitters* all *seated*—and yet how striking it is, that there is only one that sits—Mr Grant's "Lord Wharncliffe." How sweet and natural, how beautiful as a picture, are "The Sisters!" The conventional style of portrait is undoubtedly good, and founded on good sense—but genius will seize an opportunity, and be original—such is the character of Mr Grant's portrait of "Lord Charles Scott, youngest son of the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch." The boy stands like a boy, every limb belongs to him; he is all life—the flesh tints in the face are as perfect as can be. The attitude, the dress, so admirably managed. It has all the breadth, and power, too, of Velasquez, with all modern clearness. And what a charmingly coloured picture is the portrait of "Lady Margaret Littleton!" And close at hand, right glad were we to see the noble portrait of the "Professor of Moral Philosophy, Edinburgh," the *αὐτὸς ἐκείνους*, by R. S. Lauder, an artist whose works we think have not always been done justice to in the Academy—yet how seldom do we see pictures of such power as his "Trial," from the "Heart of Mid-Lothian, and his "Ravensworth!" There is another portrait-painter that is very original—Linnell; and such is he, in the "Portraits of the Three eldest Children of Robert Clutterbuck, Esq." There are so many smooth and soft pictures at the exhibitions which we must look at very near, that the habit is acquired of seeing all in that manner. To those who should so see this of Mr Linnell, it will appear odd, sketchy, unfinished—recede, and it is of very great power, and comes out wonderfully with all the truth of nature. It is an out-of-door

scene. The children in most natural positions, and separate from the background, which is quite true in effect, with surprising force. It is very well coloured, and the manner, though not so at first, at length pleases. We like to see much done with little effort, as soon as the eye has recovered from the examination of laboured work.—How many works of great merit that we should wish to mention! and perhaps we ought to notice some of demerit; but we must forbear; the bad and the good must repose together—if there *can* be repose in an exhibition room. Why has not Mr Uwins painted another "Fioretta," worth all the crude, blue, red and yellow processions he ever painted? And why—but we will ask no questions but of the "Hanging Committee:" why do they offend the eyes of spectators, and vex the hearts of exhibitors, by hanging little pictures out of sight? It is insulting to the public and the artists. Surely, if the works be not fit to be seen, boldly and honestly reject them. It is an injury to misplace them. Many of the pictures so placed, are evidently intended to be seen near the eye. You do not want to *furnish* the walls with pictures. If so, do advertise that you will sacrifice some of your own to that purpose. You may find a sufficient number of "Amateurs" ready to immolate their reputation for art, of little value; but you should consider with what an aching heart the poor painter sees the labour of many a day, and many a cherished hope, as soon as the Academy opens, raised to its position of noted contempt. Nor should you have a "Condemned Cell"—such is the octagon-room termed. You render men unhappy—and superciliously seem to think, you pay them by a privilege of admission. Admission to what?—to see your well-placed merits, and their own disgraced position. We are happy to see an appeal to you on this subject in the *Artist's Magazine*, and eloquently written—and with good sense, as are all the notices in that work. That or some other should be enlarged to meet the requirements of art. Now we are indeed making hotbeds for the growth of artists. They will be thick as peas, and not so palatable—youths of large hope and little promise—some aiming beyond their reach, others

striving and straining at a low Art-Union prize. Patronage can never keep pace with this "painting for the million system." The world will be inundated with mediocrity. This fever of art will terminate in a painting-plague. What is to become of the artists? Where will you colonize?

Now let us propose a plan. Let the members of the Academy come to this resolution, that instead of exhibiting some 1300 pictures annually,

they will not admit into their rooms more than the 300—and so cut off the 1000—that the said 300 shall all have good places, and shall be the choicest works of British talent. Let them signify to the public that they will show no favour, and that they will be responsible for the merit of the works they mean to invite the public to see. They need not doubt the effect. Great will be the benefit to art, artists, and to patrons of art.

SUFFOLK STREET GALLERY—SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

This twentieth exhibition opens, according to the catalogue, under the auspices of Marcus Tullius Cicero; but why or wherefore the world who read the quotation mottoes of catalogues, must ever be at a loss to discover. "I think," said the wordy Roman, "that no one will ever become a highly distinguished orator, unless he shall have obtained a knowledge of all great things and arts." Therefore, you, the British public, are requested to walk in and see the show. We wish this motto affectation were put an end to—the Royal Academy are sadly puzzled year after year to hit upon a piece of Latin that will do, and their labour in that line is often in vain. And certainly this intimation from Suffolk Street, which might be very useful to a young barrister preparing for the circuit, is now to the "matter in hand" *nihil ad rem*. But have not we heard that motto before?

We believe it was the last year's, and is we suppose to become an annual repetition *in secula seculorum*. The exhibition is, however, very respectable; we fear it is not so well attended as it deserves to be. The fact is, that the Academy, with its innumerable works, becomes, before it is half gone through, a very tiresome affair. What with straining at raw crude colours, and pictures out of sight, the public, who feel they must go there, have had enough of work for weary eyes; and imagining the other gallery to be inferior, go not to it. Yet, after a little rest, they would, we are sure, feel gratified in Suffolk Street. If there are but half-a-dozen good pictures, they are worth going to see, and certainly this exhibition has its very fair proportion of

works of merit, and interest. Nor is there any lack of variety. We have only to make remarks upon a very few, not at all wishing to have it believed that we have selected either the best or the worst. There is novelty in some of Mr Woolmer's pictures. He seems, however, undetermined as to style; for his pictures are here very unequal. In one or two he is imitating Turner, but it is to have "confusion worse confounded." And singularly enough, in such imitations, his subjects are of repose. "A Scene in the Middle Ages, suggested by a visit to Haddon Hall," is very pleasing. The style here is suggestive, and judiciously so; he generalizes, and we are pleased to imagine.

We see elegant figures walking under shade of trees, clear refreshing green shade: the composition is graceful, and fit for the speculative or enamoured loiterers. Perhaps the foreground is too ambitious—too much worked to effect. If this be done for the sake of contrast, it is a mistake of the proper effect of, and proper place for, contrast. In such a scene of ease and gentleness, all contrast is far better avoided; it always has a tendency to make active; and is to be applied in proportion to the degree of life and activity that may be desirable. His "Castle of Indolence" is much in imitation of Turner. The poet uses a singular expression,

"O'er which were shadowy cast Elysian gleams."

What meaneth Thomson? He further calls the hue, "a roseate smile," and is reminded of Titian's pencil. By all which hints and expressions we conclude that the poet saw this "pleasing land of Drowsyhead" as

through a coloured glass, subduing all the exciting colours of nature to a mellow dreaminess. No strong, no vivid colours are here—all is the quiescent modesty, the unobtruding magic of half-tones. What shall we say of such a Domain of Indolence being painted without shade or shelter; with violent contrasts of dark and light, and of positive forcing colouring? All repose is destroyed. Then again we see too much; there are too many parts, too many figures, too many occupations: indication that the territory was peopled would have been enough; this is more like a *fête champêtre*. Besides, the scene itself is not one to give delight to contemplate; it is not suggestive of pleasant dream, but looks out on an ugly, swampy, fog-infected country. The only "Indolence" we see has been devoted to the execution, for it is slovenly to a degree. We find the same fault, though not to the same extent, with his "Scene from Boccaccio." It sadly wants repose, and affects colouring which is neither good for itself, nor suitable to the subject. His "Subject from Chaucer" has the same defects. Mr Woolmer is decidedly a man of ability; but we think he has strange misconceptions with respect to colours, their sentimental effect and power.

There is a "Scene from the Arabian Nights," by Mr Jacobi, which, though it is an attempt, and by no means an unsuccessful one, at an accidental effect of nature, which is generally to be avoided, is extremely pleasing. It is a portrait of great loveliness, grace, and beauty—we look till we are in the illusion of the Arabian tale—the foot of the Beauty is not good in colour or form; and the distance is a little out of harmony. There is considerable power; such peculiar light and shade, and colouring, offered great difficulty to keep up the effect evenly—and the difficulty has been overcome. Mr Herring greatly keeps up the character of this exhibition in his peculiar line. His "Interior of a Country Stable" is capitably painted, even to the ducks. The old horse has been evidently "a good 'un;" goats, ducks, and white horse behind, all good, and should complete the scene—we may have "too much for our money." The cows and occupation going on within, in

an inner stall, are too conspicuous, and a picture within a picture, and therefore would be better out. His black and roan, in the "Country Bait Stable," are perfect nature. A picture by Mr H. Johnston, "The Empress Theophane, begging her husband Leo V. to delay the execution of Michael the Physician," is well designed; has a great deal of beauty of design, of expression, and of general colour, but not colour of flesh—nor is the purple blue of the background good.

We take it for granted that artists are often at a loss for a subject, and that they often choose badly we all know; but a worse than that chosen by Mr G. Scott, we do not remember ever to have met with. It is entitled "Morbid Sympathy," forming two pictures. In the one the murderer is coming from the house where he has just committed the diabolical act; in the other he is visited. The man is an uninteresting villain, and his visitors are fools. The object of the painter is doubtless a good one; it is to avert that morbid sympathy which has been so conspicuously and mischievously felt and affected for the worst, the most wicked of mankind. But to do this is the province of the press, not the pencil. It is a mistake of the whole purpose of art. It will not deter murderers, who look not at pictures; and if they were to look at these, would not be converted by any thing the pictures have to show—nor will it keep back one fool, madman, or sentimental hypocrite from making a disgraceful exhibition. We are not sorry to notice this failure of Mr Scott's, because we would call the attention of artists in general to "subject." Let a painter ask himself before he takes his brush in hand, why—for what purpose, with what object do I choose this scene or this incident? Can the moral or the sentiment it conveys be told by design and colour?—and if so, are such moral and such sentiment worth the "doing?" Will it please, or will it disgust? We mean not to use the word "please" in its lowest common sense, but in that which expresses the gratification we are known to feel even when our quiescent happiness is disturbed. In that sense we know even tragedies are pleasing. We may, however,

paint a martyr on his gridiron, and paint that which is only disgusting; the firmness, the devotion through faith of the martyr, are of the noblest

heroism. If to represent that be the sole object, and it succeeds, such a work would rank with tragedy, and please.

PAINTING IN WATER COLOURS.

We have visited the two societies of painters in water colours. In these there are two antagonistic principles in full practice—while some are endeavouring to imitate, and indeed to go beyond the power of oil colours, others are going back as much as may be to the white paper system; imitating in fact the imitation which painters in oil have taken up from the painters in water colour. We must, of course, expect from this no little extravagance both ways—and we are not disappointed in the expectation. We will first notice the elder institution. In this, certainly, there are fewer examples of the power of colour system—but not a few in the weaker system. We noticed last year that Mr Copley Fielding was making great advances in it. His practised and skilful hand causes that style to have many admirers. Poor John Varley—we look with interest at his last work. His early ones were full of genius. He was an enthusiast in art. There is very great beauty in his “View on the Croydon Canal previous to the making the rail-road.” An admirable composition—the woods and water are very fine. There are some very good drawings by D. Cox, which will greatly please all who like to see much told with little labour. Prout fully sustains his reputation. Amidst much detail he is always broad and large. There is a most true effect of haze in Copley Fielding’s fine drawing of “Folkstone Cliffs.” There is an affected absence of effect in his “Arun- del Castle”—the blues and yellows are not in harmony—and all has an uncomfortable, unsubstantial look. Eliza Sharpe’s “Little Dunce” is a delightful drawing. It is only the old dame that can ever be angry with a little dunce—and she puts on more than half her anger; and this is a glorious little dunce, that we would not see good for the world—the triumph of nature over tuition. This charming little creature has been happy her own way, has been wandering in her own “castle of indo-

lence,” and perhaps, too, philosophizing thus—Well, I have been naughty, but happier still than if I had been good. So is the goodness we force upon children often against nature—we love to see nature superior. Eliza Sharpe must have been of the same way of thinking, and it is archly expressed. Her Una and the lion is large and free—the face of Una not quite the thing. We have a “Castle of Indolence” by Mr Finch, gay with “all the finches of the grove,” but the country does not look indolent, nor the country for indolence. Hunt’s boys, clever as ever. The sleeping boy, with his large shadow on the wall, is most successful. The companion, the boy awake, is a little of the caricature. His “Pet,” a boy holding up a pig, natural as it is, is nevertheless disgusting; for such a boy will ever be the biggest beast of the two. Mr Hills has several excellent drawings of deer; but there is one, so perfect that it is quite poetical—a few deer, in their own wild haunt, heathery brown, and almost treeless, the few spots of stunted trees serving to mark the spot, separating it from similar, and making it the home. It is furthest from the haunts of man. It looks silence. The animals are quite nature, exquisitely grouped. The quiet colouring, unobtrusive, could not be more nicely conceived—it is the long Sabbath quiet of an unworking world. The picture is well executed. It is one that makes a lasting impression.

Mr Oakley’s “Shrimper,” a boy sitting on a rock, reminds us of some of Murillo’s boys; it is as good in effect, and better in expression, than most of the Spaniard’s. “After the second Battle of Newbury,” by Cattermole, is a well-imagined scene, but is defective in that in which we should have supposed the artist would not have failed. It is not moonlight. “Tuning,” by J. W. Wright, is a good proof that blue, as Gainsborough likewise proved, is not necessarily cold. His “Confession,” with the two graceful figures, is very sweet. “The Gap of

Dunloe," W. A. Nesfield—has fine folding forms—the distance and rainbow beautiful—it is, however, somewhat hurt by crude colour, and too much cut up foreground. The Vicar and his family supply work to many an artist of our day. Mr Taylor's is very good—Moses pulling the reluctant horse, is a good incident. We do not quite recognize Mrs Primrose, and could wish the daughter had more beauty. We never could

very much admire Mr Richter's coarse vulgarities—and they are of gross feeling, and we think, caricatures without much humour; but his sentimentalities are worse. His "Sisters," a scene from the novel of "The Trustee," is but a miserable attempt at the pathetic. Mr Gastineau's "Bellagio" is a beautiful drawing, has great breadth and truth; but the water is certainly too blue.

EXHIBITION OF NEW SOCIETY IN WATER COLOURS.

Generally speaking, this Society is mostly ambitious of carrying water colour to its greatest possible depth and power; and certainly, in this respect, the attainment is wondrous. In design, and other character, this society more than keeps its ground. We remember last year noticing Miss Setchell's little picture, as one of the best of the year; we have still a perfect recollection of the most lovely pathetic expression of the poor girl. We were greatly disappointed that no work of Miss Setchell adorns the walls. There is a picture, however, which, if it did not move us equally, at once arrested our attention, and again and again did we return to it. The character of it is not certainly moving, as Miss Setchell's; it is altogether of a different cast—it is one for thought and manly contemplation. The subject is "Cromwell and Ireton intercepting a letter of Charles the First," by L. Haghe. Cromwell is standing reading a letter—Ireton adjusting the saddle—in the recess of a window, near which Cromwell stands, is a table with a flagon; the scene is an inn in Holborn. The attitude of Cromwell is dignified ease and resolution. In his fine countenance we read the full history of the "coming events"—we see all there, that we have learned from history. The very curtains and stick seem to the imagination's eye convertible into canopy and sceptre. There is great forbearance in the painting—we mean that there is just enough, and no more, of water-colours' ambition. More depth would have injured the effect. It is a very striking picture; well finished, and with a breadth suited to the historical importance of the history. Mr Warren's "Christ's Sermon" is

of the ambitious school. If we contrast the quiet, solemnly quiet, tone of that sermon of beatitudes, with the coloured character of the picture, we must condemn the inappropriate style. We should say it is immodestly painted; the picture and not the subject, obtrudes. The head of Christ is weak. It is a picture nevertheless of great ability, but with a gorgeous colouring ill suited to the subject. But we must speak with unqualified admiration of a little picture by Mr Warren—the "Ave Maria." It is a lady kneeling before a picture of a saint in a chapel. The depth and power is very surprising, and much reminds of Rembrandt, with the exception of the picture of the saint, which struck us at first as too light by a great deal; so much so that we noted it down as a glaring defect, but returning to the picture, we looked, not only till we were reconciled, but to an admiration of what we had considered a fault. It is the poetry of the subject. We see not the face of the petitioning figure, we only feel that she is there, and devoutly petitioning, and the brightness of the patron saint, with its simple open character of face and figure, comes out as a miraculous manifestation. We must not mistake—the "Ave Maria" does not mean that it is to the Virgin the petitioner prays; it is to a male saint.

Mr E. Corbould still is in the full ambition of water colour power. "Jesus at the House of Simon the Pharisee," is an example of the inappropriateness of this manner to solemn sacred subjects. The Mary is very good—not so the principal figure, it has a weak expression; some parts of this picture are too sketchy for others. His "Woman of Samaria" is a much

better picture, has great breadth and grace. It is rather slight. His "Flower of the Fisher's Hut" is very pretty—a lady in masquerade. Ab-solon's "Uncle Toby" is well told, and with the author's naïveté. Mr Topham's farewell scene from the "Deserted Village," is, we think, too strong of the mock-pathetic—a scene of praying and babying.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

Having recently given some account of Sir Joshua, his Discourses, his genius, and his influence upon the arts in this country, we visited this gallery, where as many as sixty of his works are exhibited, with no little interest. The North Room is occupied by them alone. Have we reason to think our estimate of Sir Joshua Reynolds, as a painter, not borne out by this exhibition? By no means. Our first impression from the whole collection, not seeing any particular picture, is of colour. And here Sir Joshua appears *inventive*; for though he not unfrequently imitated Rembrandt, there is, on the whole, a style that is far from Rembrandt, and is not like any other old master; yet we believe, for it was the character of his mind so to do, that he always had some great master in view in all he did. But he combined. Hence there is no little novelty in his style, and not seldom some inconsistencies—a mixture of care and delicacy, with great apparent slovenliness. We say apparent, for we are persuaded Sir Joshua never worked without real care and forethought; and that his apparent slovenliness was a purpose, and a long studied acquirement. He ever had in view the maxim—*Ars est celare artem*; but he did not always succeed, for he shows too evidently the art with which he concealed what first his art had effected. Looking carefully at these pictures, we see intention every where: there is no actual random work. We believe him to have finished much more than has been supposed; that there is, in reality, careful drawing and colouring, at least in many of his pictures, *under* that large and general scumbling and glazing, to which, for the sake of making a whole, he sacrificed the minor beauties. And we believe that many of those beauties were not lost when the

There are many pictures we would wish to notice, but we must forbear: we cannot, however, omit the mention of a sea-piece, which we thought very fine, with a watery sky; a good design,—“North Sunderland Fishermen rendering assistance after a Squall.”

works were fresh from his easel, but that they have been obscured since by the nature of the medium and the materials he used. That these were bad we cannot doubt, for we plainly see that some of these pictures, his most laboured for effect, are not only most wofully cracked, (yet that is not the word, for it expresses not the gummy separation of part from part,) but that transparency has been lost, and the once-brilliant pigments become a *caput mortuum*. Hence there is very great *heaviness* pervading his pictures; so that even in colouring there is a want of freshness. A deep asphaltum has overpowered lightness and delicacy, and has itself become obscure. Sir Joshua did not leave his pictures in this state. It is as if one should admire, in the clear brown bed of a mountain river, luminous objects, stone or leaf, pebble or weed, most delicately uncertain in the magic of the waving glaze; and suddenly there should come over the fascination an earthy muddying inundation. In estimating Sir Joshua's mind, we must, in imagination, remove much that his hand has done. Nor was Sir Joshua, perhaps, always true to his subject in his intention of general colouring. His “Robinettas,” and portraits, or ideals of children, are not improved by that deep asphaltum colouring, so unsuitable to the freshness, and may we not add, purity of childhood. And there appears, at least now in their present state, that there is too universal a use of the brown and other warm colours; Rembrandt invariably inserted among them cool and deep grays, very seldom blue, which, as too active a colour, is apt to destroy repose, the intended effect of deep colouring. Titian uses it for the sake of its activity, as in the Bacchus and Ariadne, and how subdued is that blue! but even in such

pictures there are the intermediate grays, both warm and cold, that the transition from warm to cold be not too sudden. We cannot say that Sir Joshua Reynolds did not introduce these qualifying grays, because the browns have so evidently become more intense, that they may have changed them to their own hue.

There are some pictures here which have either lost their glaze by cleaning, or never had it, and these have a freshness, and touch too, which others want; such is the case with "Lady Cockburn and her Three Sons"—a very fine picture, beautifully coloured, and well grouped, very like nature, and certainly in a manner of Vandyck. We remember, too, his "Kitty Fisher," and regret the practice which, with the view of giving tone, often took away real colour, and a great deal of the delicacy of nature. The very natural portrait of "Madame Schindelin," quite in another manner from any usual with Sir Joshua, shows that he was less indebted to his after theory of colouring than people in general have imagined. The most forcible picture among them is the "Ugolino." It is well known that the head of Ugolino was a study, and not designed for Ugolino, but that the story was adopted to suit it; yet it has been thought to want the dignity of that character. Ugolino had been a man in power; there is not much mark in the picture of his nobility. It has been said, too, that the addition of his sons is no improvement in the picture. We think otherwise: they are well grouped; by their various attitudes they give the greater desperate fixedness to Ugolino, and they do tell the story well, and are good in themselves. The power of the picture is very great, and it is not overpowered by glazing. On the whole, we think it his most vigorous work, and one upon which his fame as a painter may fairly rest. We have a word to say with respect to Sir Joshua's pictures of children. That he fully admired Correggio, we cannot doubt—his children have all human sweetness, tenderness, and affection; but it was the archness of children that mostly delighted our painter—their play, their frolic, their fun. In this, though in the main successful, he was apt to border upon the caricature; we often observe a cat-like expression. "The Strawberry Girl" has perhaps

the most intense, and at the same time human look. It is deeply sentient or deeply feeling. The "Cardinal Beaufort" disappoints; so large a space of canvass uncouthly filled up, rather injures the intended expression in the cardinal. Has the demon been painted out, or has that part of the picture changed, and become obscure? But we will not notice particular pictures; having thus spoken so much of the general effect, we should only have to repeat what we have already said.

The Middle Room is a collection of old masters of many schools, and valuable indeed are most of these works of art. There is a small landscape by Rembrandt, "A Road leading to a Village with a Mill," wonderfully fine. It is the perfect poetry of colour. The manner and colouring give a sentiment to this most simple subject. It is a village church, with trees around it. This is the subject—the church and trees—all else belongs to that—we see dimly through the leafage—we read, through the gloom and the glimmer, the village histories. The repose of the dead—the piety of the living—all that is necessary for the village home, is introduced—but not conspicuously—and nothing more; here is a house, a farm-house, and a mill—a village stream, over which, but barely seen, is a wooden bridge—the clouds are closing round, and such clouds as "drop fatness," making the shelter the greater—a figure or two in the road. There is great simplicity in the chiaroscuro, and the paint is of the most brilliant gem-like richness, into which you look, for it is not flimsy and thin, but substance transparent—so that it lets in your imagination into the very depth of its mystery. No painter ever understood the poetry of colour as did Rembrandt. He made that his subject, whatever were the forms and figures. We have made notes of every picture, but have no room, and must be content with selecting a very few. Here are two fine sea-pieces by Vandervelde and Backhuysen. We notice them together for their unlikeness to each other. In the latter, "A Breeze, with the Prince of Orange's Yacht," there is a fine free fling of the waves, but lacking the precision of Vandervelde. There are two vessels, of nearly equal magnitude, and not together so as to make one. We are at a loss, therefore, which to look at.

It is an offence in composition, and one which is never made by Vanderfelde—often by Backhuysen; and not unfrequently are his vessels too large or too small for the skies and water. “The Breeze, with Man-of-War,” by Vanderfelde, is, in its composition, perfect. It is the Man-of-War; there is nothing to compete with it—the gallant vessel cares not for the winds or waves—she commands them. It is wondrously painted, and as fresh as from the easel. Here are three pictures by Paul Potter—the larger one, “Landscape, with Cattle and Figures,” how unlike the others! “Cattle in a Storm,” is a large picture in little. The wind blows, and the bull roars. It is very fine, and quite luminous. The other, “Landscape, with Horses and Figures,” looks, at first view, not quite as it should; but, on examining it, there are parts most exquisitely beautiful—the white horse coming out of the stable is perfect, and, like the Daguerreotype por-

traits, the more you look with a good magnifying glass, the more truth you see. There is no picture in this room that excites so much attention as the “View of Dort from the River.”—Cuyp. It is certainly very splendid. It is a sunny effect; the town is low—some warm trees just across the river, near which, half-way in the stream, is a barge, the edges gilded by the sun—further off is a large vessel, whose sides are illuminated—above all is a thunder-cloud, very effectively painted. The picture has been divided, and rejoined, and is very well done. It would perhaps be better if it were cut off a little beyond the large vessel, as the opposite sides are not quite in harmony, one part being cold, the other extremely warm. There is a companion by Cuyp, which has been engraved for Forster’s work, “A River Scene—Fishing under the Ice.” It is very fine: if not quite so luminous as the former, it is in better tone altogether. We must move on to—

THE SOUTH ROOM.

With the exception of two pictures of the modern German school, this room contains the works of English artists not living. Only one of the German school is a picture of any pretension, “Christ blessing the Little Children”—Professor Hesse. The reputation of this painter led us to expect something better. We must consider it apart from its German peculiarities, and with respect to what it gains or loses by them. As a design, the story is well and simply told. As a composition, it is a little too formal, lacking that easy flowing of lines into each other, which, though eschewed by the new school, is nevertheless a beauty. The expression in the heads is good generally, not so in the principal figure. There is throughout a character of purity and tenderness—it is a great point to attain this. But none of this character is assisted by the colouring, or the chiaroscuro. The colouring, though it has a gold background, is not rich, for the gold is pale, even to a straw colour, and the pattern on it rather gives it a straw texture. We presume it is meant to represent the dry Byzantine style of colouring, purposely avoiding the richer colours; as power is lost, by this adop-

tion, it is impossible to give either the tones or colours of nature—there is no transparency. To preserve this old simplicity, softening and blending shadows are avoided, by which a positive unnaturalness offends the eye; hence the hands and feet not only look hard, but clumsy—they may not be, but they look, ill drawn. The figures, indeed, look like pasteboard figures stuck on; there is a leaden hue pervading all the flesh tints. It fails, too, in simplicity and antique air, which we suppose to be the objects of the school. For there is too much of art in the composition for the former, too little quaintness for the latter; and indeed its perfect newness of somewhat raw paint prevents the mind from going back to ancient time; and that failure makes the picture as a whole, a pretension. It does not, then, appear to gain what that old style is intended to bestow—and it loses nearly all the advantages of the after-improvements of art—of its extended means. It rejects the power of giving more intensity to feeling, of adding the grace of nature, the truth and variety of more perfect colouring, by the opaque and the transparent, and does not in any other way attain any thing which could not have

been more perfectly attained without the sacrifice. The collection of the British school contains good and bad—few of the best of each master. West's best picture is among them, his "Death of Wolfe"—every one knows the print; the picture is good in colour and firmly painted, and contrasts with some others where we see the miserable effect of the megillups and varnishes which our painters were wont to mix with their colours. We should have been glad to have seen better specimens of Fuseli's genius—we suppose we must say that he had genius. The best piece of painting of his hand in the room is the boy in Harlowe's picture of the "Kemble Family;" a picture of considerable artistic merit, but ruined by the coarse vulgarity of a caricature of Mrs Siddons. How unlike the Lady Macbeth! The corpulent velvet dark mass and obtruding figure is most unpleasant. It is much to be regretted Mr Harlowe did not redesign that principal figure. There are several landscapes of Gainsborough's, and one portrait—the latter excellent, the former poor. There is much vigour of colouring and handling in the "Horses at a Fountain;" but as usual, it is a poor composition, and of parts that ill agree. The mass of rock and foliage are quite out of character with the bit of tame village scene, and the hideous figures. Here, too, is his "Girl and Pigs," for which he asked sixty guineas, and Sir Joshua gave him a hundred. We do not think the President had a bargain. There is not one of Wilson's best in this collection. The "Celadon and Amelia" is dingy, and poor in all

respects. It verifies as it illustrates; for Thomson says,

"But who *can paint* the lover as he stood?"

Very coarse is Opie's "Venus and Adonis." He had not grace for such a subject—nor for "Lavinia." We should have been glad to have seen some of his works where the subjects and handling agree. We are sorry to see Hogarth's "March to Finchley" so injured by some ignorant cleaner. His "Taste in High Life" is the perfection of caricature. We have not the slightest idea what Constable meant when he painted the "Opening of Waterloo Bridge." The poor "*Silver Thames*" is converted into a smear of white lead and black. "Charles the First demanding the Five Members," surprised us by its power—its effect is good. Here is no slovenly painting, so common in Mr Copley's day—the general colour too is good; and the painting of individual heads is much after the manner of Vandyck. There are some pictures on the walls which might have been judiciously omitted in an exhibition which must be considered as characteristic of English talent.

As the British Gallery is for a considerable period devoted to works of English art, and as so many other exhibitions offer them in such profusion, we would suggest that it would be more beneficial to art, and to the success and improvement of British painters, if the original intention of the governors of the institution were adhered to, of exhibiting annually the choicest works of the old schools.

MARSTON; OR, THE MEMOIRS OF A STATESMAN.

PART III.

"Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
 Have I not heard the sea, puft up with wind,
 Rage like an angry boar chafed with sweat?
 Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,
 And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?
 Have I not in the pitched battle heard
 Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets clang?"

SHAKSPEARE.

THE meeting was a singular and a melancholy one. The news from France had become hourly more fearful. Every packet brought accounts of new outrages. Paris was already in the power of the populace. The struggle continued, however hopelessly, in the provinces, just enough to swell the losses of noble life, and the conflagrations of noble property. To these wounds of feeling had now to be added sufferings of a still more pressing nature; their remittances had begun to fail. The property which they had left in the hands of their Parisian bankers had either become valueless by the issue of assignats, which no one would take, or confiscated in the general plunder of the banks, whose principals had been thrown into prison, on *suspicion* of being worth robbing. All was bankruptcy.

The duchess made a slight attempt, evidently a painful one, to explain to us, as strangers, the purpose of their unusual meeting. It was simply, that "the emigrant noblesse, who had already experienced so much hospitality from their English friends, thought that the time was come when they ought to be burdens on them no longer. The letters from France are dreadful," said she, "and it will be our duty to show, that as we have enjoyed prosperity, we can submit to suffering. We must prepare to earn our bread by those accomplishments which we acquired in happier times, and, as we once supposed, for happier times."

A general sigh seemed to break from every heart, and Mariamne hung on the hand of the duchess, and grew pale. There was a silence for a while; at length she resumed—"We must not return to our own country, at least until this horrid struggle is at an end; for we should

only embarrass those who have sent us to the protection of this generous land, and for whose sake we live. Yet, we only do honour to them by avoiding to eat the bread of dependence, while we can labour for ourselves." Those words, few as they were, were uttered with many a pause, and in the low tone of a true mourner. She then called a beautiful girl towards her. The girl rose, hesitated, and sank again. "Clotilde, my love, here are none but friends; we must forget every thing but patience and our country." As she spoke, the duchess took her contribution from her hand; it was a drawing of some size, and of singular elegance—an Arcadian festival. It was sent round the room with universal admiration; and the ice thus once broken, a succession of proficients followed, bringing the produce of their talents; some, miniatures—some, sketches of French and Swiss scenery—some, illustrations of Racine and the French theatre; and, of course, many with embroidery, and the graceful works of the needle. Strangers are too apt to conceive that Paris is France and that the frivolity of life in the capital was always its model in the provinces. I here saw evidence to the contrary, and was not a little surprised to see performances so seldom to be found among the French arts, as admirable oil paintings, carvings in ivory, marble busts, and bas-reliefs, casts of antique vases and groups, and even models of the chief temples and palaces of antiquity. The leisure of the chateau was often vividly, and even vigorously employed; and while the youths of the great families were solely directed to military prospects, the females often acquired solid and grave accomplishments. In short, we had among us as many artificers, not a few of them delicate and lovely, as could have furnished a Tower of

Babel, if not built it; but *our* fabric would have had one exception, it would have had no "confusion of tongues;" for tongues there were none to be heard among us—all was silence, but when some work of striking beauty, and this was not unfrequently the case, was handed round with a murmur of applause.

The harp and piano were then brought forward; and this was the most trying part of all—not from any want of skill in the performers, for the majority were perfect on both instruments, but from the nature of the performances themselves. France is not renowned for native music, but neither Italian genius, nor German science, has produced more exquisite little snatches of melody than are to be found in some of the nooks and corners of the provinces. Paris is, like other capitals, an epitome of the world; but Languedoc, the wild country of Auvergne, the Vosges mountains, the hidden and quiet vales of Normandy, and even the melancholy sands of the Breton, have airs of singular and characteristic sweetness. Gretry and Rousseau were but their copyists. Sorrow, solitude, and love, are every where, and their inspiration is worth all the orchestras in the globe.

Those simple airs were more congenial to the depressed spirits of the whole assemblage than the most showy bravuras; and, sung by those handsome creatures—for beauty adds a charm to every thing—retained me spell bound. But, on the performers, and their circle of hearers, the effect was indescribable. All the world knows, that there is nothing which revives memories like music. Those were the airs which they had heard and sung from their infancy; the airs of their early companionships, hopes, and perhaps loves; sung in their gardens, their palaces, at their parents' knees, by the cradles of their children, at their firesides, every where combining with the heart. Sung now in their exile, they brought back to each heart some recollection of the happiest scenes and fondest ties of its existence. No power of poetry, nor even of the pencil, could have brought the past so deeply, so touchingly, with such living sensibility, before them. *There*, at least, was no acting, no display, no feigned feeling—their coun-

try, their friends, the perils of husband and brother in the field, the anguish, almost the agony, of woman's affection—and what can equal that affection?—was in the gestures and countenances of all before me. Some wept silently and abundantly; some buried their faces on their knees, and by the heaving of their bosoms alone, showed how they felt; some sat with their large eyes fixed on heaven, and their lips moving as in silent prayer; some almost knelt, with hands clasped and eyes bent down, in palpable supplication. Stranger as I was to them and theirs, it was painful even to me. I felt myself doubly an intruder, and was thinking how I might best glide away, when I saw Mariamne, in an attempt like my own, to move, suddenly fall at the feet of the duchess. She had fainted. I carried her into the open air, where she soon recovered, "Do you wish to return, Mariamne?" said I. She looked at me with amazement. "Return! It would kill me. Let us go home." I placed her on her horse, and we moved quietly and sadly away.

"That was a strange scene," said I, after a long interval of silence.

"Very," was the laconic reply.

"I am afraid it distressed you," I observed.

"I would not have seen it for any consideration, if I could have known what it was;" she answered with a new gush of tears. "Yet what must my feelings be to theirs? They lose every thing."

"But they bear the loss nobly. Still they have not lost all, when they can excite such sympathy in the mind of England. They have found at least an asylum; but what was the object of this singular meeting?"

"Oh, who can tell what they are dreaming of in their distraction?" she said with a deep sigh. "It was probably to turn their talents to some account; to send their works to London, and live by them—poor things, how little they know of London!—or, perhaps, to try their chance as teachers, and break their hearts in the trial. Revolutions are terrible things!" We lapsed into silence again.

"I pity most the more advanced in life," I resumed. "They have been so long accustomed to all the splendours of Paris, that living here must be felt with incurable humilia-

tion. The young are more elastic, and bear misfortune by the mere spirit of youth; and the lovely find friends every where. Did you observe the noble air, the almost heroine look, of that incomparable girl who first showed her drawing?" Mariamne shot a quick glance at me.

"You have quite forgotten her name, I suppose?" said she, with a scrutinizing look.

"Not wholly. I think the duchess called her Clotilde."

"I shall set you at ease, sir, upon that point," said she smartly. "But of one thing I can assure you, and it is, that she is engaged to be married to her second cousin, the Marquis de Montrecour. So, you see, it is scarcely worth your while to enquire any thing more of her name, as she is about to change it so soon—but it is De Tourville, a descendant of the renowned admiral, who lost a renowned French fleet a hundred years ago, an event not unusual in French history. You observe, Mr Marston, I give you most willingly all the information in my power."

I have never presumed to have a master key to female hearts; but there was something half contemptuous, half piqued, in my fair companion's tone, and a rapid interchange of red and pale in her cheeks, which set me musing. She touched her horse with her fairy whip, and cantered a few paces before me. I followed, as became a faithful squire. She suddenly reined up, and said, in the voice of one determined that I should feel the full point of the sting—"Oh, I had forgot. I beg a thousand pardons. Yesterday the Marquis arrived in London. His proposal reached Madame la Comtesse this morning, the young lady's mother—your *heroine*, I think you called her. The *trousseau* will probably be sent down from London in a week, unless she shall go to town to choose it, which is the more likely event, as among French ladies the *trousseau* is generally a more important matter than the gentleman; and then, I presume, you will be relieved from all *anxiety* upon the subject."

I was all astonishment. The language would have been an impertinence in any one else; yet, in the pretty and piquant Mariamne, it was simply coquettish. At any other time or place I might have felt of-

fended; but I was now embarrassed, wordless, and plunged in problems. Why should I be concerned in this news? What was the opinion of this butterfly to me? yet its sarcasm stung me: what was Clotilde to me? yet I involuntary wished the Marquis de Montrecour at the bottom of the Channel; or what knew I of French tastes, or cared about trousseaux? yet, at that moment, I peevishly determined to take no more rambles in the direction of the Emigrant cottages, and to return to town at once, and see what sort of absurdity a French marriage present looked at my first step in Bond Street.

But this was destined to be a day of adventures. I had led her a circuit through the Downs, in the hope of reviving her by the fresh air before we reached the villa; and we were moving slowly along over the velvet turf, and enjoying that most animating of all the breaths of sky or earth—the sea-breeze; when Mariamne's steed—one of the most highly *manèged*, and most beautiful of animals, began to show signs of restlessness, pricked up his ears, stopped suddenly, and began to snuff the gale with an inflated nostril. As if the animal had communicated its opinions to its fellow, both our horses set off at a smart trot, the trot became a canter, the canter a gallop. Mariamne was a capital horsewoman, and the exercise put her in spirits again. After a quarter of an hour of this volunteer gallop, from the top of one of the Downs we saw the cause—the Sussex hunt, ranging the valley at our feet. Our horses were now irrestrainable, and both rushed down the hill together. The peril of such a descent instantly caught all eyes. A broad and high fence surrounded the foot of the hill, and, wildly as we flew down, I saw that the whole hunt had stopped in evident alarm. In another moment we had reached the fence. Mariamne's horse, making a desperate spring, flew over it. Mine failed, and threw me into the middle of the hedge. I was stunned, the sight left my eyes; and, when I opened them again, a man of peculiarly striking countenance, and stately figure, was raising me from the ground, while an attendant was pouring brandy down my throat. My first thought was of my unfortunate companion. "Where is the lady? Is she safe? What has

become of her?" were my first exclamations. "Are you much hurt," enquired the stranger. "No, no," I cried; "where is the lady?" "I hope by this time safe," said he; "some gentlemen of the party have followed her: her horse has run away with her; but they will doubtless overtake her in a few minutes." He ascended a small rising ground close to us, and stood gazing in the distance. "No, they are following her still. She keeps her seat. They are now taking a short cut to intercept her. They are close up.—No, that mad animal of a horse has thrown them all out again, he springs over every thing; yet she still holds on. What a capital horsewoman!" While he uttered those broken exclamations I rolled on the ground in torture. At length, after a pause, I heard him say, in a shuddering voice, "All's over! that way leads direct to the cliff."

At the words, though dizzy with pain, and scarcely able to see, I seized the bridle of the groom's horse, who had alighted to assist me; without a word sprang on his back, and dashing in the spur was gone like an arrow. The whole group soon followed.

From the first rising ground, I saw the frightful chase continued. Mariamne's hat had fallen off, and her hair and habit were flying in the wind. She was bending to the neck of her steed, whom the pursuit of the hunt, and the sight of their red coats, had evidently frightened. He was darting, rather than galloping along, by wild bounds, evidently growing feeble, but still distancing his pursuers. Half dead with pain and terror, I could scarcely hold the bridle, and was soon overtaken by the stranger. "Sir," said he, "you are exhausted, and will never be able to overtake the unfortunate lady in that direction. I know the country—follow me." Unable to answer, I followed; with my ears ringing with a thousand sounds, and my thoughts all confusion—I was awoke from this half stupor by a tremendous outcry.

On the brow of the hill before me, were the dozen jaded riders, forced to draw rein by the steepness of the declivity, and all pointing with vehement gestures below. In the next instant, through the ravine at its foot, and within a hundred yards of the cliff, came Mariamne, still clinging to

the horse, and flying like the wind. The look which she cast upon me, as she shot by, haunted me for years after, whenever an image of terror rose in my dreams. Her eyes were starting from their sockets, her lips gasping wide, her visage ghastliness itself. Another moment, and all must be over; for at the end of the valley was the cliff, a hundred and fifty feet high. I rushed after her. The sight of the sea had struck her at once. She uttered a scream, and fell with her forehead on the horse's neck. Even that movement probably checked him, for he reared, and before his feet touched the ground again I was close to him; with a frantic effort I caught his bridle, and swept his head round. Mariamne fell, voiceless, sightless, and breathless, into my arms. The spot where she was saved was within a single bound of the precipice.

The hunters now came round us, and all was congratulation. Our escape was pronounced to be "miraculous;" I was complimented on all kinds of heroism; and the stranger, evidently the chief personage of the circle, after giving the glance of a connoisseur at poor Mariamne's still pallid, yet expressive, countenance, thanked me, "for having allowed him to breathe at last, which he had not done, he believed, for some minutes, through terror." Nothing could exceed the graceful interest which he expressed in my companion's safety. His grooms were sent to look for assistance in all quarters, and it was not until a carriage had arrived from the next village, and he had seen Mariamne placed in it, that he could be persuaded to take his leave. Even in after life, when I saw him in the midst of the splendour of the world, himself its ruling star, and heard him so often quoted as

"The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,"

I thought that he never deserved the title more than when I saw him perform the duties of simple good-nature to two unknown individuals on a wild heath on the Sussex shore. That stranger was the Prince of Wales!

This adventure, by all the laws of romance, should have made me fall in love with Mariamne, or Mariamne fall

in love with me. But reality has laws of a different kind, and the good fortune of being just in time to save a lady's life, whether on horseback or on foot, whether in lake or river, whatever it might be in any other ages, is not necessarily a pledge of eternal constancy in our times. That she was grateful, I fully believe, for her nature was innocent and kind; but confession was out of the question, for neither during our rapid drive home, nor for some days after, was she capable of uttering one word. Alarm had reduced her to a state of exhaustion next to death. Her slight frame had been so shaken that she was as helpless as a child; and almost the only sign of consciousness which she gave, was her shrinking from the sight of the sea whenever she was led towards the window, and her hiding her head in her shawl at every sound of the surge.

It may be true, that if the choice depended on her father I should have been the possessor of her fair hand, and the heir to his half million; and equally true, that the event might have saved me a million of troubles. Even at this hour, I sometimes cannot help thinking how total a change must have been given to my anxious career—how many desperate struggles I should have escaped, if I had thus found my path covered, like an eastern potentate's, with cloth of gold! From my first step, how many privations, nay pangs, would have been utterly unknown to me in climbing up the steeps of life, if I had been lifted on the broad and easy pinions of opulence; how little I should have suffered from that reptilism which lurks in every thicket of public life, and every where with a sting; if I had gone through existence, like another Rasselas in his valley of imperishable summer, guarded from all the inclemencies of fortune, and surrounded with all the enjoyments of man!

And yet, who can tell that the very ease of such a destiny might not have wearied my heart, enervated my mind, and rendered me at once burdensome to myself and useless to the world? Is it not hunger that gives the true zest to the banquet, however exquisite, and labour that gives the true charm to the couch, however embroidered? Is not the noblest enjoyment of the noblest mind to be found in the consciousness that we have done something in our

generation; that we have contributed a stone to the pyramid of the national renown, that our lips have swelled the echoes of imperial glory? What can reconcile the man of powerful intellect to the consciousness that he has passed through life a cipher, and left nothing behind him but a tomb?

I had now to undergo the temper of Mordecai. The sight of a post-chaise flying along the shore, with one of the royal grooms as outrider, had brought him and all the inmates of the villa to the door. From our furious haste it was evident to them all that some extraordinary circumstance had caused the long delay of their young mistress. From the entrance of the avenue I saw Mordecai standing, straight and silent as one of the pillars of his gate, with his arms folded, and his eye lowering under his huge brow, like one prepared for calamity. But when the carriage drove up to the door, and I raised his helpless and ashy-coloured daughter in my arms, he gazed for an instant on her, and with a howl like that of a wild animal pierced by bullet or steel, fell on his face on the ground. He evidently thought that she was dead.

Even when she opened her feeble eyelids, smiled, and took his hand, he could scarcely be persuaded that she was still alive. He raved, he tore his hair, he vowed deathless vengeance, and the vengeance of all his race, against the murderer of his child, "his beloved, the child of his soul, the last scion of his name, his angel Mariamne." Rage and tears followed each other in all the tempest of oriental fury. No explanation of mine would be listened to for a moment, and I at length gave up the attempt. The grooms had given the outline of the story; and Mordecai charged me with all kinds of rashness and folly. At one time rushing forward to the couch where she lay, faintly attempting to soothe him, he would fling himself on his knees beside her, kiss her forehead, and upbraid himself for all his fancied harshness to her in the course of his life. Then suddenly starting on his feet, with the spring of a tiger, he would bound towards me, his powerful features distended with rage, his deep eye flashing, and his bony hand clenched as if it grasped a dagger, cursing the hour "when I had first set my foot under his unhappy roof," or cast my "evil eye upon the only

child of the undone Mordecai." Ever in all the scene, the thought struck me, of what would be the effect of a hundred thousand such men, sweeping with scymetar and lance over the fields of Palestine? The servants fled in terror, or lurked in different directions until the storm should be gone down. At length Mariamne, dreading an actual collision between us, rose with an effort, tottered across the room, and threw her arms round her father's neck. The old man was conquered at once; his countenance grew calm; he sat down upon the floor, and with his daughter hiding her face in his bosom, wept silently and long. When I saw him thus quieted, I left them together, and retired to my chamber, determined to leave the discovery of his error to his returning judgment; and reinforced in my intention to depart for London even at the earliest dawn.

I employed myself for a while in packing up my few equipments for the journey; but this was soon done, and the question was, how to get rid of the remainder of the evening. I was resolved to meet Mordecai no more; and the servant who announced that dinner was ready, was sent back with an answer, that a violent headach prevented my leaving my room. The headach was true; and I had a reluctance equally true to see the "human face divine" for that evening at least. There was one exception to that reluctance, for thoughts had begun to awake in me, from which I shrank with something little short of terror. There was one "human face divine" which I would have made a pilgrimage round the world to see—but it was not under the roof of Mordecai. It was in one of the little cottages on which I was then looking from my window, and yet which seemed placed by circumstances at an immeasurable distance from me. It was the countenance of a stranger—one with whom I had never exchanged a word, who was probably ignorant of my existence, whom I might never see again, and yet whom I had felt to be my fate. Such are the fantasies, the caprices of that most fantastic of things—the unfledged mind. But I have not taken up my pen to write either the triflings or the tendernesses of the heart. I leave to others the *beau-idéal* of life. Mine has been the practical, and it has been stern and struggling.

I have often been astonished at the softness in which other minds seem to have passed their day; the ripened pasture and clustering vineyards—the mental Arcadia—in which they describe themselves as having loitered from year to year. Can I have faith in this perpetual Claude Lorraine pencil—this undying verdure of the soil—this gold and purple suffusion of the sky—those pomps of the palace and the temple, with their pageants and nymphs, giving life to the landscape, while mine was a continual encounter with difficulty—a continual summons to self-control? My march was like that of the climber up the side of *Ætna*, every step through ruins, the vestiges of former conflagration—the ground I trode, rocks that had once been flame—every advance a new trial of my feelings or my fortitude—every stage of the ascent leading me, like the traveller, into a higher region of sand or ashes, until, at the highest, I stood in a circle of eternal frost, and with all the rich and human landscape below fading away in distance, or covered with clouds, looked down only on a gulf of fire.

As I sat at my window, gazing vaguely on the sea, then unruffled by a breath, and realizing all the images of evening serenity, a flight of curlews shot screaming by, and awoke me from my reverie. I took my gun, and followed them along the shore. My sportsmanship was never of the most zealous order, and my success on this occasion did not add much to the mortality of the curlews. But the fresh air revived me, I felt my elasticity of foot and frame return, and I followed for some miles along the windings of the shore. At last I had reached the pool where they, probably more aware of the weather than I was, seemed intending to take up their quarters for the night. I took my ground, and was preparing to attack them with both barrels; when a gust that swept with sudden violence between the hills nearly blew me down, and scattered all my prey, screaming and startled, on the wing far into the interior. I had now leisure to look to myself. The sea was rolling in huge billows to the shore. The sun had sunk as suddenly as if it had been drowned. The hills were visible but for a moment, gleamed ghastly in the last

light, and were then covered with mist. One of those storms common in Autumn, and which brings all the violence of winter into the midst of the loveliest season of the year, had come on, and I was now to find shelter where I could in the wilderness.

I was vigorous and hardy, but my situation began to be sufficiently embarrassing; for I was at least half-a-dozen miles from home; and the fog, which wrapped every thing, soon rendered the whole face of the country one cloud. To move a single step now was hazardous. I could judge even of my nearness to the ocean only by its roar. The rain soon added to my perplexities, for it began to descend less in showers than in sheets. I tried the shelter of the solitary thicket in these wilds, but was quickly driven from my position. I next tried the hollow of a sand-hill, but there again I was beaten by the enemy; and before I had screened myself from the gust a quarter of an hour, a low rumbling sound, and the fall of pieces of the hill above, awoke me to the chance of being buried alive. I now disclaimed all shelter, and painfully gained the open country, with no other guide than my ear, which told me that I was leaving the sea further and further behind, but hearing the rush of many a rivulet turned into a river before me, and in no slight peril of finishing my history in the bed of some pool, or being swept on the surface of some overcharged ditch, to find my bed in the sea after all.

All vexations seem trifling when they are once over; but, for full two hours of this pelted pilgrimage, I felt sensations which might have cured me of solitary sporting for the rest of my existence.

At the end of those hours, which appeared to me ten times the length, I heard the barking of a dog, the usual announcement of peasant life; and rejoicing in it, as one of the most welcome of all possible sounds, I worked, felt, and waded, my way to the door of a building, at which, without ceremony, I asked for entrance. My application was for some time unanswered; but I heard a rustling within which made me repeat my request in various ways. After trying my eloquence in vain, I offered a guinea for a bed. A window was now opened above, and showed a pair of heads, which in their night-gear strongly reminded me of

the grandmother wolf in Little Red Riding-hood—myself, of course, being the innocent victim. I now doubled my offer, my whole purse amounting to no more; and was let in.

My hosts were two, an old woman, hideous with age and ferocity of feature, but the other a young one, with a handsome but bold countenance, whose bronze had been borrowed as much from free living as from the sea breeze. The house was furnished in the parti-coloured style, which showed me at once that it belonged to something above the peasant. The women at first were rather reluctant to enter into any conversation; but when, to make my reception welcome, I paid the two guineas down on the table, their hearts became thawed at once, and their tongues flowed. My wet clothes were exchanged for the fisherman's wardrobe, and a tolerable supper was put on the table. Some luxuries which I might not have found under roofs of more pretension, were produced one after the other; and I thus had Hamburg hung beef, Westphalia ham, and even St Petersburg caviare; preserved pine apple formed my desert, and a capital glass of claret "for the gentleman," of which the ladies, however, professed themselves incapable of discovering the merit, was followed by an equally capital bottle of brandy, which they evidently understood much better.

In the midst of our festivity, the dog sprang to the door, and a sound like that of a horn or conch shell, was heard through the roar of the gale. The women started from their seats in evident consternation, swept away the remnants of the supper, and conveyed me into an adjoining closet; where they begged of me to keep close, not to speak a syllable, let what would happen, and, as I valued my life and theirs, not to mention thereafter whatever I might see or hear. It was now plain that I was in the house of smugglers; and as those were notoriously people not to be trifled with, I made my promises of non-intervention with perfect sincerity.

I was scarcely in my nook when the party arrived. They were evidently six or seven—their conversation was the common bluster and boisterousness of their trade—and between their demands for supper, their coarse jokes, and their curses at the lubberliness or loitering of their associates from the

other side of the Channel, (for, with all their accompliceship, they had the true John Bull contempt for the seamanship of Monsieur,) they kept the house in an uproar. They expected a cargo from Calais that night, and the idea of losing so favourable an opportunity as the tempest offered, rendered them especially indignant. Scouts were sent out from time to time to look for signals, but nothing appeared. At length the brandy was beginning to take effect on their brains, and their rough jokes arose into quarrel. A charge of treachery produced the drawing of cutlasses, and I heard them slashing at each other; but the right Nantz which had inflamed the quarrel rendered it harmless, until one lost his balance, rolled headlong against my door, and burst it in. There stood I, visible to all, and the sight produced a yell, in which the epithets of "spy, exciseman, custom-house shark," and a whole vocabulary of others, all equally remote from panegyric, were showered upon me. I should probably have been cut down by some of the blades which flashed before me, but that I had taken the precaution of carrying my gun to my closet, and was evidently determined to fight it out. This produced a parley; when I told my tale, and as it was corroborated by the women, who came forward trembling at the sight of their savage masters, and who spoke with the sincerity of fear; it saved me further encounter, and I was merely enjoined to pledge myself, that I should not betray them.

The compromise was scarcely brought to a conclusion when the discharge of a pistol was heard outside; and as this was the signal, the whole party prepared to leave the house. I now expected to be left to such slumbers as I could find in the midst of rocking roofs, and rattling doors and windows. But this was not to be. After a short consultation at the door, one of them returned, and desired me to throw on a fisherman's dreadnought which was smoking beside the fire; and follow him. Against this, however, I vehemently protested.

"Why, lookye, sir," said the fellow, smoothing his tone into something like civility, "there is no use in that thing there against about fifty of us; but you must come along."

I asked him, could he suppose, that I was any thing like a spy, or that, if

I gave my word, I should not keep it?

"No," said the fellow. "I believe you to be a gentleman; but what a story shall we have for the captain if we tell him that we left a stranger behind us—and, begging your pardon, sir, we know more about you than what the women here told us—and that after he heard all our plans for the night's work, we left him to go off to the custom-house, with his story for the surveyor."

This seemed rational enough, but I still held my garrison. The fellow's face flushed, and, with something of an oath, he went to the door, gave a whistle, and returned next minute with a dozen powerful fellows, all armed. Contest was now useless, and I agreed to go with them until they met the "captain," who was then to settle the question of my liberty. The women courtseyed me to the door, as if they rather regretted the loss of their companion, and were at least not much pleased by being cut off from further inroads on a purse which had begun by paying so handsomely, not knowing that it was utterly stript; and we marched to the point of waiting for the bark from Calais.

The storm had actually increased in violence, and the howling of the wind, and thunder of the billows on the shore, were tremendous. Not a word was spoken, and if it had been, the roar would have prevented it from being heard; the night was pitch dark, and the winding paths along which we rather slid than walked, would not have been easy to find during the day. But custom is every thing; my party strode along with the security of perfect knowledge. The country, too, seemed alive round us. The cottages, it is true, were all silent and shut up as we hurried through; but many a light we saw from the lowly cottage, and many a whistle we heard over the wild heath. Cows' horns were also in evident requisition for trumpets, and in the intervals of the gusts I could often hear the creaking of cart-wheels in the distance. It is to be remembered that this was notoriously *the* smuggling county of England, that those were the famous times of smuggling, and that the money made by evading the king's customs often amounted to a moderate fortune in the course of a single speculation.

The whole country apparently had

two existences, a day and a night one—a day and a night population—the clown and his tillage in the light, the smuggler and his trade in the dark; yet the same peasant frequently exhibiting a versatility for which John Bull seldom gets credit.—The man of the plough-tail and the spade, drudging and dull through one half of his being; the same man, after an hour or two of sleep, springing from his bed at midnight, handling the sail and helm, baffling his Majesty's cruisers at sea, and making a *mêlée* with the officers of the customs on shore—active, quick, and bold, a first-rate seaman, brave as a lion, fleet as a hare, and generally having the best of it in the exercise of both qualities.

Our numbers had evidently grown as we advanced, and at length a whistle brought us to a dead stand. One of the party now touched my sleeve, and said,—“Sir, you must follow me.” The cliff was so near, that thoughts not much to the credit of my companions came into my head. I drew back. The man observed it, and said, “The captain must see you, sir. If we wanted to do you any mischief, an ounce of lead might have settled the business an hour ago. But if we are free-traders, we are not bloodhounds. You may trust *me*; I served on board Rodney's ship.”

Of course this was an appeal to my new friend's honour, which could not be refused without hurting his etiquette most grievously, and I followed. After two or three windings through an excavation in the cliff, we came in front of a blazing fire, screened from external eyes by a pile of ship timbers. Before the fire was a table with bottles, and at it a man busily writing. On raising his eyes the recognition was instant and mutual. I saw at once, in his strong features, my companion on the roof of the Royal Sussex stage, whose disappearance had been the subject of so much enquiry. He palpably knew a good deal more of me than I did of him, and, after a moment's embarrassment, and the thrusting of papers and pistols into the drawer of a table, he asked me to sit down; hurried to the mouth of the cavern, heard the story of my capture from the sailor, and returned, with his forehead rather smoothed.

“I am sorry, sir,” said he, “that the absurdity of my people has given you a walk at this time of night; but

they are rough fellows, and their orders are to be on the *qui vive*.”

My answer was, “That I had been treated civilly; and, as circumstances had brought it about, I did not so much dislike the adventure after all.”

“Well spoken, young gentleman,” was his reply. “Circumstances rule every thing in this world, and one thing I shall tell you; you might be in worse hands, even in this country, than in ours. Pray,” added he, with a peculiar look, “how did you leave my friend Mordecai?”

I laughed, and he followed my example. Tossing off a glass of wine, and filling out a bumper for me—

“Well, then,” said he, “suppose we drink the Jew's health. I gave you a rather strange character of him, I think. I called him the perfection of a rogue; true enough; but still I make a difference between a man who volunteers roguery, and a man on whom it is thrust by the world. Circumstances, you see, are my reason for every thing. Make a hard bargain with Mordecai, and ten to one but you are caught in his trap. Throw yourself on his mercy; and, if the whim takes him, I have known him as generous as any other.”

I replied, that his generosity or his craft were now matters of very little importance to me, for I had determined to return to London by day-break. He expressed surprise, asked whether I was insensible to the charms of the fair Mariamne, and recommended my trying to make an impression there, if I desired to have as much stock as would purchase the next loan. Our further conversation was interrupted by the sound of a gun from seaward, and we went out together.

The sight was now awful; the tide had risen, and the storm was at its height. We could scarcely keep our feet, except by clinging to the rocks. The bursts of wind came almost with the force of cannon shot, and the men, who now seemed to amount to several hundreds, were seen by the glare of the lightnings grasping each other in groups along the shore and the hills, the only mode in which they could save themselves from being swept away like chaff. The rain had now ceased its continual pour, but it burst in sharp, short showers, that smote us with the keenness of hail. The sea, to the horizon, was white with its own dashings, and every mountain

surge that swept to the shore was edged with light—the whole, one magnificent sheet of phosphor and foam. Yet, awful as all was, all was so exciting that I actually enjoyed the scene. But the excitement grew stronger still, when the sudden report of two guns from seaward, the signal for the approach of the lugger, followed almost immediately by a broadside, told us that we were likely to see an action before her arrival. As she rose rapidly upon the horizon, her signals showed that she was chased by a Government cruiser, and one of double her size. Of the superior weight of metal in the pursuer we saw sufficient proofs in the unremitting fire. Except by superior manœuvring there was clearly no chance for the lugger. But in the mean time all that could be done on shore was done. A huge fire sprang up instantly on the cliff; muskets were discharged, and shouts were given, to show that her friends were on the alert. The captain's countenance fell, and as he strode backwards and forwards along the shore, I could hear his wrath in continued grumblings.

"Fool and brute!" he cried, "this all comes of his being unable to hold his tongue. He has clearly blabbed, otherwise we should not have had any thing better than a row-boat in our wake. He will be captured to a certainty. Well, he will find the comfort of being a cabin-boy or a foremast-man on board the fleet for the rest of his days. I would not trust him with a Thames lighter, if ever he gets on shore again."

The cannonade began now to be returned by the lugger, and the captain's spirits revived. Coming up to me, he said, wiping the thick perspiration from his brow, "This, sir, is a bad night's job, I am afraid; but if the fellow in command of that lugger had only sea room, I doubt whether he would not give the revenue craft enough to do yet. If he would but stand off and try a fair run for it; but in this bay, in this beggarly nook, where a man cannot steer without rubbing his elbows upon either shore, he gives his seamanship no chance."

He now stood with his teeth firm set, and his night-glass to his eye, bluff against the storm. A broadside came rolling along.

"By Jove! one would think that he had heard me," he exclaimed.

"Well done, Dick Longyarn! The Shark has got that in his teeth. He is leading the cruiser a dance. What sort of report will the revenue gentleman have to make to my Lords Commissioners to-morrow or the next day, I should wish to know?"

The crowd on shore followed the manœuvres with not less interest. Every glass was at the eye; and I constantly heard their grumblings and disapprovals, as some luckless turn of the helm exposed the lugger to the cruiser's fire. "She will be raked; she will lose her masts," was the general groan. As they neared the shore, the effect of every shot was visible. "There goes the mainsail all to ribands; the yards are shot in the slings." Then public opinion would change. "Fine fellow that! The Shark's main-top shakes like a whip." In this way all went on for nearly an hour; which, however, I scarcely felt to be more than a few minutes. "The skipper in command of that boat," said the captain at my side, "is one of the best seamen on the coast, as bold as a bull, and will fight any thing; but he is as leaky as a sieve; and when the wine gets into him, in a tavern at Calais or Dunkirk, if he had the secrets of the Privy Council, they would all be at the mercy of the first scoundrel who takes a bottle with him."

"But he fights his vessel well," I observed.

"So he does," was the reply; "but if he should have that lugger captured before a keg touches the sand, and if the whole goes into the custom-house before it reaches the cellars of the owners, it will be all his fault."

They were at length so near us that we could easily see the splinters flying from the sides of both, and the havoc made among the rigging was fearful; yet, except for the anxiety, nothing could be more beautiful than the manœuvres of both. The doublings of the hare before the greyhound, the flight of the pigeon before the hawk, all the common images of pursuit and evasion were trifling to the doublings and turnings, the attempts to make fight, and the escape at the moment when capture seemed inevitable. The cruiser was gallantly commanded, and her masterly management upon a lee shore, often forced involuntary admiration even from the captain.

"A clever lad that revenue man, I

must own," said he; "it is well worth his while, for if he catch that lugger he will have laid hold of twenty thousand pounds' worth of as hard-earned money as ever crossed the Channel. I myself have a thousand in silk on board."

"Then all is not brandy that she brings over?"

"Brandy!" said the captain, with a bitter smile. "They would be welcome to all the brandy she carries to-night, or to double the freight, if that were all. She has a cargo of French silks, French claret, ay, and French gold, that she must fight for while she has a stick standing."

At this moment, the sky, dark as it was before, grew tenfold darker, and a cloud, that gave me the exact image of a huge black velvet pall, suddenly dropped down and completely covered both vessels; no firing was heard for a time, even the yell of the gust had sunk; nothing was heard but the billow, as it groaned along the hollow shore. The same thought occurred to us both at once. "Those brave boys are all in their coffin together," slowly murmured my companion. There was neither shout nor even word among the crowd; while every eye and ear was strained, and the men began to run along the water's edge to find a fragment of the wrecks, or assist some struggler for life in the surge. But the cloud, which absolutely lay upon the water, suddenly burst open, with a roar of thunder, as if split from top to bottom by the bolt, and both were seen. A sheet of lightning, which, instead of the momentary flash, hung quivering from the zenith, showed both vessels with a lurid distinctness infinitely clearer than day. Every remaining shroud and rope, every wound of mast or yard, every shot-hole, nay, every rib and streak of the hulls, was as distinctly visible as if they had been illuminated from within. But their decks, as the heave of the surge threw them towards us, showed a fearful spectacle. The dying and the dead, flung along the gangways, the wounded clinging to the gun carriages or masts, a few still loading the guns, which neither had now hands enough to manœuvre; yet both ships still flying on, shattered and torn, and looking, in the wild light, like two gigantic skeletons.

The lugger now fired a rocket, and sent up a striped flag, the signal of

distress. A cry for "The boats!" was echoed along the shore, and eight or ten were speedily started from their hiding places and dragged down the shingle. Stout hearts and strong hands were in them without loss of time, and they dashed into the storm. But their efforts were wholly useless. No strength of oars could stand against such a gale. Some were swamped at once, the men hardly escaping with their lives. The rest were tossed like dust upon the wind, and dashed high on shore. All was hopeless. Another rocket went up, and by its ghastly blaze I caught a glimpse of the captain. He had been either forced from his hold on the rocks by the wind, or fallen through exhaustion. His bronzed face was now as pale as the sand on which he lay; he was the very image of despair. Thinking that he had fainted, and fearing that, in this helpless state, he might be swept away by the next surge—for the spray was now bursting over us at every swell—I laid hold of his hand to drag him higher up the cliff after me. As if the grasp had given him a renewed life, he sprang on his feet, and saying, in a distracted tone, which I alone could hear, "Better be drowned than ruined!" he cried out with the voice of a maniac, "Boys, sink or swim, here I go! Five guineas for every man who gets on board." Tearing off his heavy coat, he rushed forward at the words, and plunged headlong into the billow. There was a general rush after him; some were thrown back on the sand, but about half the number were enabled to reach the lugger. We quickly saw the effect of even this reinforcement. At the very point of time when the cruiser was about to lay her on board, she came sharply round by the head, and discharged her broadside within pistol-shot. I could see the remaining mast of the cruiser stagger; it made two or three heaves, like a drunkard trying to recover his steps, then came a crash, and it went over the side. The vessel recoiled, and being now evidently unable to steer, the storm had her at its mercy; and the last we saw of her was a hull, rolling and staggering away down the Chapel, firing guns of distress, and going headforemost towards the Bay of Biscay.

Need I say in what triumph the lugger was hauled up the sand, or

how her bold commander and hardy crew were received? But while a carouse was preparing for them—and, it must be owned, that if sailing and fighting were claims, they had earned their suppers—the business portion of the firm was in full activity. From the waggon down to the wheelbarrow, every country means of carriage was in motion without delay. I had been hitherto by no means aware of what Johnson would probably have called “the vehicular opulence” of the Sussex shore. Nor had I ever a more striking illustration of the proverbial lightness of the work of many hands; a process, which in his solemn lips would probably have been, “Sir, congregated thousands laugh at individual difficulty; delay vanishes before united labour; and time is an element of toil no more.”

The clearance of the cargo would have put all the machinery of a royal dockyard to shame. As for the activity of the customhouse, it would have been the movement of a tortoise, to the rapidity of whatever is most rapid in unpacking or pilfering. But pilfering here we had none; we were all “men of honour;” and, undoubtedly, if any propensity to mistake the *tuum* for the *meum* had been exhibited, there were among us sufficient of the stamp of my old friend “who had served with Rodney,” to have flung the culprit where men pilfer no more; whatever may be done by porpoises.

But as I had no wish to be a party to what, with all its gaiety and gallantry, I felt to be a rough infraction of the law; I now begged permission to make my way homewards. It was given at once, with even some expressions of gratitude for my having, as it was termed, stood by them to the last; and a guide was ordered for me as an additional civility. “You will have five miles to walk,” said the captain, as he shook hands with me; “but Grapnel here will take you the shortest way, and it will be light in an hour. You need say nothing of this business to Mordecai, who makes a point of being deaf and dumb whenever it suits him; though, between ourselves.”—The captain’s prudence here checked his overflow of confidence. “I merely mean to say, that if you drink any particularly fine claret, in a day or two, at his table, you will have to thank the lugger, La Belle Jeannette, for it. *Au revoir.*”

My guide and I pushed on into the darkness. He was a bluff, open-hearted fellow, with all the smuggler’s hatred of the magistracy, and taking great delight in telling how often they failed in their attempts to stop the “free trade,” which he clearly regarded as the only trade worthy of a man. His account of the feats of his comrades; their escapes from the claws of the customs; their facetious tricks on the too vigilant among the magistrates; and the real luxury in which, with all their life of hardship, they found opportunities of indulging, would have edified a modern tour writer, and possibly relieved even the dreariness of a county historian. Among other matters too, he let out, that he paid me a prodigious compliment in accompanying me, as this night’s smuggling was one of the grand exploits of the year; and casting a “longing, lingering look, behind,” where a distant glimmer marked the scene of operations, he evidently halted between the two opinions, whether to go on, or return. “What a glorious night!” he exclaimed, as he turned his bald forehead to a sky black as Erebus, and roaring with whirlwind. “Talk of sunshine, or moonshine, compared with that!” Another burst of rain, or flash of lightning, would evidently have rendered the scene too captivating. Both came, and I must have lost my guide, when he stopped short, and in a half whisper, asked me, “whether I heard anything?” Before I could return a word, he had flung himself on the ground, with his ear to the sward, and after a moment’s listening, said, “here they come!”

“Who come? There is neither sight nor sound between us and Brighton. Are you thinking of the customhouse officers?”

The look which I had the benefit of seeing by a blue blaze from the zenith, and the tone of infinite scorn, in which he slowly repeated the words, “customhouse officers,” were incomparable. “Afraid of them!” said he, as he rose from the wet heather, “as much afraid as the cat is of the mice. No, those are the dragoons from Lewes.”

“Well, what have we to care about them?”

“Care?” said he, with a mixture of frown and grin. “Only that you are the captain’s friend, and I daresay,

are going at this time of night to do a job for him in Brighton yourself—I should think, young gentleman, you were only laughing at Sam Grapnel. Better not! Why, you see, though the fellows with their pens behind their ears are no more than six-watered gin to us, the dragoons are another sort of thing. I must go back. So, young gentleman, I wish you a very good night."

The oddity of the wish in the midst of this elemental uproar, made me laugh, shivering as I was. Yet, to be left to find my own way at such a time, was startling. I offered him money.

"At another opportunity, sir," said he, rather pacified by the offer. "But, if they come upon the captain unawares, they will find every thing ready to their hands; all at sixes and sevens just now. It will take an hour or two before he can clear the cargo off the ground; and there goes the whole speculation. Don't you hear them? You have only to drop your ear to the ground, to know the whole affair. A lubber deserted from us a week ago, and no doubt he has laid the information."

I lay down, and clearly enough heard the trampling of horses, and in considerable numbers. My own situation was now somewhat embarrassing. They were evidently coming up in our direction; and, to be found past midnight, armed, (for my gun had been restored to me,) in company with an unquestionable smuggler, must have made appearances tell strongly against me. But my companion's mind was made up with the promptitude of a life which has no time to waste on thinking.

"I must go back this moment, or all our comrades will be taken in the fact. And, take my advice, you had better do the same; for go I will. The captain shan't have it to say that I let him be caught without warning."

I still hesitated, and he still urged. "You can do no better, sir; for if you stand here five minutes longer, you will either be taken, or you will lose the number of your mess, by a carbine slug, or the slash of a sabre; while, if you turn back, you will have ten times the chance of escape along the shore."

I could now distinctly hear the clatter of hoofs, and the jingling of bridles. There was no time to deli-

berate; I certainly felt no inclination to be the means of the captain's ruin or death, and I followed my guide, who set off with the swiftness of a deer.

We soon reached the shore, where our intelligence struck considerable alarm. "I thought that it would be so," said the captain; "I had notice from a friend in the customs itself, that a spy was at work, and it was to this that we owed the chase of the lugger. For the revenue officers I care not a straw, but the dragoons are to be avoided when we can. We may fight upon occasion, it is true, but we choose our time for it. We have now only to get out of the way; and clever as they are, they may find us not so easily laid hold of."

Turning to me, he said, "I am sorry, Mr Marston, that you have been brought into all this bustle; but time and chance happen to us all. At all events, it will show you something of life, which you would scarcely have seen in the Jew's villa, though he, too, could show you a good deal. We shall see each other again, but let this night be forgotten, and now, goodbye once more." Then turning to my guide, he said, "This young gentleman must be seen safe along the cliff; stay with him until he sends you back again."

"Come, lads, all hands to work!" he now shouted to a group who stood at a little distance; "are the tar-barrels ready?" "Ay, ay," was the answer. They trundled three or four barrels along the shore, dragged them up the face of the cliff, and I had scarcely left them a hundred yards behind, when they were in a blaze. The trampling of the dragoons was now heard coming on at full speed.

"There," said Grapnel, "I'll engage that he tricks them at last; while they are moving up to the fire, the cargo is moving off to the store. He will leave half a dozen kegs for them to make prize of, while he is carrying away clear and clean as much silk as would make gowns for all the corporation of London, and as much claret as would give the gout to"—the gust choked the remainder of the comparison.

He had probably been accustomed to performances of this order, for his conjecture was exactly verified. From the spot where we stood, to get, as he

called it, a last peep at "the free-traders bamboozling the dragoons," we could see cavalry rushing up to the blaze, evidently sure of having made a capture. A few carts in the ravine below next caught their eye. Another beacon on another hill soon threw up its flame, and a party galloped off to examine the new phenomenon. Two or three more blazed in succession, and increased their perplexity.

"I must have one shot at them before I go," said Grapnel, "if I die for it;" and, before I could utter a word to prevent him, he discharged his pistol. This was an unlucky shot, as it drew the attention of a party of dragoons, whom we had not before seen, in the hollow beneath. After returning a shot or two, they darted down upon the rear of the last convoy, which was silently moving under the shadow of the cliffs, with the captain and some of its stoutest followers at its head. The business now began to be serious. The captain and his men, determined not to lose their venture, made a bold resistance. The dragoons came riding in from all quarters, but the ground was unfavourable for them, hemmed in as it was on all sides by the sea, and on the other by the cliff; besides the encumbrance of the carts and waggons, behind which the cutlasses of the smugglers were fully a match for the sabre.

If I could have thought of any thing but the hazard of those unfortunate fellows, the scene from the spot where I stood was sufficiently striking. The blaze from the tar-barrels showed a long extent of the Downs, with the troops scattered and galloping among them on all sides. Long ridges of light were thrown over the waters, while, immediately below me, the flashes of the smugglers' muskets and the soldiers' pistols were incessant. It was a battle on a minor scale.

But it is dangerous to be in the way of bullets even as an amateur; for, as I stood gazing down, I felt a sudden stroke like a shock of electricity. I staggered, and was on the point of rolling over the cliff, when Grapnel darted towards me. I just felt myself grasped by him, and lost all recollection.

On recovering my senses again, I was in Mordecai's villa, where I had

been brought by some fishermen on the morning of the skirmish; and who, asking no questions, and being asked none, had deposited me, bandaged and bruised as I was, at the door of the villa. If I was not sensible of this service, it was, at least, a vast relief to the Jew, who had begun to think that his violence had urged me on some desperate course. As hasty in his repentance as in his wrath, he had no sooner become rational enough to hear his daughter's story, than he was eager to make me the *amende* by all the means in his power. Perhaps he would have even lent me money, if I had met him in the penitential mood; but I was not to be found. The sight of my corded trunk convinced him that I had taken mortal offence, and he grew more uneasy still. As the night fell, a general enquiry was made amongst the fishermen's cabins; and as, on those occasions, no one ever desires to send away the enquirer without giving himself, at least, credit for an answer, every one gave an answer according to his fashion. Some thought that they had seen me in a skiff on the shore; where I was, of course, blown out to sea, and, by that time, probably carried to the chops of the Channel. Others were sure, that they had seen me on the outside of the London mail—an equally embarrassing conjecture; for it happened that the horses, startled by the lighting, had dashed the carriage to pieces a few miles off. Mordecai's own conception was, that the extravagance of his rage had driven me to the extravagance of despair; and that I was by this time making my bed below the surges which roared and thundered through the dusk; and some scraps of verse which had been found in my apartment—"Sonnets to an eyebrow," and reveries on subjects of which my host had as much knowledge as his own ledger, were set down by him for palpable proofs of that frenzy to which he assigned my demise. Thus, his night was a disturbed one, passed alternately in watching over his daughter's feeble signs of recovery, and hurrying to the window at every sound of every footstep which seemed to give a hope of my return. The sight of me in the morning, laid at his hall door, relieved his heart of a burden; and, though the silence and rapid retreat of my bearers gave him but too much the suspicion that I had

somehow or other been involved in the desperate business of the last twelve hours; of whose particulars he had, by some means or other, become already acquainted; he determined to watch over; and, if need be, protect me, until I could leave his house in safety.

My recovery was slow. A ball had struck me on the forehead; and, though it had luckily glanced off, it had produced a contusion which long threatened dangerous consequences. For a month, I remained nearly insensible. At length I began to move, health returned, the sea-breeze gave me new sensations of life; and, but for one circumstance, I should have felt all the enjoyment of that most delightful of all contrasts—between the languor of a sick bed, and the renewed pouring of vitality through the frame.

On my first awaking, I found an accumulation of letters on my table. Some were the mere common-places of correspondence; some were from sporting friends in the neighbourhood of the castle, detailing with due exactness the achievements of their dogs and horses; three were from the Horse Guards at successive intervals of a week—the first announcing that my commission in the Guards had received the signatures of the proper authorities; the second, giving me a peremptory order to join immediately; and the third, formally announcing, that, as I had neither joined, nor assigned any reason for my absence, my commission had been cancelled!

This was an unexpected blow, and, in my state of weakness, might have been a fatal one, but for my having found, at the bottom of the heap, a letter in the handwriting of Vincent. This excellent man, as if he had anticipated my vexations, wrote in a style singularly adapted to meet them at the moment. After slight and almost gay remarks on country occurrences, and some queries relative to my ideas of London; he touched on the difficulties which beset the commencement of every career, and the supreme necessity of patience, and a determination to be cheerful under all.

“One rule is absolutely essential,” wrote he, “never to mourn over the past, or mope over the future. ‘Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof,’ is a maxim of incomparable wisdom. Never think of the failures of yester-

day, but to avoid them to-morrow; and never speculate on the failures of to-morrow, but to remember that you have outlived the failures of to-day. The French philosophers are now preaching around the world, that knowledge is power, and so it is, but only as gunpowder is power; a dangerous invention which blew up the inventor. It requires to be wisely managed. English experience will tell you, more to the purpose, that ‘perseverance is power;’ for with it, all things can be done, without it nothing. I remember, in the history of Tamerlane, an incident which, to me, has always had the force of an apothegm.

“In early life, and when reduced to the utmost distress, defeated in battle, and without a follower, he one day threw himself into the ruins of a Tartar caravansera, where he resolved to give up all further effort, and die. As he lay on the ground, sunk in despair, his eye was caught by the attempts of an ant to drag a grain of corn up to its nest in the wall. The load was too great for it, and the ant and the grain fell to the ground together. The trial was renewed, and both fell again. It was renewed ninety and nine times, and on the hundredth it succeeded, and the grain was carried into the nest. The thought instantly struck the prostrate chieftain, ‘Shall an insect struggle ninety and nine times until it succeeds, while I, a man, and the descendant of heroes, give up all hope after a single battle?’ He sprang from the ground, and found a troop of his followers outside, who had been looking for him through the wilderness. Scimitar in hand, he threw himself on his pursuers, swelled his troop into an army, his army into myriads, and finished by being the terror of Europe, the conqueror of Asia, and the wonder of the world.” The letter finished with general enquiries into the things of the day, and all good wishes for my career.

It is astonishing what an effect is sometimes produced by advice, given at the exact moment when we want it. This letter was the “word in season” of which the “wisest of men” speaks; and I felt all its influence in my rescue from despondency. Its simplicity reached my heart more than the most laboured language, and its manliness seemed a direct summons to whatever was manly in my nature. I determined thenceforth, to try fortune to the

utmost, to task my powers to the last, to regard difficulties as only the exercise that was intended to give me strength, and to render every success only a step to success higher still. That letter had pushed me another stage towards manhood.

With the Horse Guards' papers in my hand, and the letter of my old friend placed, in a kind of boyish romance, in my bosom, I went to meet Mordecai and his daughter. The Jew shook his bushy brows over the rescript which seemed to put a perpetual extinguisher on my military hopes. But Mariamne was the gayest of the gay, on what she termed my "fortunate ill-fortune." She had now completely recovered; said she remembered nothing of her accident but "the heroism," as she expressed it, "on my part which had saved her to thank me;" and between her gratitude and her vivacity, might have given a spectator the idea that M. Lafontaine was rapidly losing ground with that creature of open lips and incessant smiles. Her harp was brought, she was an accomplished performer, and she surprised me by the taste and tenderness with which she sung a succession of native melodies, collected in her rambles from Hungary to the Hartz; and from the Mediterranean to the Alps and Pyrenees. One air struck me as so beautiful that I still remember the words. They were Garcilasso's:—

"De las casualidades
Y las quimeras,
Nacen felicidades
Que no se esperan.
Siempre se advierte
Que donde esta la vida,
Se halla la muerte.

Then with that quick turn of thought which forms so touching a feature of the love-poetry of Spain—

"Tus ojos a mis ojos,
Miran atentos,
Y callando se dicen
Sus sentimientos.
Cosa es bien rara,
Que sin hablar se entienden
Nuestras dos almas."

The Spaniard, in his own language, is inimitable. I cannot come nearer the soft Southern than these ballad lines—

"Alas,—how sweet, yet strange!
Joy in the lap of woe!

Love, all a change!
Like roses laid on snow,
Nipt by the cruel wind;
Love, all unkind!

"Yet, close those eyes of thine,
Else, though no accents fall,
These stealing tears from mine
Will tell thee all!
Strange, that what lips deny,
Is spoken by the telltale eye."

Whether the little seguidilla meant any thing in the lips of the songstress, I do not presume to say. But the hearts of women, perhaps I should say of all pretty women, expect admiration as naturally as an idol receives incense; and as a part of the incense now and then descends upon the worshippers themselves, the sentiment becomes in some degree mutual. However, with all my perceptions alive to her merits, and she had many; the cause of my gallant French friend was perfectly safe in my hands. I never had much vanity in these matters; and even if I had, the impression already made by another had made me impregnable, for the time, to the whole artillery of eyes.

Yet the evening which I thus spent, gave me the first genuine idea of domestic happiness which I had ever received. I had certainly seen but little of it at home. There all was either crowds, or solitude; the effort to seem delighted, or palpable discontent; extravagant festivity, or bitterness and frowns. My haughty father was scarcely approachable, unless when some lucky job shed a few drops of honey into his natural gall; and my gentle mother habitually took refuge in her chamber, with a feebleness of mind which only embittered her vexations. In short, the "family fireside" had become with me a name for every thing dull and discomfiting; and a *tête-à-tête* little less than an absolute terror.

But in this apartment I saw how perfectly possible it might be to make one's way through life, even with so small a share of that world as the woman before me. I had now spent some hours without a care, without a wish, or even a thought beyond the room in which we sat. My imagination had not flagged, no sense of weariness had touched me, our conversation had never wanted a topic; yet the Jew was one certainly of no peculiar charm of manner, though a man

of an originally vigorous mind, and well acquainted with general life; and even his daughter was too foreign and fantastic to realize my *beau idéal*. Still with the one being of my choice, I felt that it would be possible to be happy on a desert island.

Our supper was as animated as our evening. My remarks on the passing world—a world of which I then knew not much more than the astronomer does of the inhabitants of the moon, by inspecting it

“With his glazed optic tube,

At midnight from the top of Fesolé,
Or in Val d’Arno, to descry new seas,
Rivers, and mountains on her spotty
globe’”—

were received with an acquiescence, which showed that I had already gained some ground, even in the rough, though undoubtedly subtle and powerful mind of the Jew: as for Mariamne, she was all delight, and until she took her leave of us for the night, all smiles.

As she closed the door Mordecai laid his muscular hand on my shoulder. “A word with you, Mr Marston; you have rendered me the highest of services in saving that girl from a dreadful death. You have been of use to me in other matters also, unconsciously I aver—but we shall talk of that another time. To come to the point at once. If you can make yourself my daughter’s choice, for I shall never control her; I shall not throw any obstacles in the way. What say you?”

I never felt more difficulty in an answer. My voice actually died within my lips. I experienced a feverish sensation which must have mounted to my face, and given me the look of a clown or a criminal, if the Jew had but looked at me; but he was waiting my reply with his eyes fixed on the ground. But the hesitation was soon over; I was almost pledged to Lafontaine, as a man of honour; I knew that Mariamne, however she might play the coquette for the day, was already bound in heart to the gallant Frenchman; and if neither impediment had existed, there was a chain, cold as ice, but strong as adamant—a chain of which she who had bound it was altogether ignorant, but which I had neither the power nor the will to sever. Still it was not for me to divulge Mariamne’s secret, and I could not even touch upon my own. I es-

caped from the dilemma under cover of another reason, and also a true one.

Thanking him for his kindness and candour, I observed, “that I was nothing and had nothing; that to offer myself to the acceptance of one entitled to wed so opulently as his daughter, would be to pain my feelings, and place me in a humiliating point of view, in the presence of one whose respect I ought to deserve.” Our conversation extended far into the night; and I freely entered into the disappointment which I had sustained in the unfortunate loss of my commission. I added, that I was determined not to lead a life of idleness, even if I had possessed the means; and that as the army was the profession which gave the fairest prospect of being known to the world, I must pursue it if possible.

The idea was fully approved of by my energetic hearer. “Right!” said he. “It is exactly the thing which I should have expected from you. You have been ill-treated, I own, but there is no use in kicking at power, unless you can kick it before you. The machinery of government is too huge for any one of us to resist, and unless we run along with it, our only wisdom is, to get out of its way. But you shall have a commission, ay, even if it cost a thousand guineas. Never refuse; I am not in the habit of throwing away my money; but you saved Mariamne’s life, and I would not have lost my child for all the bullion in the Bank of England, or on the globe.”

I was surprised by this burst of generosity, but it was real; and the Jew, as if to put his sincerity beyond all doubt, had torn a leaf out of his pocket-book, and was writing an order for the sum on his banker: he laid it on the table. I returned it to him at once, perhaps not less to his surprise than his offer had been to mine. But I reminded him, that I had still a balance at my banker’s; and I told him besides that I had made up my mind to enter the regiment from which I had been so unceremoniously dismissed, or none. He stared. “If,” said I, “I shall not be commissioned in the Coldstream, it will be utterly beyond my power to persuade even my own relatives, much less the world, that I have not been dismissed for some act of impropriety. Or, if men will not hazard saying this to my face, they will only be more likely to say it where I cannot defend myself.”

“True!” said Mordecai, as if

the opinion had cast a new light on him. "Perfectly to the point. This is a world of scandal; and, like the wolves, the whole pack fall on the wounded. You must recover your commission in the Coldstream; or be ready to tell your story every day of your life, and be only half believed after all. Yes, you must enter that very corps, or be sneered at as long as you live; and if you have a heart to be stung, it will be stung. Our people know that well."

"I should give my last shilling to be carrying its colours at this moment," said I, "but unfortunately money is useless there. The Guards are the favourite of royalty, and their commissions naturally go to men of rank and fortune."

"We must go to town and see what is to be done. When will you be ready?" asked my host.

"To-night—this moment—if possible, I should set out."

"No, no, Mr Marston, my movements cannot be quite so expeditious. I must wait for my London letters in the morning. On their arrival we may start, and, by taking four horses, reach town before the Horse Guards closes for the day."

At breakfast next morning Mariamne was not to be seen: she excused herself by a violent headach; and by the countenance of her Abigail, generally a tolerable reflexion of the temper of the female authority of a house, it was evident that I had fallen into disfavour. But how was this to be accounted for? Mordecai, from the lateness of the hour at which we parted, could not have seen her; even if she should condescend to take my matrimonial chillness as an offence. But the mystery was soon cleared by her answer to the note which contained my farewell. It was simply the enclosure of a few hapless lines of verse, in which the name of Clotilde occurred, and which had been found in the clearance of my chamber preparatory to my journey. This was decisive. Mariamne was a sovereign, who, choose as she might her prime minister, would not suffer her royal attendance to be diminished by the loss of a single slave. I petitioned for a parting word; it was declined; and

I had only to regret my poetic error, or my still greater error in not keeping my raptures under lock and key.

As the carriage drew up to the door, Mordecai casually asked me "have you left your card at the Steyne?"

"No," was the reply. "Was it necessary?"

"Absolutely so; the prince has sent frequently to enquire for you during your illness, and of course your leaving the neighbourhood without acknowledging the honour would be impossible."

"Then let us drive there at once," said I.

(On reaching the prince's cottage—for cottage it was, and nothing more—the gentleman in waiting who received my card, told me that his Royal Highness had desired that whenever I called he should be apprized of my coming, "as he wished to hear the history of the accident from myself." The prince's fondness for hearing every thing out of the common course, was well known; and I had only to obey. I had the honour of an introduction accordingly; was received with all the customary graces of his manner, and even with what attracts still more—with kindness. He enquired into the circumstances, and was evidently taking an interest in such parts of the narrative as I chose to give, when he was interrupted by the arrival of a courier from London. The letters happened to be of importance, and must be answered immediately. "But," said he, with his irresistible smile, "I must not lose your story; we dine at seven. You will probably meet some whom you would be gratified by seeing. Adieu—remember, seven."

This was equivalent to a command, and there was no resource, but to defer my journey for twelve hours more. Mordecai was not unwilling to exchange a dreary drive in which he had no immediate concern, for the comforts of his own home; or perhaps the honour among his neighbours of having for an inmate a guest of the heir-apparent, qualified the delay. Mariamne at our approach fled from the drawing-room like a frightened doe. And at the appointed hour I was at the pretty trellised porch of the prince's residence.

THE DEVIL'S FRILLS.

A DUTCH ILLUSTRATION OF THE WATER CURE.

CHAPTER I.

A STRANGER who visits Haarlem is not a little astonished to see, hung out from various houses, little frames coquettishly ornamented with squares of the finest lace. His curiosity will lead him to ask the reason of so strange a proceeding. But, however he may push his questions—however persevering he may be in getting at the bottom of the mystery—if he examine and cross-examine fifty different persons, he will get no other answer than—

“These are the devil’s frills.”

The frills of the devil! Horrible! What possible connexion can there be between those beautiful Valenciennes, those splendid Mechlins, those exquisite Brussels points, and his cloyen-footed majesty? Is Haarlem a city of idolaters? Are all these gossamer oblations an offering to Beelzebub?

And are we to believe, in spite of well-authenticated tale and history, that instead of horns and claws, the gentleman in black sports frills and ruffles, as if he were a young dandy in Bond Street?

“These are the devil’s frills.”

It is my own private opinion that these mystic words contain some prodigiously recondite meaning; or, perhaps, arise from one of those awful incidents, of which Hoffman encountered so many among the ghost-seeing, all-believing Germans. But don’t take it on my simple assertion, but judge for yourself. I shall tell you, word for word, the story as it was told to me, and as it is believed by multitudes of people, who believe nothing else, in the good town of Haarlem.

CHAPTER II.

Yes,—one other thing every body in Haarlem believes—and that is, that Guttenberg, and Werner, and Faust, in pretending that they were the discoverers of the art of printing, were egregious specimens of the art of lying; for that that noble discovery was made by no human being save and except an illustrious citizen of Haarlem, and an undeniable proof of it exists in the fact, that his statue is still to be seen in front of the great church. He rejoiced, while living, in the name of Laurentius Castero; and, however much you may be surprised at the claims advanced in his favour, you are hereby strictly cautioned to offer no contradiction to the boastings of his overjoyed compatriots—they are prouder of his glory than of their beer. But his merits did not stop short at casting types. In addition to his enormous learning and profound information, he possessed an almost miraculous mastery of the fiddle. He was a Dutch Paganini, and drew such notes from his instrument, that the burgomaster, in smoking his pipe and listening to the sounds, thought it had

a close resemblance to the music of the spheres.

There was only one man in all Haarlem, in all Holland, who did not yield the palm at fiddle-playing to Castero. That one man was no other than Frederick Katwingen, the son of a rich brewer, whom his admirers—more numerous than those of his rival—had called the Dutch Orpheus.

If the laurels of Miltiades disturbed the sleep of Themistocles; if the exploits of Macedonia’s madman interfered with the comfort of Julius Cæsar, the glory of Katwingen would not let Castero get a wink of sleep.

What! a man of genius—a philosopher like the *doctus* Laurentius, not be contented with his fame as discoverer of the art of printing; but to leave his manuscripts, and pica, and pie, to strive for a contemptible triumph, to look with an eye of envy on a competitor for the applauses of a music room! Alas! too true. Who is the man, let me ask you, who can put bounds to his pretensions? Who is the man that does not feel as if the praises of his neighbour were an in-

jury to himself? And if I must speak the whole truth, I am bound to confess, that these jealous sentiments were equally entertained by both the musicians. Yes,—if Castero would acknowledge no master, Frederick could not bear that any one should consider himself his rival, and insisted at any rate in treating with him on equal terms. Laurentius, therefore, and the son of the brewer were declared enemies; and the inhabitants of Haarlem were divided into two parties, each ruled over with unlimited power by the fiddlestick of its chief.

It was announced one morning that the Stadtholder would pass through the town in the course of the day. The burgomaster determined to receive the illustrious personage in proper style, and ordered the two rivals to hold themselves in readiness. Here, then, was a contest worthy of them; an opportunity of bringing the great question to issue of which of them played the first fiddle in Holland—perhaps in Europe. It fell to Frederick's chance to perform first—in itself a sort of triumph over Laurentius. The Stadtholder entered by the Amsterdam road, attended by his suite—they passed along the street, and stopped under a triumphal arch which had been hastily prepared. The burgomaster made a speech very much like the speeches of burgomasters before and since on similar tremendous occasions; and Frederick finally advanced and made his salaam to the chief magistrate of the United Provinces. The performer knew that the Stadtholder was a judge of music, and this gave him courage to do his best. He began without more ado, and every thing went on at first as he could wish; fountains of harmony gushed out from under his bow. There seemed a soul at the end of each of his fingers, and the countenance of the chief magistrate showed how enchanted he was with his powers. His triumph was on the point of being complete; a few more bars of a movement composed for the occasion—a few magnificent flourishes to show his mastery of the instrument, and Castero will be driven to despair by the superiority of his rival;—but crash! crash!—at the very moment when his melody is steeping the senses of the Stadtholder in Elysium, a string breaks with

hideous sound, and the whole effect of his composition is destroyed. A smile jumped instantaneously to the protruding lip of the learned Laurentius, and mocked his mishap: the son of the brewer observed the impertinent smile, and anger gave him courage—the broken string is instantly replaced. The artist rushes full speed into the allegretto—and under the pressure of his hands, burning with rage and genius, the chord breaks again! The fiddle must be bewitched—Frederick became deadly pale—he trembled from head to foot—he was nearly wild.

But the piece he had composed was admirable; he knew it—for in a moment of inspiration he had breathed it into existence from the recesses of his soul. And was he doomed never to play this cherished work to the governor of his country?—An approving motion from that august individual encouraged him to proceed, and he fitted a string for the third time.

Alas, alas! the result is the same—the chord is too much tightened, and breaks in the middle of a note! Humbled and ashamed, Frederick gives up his allegretto. He retires, abashed and heartbroken, and Castero takes his place. Mixed up in the crowd, his eyes swam in tears of rage and disappointment when the frantic applauses of the assemblage—to whom the Stadtholder had set the example—announced to him the triumph of his rival. He is vanquished—vanquished without having had the power to fight—oh, grief! oh, shame! oh, despair!

His friends tried in vain to console him in promising him a brilliant revenge. The son of the brewer believed himself eternally disgraced. He rushed into his room, double locked the door, and would see nobody. He required solitude—but the wo of the *artiste* had not yet reached its height. He must drink the cup of humiliation to the dregs. Suddenly innumerable voices penetrated the thick walls of the brewery, and reached the chamber of the defeated candidate. Those voices—Frederick recognized them too well—were those of the faction which acknowledged Castero for their chief. A triumphal march, performed by twenty instruments, in honour of his rival, succeeded in overturning the reason of the unhappy youth. His fiddle was before him on the table—

that fiddle which had disappointed his hopes. Exasperated, out of his senses, the brewer's son seized the instrument—a moment he held it aloft at the corner of the chimney, and yielding to the rage that gnawed his soul, he dashed it into a thousand pieces. Faults, like misfortunes, never come single. "Blood calls for blood," says Machiavel—"ruin for ruin."—By that fatal tendency of the human mind never to stop when once we have gone

wrong, but to go on from bad to worse, instead of blushing at our folly—Frederick, after that act of vandalism, dashed like a madman out of the brewery. The sight of his instrument in a thousand fragments had completed the business—life was a torment to him. He hurried towards the lake of Haarlem, determined to seek in its gloomy depths a refuge from disgrace.—Poor Frederick!

CHAPTER III.

After a quarter of an hour's run across the fields, he arrived at last at the side of the lake, with the sounds of his rival's triumphal march for ever sounding in his ears. The evening breeze, the air from the sea, "the wandering harmonies of earth and sky," were all unable to bring rest to the perturbed spirit of the musician. He was no longer conscious of the sinful act he was about to commit. He shut his eyes—he was just going to throw himself into the water when he felt a hand laid upon his left shoulder. Frederick turned quickly round. He saw at his side a tall man wrapped up in a large cloak—in spite of the hot weather—which hid every part of him but his face. His expression was hard, almost repulsive. His eyes shot sinister glances on the youth from beneath the thick eyebrows that overshadowed them. The brewer's son, who had been on the point of facing death without a tremour, grew pale and trembled. He wished to fly, but an irresistible power nailed him to the spot. He was fascinated by the look of the Unknown.

"Madman!" said the stranger in a hollow voice—"madman who cannot resist the first impulse of anger and false shame!"

"Leave me," answered Frederick in his turn; "I am disgraced, and have no resource but to die."

"The triumph of Castero, then—the triumph he owes to luck—has cowed you so that you are afraid to challenge him to another trial?"—rejoined the stranger in an angry tone.

"Every thing is lost," said Frederick, "don't you hear those sounds?" he added, holding his hands out towards the city—"my courage cannot

bear up against such mockery—*va victis!*—my doom is sealed."

"But you do not yet know the full extent of your rival's victory. There is a young girl who was to have been your wife—a girl who loves you——"

"Maïna!"—cried Frederick, to whom these words restored his recollection.

"Yes, Maïna, the daughter of Jansen Pyl, the burgomaster of Haarlem. Well, encouraged by his success, Castero went to the house, and demanded the hand of her you love."

"What?—what do I hear?"—said Frederick, and looked once more towards the lake.

"The burgomaster never liked you very well, as you are aware. In consenting to receive you as his son-in-law, he yielded more to the wishes of his daughter, to her prayers and tears, than to his preference of you over the other adorers of the Beauty of Haarlem. Castero's fame had long predisposed him in his favour; and the triumph he obtained to-day has entirely won the old man's heart."

"He has promised her?" enquired Frederick in a voice almost inaudible from anxiety.

"To-morrow he will decide between you. You are ignorant of the arrangement entered into; and, yielding to a cowardly impulse, you give up the happiness of your life at the moment it is in your grasp. Listen. The Stadtholder, who did not intend to remain at Haarlem, has accepted the invitation of the burgomaster, and will not leave the city till to-morrow afternoon. That illustrious personage has expressed a wish to hear again the two performers who pleased him so much, and his patronage is promised to the successful candidate in the next trial.

He is a judge of music—he perceived the fineness of your touch, and saw that it was a mere accident which was the cause of your failure. Do you understand me now? Maïna will be the wife of the protégé of the Stadtholder—and you give up your affianced bride if you refuse to measure your strength once more against Castero.”

The explanation brought tears into Frederick's eyes. In his agony as a musician he had forgotten the object of his love—the fair young girl whose heart was all his own. Absorbed in the one bitter thought of his defeat—the of the disgrace he had endured—he had never cast a recollection on the being who, next to his art, was dearer to him than all the world. The fair maid of Haarlem occupied but the second place in the musician's heart; but not less true is it, that to kiss off a tear from the white eyelid of the beautiful Maïna, he would have sacrificed his life. And now to hear that she was about to be carried off by his rival—by Castero—that Castero whom he hated so much—that Maïna was to be the prize of the conqueror! His courage revived. Hope played once more round his heart—he felt conscious of his superiority; but—oh misery!—his fiddle—his *Straduarius*, which could alone insure his victory—it was lying in a million pieces on his floor!

The Unknown divined what was passing in his mind; a smile of strange meaning stole to his lip. He went close up to Frederick, whose agitated features betrayed the struggle that was going on within. “Maïna will be the reward of the protégé of the Stadtholder, and Castero will be the happy man if you do not contest the prize,” he whispered in poor Frederick's ear.

“Alas! my fate is settled—I have no arms to fight with,” he answered in a broken voice.

“Does your soul pant for glory?” enquired the stranger.

“More than for life—more than for love—more than for——”

“Go on.”

“More than for my eternal salvation!” exclaimed the youth in his despair.

A slight tremour went through the stranger as he heard these words.

“Glory!” he cried, fixing his sparkling eyes on the young man's face, “glory, the passion of noble souls—of exalted natures—of superior beings!—Go home to your room, you will find your fiddle restored,” he added in a softer tone.

“My fiddle?” repeated Frederick.

“The fiddle of which the wreck bestrewed your chamber when you left it,” replied the stranger.

“But who are you?” said Frederick amazed. “You who know what passes in my heart—you whose glances chill me with horror—you, who promise me a miracle which only omnipotence can accomplish. Who are you?”

“Your master,” answered the man in the mantle, in an altered voice. “Recollect the words you used a minute or two ago, ‘Glory is dearer to me than life—than love—than eternal salvation!’ That is quite enough for me; and we must understand each other. Adieu. Your favourite instrument is again whole and entire, and sweeter toned than ever. You will find it on the table in your room. Castero, your rival, will be vanquished in this second trial, and Maïna will be yours—for you are the protégé of a greater than the Stadtholder. Adieu—we shall meet again.” On finishing this speech the Unknown advanced to the lake. Immediately the waves bubbled up, and rose in vast billows; and opening with dreadful noise, exposed an unfathomable abyss. At the same moment thunder growled in the sky, the moon hid herself behind a veil of clouds, and the brewer's son, half choked with the smell of brimstone, fell insensible on the ground.

CHAPTER IV.

When Frederick came to his senses he found himself in his chamber, seated on the same sofa of Utrecht brocade which he had watered with his tears two hours before. On the table before him lay the fiddle which

he had dashed to atoms against the corner of the chimney. On seeing the object of his affection, the enraptured musician, the rival of Castero, rushed towards it with a cry of joyful surprise. He took the instru-

ment in his hands—he devoured it with his eyes, and then, at the summit of his felicity, he clasped it to his bosom. The instrument was perfectly uninjured, without even a mark of the absurd injustice of its owner. Not a crack, not a fissure, only the two gracefully shaped *§ §* to give vent to the double stream of sound. But is he not the victim of some trick—has no other fiddle been substituted for the broken *Straduarius*? No!—’tis his own well-known fiddle, outside and in—the same delicate proportions, the same elegant neck, and the same swelling rotundity of contour that might have made it a model for the *Praxiteles* of violins. He placed the instrument against his shoulder and seized the bow. But all of a sudden he paused—a cold perspiration bedewed his face—his limbs could scarcely support him. What if the proof deceives him? What if—; but incertitude was intolerable, and he passed the bow over the strings. Oh blessedness! Frederick recognized the unequalled tones of his instrument—he recognized its voice, so clear, so melting, and yet so thrilling and profound,

“The charm is done,
Life to the dead returns at last,
And to the corpse a soul has past.”

Now, then, with his fiddle once more restored to him, with love in his heart, and hatred also lending its invigorating energies, he felt that the future was still before him, and that *Castero* should pay dearly for his triumph of the former day.

When these transports had a little subsided, Frederick could reflect on the causes which gave this new turn to his thoughts. The defeat he had sustained—his insane anger against his *Straduarius*—his attempt at suicide—his meeting with the stranger, and his extraordinary disappearance amidst the waves of the lake.

But, with the exception of the first of these incidents, had any of them really happened? He could not believe it. Was it not rather the sport of a deceitful dream? His fiddle—he held it in his hands—he never *could* have broken it. In fact, the beginning of it all was his despair at being beaten, and he was indebted to his excited imagination for the rest—the suicide, the lake, and the mysterious Unknown.

“That must be it,” he cried at last, delighted at finding a solution to the mystery, and walking joyously up and down his chamber. “I have had a horrible dream—a dream with my eyes open; that is all.”

Two gentle taps at the door made him start; but the visitor was only one of the brewery boys, who gave him a letter from the burgomaster.

“Yoran, did you see me go out about two hours ago?” asked Frederick anxiously.

“No, *meinbeer*,” said the boy.

“And you did not see me come in?”

“No, *meinbeer*.”

“That’s all right,” said the youth, signing for Yoran to retire. “Now, then,” he said, “there can be no doubt whatever that it was all a dream.” Opening the burgomaster’s letter, he ran through it in haste. The first magistrate of *Haarlem* informed Frederick *Katwingen* that he had an important communication to make to him, and requested him to come to his house.

The musician again placed his lips on his instrument, and again pressed it gratefully to his heart; and then placed it with the utmost care within its beautiful case, which he covered with a rich cloth. Locking the case, and looking at it as a mother might look at the cradle of her new-born baby, he betook himself to the mansion of *Jansen Pyl*.

That stately gentleman was luxuriously reposing in an immense arm-chair, covered with *Hungary* leather. His two elbows rested on the arms, and enabled him to support in his hands the largest, the reddest, the fattest face that had ever ornamented the configuration of a Dutch functionary before. Mr *Jansen Pyl* wore at that moment the radiant look of satisfaction which only a magistrate can assume who feels conscious that he is in the full sunshine of the approbation of his sovereign. His whole manner betrayed it—the smile upon his lip, the fidgety motion of his feet, and the look which he darted from time to time round the room, as if to satisfy himself that his happiness was “not a sham but a reality.” But his happiness seemed far from contagious. On his right hand there was a lovely creature, seated on a footstool, who did not partake his enjoyment. There was something so sweet and so harmonious in her expression, that you

felt sure at once she was as good as she was beautiful. There was poetry also in her dejected attitude, and in the long lashes that shadowed her blue eyes; nor was the charm diminished by the marble neck bent lowly down, and covered with long flowing locks of the richest brown. And the poetry was, perhaps, increased by the contrast offered by the sorrowing countenance of the girl to the radiant visage of the plethoric individual in the chair. Whilst the ambitious thoughts of the burgomaster rose to the regions inhabited by the Stadtholder, the poor girl's miserable reflections returned upon herself. Her eyes were dimmed with tears. It was easy to see that that had long been their occupation, and that some secret sorrow preyed upon the repose of the fair maid of Haarlem.

It was Maïna, the betrothed of Frederick. On the left of the burgomaster, negligently leaning on the back of the magistrate's chair, was a man still young in years, but so wrinkled and careworn, from study or bad health, that he might have passed for old. The man's expression was cold and severe; his look proud and fiery; his language rough and harsh. On analysing his features you could easily make out that he had prodigious powers of mind, a character imperious and jealous, and such indomitable pride that he might do a mischief to any rival who might be bold enough to cross his path.

Now, we are aware of one at least who ran the risk; for the man was Laurentius Castero. Frederick Katwingen started back on entering the burgomaster's room. His eye encountered the glance of Castero, and in the look then interchanged, they felt that they were enemies between whom no reconciliation could take place. From Laurentius, Frederick turned his eye to Maïna. The sorrowful attitude of the maiden would have revealed to him all that had happened, if the self-satisfied look of his rival had left any thing to be learned. The conqueror brow-beat the vanquished.

"Mr Katwingen," said the burgomaster, deliberately weighing every word, "you are aware of the high com-

pliment paid by the Stadtholder to our city."

"My dream comes true," thought Frederick as he bowed affirmatively to the magistrate's enquiry.

"And you are also aware," pursued the burgomaster, "of the Stadtholder's wishes as far as you are personally concerned?"

Frederick bowed again.

"Thanks to my humble supplications," continued Jansen Pyl, raising his enormous head with an air of dignity, "our gracious governor has condescended to honour our good town with his august presence for twenty-four hours longer. But what ought to fill you with eternal gratitude is this: that he has determined to hear you a second time when he returns to-morrow from inspecting the works at Shravnag. I hope you will redouble your efforts, and do all you can to please your illustrious auditor; and, if any thing is required to stimulate your ambition, and add to your endeavours to excel, I will add this—the hand of Maïna will be bestowed on the conqueror at this second trial."

"But, father!—" said the maiden.

"It is all settled," interrupted the burgomaster, looking astonished at the girl's audacity; "you are the reward I offer to the protégé of the Stadtholder. You hear what I say, gentlemen?" he added, turning to the rivals.

"I shall certainly not miss the appointment," said Castero, throwing back his head proudly. "If to-morrow is not as glorious to me as to-day has been, I will break my violin, and never touch a bow again as long as I live."

"As for me," said Frederick, "if I do not make up for the check I unluckily met to-day by a glorious victory, I swear I will renounce the flattering name my countrymen have given me, and will hide my shame in some foreign land. The Orpheus of his country must have no rival of his fame."

"To-morrow, then," said the burgomaster.

"To-morrow!" repeated the rivals, casting on each other looks of proud defiance.

"To-morrow!" whispered Maïna, and buried her face in her hands.

CHAPTER V.

I shall not attempt to describe the strange sensations of Frederick on re-

turning from the burgomaster's house. It will have been seen from the glimp-

ses we have had of him already, that he was of a quick and sensitive disposition, and that the chance of defeat in the approaching struggle would sting him into madness. He pictured to himself the ferocious joy of Castero on being declared the victor—the agony of Maina—the misery of his own degradation; and there is no doubt if the mysterious Unknown, whose appearance he now felt certain was nothing but a dream, had visited him *in propria persona*, that he would have accepted his terms—his soul for triumph over his enemy, for the possession of the girl he loved.

The morrow rose clear and cloudless. At the appointed hour Frederick took his violin, and prepared to set out. But just when he was opening the door, the man in the mantle—the same he had seen the day before—stood before him.

"You did not expect to see me," said the Unknown, following Frederick to the end of the room, where he had retreated. "I told you, nevertheless, that we should meet again," he added, placing himself face to face with the son of the brewer.

"Then it was no dream," murmured the youth, who appeared to have lost all his resolution.

"Certainly not," returned the stranger, looking sarcastically at Frederick from head to foot. "I promised you yesterday, on the banks of the lake, that you would find your fiddle unharmed, and that I would enable you to conquer your rival. But I don't feel that I am bound to do any thing of the kind for nothing; generosity was never my forte, and I have lived long enough among the burghers of Holland to insist on being well paid for every thing I do."

"Who are you, then; and what is it you want?" enquired the Dutch Orpheus, in an agitated voice.

"Who am I!" answered the man in the mantle, with all the muscles of his face in violent convulsions—"Who am I!—I thought I had told you yesterday when you asked me—I am your master. What do I want? I will tell you. But why do you tremble so? you were bold enough when we met. I saw the thought in your heart—if Satan should rise before me, and promise me victory over my rival at the price of my soul, I would agree to the condition!"

"Satan!—you are Satan!" shrieked Frederick, and closed his eyes in horror.

"Didn't you find me out on the side of the lake, when you told me you would exchange your salvation for years of love and glory. Yes, I am that King of Darkness—*your* master! and that of a great part of mankind. But, come; the hour is at hand—the Burgomaster and the Stadtholder await us. Do you accept the offer I make you?"

After a minute's hesitation, during which his features betrayed the force of the internal contest, the musician made his choice. He had not power to speak, but he raised his hand, and was on the point of making the cross upon his forehead, to guard him from the tempter, when Satan perceived his intention, and seized his arm.

"Think a little before you discard me entirely," he said, raising again in the soul of the musician all the clouds of pride and ambition that had given him power over it at first; "look into the box where your violin is laid, and decide for the last time."

Frederick obeyed his tempter, and opened the case, but uttered a cry of desperation when he saw his Stradarius in the same state of utter ruin to which he had reduced it before. The neck separated from the body; both faces shivered to fragments—the ebony rests, the gold-headed stops, the bridge, the sides—all a confused mass of wreck and destruction.

"Frederick! Frederick!" cried a voice from the brewery—it was his father's.

"Frederick! Frederick!" repeated a hundred voices under the windows—"Come down, come down, the Stadtholder is impatient! Castero swears you are afraid to face him."

They were his friends who were urging him to make haste.

"Well?" enquired Satan.

"I accept the bargain. I give you my soul!" said Frederick, while his cheek grew pale, and his eye flashed.

"Your soul!" replied Satan, with a shrug of infinite disdain. "Do you think I would have hindered you from jumping into the lake, if I had wished to get it? Do you think that suicides are not mine already?—mine by their own act, without the formality of a bargain?—*Your* soul!" repeated the Prince of Darkness, with a sneer; "I

don't want it, I assure you: at least not to-day—I feel sure of it whenever I require it!”

“My soul, then, belongs to you—my fate is settled beforehand?” enquired Frederick.

“You are an *artiste*,” answered Satan, with a chuckling laugh, “and therefore are vain, jealous, proud, and full of envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness. You perceive I shall lose nothing by waiting. No, no; 'tis not your own soul I want—but that of your first-born, that you must make over to me this hour!”

“What do you want me to do!”

“Here is the deed,” said Satan, pulling a parchment from under his cloak, on which strange characters were drawn, and letters in an unknown language. “In putting your name to this, you bind and oblige yourself to let me know when Maïna is about to become a mother; and before the baptismal water shall touch the infant's brow, you shall hang from the window a piece of lace which shall have been

worn by Maïna at her wedding. One of my satellites will be on the watch; he will come and tell me when the signal is made, and—the rest is my own affair! You will find this agreement in your fiddle-case.”

“Frederick! Frederick! be quick, be quick!” again shouted the father.

“Frederick! Frederick! Castero is boasting about your absence!” cried the chorus of impatient friends.

“I agree!” cried the *artiste*, and affixed his name. While he was signing, the stranger muttered some words of mysterious sound, of which he did not know the meaning; and immediately the pieces of the broken instrument united themselves—rests, bridge, stops, faces, and sides, all took their proper places, and the soul of the noble violin re-entered its musical prison, at the moment when that of the future baby of Maïna was sold to the enemy of mankind!

“Now, then,” said Satan, as he sank beneath the floor, “go where glory waits thee.”

CHAPTER VI.

What need is there to tell the success of Frederick Katwingen—how he triumphed over Castero, captivated the Stadtholder, and was the pride of his native town? The Stadtholder attached him to his person, settled a pension on him of fifteen thousand florins, and treated him as the most cherished of his friends. The burgomaster was delighted to gain so illustrious a son-in-law, and hurried forward the marriage with all his might. On the day of the wedding, when Frederick was leading the bride to church, at the moment when the party was crossing the market-place, a voice whispered in his ear—“A piece of the lace she will wear at the ball this evening.” Frederick recognised the voice, though no one else heard it. He turned, but saw nobody. After the ceremony, the burgomaster handed the contract to the bridegroom, to which the Stadtholder had affixed his signature. A present of a hundred thousand florins from the governor of the United Provinces, proved the sincerity of that illustrious personage's friendship, and that his favour had by no means fallen off. The burgomaster was emulous of so much generosity, and introduced a clause in the con-

tract, settling his whole fortune on his son-in-law, in case of Maïna's death.

Behold, then, the *artiste* praised—fêted—and happy. Possessed of the wife he loved—rich—honoured—what more had he to hope than that those advantages should be continued him? Castero was true to his word—reduced his violin to powder, acknowledged Frederick's superiority, and betook himself to higher pursuits, which ended in the great discovery of printing.

The Dutch Orpheus is freed from the annoyance of a rival. He reigns, by the divine right of his violin, the undisturbed monarch of his native plains. His name is pronounced with enthusiasm from one flat end of Holland to the other. In the splendour of his triumphal condition, he has forgotten his compact with Beelzebub; but Maïna reminded him of it one day, when she told him he was about to become a father:

A father!—ha!—Frederick! That word which brings such rapture to the newly married couple—which presents such radiant visions of the future—that word freezes the heart of the *artiste*, and stops the blood in his veins.

It is only now when Maïna is so

happy that he knows the enormity of his fault.

He is about to be a father—and he—beforehand—basely, cowardly—has sold the soul of his son who is yet unborn—before it can shake off the taint of original sin. Shame! shame! on the proud in heart who has yielded to the voice of the tempter—to the wretch who, for a little miserable glory, has shut the gates of mercy on his own child—shame! shame!

If Satan would consent to an exchange—if—but no—'tis impossible. The "archangel fallen" had explained himself too clearly—no hope! no hope! From that hour there was no rest, no happiness for the protégé of the Stadtholder—sleep fled from his eyelids, he was pursued by perpetual remorse, and in the agonies of his heart deserted the nuptial bed: while light dreams settled on Maïna's spirit, and wove bright chaplets for the future, he wandered into the midnight fields—across the canals—any where, in short, where he fancied he could procure forgetfulness; but solitude made him only feel his misery the more. How often he thought of going to the gloomy lake where he had first encountered the Unknown! How often he determined to complete the resolution he had formed on the day of Castero's triumph! But Satan had said to him, "The suicide is condemned—irrevocably condemned;" and the condemnation of which *he* would be sure, would not bring a ransom for his first-born.

The fatal time draws on—in a few minutes more Maïna will be a mother. Frederick, by some invisible impulse, has chosen from among the laces of his wife a rich Mechlin, which she wore round her neck on her wedding-day. It is now to be the diabolic standard, and he goes with it towards the door of his house, pensive and sad. When he got to the threshold he stopped—he raised his eyes to heaven, and from his heart and from his lips, there gushed out prayers, warm, deep, sincere—the first for many years. A ray of light has rushed into his soul. He uttered a cry of joy; he dashed across the street into the neighbouring church; he dipped the lace into the basin of consecrated water, and returned immediately to hang it at the door of his apartment.

At that moment Maïna gave birth to a son, and Satan rushed impatient-

ly to claim his expected prey. But the tempter was unprepared for the trap that was laid for him. On placing his foot on the first step of the stair, he found himself pushed back by a superior power. The Mechlin, dripping with holy water, had amazing effect. It was guardian of the house, and protected the entrance against the fallen angel. Satan strove again and again; but was always repulsed. There rises now an impenetrable barrier between him and the innocent being he had destined for his victim. Forced by the pious stratagem of Frederick Katwingen to give up his purpose, he roamed all night round the house like a roaring lion, bellowing in a most awful manner.

In the morning, when they wrapt up the babe in the precious lace to carry him to be baptized, they perceived that it had been torn in several places. The holes showed the determination with which Satan had tried to force a passage. The enemy of mankind had not retreated without leaving the mark of his talons on the lace.

On coming back from church, Frederick ran to his fiddle; and found in a corner of the case the deed of compact he had signed. With what joy he tossed it into the fire, and heard it go crackling up the chimney!

All was over now; Satan was completely flooded. He confessed, by giving up the contract, that he had no further right on the soul of the newly born, when once it had been purified by the waters of baptism. The father had recovered the soul which the musician had bartered away! Since that time, whenever a young woman in Haarlem is about to become a mother, the husband never fails to hang at the door the richest pieces of lace he can find in her trousseau. That standard bids defiance to the evil one, and recalls the noble victory won over the prince of darkness by Frederick Katwingen, surnamed the Dutch Orpheus. And that is the reason that, in passing through Haarlem, the visitor sees little frames suspended from certain houses, ornamented with squares of Mechlin, or Valenciennes, or Brussels point. And that is the reason that, when he asks an explanation of the singular custom, he gets only the one short, unvarying answer—"These are the Devil's Frills!"

ADVENTURES IN LOUISIANA.

PART II.

THE BLOCKHOUSE.

SUPPER over, and clenched by a pull at Nathan's whisky flask, we prepared for departure. The Americans threw the choicest parts of the buck over their shoulders, and the old squatter again taking the lead, we resumed our march. The way led us first across a prairie, then through a wood, which was succeeded by a sort of thicket, upon the branches and thorny shrubs of which we left numerous fragments of our dress. We had walked several miles almost in silence, when Nathan suddenly made a pause, and let the butt-end of his rifle fall heavily on the ground. I took the opportunity to ask him where we were.

"In Louisiana," replied he, "between the Red River, the Gulf of Mexico, and the Mississippi; on French ground, and yet in a country where French power is worth little. Do you see that?" added he suddenly, seizing my arm, and pulling me a few paces aside, while he pointed to a dark object, that at the distance and in the moonlight, had the appearance of an earthen wall. "Do you know what that is?" repeated the squatter.

"An Indian grave, perhaps," replied I.

"A grave it is," was the answer; "but not of the Redskins. As brave a backwoodsman as ever crossed the Mississippi lies buried there. You are not altogether wrong, though. I believe it was once an Indian mound."

While he spoke we were walking on, and I now distinguished a hillock or mound of earth, with nearly perpendicular sides, on which was erected a blockhouse, formed of unhewn cypress trunks, of a solidity and thickness upon which four-and-twenty pounders would have had some difficulty in making an impression. Its roof rose about ten feet above a palisade enclosing the building, and consisting of stout saplings sharpened at the top, and stuck in the ground at a very short distance from each other, being moreover strengthened and bound together with wattles and branches. The building had evidently been constructed more for a refuge and place of defence than an habitual residence.

A ladder was now lowered, by which we ascended to the top of the mound. There was a small door in the palisades, which Nathan opened and passed through, we following.

The blockhouse was of equal length and breadth, about forty feet square. On entering it we found nothing but the bare walls, with the exception of a wide chimney of sun-baked brick, and in one corner a large wooden slab partly imbedded in the ground.

"Don't tread upon that board," said the old man solemnly, as we approached the slab to examine it; "it is holy ground."

"How holy ground?"

"There lies under it as brave a fellow as ever handled axe or rifle. He it was built this blockhouse, and christened it the Bloody Blockhouse—and bloody it proved to be to him. But you shall hear more of it if you like. You shall hear how six American rifles were too many for ninety French and Spanish muskets."

Carleton and I shook our heads incredulously. The Yankee took us both by the arm, led us out of the blockhouse, and through the stockade to a grassy projection of the hillock.

"Ninety French and Spanish muskets," repeated he in a firm voice, and weighing on each word. "Opposed to them were Asa Nolins, with his three brothers, his brother-in-law, a cousin, and their wives. He fell like a brave American as he was, but not alone, for the dead bodies of thirty foes were lying round the blockhouse when he died. They are buried there," added he, pointing to a row of cotton-trees a short distance off, that in the pale moonlight might have been taken for the spectres of the departed; "under those cotton-trees they fell, and there they are buried."

The old squatter remained for a short space in his favourite attitude, his hands crossed on his rifle, and his chin resting on them. He seemed to be calling together the recollections of a time long gone by. We did not care to interrupt him. The stillness of the night, the light of the moon and stars, that gave the prairie lying before us

the appearance of a silvery sea, the sombre forest on either side of the blockhouse, of which the edges only were lighted up by the moonbeams, the vague allusions our guide had made to some fearful scene of strife and slaughter that had been enacted in this now peaceful glade—all these circumstances combined, worked upon our imaginations, and we felt unwilling to break the stillness which added to the impressive beauty of the forest scene.

"Did you ever float down the Mississippi?" asked Nathan abruptly. As he spoke he sat down upon the bank, and made sign to us to sit beside him.

"Did you ever float down the Mississippi?"

"No; we came up it from New Orleans hither."

"That is nothing; the stream is not half so dangerous there as above Natchez. We came down, six men, four women, and twice as many children, all the way from the mouths of the Ohio to the Red River; and bad work we had of it, in a crazy old boat, to pass the rapids and avoid the sandbanks, and snakes, and sawyers, and whatever the devil they call them, that are met with. I calculate we weren't sorry when we left the river and took to dry land again. The first thing we did was to make a wigwam, Injun fashion, with branches of trees. This was to shelter the women and children. Two men remained to protect them, and the other four divided into two parties, and set off, one south and t'other west, to look for a good place for a settlement. I and Righteous, one of Asa's brothers, took the southerly track.

It was no pleasuring party that journey, but a right-down hard and dangerous expedition, through cypress swamps, where snapping turtles were plenty as mosquitoes, and at every step the congo and mocassin snakes twisted themselves round our ankles. We persevered, however. We had a few handfuls of corn in our hunting-pouches, and our calabashes well filled with whisky. With that and our rifles we did not want for provender.

At length, on the fourth day, we came to an upland, or rolling prairie as we call it, from the top of which we had a view that made our hearts leap for joy. A lovely strip of land lay before us, bounded at the further end by

a forest of evergreen oaks, honey locusts, and catalpas. Towards the north was a good ten mile of prairie; on the right hand a wood of cotton-trees, and on the left the forest in which you now are. We decided at once that we should find no better place than this to fix ourselves; and we went back to tell Asa and the others of our discovery, and to show them the way to it. Asa and one of his brothers returned with us, bringing part of our traps. They were as pleased with the place as we were, and we went back again to fetch the rest. But it was no easy matter to bring our plunder and the women and children through the forests and swamps. We had to cut paths through the thickets, and to make bridges and rafts to cross the creeks and marshes. After ten days' labour, however, and with the help of our axes, we were at our journey's end.

We began directly clearing and cutting down trees, and in three weeks we had built a loghouse, and were able to lie down to rest without fear of being disturbed by the wolves or catamounts. We built two more houses, so as to have one for each two families, and then set to work to clear the land. We had soon shaped out a couple of fields, a ten-acre one for maize, and another half the size for tobacco. These we began to dig and hoe; but the ground was hard, and though we all worked like slaves, we saw there was nothing to be made of it without ploughing. A ploughshare we had, and a plough was easily made—but horses were wanting: so Asa and I took fifty dollars, which was all the money we had amongst us, and set out to explore the country forty miles round, and endeavour to meet with somebody who would sell us a couple of horses, and two or three cows. Not a clearing or settlement did we find, however, and at last we returned discouraged, and again began digging. On the very first day after our return, as we were toiling away in the field, a trampling of horses was heard, and four men mounted, and followed by a couple of wolf-hounds, came cantering over the prairie. It struck us that this would be a famous chance for buying a pair of horses, and Asa went to meet them, and invited them to alight and refresh themselves. At the same time we

took our rifles, which were always lying beside us when we worked in the fields, and advanced towards the strangers. But when they saw our guns, they put spurs to their horses and rode off to a greater distance. Asa called out to them not to fear, for our rifles were to use against bears and wolves and Redskins, and not against Christian men. Upon this, down they came again; we brought out a calambash of real Monongahela; and after they had taken a dram, they got off their horses, and came in and ate some venison, which the women set before them. They were Creoles, half Spanish, half French, with a streak of the Injun; and they spoke a sort of gibberish not easy to understand. But Asa, who had served in Lafayette's division in the time of the war, knew French well; and when they had eaten and drunk, he began to make a bargain with them for two of their horses.

It was easy to see they were not the sort of men with whom decent folk could trade. First they would, then they wouldn't: which horses did we want, and what would we give. We offered them thirty-five dollars for their two best horses—and a heavy price it was, for at that time money was scarce in the settlements. They wanted forty, but at last took the thirty-five; and after getting three parts drunk upon taffia, which they asked for to wet the bargain as they said, they mounted two upon each of the remaining horses and rode away.

We now got on famously with our fields, and soon sowed fifteen acres of maize and tobacco, and then began clearing another ten-acre field. We were one day hard at work at this, when one of my boys came running to us, crying out, "Father! Father! The Redskins!" We snatched up our rifles and hastened to the top of the little rising ground on which our houses were built, and thence we saw, not Injuns, but fourteen or fifteen Creoles, galloping towards our clearing, halloing and huzzaing like mad. When they were within fifty yards of us, Asa stepped forward to meet them. As soon as they saw him one of them called out, "There is the thief! There is the man who stole my brown horse!" Asa made no answer to this, but waited till they came nearer, when one of them rode up to him and asked who was the chief in the settlement.

"There is no chief here," answered Asa; "we are all equals and free citizens."

"You have stolen a horse from our friend Monsieur Croupier," replied the other. "You must give it up."

"Is that all?" said Asa quietly.

"No: you must show us by what right you hunt on this territory."

"Yes," cried half a dozen others, "we'll have no strangers on our hunting-grounds; the bears and caguars are getting scarcer than ever, and as for buffaloes, they are clean exterminated." And all the time they were talking, they kept leaping and galloping about like madmen.

"The sooner the bears and caguars are killed the better," said Asa. "The land is not for dumb brutes, but for men."

The Creoles, however, persisted that we had no right to hunt where we were, and swore we should go away. Then Asa asked them what right they had to send us away. This seemed to embarrass them, and they muttered and talked together; so that it was easy to see there was no magistrate or person in authority amongst them, but that they were a party of fellows who had come in hopes to frighten us. At last they said they should inform the governor, and the commandant at Natchitoches, and the Lord knows who besides, that we had come and squatted ourselves down here, and built houses, and cleared fields, and all without right or permission; and that then we might look out. So Asa began to lose patience, and told them they might all go to the devil, and that, if they were not off soon, he should be apt to hasten their movements.

"I must have my horse back," screamed the Creole whom they called Croupier.

"You shall," replied Asa, "both of them, if you return the five-and-thirty dollars."

"It was only fifteen dollars," cried the lying Creole.

Upon this Asa called to us, and we stepped out from amongst the cotton-trees, behind which we had been standing all the while; and when the Creoles saw us, each with his rifle on his arm, they seemed rather confused, and drew back a little.

"Here are my comrades," said Asa, "who will all bear witness, that the horses were sold at the prices of twenty

dollars for the one and fifteen for the other. And if any one says the contrary, he says that which is not true."

"*Larifari!*" roared Croupier. "You shan't stop here to call us liars, and spoil our hunting-ground, and build houses on our land. His excellency the governor shall be told of it, and the commandant at Natchitoches, and you shall be driven away." And the other Creoles, who, while Asa was speaking, appeared to be getting more quiet and reasonable, now became madder than ever, and shrieked, and swore, and galloped backwards and forwards, brandishing their fowling-pieces like wild Injuns, and screaming out that we should leave the country, the game wasn't too plenty for them, and suchlike. At length Asa and the rest of us got angry, and called out to them to take themselves off or they would be sorry for it; and when they saw us bringing our rifles to our shoulders, they put spurs to their horses, and galloped away to a distance of some five hundred yards. There they halted, and set up such a screeching as almost deafened us, fired off some of their old rusty guns, and then rode away. We all laughed at their bragging and cowardice, except Asa, who looked thoughtful.

"I fear some harm will come of this," said he. "Those fellows will go talking about us in their own country; and if it gets to the ears of the governors or commanding-officers that we have settled down on their territory, they will be sending troops to dislodge us."

Asa's words made us reflect, and we held counsel together as to what was best to be done. I proposed that we should build a blockhouse on the Indian mound to defend ourselves in if we were attacked.

"Yes," said Asa; but we are only six; and they may send hundreds against us.

"Very true," said I; "but if we have a strong blockhouse on the top of the mound, that is as good as sixty, and we could hold out against a hundred Spanish musketeers. And it's my notion, that if we give up such a handsome bit of ground as we have cleared here without firing a shot, we deserve to have our rifles broken before our faces."

Asa, however, did not seem altogether satisfied. It was easy to see he was

thinking of the women and children. Then said Asa's wife, Rachel, "I calculate," said she, "that Nathan, although he is my brother, and I oughtn't to say it, has spoke like the son of his father, who would have let himself be scalped ten times over before he would have given up such an almighty beautiful piece of land. And what's more, Asa, I for one won't go back up the omnipotent dirty Mississippi; and that's a fact."

"But if a hundred Spanish soldiers come," said Asa, "and I reckon they will come?"

"Build the blockhouse, man, to defend yourselves; and when our people up at Salt River and Cumberland hear that the Spaniards are quarreling with us, I guess they won't keep their hands crossed before them."

So, seeing us all, even the women, so determined, Asa gave in to our way of thinking, and the very same day we began the blockhouse you see before you. The walls were all of young cypress-trees, and we would fain have roofed it with the same wood; but the smallest of the cypresses were five or six feet thick, and it was no easy matter to split them. So we were obliged to use fir, which, when it is dried by a few days' sun, burns like tinder. But we little thought when we did so, what sorrow those cursed fir planks would bring us.

When all was ready, well and solidly nailed and hammered together, we made a chimney, so that the women might cook if necessary, and then laid in a good store of hams and dried bear's flesh, filled the meal and whisky tubs, and the water-casks, and brought our plough and what we had most valuable into the blockhouse. We then planted the palisades, securing them strongly in the ground, and to each other, so that it might not be easy to tear them up. We left, as you see, a space of five yards between the stockade and the house, so that we might have room to move about in. It would be necessary for an enemy to take the palisades before he could do any injury to the house itself, and we reckoned that with six good rifles in such hands as ours, it would require a pretty many Spanish musketeers to drive us from our outer defences.

In six weeks all was ready; all our tools and rations, except what we wanted for daily use, carried into the fort,

and we stood contemplating the work of our hands with much satisfaction. Asa was the only one who seemed cast down.

"I've a notion," said he, "this blockhouse will be a bloody one before long; and what's more, I guess it will be the blood of one of us that'll red- den it. I've a sort of feelin' of it, and of who it'll be."

"Pho! Asa, what notions be these! Keep a light heart, man."

And Asa seemed to cheer up again, and the next day we returned to working in the fields; but as we were not using the horses, one of us went every morning to patrol ten or twelve miles backwards and forwards, just for precaution's sake. At night two of us kept watch, relieving one another, and patrolling about the neighbourhood of our clearing.

One morning we were working in the bush and circling trees, when Righteous rode up full gallop.

"They're coming!" cried he; "a hundred of them at least."

"Are they far off?" said Asa, quite quietly, and as if he had been talking of a herd of deer.

"They are coming over the prairie. In less than half an hour they will be here."

"How are they marching? With van and rear guard? In what order?"

"No order at all, but all of a heap together."

"Good!" said Asa; "they can know little about bush-fighting or soldiering of any kind. Now then, the women into the blockhouse."

Righteous galloped up to our fort, to be there first in case the enemy should find it out. The women soon followed, carrying what they could with them. When we were all in the blockhouse, we pulled up the ladder, made the gate fast, and there we were.

We felt strange at first when we found ourselves shut up inside the palisades, and only able to look out through the slits we had left for our rifles. We weren't used to be confined in a place, and it made us right-down wolfish. There we remained, however, as still as mice. Scarce a whisper was to be heard. Rachel tore up old shirts and greased them, for wadding for the guns; we changed our flints, and fixed every thing about the rifles properly, while the women sharpened our knives and axes all in silence.

Nearly an hour had passed in this way when we heard a shouting and screaming, and a few musket-shots; and we saw through our loopholes some Spanish soldiers running backwards and forwards on the crest of the slope on which our houses stood. Suddenly a great pillar of smoke arose, then a second, then a third.

"God be good to us!" cried Rachel, "they are burning our houses." We were all trembling and quite pale with rage. Harkye, stranger, when men have been slaving and sweating for four or five months to build houses for their wives and for the poor worms of children, and then a parcel of devils from hell come and burn them down like maize-stalks in a stubble-field, it is no wonder that their teeth should grind together, and their fists clench of themselves. So it was with us; but we said nothing, for our rage would not let us speak. But presently as we strained our eyes through the loopholes, the Spaniards showed themselves at the opening of the forest yonder, coming towards the blockhouse. We tried to count them, but at first it was impossible, for they came on in a crowd without any order. They thought lightly enough of those they were seeking, or they would have been more prudent. However, when they came within five hundred paces, they formed ranks, and we were able to count them. There were eighty-two foot soldiers with muskets and carbines, and three officers on horseback, with drawn swords in their hands. The latter dismounted, and their example was followed by seven other horsemen, amongst whom we recognised three of the rascally Creoles who had brought all this trouble upon us. He they called Croupier was among them. The other four were also Creoles, Acadians or Canadians, a race whom we had already met with on the Upper Mississippi, fine hunters, but wild, drunken, debauched barbarians.

The Acadians were coming on in front, and they set up a whoop when they saw the blockhouse and stockade; but finding that we were prepared to receive them, they retreated upon the main body. We saw them speaking to the officers as if advising them; but the latter shook their heads, and the soldiers continued moving on. They were in uniforms of all colours, blue, white, and brown, but each man dirtier

than his neighbour. They marched in good order, nevertheless, the captain and officers coming on in front, and the Acadians keeping on the flanks. The latter, however, edged gradually off towards the cotton-trees, and presently disappeared amongst them.

"Those are the first men to frick off," said Asa, when he saw this manoeuvre of the Creoles. "They have steady hands and sharp eyes; but if we once get rid of them we need not mind the others."

The Spaniards were now within an hundred yards of us.

"Shall I let fly at the thieving incendiaries?" said Righteous.

"God forbid!" replied Asa. "We will defend ourselves like men; but let us wait till we are attacked, and the blood that is shed will lie at the door of the aggressors."

The Spaniards now saw plainly that they would have to take the stockade before they could get at us, and the officers seemed consulting together.

"Halt!" cried Asa, suddenly.

"Messieurs les Americains," said the captain, looking up at our loopholes.

"What's your pleasure?" demanded Asa.

Upon this the captain stuck a dirty pocket-handkerchief upon the point of his sword, and laughing with his officers, moved some twenty paces forward, followed by the troops. Thereupon Asa again shouted to him to halt.

"This is not according to the customs of war," said he. "The flag of truce may advance, but if it is accompanied, we fire."

It was evident that the Spaniards never dreamed of our attempting to resist them; for there they stood in line before us, and, if we had fired, every shot must have told. The Acadians, who kept themselves all this time snug behind the cotton-trees, called more than once to the captain to withdraw his men into the wood; but he only shook his head contemptuously. When, however, he heard Asa threaten to fire, he looked puzzled, and as if he thought it just possible we might do as we said. He ordered his men to halt, and called out to us not to fire till he had explained what they came for.

"Then cut it short," cried Asa

sternly. "You'd have done better to explain before you burned down our houses, like a pack of Mohawks on the war path."

As he spoke, three bullets whistled from the edge of the forest, and struck the stockades within a few inches of the loophole at which he stood. They were fired by the Creoles, who, although they could not possibly distinguish Asa, had probably seen his rifle barrel or one of his buttons glitter through the opening. As soon as they had fired, they sprang behind their trees again, craning their heads forward to hear if there was a groan or a cry. They'd have done better to have kept quiet; for Righteous and I caught a sight of them, and let fly at the same moment. Two of them fell and rolled from behind the trees, and we saw that they were the Creole called Croupier, and another of our horse-dealing friends.

When the Spanish officer heard the shots, he ran back to his men, and shouted out "Forward! To the assault!" They came on like mad a distance of thirty paces, and then, as if they thought we were wild-geese to be frightened by their noise, they fired a volley against the blockhouse.

"Now then!" cried Asa, "are you loaded, Nathan and Righteous? I take the captain—you, Nathan, the lieutenant—Righteous, the third officer—James, the sergeant. Mark your men, and waste no powder."

The Spaniards were still some sixty yards off, but we were sure of our mark at a hundred and sixty, and that if they had been squirrels instead of men. We fired: the captain and lieutenant, the third officer, two sergeants, and another man writhed for an instant upon the grass. The next moment they stretched themselves out—dead.

All was now confusion among the musketeers, who ran in every direction. Most of them took to the wood, but about a dozen remained and lifted up their officers to see if there was any spark of life left in them.

"Load again, quick!" said Asa in a low voice. We did so, and six more Spaniards tumbled over. Those who still kept their legs now ran off as if the soles of their shoes had been of red-hot iron.

We set to work to pick out our touchholes and clean our rifles, knowing that we might not have time later,

and that a single miss-fire might cost us all our lives. We then loaded, and began to calculate what the Spaniards would do next. It is true they had lost their officers; but there were five Acadians with them, and those were the men we had most cause to fear. Meantime the vultures and turkey-buzzards had already begun to assemble, and presently hundreds of them were circling and hovering over the carcasses, which they as yet, however, feared to touch.

Just then Righteous, who had the sharpest eye amongst us all, pointed to the corner of the wood, yonder where it joins the brushwood thicket. I made a sign to Asa, and we all looked and saw there was something creeping and moving through the underwood. Presently we distinguished two Acadians heading a score of Spaniards, and endeavouring, under cover of the bushes, to steal across the open ground to the east side of the forest.

"The Acadians for you, Nathan and Righteous, the Spaniards for us," said Asa. The next moment two Acadians and four Spaniards lay bleeding in the brushwood. But the bullets were scarce out of our rifles when a third Acadian, whom we had not seen, started up. "Now's the time," shouted he, "before they have loaded again. Follow me! we will have their blockhouse yet." And he sprang across followed by the Spaniards. We gnashed our teeth with rage at not having seen the Acadian.

There were still three of these fellows alive, who had now taken command of the Spaniards. Although we had shot a score of our enemies, those who remained were more than ten to one of us, and we were even worse off than at first, for then they were all together, and now we had them on each side of us. But we did not let ourselves be discouraged, although we could not help feeling that the odds against us were fearfully great.

We now had to keep a sharp lookout; for if one of us showed himself at a loophole, a dozen bullets rattled about his ears. There were many shot-holes through the palisades, which were covered with white streaks where the splinters had been torn off by the lead. The musketeers had spread themselves all along the edge of the forest, and had learned by experience to keep close

to their cover. We now and then got a shot at them and killed four or five, but it was slow work, and the time seemed very long.

Suddenly the Spaniards set up a loud shout. At first we could not make out what was the matter, but presently we heard a hissing and crackling on the roof of the blockhouse. They had wrapped tow round their cartridges, and one of the shots had set light to the fir-boards. Just as we found it out, they gave three more hurras, and we saw the dry planks beginning to flame, and the fire to spread.

"We must put that out and at once," said Asa, "if we don't wish to be roasted alive. Some one must get up the chimney with a bucket of water. I'll go myself."

"Let me go, Asa," said Righteous.

"You stop here. It don't matter who goes. The thing will be done in a minute."

He put a chair on a table and got upon it, and then seizing a bar which was fixed across the chimney to hang hams upon, he drew himself up by his arms, and Rachel handed him a pail of water. All this time the flame was burning brighter, and the Spaniards getting louder in their rejoicings and hurras. Asa stood upon the bar, and raising the pail above his head, poured the water out of the chimney upon the roof.

"More to the left, Asa," said Righteous; "the fire is strongest more to the left."

"Tarnation seize it!" cried Asa, "I can't see. Hand me up another pailful."

We did so; and when he had got it, he put his head out at the top of the chimney to see where the fire was, and threw the water over the exact spot. But at the very moment that he did so the report of a dozen muskets was heard.

"Ha!" cried Asa in an altered voice, "I have it." And the hams and bucket came tumbling down the chimney, and Asa after them all covered with blood.

"In God's name, man, are you hurt?" cried Rachel.

"Hush! wife," replied Asa; "keep quiet. I have enough for the rest of my life, which will not be long: but never mind, lads; defend yourselves well, and don't fire two at the same

man. Save your lead, for you will want it all. Promise me that."

"Asa! my beloved Asa!" shrieked Rachel; "if you die, I shall die too."

"Silence! foolish woman; and our child, and the one yet unborn! Hark! I hear the Spaniards! Defend yourselves, and, Nathan, be a father to my children."

I had barely time to press his hand and make him the promise he wished. The Spaniards, who had doubtless guessed our loss, rushed like mad wolves up to the mound, twenty on one side, and upwards of thirty on the other.

"Steady!" cried I. "Righteous, here with me; and you, Rachel, show yourself worthy to be Hiram Strong's daughter, and Asa's wife; load this rifle for me while I fire my own."

"O God! O God!" cried Rachel, "the hellhounds have murdered my Asa!"

She clasped her husband's body in her arms, and there was no getting her away. I felt sad enough myself, but there was scanty time for grieving; for a party of Spaniards, headed by one of the Acadians, was close up to the mound on the side which I was defending. I shot the Acadian; but another, the sixth, and last but one, took his place. "Rachel!" cried I, "the rifle, for God's sake, the rifle! a single bullet may save all our lives."

But no Rachel came, and the Acadian and Spaniards, who, from the cessation of our fire, guessed that we were either unloaded, or had expended our ammunition, now sprang forward, and by climbing, and scrambling, and getting on one another's shoulders, managed to scale the side of the mound, almost perpendicular as you see it is. And in a minute the Acadian and half a dozen Spaniards, with axes, were chopping away at the palisades, and severing the wattles which bound them together. To give the devil his due, if there had been only three like that Acadian, it would have been all up with us. He handled his axe like a real backwoodsman; but the Spaniards wanted either the skill or the strength of arm, and they made little impression. There were only Righteous and myself to oppose them; for, on the other side, a dozen more soldiers, with the seventh of those cursed Acadians, were attacking the stockade.

Righteous shot down one of the Spaniards; but just as he had done so the Acadian tore up a palisade by the

roots, (how he did it I know not to this hour, there must have been a stump remaining on it,) held it with the wattles and branches hanging round it like a shield before him, guarding off a blow I aimed at him, then hurled it against me with such force that I staggered backwards, and he sprang past me. I thought it was all over with us. It is true that Righteous, with the butt of his rifle, split the skull of the first Spaniard who entered, and drove his hunting-knife into the next; but the Acadian alone was man enough to give us abundant occupation, now he had got in our rear. Just then there was a crack of a rifle, the Acadian gave a leap into the air and fell dead, and at the same moment my son Godsend, a boy of ten years old, sprang forward, Asa's rifle in his hand still smoking from muzzle and touchhole. The glorious boy had loaded the piece when he saw that Rachel did not do it, and in the very nick of time had shot the Acadian through the heart. This brought me to myself again, and with axe in one hand and knife in the other, I rushed in among the Spaniards, hacking and hewing right and left. It was a real butchery, which lasted a good quarter of an hour; but then the Spaniards got sick of it, and would have done so sooner had they known that their leader was shot. At last they jumped off the mound and ran away, such of them as could. Righteous and I put the palisade in its place again, securing it as well as we could, and then, telling my boy to keep watch, ran over to the other side, where a desperate fight was going on.

Three of our party, assisted by the women, were defending the stockade against a score of Spaniards, who kept poking their bayonets between the palisades, till all our people were wounded and bleeding. But Rachel had now recovered from her first grief at her husband's death, or rather it had turned to a feeling of revenge, and there she was, like a raging tigress, seizing the bayonets as they were thrust through the stockade, and wrenching them off the muskets, and sometimes pulling the muskets themselves out of the soldiers' hands. But all this struggling had loosened the palisades, and there were one or two openings in them through which the thin-bodied Spaniards, pushed on by their comrades, were able to pass. Just as we came

up, two of these copper-coloured Dons had squeezed themselves through, without their muskets, but with their short sabres in their hands. They are active dangerous fellows those Spaniards in a hand-to-hand tussle. One of them sprang at me, and if it had not been for my hunting-knife, I was done for, for I had no room to swing my axe; but as he came on I hit him a blow with my fist, which knocked him down, and then ran my knife into him, and jumping over his body snatched a musket out of Rachel's hand, and began laying about me with the but-end of it. I was sorry not to have my rifle, which was handier than those heavy Spanish muskets. The women were now in the way—we hadn't room for so many—so I called out to them to get into the blockhouse and load the rifles. There was still another Acadian alive, and I knew that the fight wouldn't end till he was done for. But while we were fighting, Godsend and the women loaded the rifles, and, brought them out, and firing through the stockade, killed three or four, and, as luck would have it, the Acadian was amongst them. So when the Spaniards, who are just like hounds, and only come on if led and encouraged, saw that their leader had fallen, they sprang off the mound, with a 'Carajo! Malditos!' and ran away as if a shell had burst amongst them."

The old squatter paused and drew a deep breath. He had forgotten his usual drawl and deliberation, and had become animated and eager while describing the stirring incidents in which he had borne so active a part. When he had taken breath, he continued.

"I couldn't say how long the fight lasted; it seemed short, we were so busy, and yet long, deadly long. It is no joke to have to defend one's life, and the lives of those one loves best, against fourscore bloodthirsty Spaniards, and that with only half a dozen rifles for arms, and a few palisades for shelter. When it was over we were so dog-tired that we fell down where we were, like overdriven oxen, and without minding the blood which lay like water on the ground. Seven Spaniards and two Acadians were lying dead within the stockade. We ourselves were all wounded and hacked about, some with knife-stabs and sabre-cuts, others with musket-shots; ugly wounds enough, some of them, but none mortal. If the Spaniards had returned to the attack they

would have made short work of us; for as soon as we left off fighting and our blood cooled, we became stiff and helpless. But now came the women with rags and bandages, and washed our wounds and bound them up, and we dragged ourselves into the blockhouse, and lay down upon our mattresses of dry leaves. And Godsend loaded the rifles and a dozen Spanish muskets that were lying about, to be in readiness for another attack, and the women kept watch while we slept. But the Spaniards had had enough, and we saw no more of them. Only the next morning, when Jonas went down the ladder to reconnoitre, he found thirty dead and several others dying, and a few wounded, who begged hard for a drink of water, for that their comrades had deserted them. We got them up into the blockhouse, and had their wounds dressed, and after a time they were cured and left us."

"And were you never after attacked again?" said I. "I wonder at your courage in remaining here after becoming aware of the dangers you were exposed to."

"We reckoned we had more right than ever to the land after all the blood it had cost us, and then the news of the fight had got carried into the settlements, and up as far as Salt River; and some of our friends and kinsfolk came down to join us, and there were soon enough of us not to care for twice as many Spaniards as we had beaten off before."

While he was speaking the old squatter descended the ladder, and led us out of the forest and over the ridge of a low hill, on the side of which stood a dozen loghouses, which cast their black shadows on the moonlit slope. We found a rough but kind welcome—few words, but plenty of good cheer—and we made acquaintance with the heroes and heroines of the blockhouse siege, and with their sons and daughters, buxom strapping damsels and fine manly lads, Yankees though they were. I have often enjoyed a softer bed, but never a sounder sleep than that night.

The next day our horses were brought round from the swamp, and we took our departure; but as hardships, however painful to endure, are pleasant to look back upon, so have I often thought with pleasure of our adventures in the prairies, and recurred with the strongest interest to old Nathan's thrilling narrative of the Bloody Blockhouse.

COMMERCIAL POLICY—EUROPE.

THE land absolutely groans under over-material-production of every sort and degree, as on all hands is now acknowledged. The foundations of Manchester tremble under the ponderous piles of Cobden's calicoes, in Cobden's warehouses, ever, like the liver of Prometheus, undiminished, though daily devoured by the vulture of consumption. The sight of the Pelion upon Ossa, accumulated masses of pig upon bar iron, immovable as the cloud-capped Waen and Dowlais of Merthyr Tydvil themselves, should almost generate burning fever, intense enough, among the unfortunate though too sanguine producers, to smelt all the ironstone in the bowels of South Wales, without the aid of furnace or hot blast. Broad cloths, though encumbering cloth halls, are ceasing all over the earth—so say, at least, the Leeds anti-corn-law sages. Loads of lineus, as Marshall proclaims, are sinking his mammoth mills; not to lengthen the lamentable list with the sorrows of silks, of cutlery, crockery, and all other commodities, the created or impelled of the mighty steam power that by turns prospers and prostrates us. As the crowning point, the monstrous grievance of all, comes the cramming over-production of food, farinaceous and animal, under which the overfed stomach of the country is afflicted with nightmare, as we learn on the unimpeachable authority of that wisest and most infallible of all one-idea'd nostrummongers, the immortal Cobden himself.*

Vast and overwhelming, however, as the ills which follow in the train of over-producing power, in the world material and manufacturing, they sink into utter insignificance—for magnitude, they are as Highgate Hill to sky-enveloped Chimborazo of eternal snow—in comparison with that crushing crush, that prodigious overflow,

of charlatanic genius, in the world physical and spiritual, which blocks up every highway and byway, swarms in every circle, roars in every marketplace, or thunders in each senate of the realm. There is not one ill which flesh is heir to, which this race original cannot kill or cure. Whilst bleeding the patient to death, Sangrado like, and sacking the fees, they will greet him right courteously with *Viva V. milanoso*—live a thousand years, and not one less of the allotted number. Whilst drenching the body politic with Reform purge, or, with slashing tomahawk, inflicting Repeal gashes, they bid the prostrate and panting state subject rejoice over the wondrous dispatch with which its parts can be dismembered, the arithmetical accuracy with which its financial plethora can be depleted. Eccentric in its motions and universal in its aspirations, for the genius of this age no conception is too mean, no subject too intricate, no enterprise too rash, no object too sacred. It will condescend with equal readiness upon torturing a pauper, fleecing the farmer, robbing a church, or undertaking "the command of the Channel fleet at a moment's notice." With Mr Secretary Chadwick, schooled in police courts, it will metamorphose workhouse asylums for the destitute into parish prisons, with "locks, bolts, and bars," for the safe keeping of unfortunate outcasts found guilty of the felony of pauperism. With Dr Kay Shuttleworth and the privy council, when the masses want bread, it will invite to the "whistle-belly" feast of roaring in *andante*, or dissolving in *piano*, in full choral concert mobs at Exeter Hall; it will induct into the new gipsy jargon scheme of education at Norwood, where the scholar is introduced to the process of analysis before he has learned to read and almost to articu-

* See *Morning Chronicle's* report of an anti-corn-law farce called by himself at Uxbridge or Aylesbury, or elsewhere, which is not important, as the fact is vouched for. In answer to a query from a worthy farmer, "to what cause he attributed the present depressed state of agriculture?" Cobden unhesitatingly replied, "to over-production." Cross-questioning of this kind would speedily prove the emptiness and ignorance of the man.

late; or the miserables initiated into the elements of the linear, the curve, and the perspective in drawing, whose eyeballs are glaring in quest of the perspective of a loaf. Oh! genius profound, and forecasting of privy council philanthropy and utilitarian wisdom; more exquisite of refinement than Nero, who only fiddled when Rome was blazing and wretches roasting, thou, with the wizen wand of Cockney Hullah charmed with Wilhelm's incantations, canst teach piping voices how to stay craving stomachs; how Kay upon Jacotot may analytically demonstrate that 'fast and feasting' are both but synonymes of one common termination, the difference squared by time alone, and meaning ten or threescore and ten as the case may be. Misery is but a mockery of language after all; for have I not heard it rampant with lungs, and hoarse with disciplined harmony in Exeter Hall, as Hullah cut capers with his tiny truncheon, with Royalty itself, heroic field-m Marshals, and grave ministers of state, in seeming ecstasy at the sleight of hand? Just as I have heard and seen in the *barracones* of Bozal negroes for sale, when, at the crack of the black negro-driver's whip, and not unfrequent application of the lash, the flagging gang of exhausted slavery has ever and again set up that chant of revelry, run mad, and danced that dance of desperation, which was to persuade the atrocious dealers in human flesh how sound of wind and limb they were, and the bystanders how happy.

Think not that charlatanic genius rests content with triumphs even so transcendent as these. It disports itself also in "self-supporting" colonization; it runs riot in the ruin of "penny-postage;" it would be gloriously self-suicidal in abolition of corn-laws and free trade. Nay, as—

"Great genius to great madness is allied."

the genius of these days looks even to St Luke's, like Oxford, as a berth in *dernier ressort*, where a sinecurist may enjoy bed and board at the cost of the state, and as a fair *honorario* for the trouble of concocting a new scheme for raising the wipd, or getting a living. The time may come, and sooth to say, seems drawing near, when Gibbon Wakefield, seated on the woolsack, shall be charged spe-

cially with the guardianship of all the fair wards in Chancery. Wo to infant heiress kidnappers, when a chancellor, more experienced than Rhadamanthus, more sanguineous than Draco, shall have the care of the innocent fold, and come to deal with abduction! In womanly lore, his practice and experience are undoubted; for has he not had the active superintendence, and the arduous task, of transportation of all the womankind, virgin, and matronly as well, exported to New Zealand on account, with other goods and chattels, of that moral corporation, the New Zealand trading and emigration company, which so liberally salaries him with L.600 per annum for the use of his "principle?" Again, who so fitted as the renowned Rowland Hill, the very prig pragmatic of pretension, for the post of Chancellor of the Exchequer, or First Lord of the Treasury if you will? A man who could contrive a scheme for annihilating some two millions of post-office revenue at one stroke, must be qualified beyond all other pretenders for dealing with a bankrupt treasury; for upon the homœopathic principle, the physic which kills is that alone which should cure. The scientific discovery, indeed, is not of the modern date exactly which is assumed; for the poet of ancient Greece, his "eyes in a fine frenzy rolling," must have had homœopathy in view when he sang—

"So Telephus, renown'd of yore, can tell
How cured the fatal spear by which he
fell."

The disinterestedness of Rowland (not he of Roncesvalles, nor even of the honest Macassar oil) need not be doubted, because he claims a large reward for a penny-post scheme, ruinous as it is, utterly unavailable and impracticable, even if as excellent as notoriously prejudicial, but for the really ingenious discovery of the pre-paying stamp system, by a party preferring no title to remuneration, and through which alone, unfortunately, the pretentious project could be practically placed in operation.

Dismissing minor worthies, such as Benjamin Hawes, junior, of the Commission of Fine Arts, selected probably and appropriately from the consideration that home-produced *savonnerie* may lead to clean ideas of taste,

and who, in his own interest, would be a capital Commissioner of Excise; and Bowring, so well qualified to be chairman of a general Board of Commissioner Tourists, from his multifarious practice—come we at last to Cobden, of corn and colonial fame, fiercely struggling with gaunt O'Connell himself for stentorian supremacy—

“Linguae centum sunt, oraque centum,
Ferrea vox.”

Cobden and the colonies! The conjunction is euphoniously alliterative at least, if not a consistent consequence; yet who more fit to perform at the funeral as the undertaker who alone has got the hearse and mutes all ready for the job? Cobden, who has denounced—more still, has passed sentence upon—the colonies, should be the executioner. All hail, therefore, to the Right Hon. Alderman Richard Cobden, M.P., Secretary of State for the Colonial Department—worthy compeer of the Cabinet, where sit Lord Chancellor Gibbon Wakefield, and First Lord of the Treasury Rowland Hill! Rare will be the labours of the trio; the “self-supporting” supported on either hand by a destroying angel.

In the prospective cabinet of *Charlatanerie*, composed *inter alios*, moreover, in addition to the Haweses, the Bowrings, the Brights, the R. R. R. (why does not the man write the names out in full, as Raving, Roaring, Rory) O'Moores, there is, however, already a “split;” the members are each and all *et sixes* and *sevens*; for as each has his own sovereign conceit, so each would rule sovereign over the rest, and bear no rival near the throne. All would be kings, but not in turn. That powerful and sarcastic writer, Paul Louis Courier, depicts the same regiphobia as raging among the Parisian *Charlatanerie* of his day; and with an anxious care for his own reputation and respectability, thus purges himself from contact or connexion with it:—“*Ce qui me distingue de mes contemporains et fait de moi un homme rare dans le siècle où nous vivons, c'est que je ne veux pas être roi, et que j'évite soigneusement tout ce qui pourrait me mener là.*” Chadwick and Cobden are agreed upon pauperizing the whole kingdom; but the former insists upon keeping the paupers in bastiles, whilst the latter re-

quires them in cotton manufactories; both are agreed upon the propriety of reducing the labouring classes to diet less of quantity and coarser of quality, by which the rates of wages are, and are to be, ground down: but Chadwick naturally insists, that to new poor-laws the post of honour should be assigned in the work of desolation; whilst Cobden, though acknowledging their efficient co-operation as a means to an end, and their priority as first in the field, fiercely contends for the greater aristocratical pretensions and more thoroughgoing operation of corn-law abolition. The Wakefield “self-supporting” colonial specific comes into collision, moreover, with Cobden's “perish all colonies.” Kay Shuttleworth vaunts the superiority above all of his analytical schemes for training little children at Norwood to construe, for after age,—

“The days that we went gipsying a long
time ago;”

whilst Hullah simpers forth, in softest accents of Cockaigne, the superlative claim of choral shows in Exeter Hall—

“That roar again, it had a dying fall.
Oh! it came o'er my ear like the rude
north,

That bursts upon a bank of violets.”

Bowring and Hume did, certes, pull together once in the matter of Greek scrip; but, *Arcades ambo* no longer, the worthy doctor turned anti-slavery monger, whilst Joseph, more honest in the main, cares not two straws whether his sugar be slave-grown or free, excepting as to the greater cheapness of the one or the other. So also with Hawes, never yet pardoned by the financiering economist of “cheese parings and candle ends” for the splendid Thames tunnel job, and £200,000 of the public money at one fell swoop. These people range under the generic head *Charlatanerie*, as of the distinct species classified as *farceurs* according to the French nomenclature. For other species, and diversities of species, of a lower scale, but of capacity to ascend into the higher order with time and opportunity, the daily papers may be usefully consulted under the headings devoted to the “pill” specific line—*pildoras para en contra ar perros*, as the Spanish *saynete* has it.

Happily the country need never de-

spair of salvation, even should the cabinet prospective of *farceurs* fall to pieces, for there yet remain two species of a genus taking higher rank in the social system; species that really have a root, a name, and pretensions hereditary or legitimately acquired. These each affect philosophy, and represent it too; they of the caste hereditary in *grande tenue*, they of the new men with much pompous parade of words, and all the Delphic mystics of the schools. They are none of your journeymen—your everyday spouters—in the Commons or common places. They exhibit only on state occasions, after solemn midnight preparation made; their intended movements are duly heralded beforehand; their approach announced with a flourish of trumpets. They carry on a vast wordy traffic in “great principles;” they condescend upon nothing less than the overthrow or manufacture of “constitutions”—in talk. The big swagger about “great principles” eventuates, however, in denouncing by speech from the throne repeal as high treason, and O’Connell the repealer as a traitor to the state; and next, with cap in hand, and most mendicant meanness, supplicating the said traitor—denounced—repealing O’Connell, to deign acceptance of one of the highest offices in the realm. Their practice in the “constitution” line consists in annihilating rotten borough A because it is Tory; in conserving rotten borough B because it is Whig. The grand characteristic of each species is—*vox et preterea nihil*. Need I further proclaim them and their titles? In the order of Parisian organization they stand as *faiseurs* and *phraseurs*. You can make no mistake about the personality ranged under each banner; they are as perfectly distinguishable each from the other, though even knit in close and indissoluble alliance, as Grand Crosses of the Bath from Knights of the Garter. At the head of the *faiseurs* you have Lord John Russell, Lord Viscount Palmerston, and Lord Viscount Howick. You have only to see them rise in the House of Commons—Lord John, to wit—

“Pride in his port, defiance in his eye”—

to be led into the belief that

——— “Now is the day
Big with the fate of Cato and of Rome.”

The physical swell of conscious consequence—the eye-distended “wide awake” insinuation of the inconceivable, unutterable things—the grand sentiments about to be outpoured—hold you in silent wonderment and expectation. You conceive nothing less, than either that the world is about to come to an end, or the *millennium* declared to be the “order of the day.” You imagine that the orator will lose self and party in his country. Nothing of all this follows, however. You have some commonplaces, perhaps common truisms, some undefined, mean-all-or-nothing, declamation about “constitution” and “principles,” by way of exordium; for the rest, Rome is sunk as if it existed not; down to the peroration it is all about Cato himself, and his little Whig party about him.

——— “Parturiunt montes,
Nascitur ridiculus mus.”

Chief of the *phraseurs* stand Mr Babington Macaulay and Mr Lalor Shiel, the peculiarity of whose craft—a profitable craft of late years—consists in furbishing up old ideas into new and euphonious forms of speech. Of the one it may be said, that

——— “He could not open
His mouth, but out there flew a trope.”

The other more finished leader of the class mystifies you with metaphysics, half conned and unmastered by himself—more anxious still to make his points than to please his party; and, of the two, would rather sink his country than his climax. He is a rhetorician, a dealer in set phraseology, an ingenious gatherer and polisher of “other men’s stuff.” Of the *faiseurs*, may be repeated what Marshal Marmont, in his *Voyage en Hongrie, en Transylvanie, &c.*, says of the *faiseurs* of Paris—“*Subjugués par le gout et cette manie d’uniformité absolue, qui est la maladie de l’époque, et qui résulte de principes abstraits, dont l’application est presque toujours funeste aux peuples qui l’éprouvent, ils ignoraient combien il est dans la nature des choses et dans le bien des nations de modifier l’organisation sociale suivant le temps, les lieux, suivant le plus ou moins grand degré de civilisation, et d’après mille circonstances, qui ne peuvent être prévues d’avance, mais que le législateur capable apprécie au moment où il est appelé à fonder la société.*” On the cession of

the Illyrian provinces, by Austria, after the battle of Wagram, the *faiseurs*, or abstract principle men, of Paris, were prompt with their plans, not for "constitutions"—Bonaparte had put an end to that branch of their *métier*—but for reorganizing the laws, administration, &c., of Transylvania *de fond en comble*, without knowing any thing of the people or country, without having seen either the one or the other. Marmont, appointed governor of the ceded provinces, who had studied on the spot the institutions established by Austria, found these so perfect and well adapted to the genius and inclination of the population, and the purposes of government, that he opposed the *faiseurs* with success, and, by his representations, induced Bonaparte to confirm and act upon what existed.

This immense agglomeration, this monstrous over-production of the tribes of *farceurs*, *faiseurs*, and *phraseurs* is a misfortune of the first magnitude—a pest worse than that of the locusts which lay waste the land of Egypt, as here the substance of the people is devoured. Conflagrations may, and do, occasionally diminish the number of cotton-mills, and lighten the warehoused accumulation of cottons, or other inert matter; but no lucky plague, pestilence, or cholera, comes to thin the crowded phalanx, and rid this empire of some portion of the interminable brood of mongers of all shapes and sizes. As Horace says—

" 'Tis hard, but patience must endure
And bear the woes it cannot cure."

And now, leaving this discursive preliminary sketch, the length of which was unpremeditated, of the leading influences which are fast hurrying to social disorganization, it is time that once more we stand face to face with the one disorganizing doctrine of *one-sided free trade*; with the banner on which the *phraseurs* and *farceurs* have inscribed the cabalistic devices, in flaming characters—"Leave the imports alone, the exports will take care of themselves;" and, "A fixed duty is a fixed injustice." One might be tempted to believe the first borrowed from the armorial bearings of Lord Huntingtower's "bill" friends, whose motto

is, or should be—"Leave the fools alone, and the knaves will take care of themselves;" the second is clearly no better than a petty-larceny paraphrase of Newgate felony, in whose code of duties it stands decreed, from all time, that "a fixed law is a fixed despotism."

The history of industry and commerce in every country, from the most ancient down to modern times, gives the lie to these pertly pretending truisms; for there is scarcely one branch of manufacture to be named which does not owe its rise, progress, and perfection, to the protective or financial, or both combined, control exercised over imports. If we look at home only, where, we ask, would the woollen manufacture be now, but for the early laws restrictive of the importation of foreign woollens, nay more, restrictive of the export of British fleeces with which the manufactories of Belgium were alimented? Where the cotton trade, even with all Arkwright and Crompton's inventions of mule and throstle frames, and the steam-engine wonders of Watt, but for the importation tax of 87 per cent with which the cotton manufactures of India were weighted and finally crushed? Where the British iron mines and the iron trade, now so pre-eminent over all the world, but for the heavy import duties with which the iron of Swedish, Russian, or other foreign origin was loaded? And so also, may it be asked, in respect to almost all industry and production. If, as contended, the woollen, cotton, and iron industries would not only have been created, but much more largely have flourished, without the aids and appliances of friendly tariffs, the one-sided free traders are, at least, bound to something more potential than mere assertion and idle declamation in support of the vague allegation. They have the evidence of facts patent and abundant to confront and gainsay them; they shall have more; but is there to be no reciprocation of facts counter? Is the evidence and the argument to remain all on one side, and on the other nothing but wordy nothingness—

"Dat inania verba,
Dat sine mente sonum."

Where are the unknown lands of factories and furnaces, of puddling and

power looms, of steam-engines and blowing machines, all self-created and "self-supporting," scorning the crutches of patronage, and high-mounted on the stilts of free, or one-sided free trade? Either they exist in the shape of matter tangible and substantial; or they exist not except as *chateaux en Espagne* are dreamt of, or as bubbles blown and chased by idle urehins—modern philosophers in petticoats. This bubble-blowing has been, indeed, converted into something of a mine of industry of late years, most successfully *exploité* by all the *chevaliers d'industrie* of the race of *furceurs* before referred to. Let us not forget, however, that one of the most indefatigable of the class, after various and many voyages by sea, and travels by land, in quest of the picturesque in political economy, did, indeed—or says so, and has compiled a book to prove it—light on this long-sought, never-before discovered land, in whose Arcadian bowers sits enthroned the very genius of trade, free and unfettered as the eagle in his eyry on the crowning crest of St Gothard. Would you know this thrice-blessed region—"Go climb the Alps," as the Roman satirist bids—it is Switzerland snugly ensconced in their bosom.

Nevertheless, before the title of Switzerland Felix be fully conceded, the legitimacy of its derivation remains to be investigated. The concession can only be registered upon three conditions fulfilled. It must be shown, *firstly*, that manufacturing industry was not fostered in its early stages by the governing power; *secondly*, that if it had attained a large development unprotected, the proportions of such development shall have been at the least equal, as upon the theory of free trade they should be superior, to the ratio of progression manifested in other countries where protection has been the ruling principle; *thirdly*, that free trade was not a necessity imposed by circumstances and position, not the result of a barter of value for value, but of free and spontaneous choice, and as the result of the profound conviction of the superior excellence and adaptability of the abstract principle. We shall deal briefly with the subject, because it has been discussed more at length heretofore in those special articles in which we have treated of the rise and progress of the

cotton manufacture in this and other countries. In regard to the first condition, it was established on a former occasion, that the ruling powers of one or more of the Cantons, did advance large capitals, and offered more, in order to encourage and assist in the establishment of cotton-spinning mills, with machinery of the most perfect construction, under the superintendence, and with a share in the profits, of persons duly skilled from England. Happily, one of the individuals to whom such offers (on the basis of a £100,000 capital) were made, and by whom declined, then and subsequently one of the largest exporting merchants of Lancashire to Switzerland, and the Continent generally, still lives, and we have had the statement confirmed by himself within the last two or three years. This was somewhere between 1795 and 1800, further our memory does not serve for the precise date at present, nor is it indispensable. A manufacture thus, as may be said, artificially created and bolstered up, we do not say unwisely, does not assuredly answer the first condition required. With respect to the measure of the manufacturing development, the data are unfortunately wanting for precise verification; for Switzerland possesses no returns of foreign trade at all, nor can any satisfactory approximation be arrived at from inspection of the official tables of the foreign and transit commerce now before us of Holland, Belgium, and France, through which all the transmarine intercourse of Switzerland must necessarily pass. The exports and imports of Holland, by the Rhine, are not so classed as to show what proportion appertains to Germany and what to Switzerland, as both stand under the one head of Germany and the Rhine. In the Belgian tables, Switzerland does not enter at all until 1841, therefore they can afford no materials for the comparison with former years. From the French tables, more scientifically constructed, correct information may be gathered, so far as the commerce with and through France. But we are wanting nearly altogether in materials for estimating the land traffic of Switzerland with Germany and Italy. Taking the French tables alone, it may be collected, however, that the commerce of Switzerland has been considerably

on the increase with and through France. In the cotton trade, for example, the imports of raw cotton in transit through Havre, for Switzerland, had already augmented from 2,973,159 kilogrammes in 1830, to 6,446,703 kilogrammes in 1836; and again, from the latter term, to 104,842 metrical quintals in 1840, which declined to 77,534 in 1841. Our returns do not enable us to state with exactitude whether the whole, or what portion, of the transit of cotton for the two latter years was destined for Switzerland, because our French tables do not, as up to 1836, embrace the details of the separate transit trade to each country, but only the total quantities. The increase of imports by way of France must not, however, be taken to all the extent as an absolute increase, nor can we conclude, with any assurance, that it was an increase upon the whole. For, in consequence of some important reductions in the dues agreed to by France in order to favour and attract the entire transit trade of Switzerland through its territory, the cottons formerly passed to Switzerland through Rotterdam and Antwerp by the Rhine, have been sent by way of Havre. Thus, on consulting Mr Porter's Tables of Trade, we find that the twenty-one millions of lbs. of cotton re-exported to Holland and Belgium in 1837, had decreased, in 1840, to little more than twelve millions. What proportion of the twenty-one millions was destined for Switzerland, there are no means of ascertaining; except from the returns in detail of the Rhine navigation, the existence of which, in any available shape, may be doubted. Assuming that the whole of the cotton passing in transit through France was for Switzerland, we find a quantity equal to about seventeen millions of pounds, in 1841, as required for the supply of the cotton manufacture; or say, on a rough average of 1840 and 1841, nineteen and a half millions of pounds. Now, considering that the cotton manufacture has been established in Switzerland above a century, these figures certainly demonstrate any thing but an extraordinary rate of progress. The cotton manu-

facture of Russia does not number half the years of existence, and yet the average consumption of raw cotton, in 1840 and 1841, was nearly thirteen millions of pounds, and of cotton yarn, rendered into cotton,* about twenty-three millions more. It must be noted, moreover, that whereas subsequently to the inventions of Arkwright and Crompton, Switzerland drew nearly the whole of her yarns for making into cloths from England, not possessing herself any spinning machinery until the commencement of the present century, and then but to a trivial extent, with scarcely any augmentation of importance, until some years after the general peace of 1815; yet that, within the last twenty years, the use of machinery has been extensively introduced, cotton factories have spread on all sides, for working which water-power in abundance afforded every facility, so that she now spins nearly all the yarns necessary for her fabrics, and imports from England but a very slender quantity of the higher counts still required for her finest muslins. Those imports do not perhaps exceed, if they reach to, one million pounds per annum. Of many merchants in Manchester, thirty or forty years ago, extensively engaged in furnishing that supply, but one or two at present are to be found. It remains, therefore, doubtful whether there has been any material progress in the cotton manufactures of Switzerland, so far as the quantities of fabrics produced, and the weight of cotton consumed, for many years past. Through the commercial arrangements before referred to, her special trade with France in all commodities has been on the increase; but, as the usual result of the commercial treaties of France, all to the advantage of France. Thus, for 1841, the imports (special trade of internal consumption) of France from Switzerland are stated at twenty-two millions of francs only, whilst the exports of France to Switzerland amounted to thirty-nine millions. This, be it observed, is the result of *one-sided free trade*, which opens its gates to all, whilst partially favoured only in return, when at all.

* *Vide* Blackwood, 1843.

Switzerland, for example, is free to the import of French cottons; France hermetically sealed against those of Switzerland. The general trade, that is, inclusive of transit and special, had also materially improved; the aggregate imports representing eighty-three millions of imports into, against eighty-nine millions of exports from Switzerland; or that the general trade with France had rather more than doubled since 1832, imports and exports together. The transit portion of this general trade, representing all the transmarine movement of Switzerland, is that rather, it may be said, carried on with the United States, Spanish America, Brazil, &c., in which the greatest improvement of her foreign trade had taken place. She has, on the contrary, very largely lost ground in Germany, where she enjoyed marts for her manufactures, before the establishment of the Commercial Union, of an extensive and profitable description, from the advantages of her geographical position; and it is probable, that from the same cause she will have lost no inconsiderable portion of the share her merchants had in the supply of Turkey, Persia, and other countries on the shores of the Mediterranean and the Black Sea. With Holland and Belgium, her commercial relations would seem to have been sensibly on the decline, so far as the returns, available and comparative, enable us to form an opinion. Upon a balance, therefore, of increase, upon one side, and decrease on the other, there is reasonable ground to question any progress in Switzerland, at all commensurate with the general accelerated movement in manufactures and commerce of other industrial countries about her, and beyond the seas; in exemplification of which, we have on other occasions presented, as we shall continue to present, evidence which may not be questioned.

Therefore, it results, that the second condition in proof of the superiority of the free, or one-sided free trade principle, as represented in Switzerland, the embodied *beau idéal* of the theory, is not fulfilled. It were easy, indeed, to show the absurdity of a pretension to the rigorous reign of a principle, in a country where, though the federal government levies are merely nominal duties on imported commodities, for other than which it

is and must ever be powerless, whatever the will, yet in the separate cantons or chief towns with barriers, scarcely any article enters and escapes without payment of an octroi impost, equal to a moderate state duty on importation at the ports or frontiers of other states. What would be said in this country, if wool, cotton, or any commodity entering free, or at merely nominal rates, at London or Liverpool, were to be taxed on arrival at Leeds or Manchester, for purposes of local revenue or local protection?

We may afford to dismiss the third condition in the smallest space. Free trade in Switzerland, such as it is, is not an affair of principle, of conviction, therefore of choice, as ridiculously pretended, but a necessity arising out of her geographical position. On all sides she is surrounded *enclavée*, amidst states which hold the gates of ingress and egress. Close the Rhine and the Seine against her, and she must surrender commercially at discretion, as she politically does, to such terms as may be dictated. A heavy *péage* upon river or land transit, ruins her manufactures, her industry, root and branch. She is too happy only, therefore, to be tolerated with a passage to the sea, on the hard terms of surrendering the just rights of her own industry to the free invasion of foreign competing products; she makes, *ex necessitate*, the sacrifice of a large portion, in order to save the remainder. Would you have the commentary? Read it in the miserable fare, the low wages, the toil unremitting and uncompensated, of the operative masses; in the depressed rate of profits, the strict, painful, but indispensable frugality of master manufacturers and capitalists, when perchance capitalists may be found, of Switzerland surnamed Felix, overborne by foreign competition, as depicted in the Report of that romance writer, Mr John Bowring himself, who, of all men, in his own particular case, would be the last to advocate short commons, shabby salaries, or petty profits. Switzerland, therefore, answers none of the conditions required for the demonstration of the free trade theory upon the greatest profit, or even upon the greatest happiness principle, the *verba ardentia* of anti-corn-law declaimers, and utilitarian poetasters, notwithstanding.

But if the case of the free and one-sided trade theory breaks down in its one only deceptive personification, the proofs are strong and abundant in behalf of the cause of the legitimate principle of protection to industry, or of the reciprocity principle well understood, which involves essentially the principle of protection. Let us discursively range over Europe, in further addition to the evidence, which, in respect of Russia, has already been assigned; and, as with regard to Spain, and Russia as well, we shall not hesitate to signalize the abuse of a righteous principle, where in practice it degenerates into the Japanese barbarism of almost absolute prohibition and isolation. A comparison betwixt Switzerland and Japan, two nearly stationary states, where all around is in progress in the industrial sense, ruled upon economical principles so opposite and conflicting, would be a labour both amusing and profitable; but unfortunately the adequate materials are wanting in the one case as in the other; state-books of account and custom-house returns, are as rare and unheard of in Nangasaki as in Helvetia. Fiscal exactions, however, are not unknown in either, the difference being, that the despotic majesty of Japan undertakes them upon his own account, whilst the people of the Alps, as intractable, with better right, impose and levy for their own use and behoof. Withal, to the one-idea'd philosophy of your absolute theory, systematic, uniformity men of the present day, it should seem an extraordinary paradox, putting all speculation to rout, that despotic Japan should be as prosperous, more powerful, more free from intestine convulsion, although more ancient of standing, therefore to be presumed enjoying at least as much happiness as free and unfettered Switzerland, rioting betimes in all the freaks of liberty and revolution.

We do not propose to extend our enquiries into the history of industrial progress in other lands further on the present occasion, than to such external demonstrations, as measured by imports and exports, as may with most convenient brevity and fidelity answer the purpose in view. The possession of authentic documents in ample degree, expository of the past and present conditions of social and material interests in almost all the civilized states of the world, would enable us to follow out, in minute detail, the rise, the career, the vicissitudes of each; but although, on future and suitable occasions, we may be induced to resume and pursue the task already commenced in former numbers, it is not necessary now, and would far outstrip any possible space at our disposal. Commencing with Austria, it may be shown, that even with an ill-considered economical *régime* of, until of late years, general prohibitions and restrictions, with the incessant and ill-judged policy of forcing manufacturing industry, for the hasty development of which the natural foundations were not previously laid, whilst neglecting the cultivation and encouragement of those varied agricultural and mining treasures, with which, through the length and breadth of her territory, she is so abundantly stored, the advance of Austria, commercial and manufacturing, need not assuredly fear comparison with that of free-trading Switzerland. The following are the returns of the foreign trade of the Austrian empire, excepting for Hungary and Transylvania, which will be found hereafter for the years cited. Other documents are in our possession, bringing the information down to 1840, but as not entirely complete in respect of a portion of the traffic by the land frontiers, whilst in results they differ little from the last year of the table here given, it is not worth while to make the addition.

	Imports.	Exports.	Total.
1829 By sea & land	95,321,861 florins.	107,254,048	202,575,909
1830 ...	99,545,289 ...	110,587,974	210,133,263
1831 ...	94,116,471 ...	98,937,022	193,053,493
1832 ...	107,825,991 ...	115,007,352	222,833,343
1833 ...	106,270,012 ...	116,624,202	222,894,214
1834 ...	107,781,409 ...	111,092,942	218,874,351
1835 ...	121,482,876 ...	115,217,804	236,700,680
1836 ...	130,865,339 ...	122,284,173	253,149,512
1837 ...	120,897,761 ...	119,721,758	240,619,519
1838 ...	127,445,295 ...	134,908,064	262,353,359

The florin is equal to 2s. 0d. 4-10 sterling. The increase under the head of importations within the ten years was equal, therefore, to nearly 33 per cent, and on exportations about 24 per cent. Amongst the imports may be remarked raw cotton to the value of about L.1,273,000; among the exports, raw silk, for about L.2,400,000; linens, for about L.617,000; cotton fabrics, for about L.770,000; woollens, for L.2,268,000; silks, for only about L.110,000; glass and earthenware, L.584,000; round numbers all. A mean value, imports and exports together, from 1835 to 1838 inclusive, of about twenty-five millions sterling annually, does not certainly represent a commercial movement so large as might be expected in an empire of the territorial extent, numerous population, and rich natural products of Austria. But, as appears, its progression is onwards; and seeing that,

1830, no more than	14,000,000 florins
1834, decreased to	11,511,000 ...
1837,	12,616,000 ...

The imports, only once, in 1836, surpassed those of 1830, within the eight years. The foreign exports were, in

1830, to the amount of	9,574,800 florins.
1837, the yearly amount had increased to	11,213,400 ...

But the commercial relations of Hungary and Transylvania, with the other provinces of the Austrian monarchy, were, on the contrary, satisfactorily extending. The returns before us, never before published here, it is believed, do not date further back than 1835, and exhibit the following results:—

	Florins.		Florins.
1835, Imports from Austria,	79,678,051	Exports to,	46,408,290
1836, ...	96,057,019	...	53,876,115
1837, ...	90,404,555	...	47,878,424
1838, ...	101,396,470	...	61,684,111

The value of manufactured cottons alone, imported from the other Austrian provinces, amounted, in 1838, to the almost incredible sum of sixty-four millions of florins, of say not far short of six and a half millions sterling; of woollens, the import was nearly to the value of eighteen millions of florins. It is difficult to conceive that such a mass of cottons could be destined for internal consumption alone; and therefore the sug-

gestion naturally occurs, that a considerable proportion at least must pass only in transit to the ports for re-exportation to the coasts of the Black Sea and the Levant; but on reference to the exports, we find cottons entered only for 31,296 florins. The proportions in which the different leading articles of importation and exportation enter into the total amounts of each may be thus stated:—

Imports.		Exports.	
Cottons for	62 per cent.	Wool for	45.6 per cent.
Woollens,	17 ...	Grains and fruits,	19 ...
Linen and hempen fabrics,	4 ^o 7 ...	Cattle,	12 ...
Silks,	1 ^o 7 ...	Various raw products,	5 ^o 7 ...

The great bulk of this commerce with Hungary and Transylvania is carried on with the three great provinces of the empire—Lower Austria, which alone absorbs about two-thirds of the total; Moravia and Austrian Silesia, one-fourth; and Galicia and Austrian Poland, the imports from whence represent above one-tenth, and the exports to which form one-twentieth of the whole.

Such has been the progress of the Austrian empire even under the unwisely strained *régime* of prohibition and restriction. The absolute theory men will not gain much certainly by its comparison with the free-trading elysium of Switzerland, although the most favourable for the latter which could well be selected, inasmuch as

representing a principle carried to a prejudicial extreme.

We have not, however, done with our absolutists of the one-sided free-trade theory yet. We must traverse Belgium with them, but at railway speed; Belgium, of commercial system less restricted than Austria, yet more exclusive than England, where, however, some approach towards the *juste milieu* of the equitable principles of reciprocity, may be observed in progress. How then has she fared in the general *mêlée* of industrial strife, and what are her prospects for the future in despite of her stubborn resistance to the new lights? Let the figures which follow answer for her. The imports and exports by land and sea, were in—

	Imports.	Exports.
1834, for .	192,909,426 francs.	135,790,426 francs.
1838,	238,052,659 ...	193,579,520 ...
1842,	288,387,663 ...	201,970,588 ..

For commerce special, that is, of internal production and consumption alone, the returns show, in—

	Imports.	Exports.
1834, for .	182,057,851 francs.	118,540,917 francs.
1838,	201,204,381 ...	156,851,054 ...
1842,	234,247,281 ...	142,069,162 ...

The commerce general comprises as well the imports and exports of the special commerce as the transit and deliveries in entrepot of foreign merchandise. From 1834 to 1842 the increase of imports and exports, combined under the special head, was equal to more than three millions sterling. Under the general head, the increase was nearly equal to six and a half millions sterling. The comparatively large and disadvantageous inequality betwixt the exports and imports, under both heads, results mainly from the loss of these markets in the Dutch colonies, and in Holland also, of which, during her connexion with Holland and under the rule of the same sovereign, Belgium was almost exclusively in possession. The formation of the German Commercial

Union cannot have failed also to damage her intercourse with Germany, to the markets of which her contiguity afforded so easy and advantageous an access.

It was our intention to have reviewed at some length the progress of the German Customs Confederation since its complete formation, with some inconsiderable accessions subsequently in 1834; but space forbids. In brief, but conclusive, evidence of that progress under the rule of protection, we may afford, however, to cite the following returns of revenue accruing under the poundage system, representing, of course, the growing quantities imported. The alternate years only are given, to avoid the needless multiplication of figures:—

	Gross sum		Net sum.	
1834,	14,382,066	Thalers.	12,020,340	Thalers.
1836,	18,192,313	...	15,509,758	...
1838,	20,110,404	...	17,801,113	...
1840,	21,293,232	...	19,019,738	...
1842,	23,394,831	...	21,059,441	...

The Prussian thaler is 2s. 10½d. sterling.

Year by year the rise has been uninterrupted; and with the growth of imported commodities thus represented by the revenue, have indigenous products multiplied, and native manufactures flourished and extended more rapidly and widely still.

In a review of protected nations it is impossible that France should be lost sight of. More rigorously protective than Belgium, prohibitive even in some essential parts of her system, whilst stimulating by bounties in others, the results of a policy so artificial and complicated can hardly fail to confound your dabblers in first principles and rigid uniformity. In the sense economical France has not hesitated to violate outrageously all these first principles, all that perfect theory, in the worship and application of which, politically and socially, her philosophers were wont to run raging mad, and her legislators, like frantic bacchanals, were in such sanguinary "haste to destroy." Singular as it may seem, and audaciously heretical as the consummation in defiance of the order inevitable of first causes and consequences invariable, the comparative freedom of commercial prin-

ciples in the old *régime* of France allied with political despotism, was, however, ruthlessly condemned to the guillotine, along with the head of the Capets, never to be replaced by the ferocious spirit of democracy, reveling in the realization of all other visionary abstractions of perfect liberty, equality, levelling of distinctions and monopolies. With the reign of the rights of man was established, in the body politic, that of prohibition and restriction over the body industrial—gradually sobered down, as we find it now, to a system singularly made up of prohibition, restriction, protective, and stimulant, since the last great revolution of July. It is in vain to deny that, under the reign of that system, France has prospered and progressed beyond all former example; that whether freer Switzerland may have stood still or not, France, at least, has never retrograded one step, nor ceased to advance for one year, as thus may be concisely exemplified in the citation of three terms of her commercial career, faithfully indicative of the annual consecutive movement of the whole series:—

Imports.—General Commerce.				Exports.			
1831	.	.	512,825,551	frances,	.	.	618,169,911
1836	.	.	905,575,359	.	.	.	961,284,756
1841	.	.	1,122,000,000	.	.	.	1,065,000,000

Thus the imports in ten years had more than doubled, whilst the exports had advanced 400 millions in official value; say upwards of twenty millions sterling per annum for imports, and sixteen millions for exports. The special commerce of France, repre-

senting exports of indigenous and manufactured products, and imports for consumption, and, therefore, significant of the march of domestic industry, presents the following movement:—

Imports.—Special Commerce.				Exports.			
1831	.	.	374,188,000	.	.	.	455,574,000
1836	.	.	504,391,000	.	.	.	628,957,000
1841	.	.	805,000,000	.	.	.	761,000,000

The imports, therefore, for consumption, that is, duty paid upon and consumed, had multiplied twofold in the ten years; and the exports of the products of the soil and manufactures, at the rate of 300 millions of francs or twelve millions sterling.

Thus flourish, wherever we turn our eyes, the interests of industry, where defended and encouraged by that protection to which so righteously entitled at home. The abolition of all protection, in the economi-

cal sense, would be policy just as sane as, politically, to dismantle the royal navy, start the guns overboard, and leave the hulls of the men-of-war to sink or swim, in harbour or out, as they might. Conscious of the inherent rottenness or insanity of such a destructive principle of action, its advocates would now persuade us, that, although inimical to protective imports, they are by no means averse from the imposition of such fiscal burdens as might be necessary for

raising the amount of revenue required for State exigencies. The difference between one sort of impost and the other, would seem little more than a change of name—a flimsy juggle of words—"a rose by any other name would smell as sweet;" and, to the consumer, it matters little whether the tax he pay is levied for protection or finance, the sum being equal. It is, and it has been objected against various protective duties, that, as revenue, they are little productive; but, in fact, they were not originally or generally laid on with a view to revenue direct, but with the intent of protecting those growing or established interests, which are productive of revenue indirectly, by enabling protected producers to consume largely of

taxed commodities, or to contribute, by direct taxation, their quota towards general revenue. If, by reciprocal agreement and stipulations with foreign states which are, or might become, consumers of the products of national industry, equitable equivalents can be found for the sacrifice of a certain amount of home protection, that may be a question deserving of consideration; but a very different question from the one-sided suicidal abolition of all protection. It may pass under review hereafter. In the mean time, let us hope that neither Government nor Legislature will be insidiously betrayed, or openly bullied, into any unsafe tampering with, or rash experiments upon, a sound and rational principle.

JOLLY FATHER JOE.

A TALE FROM "THE GOLDEN LEGEND," IN HONOUR OF THE B. V. M., TO BE READ ESPECIALLY ON THE 15TH OF AUGUST, BEING THE FESTIVAL OF HER ASSUMPTION.

- In olden times, when monks and friars, and priests of all degrees,
About the land were cluster'd thick as swarms of summer bees,
And, like the bees on sunny days, were wont abroad to roam,
To gather, as they went along, sweet provender for home,

Bright blazed the abbey's kitchen fire, the larder well was stored,
And merrily the beards wagg'd round the refectorial board.
What layman dare declare that they led not a life divine,
Who sat in state to dine off plate, and quaff the rosy wine?

Good men, and true as bricks were they, to every Church decree;
Because as kings were called "The State,"* they said "the Church
are we;"

And then all men believed "The Church" could pardon every sin;
And foul as was the outward stain, wash white the soul within.

No marvel that they prosper'd so, for then, as in our times,
Sins ever were most plentiful—their traffic was in crimes;
And as each man who pardon sought, became the Church's debtor,
Each wicked deed their store would feed, the worse it was the better.

For they'd a regular tariff, as we've Sir Robert Peel's,
Stating so much for him who "lies, swears, murders, stabs, or steals;"
And p'rhaps a thousand items more, as "not attending mass,"
"Ogling the girls," "neglecting shrift," and others we'll let pass.

* "L'Etat. C'est moi!" Quoth some French Roi; but which of the "most Christian" set it was, I do not now recollect, and being from home at this present writing, have no means of reference.

However, all a duty paid for priestly absolution,
According to the culprit's sex, rank, purse, or constitution.
Such was the pleasant state of things, some centuries ago,
With holy men throughout the land and jolly Father Joe.

"A round, fat, oily man of God," as ever sang a psalm,
Or closed a penitential fee devoutly in his palm,
Was Father Joe; and he also, when psalms and prayers were done,
In festive scene, with smile serene, aye cheerfully made one.

Fond of a jest, he'd do his best good-humour to provoke,
Fill up his glass, extol some lass, and crack some convent joke;
Nor heed the frown or looks cast down of atrabilious friars,
Till his gills grew red, and his laughing head look'd a rose amid the briers.

Right well he knew each roast and stew, and chose the choicest dishes,
And the bill of fare, as well as prayer, with its venison, game, and fishes;
Were he living now he might, I vow, with his culinary knowledge,
Have writ a book, or been a cook, or fellow of a college.

In those old days the wealthy knew such qualities to prize,
And our good priest much favour found in lords' and ladies' eyes;
For seldom in their ancient halls a sumptuous feast was dressing,
But Father Joe that way would go thereon to "ask a blessing."

When lords and ladies bade their guests to castles, halls, and towers,
Though every thing beside was good they seldom kept good hours;
Course after course slow march'd in with dignity and state,
Their prime repasts were apt to last sometimes till rather late.

And Father Joe esteem'd it rude to break a party up,
Indeed, it was his usual plan, where'er he dined to sup;
And then to take what modern rakes sometimes "a nightcap" call—
That is, a friendly parting glass, a sort of "over-all."

He used to say it kept at bay the night-air, cold, and damp,
And cheer'd him on his journey home as though it were a lamp;
Nought cared he then how black the clouds might gather overhead,
His heart felt brave as he humm'd a stave and boldly onward sped.

So Father Joe his course pursued—a pleasant mode of living;
Alternately at prayers and feasts—now taking, now forgiving;
But dark or light, by day or night, the great thing to be said is,
Where'er he went he ne'er forgot due homage to the ladies.

By this it is not meant that he knelt down to living beauty—
A deed forbidden and eschew'd by priests who mind their duty;
His were not walking, breathing belles, to monkish rules contrary,
But images of wood and wax, dress'd like the Virgin Mary.

He seldom pass'd by one of these without a genuflexion,
Beseeching that she'd condescend to grant him her protection;
Or if in too much haste to pray, he always bow'd politely
Before her shrine, as heretics to damsels fair and sprightly.

But such a holy, jolly man could scarce escape the eye
Of Satan, who, if all be true that legends testify,
Was then allow'd great liberty, and took, of course, much more,
Playing his pranks among all ranks, till he was "quite a bore."

Go where one might, some ugly sprite of his long-tail'd police
Was ever on the dodge to break, instead of keep, the peace;

And he himself at times appears to have appear'd where he,
By rules canonical forbid, no business had to be.

Much he alarm'd the laity, while reverend men of grace,
Like Father Joe, we're told, might snap their fingers in his face,
Or order him to take a dip all in the sea so red;
Wherefore, when holy men he saw, he turn'd about and fled.

Yet not the less watch'd he their steps, but set his imps to mark
The paths they trode, in hopes to catch them stumbling in the dark;
And one dark night—ah me! it is a grievous tale to tell—
In coming home past twelve o'clock, our jolly father fell.

He fell—and fell into a stream that ran both deep and strong;
No pain felt he, but seem'd to be as borne in sleep along;
His head contused, or else confused, allow'd him not to swim,
And Satan swore, with joyous roar, “ At least, I'm sure of him!”

Crowding along the river's banks, his imps all eager ran,
Each striving to be first to catch the fallen holy man;
And when at length they fish'd him up, and laid him on the ground,
'Twas plain an inquest's verdict must have been brought in “found
drown'd.”

But twelve grave men were not there then, the case was graver far;
An evil set, as black as jet, all gabble, grin, and jar,
Claim'd Father Joe as lawful prize, and Satan said, “ No doubt!
Angels and saints abandon him, or they'd have pull'd him out:

“ So bear him off!” But as he spake a sudden gleam of light
Broke forth, nor ceased, but still increased, till all around was bright;
And then appear'd, what most he fear'd, in white and wing'd array,
A company of angels come to take from him his prey.

“ We claim all holy men,” said one who seem'd to be their chief;
“ I don't dispute that,” Satan cried; “ but really, to be brief,
This friar or monk died reeling drunk, without or shrift or prayer;
So yours can't be, but comes to me. I only want what's fair.”

The bright one look'd, of course, surprised, and then observed, that he
Could not conceive nor yet believe that such a thing could be;
So Satan call'd his witnesses, who swore through thick and thin,
That Father Joe couldn't stand or go before he tumbled in.

Now though the angel knew that imps were never over nice
In swearing at their master's call to prop each foul device,
He felt perplex'd, because the case look'd really rather shady,
And so declared, “ I daren't decide till I consult Our Lady.”

While thus he spake, a sudden quake ran through the dingy crowd,
And, as in votive paintings seen, encircled by a cloud,
With 'broider'd coat and lace-frill'd throat, and jewels rich and rare,
The Virgin Quen, with smiles serene, came sailing through the air.

The angels with an “ Ave!” hail'd the lady to the place,
The impish band, each with his hand conceal'd his ugly face,
And Satan stared as though ensnared, but speedily regain'd
His wonted air of confidence, and still his claim maintain'd.

Said he, “ I'm sure your ladyship could never stoop to own
Acquaintance with a libertine, to drunkenness so prone;
A gormandizer too you see, as full as any sack,”
And here he gave poor Joe a kick, and turn'd him on his back.

The lady started with surprise, and cried, "That face I know:
Oh yes! 'Tis he! I plainly see! Dear jolly Father Joe!
I do not say but p'rhaps he may, be somewhat over fat,
But there's no rule why sage or fool should go to you for that.

"His appetite was always good, a fact that makes it clear
He was no heavy-headed sot, be-stupefied with beer,
Nor spoil'd his dinners with hot lunch, but kept his palate clean,
And sat down cheerfully to dine—and that's no sin, I ween.

"And as for drink, I really think a man who weighs twelve score,
May be allow'd an extra pint, or p'rhaps a bottle more,
Than folks who're slim, or gaunt and grim, like some that I could name,
Who, when in company, are wish'd safe back to whence they came."

Here the black prince was seen to wince, the lady waved her hand,
And then resumed, "But now I'll speak of what I understand
A trifle better than you all—I mean of what is due
To ladies from all gentlemen. Of course I don't mean you.

"I mean all those whom folks suppose, or who themselves believe,
To be entitled to the name, (although I oft perceive
That many are mistaken quite,) should keep on the alert
In ladies' company, lest they our tender feelings hurt.

"A word or look that men may brook, may give a lady pain,
Wherefore from all that's coarse and rude, real gentlemen refrain;
Their manners gentle as their name, when they a lady greet,
A pleasant thing enough it is such gentlemen to meet.

"And such a man was Father Joe. He never pass'd me by
In disrespectful haste, although there might be no one nigh;
Nor duck'd his head, or look'd askance, like some rude people now,
Who seem to chuckle as they pass, to cheat one of a bow."

"But may it please your ladyship!" exclaimed the dusky wight,
"A man may be a precious rogue, though perfectly polite."
"I don't know that," the lady said, "but grant that now and then
Some fellows may appear polite who really are rude men,

"'Tis not the simple smirk or bow that makes the gentleman,
But constant care to please the fair in every way he can;
And this good father never miss'd whene'er my shrine he pass'd,
To kneel or bow, extremely low, up to the very last.

"Therefore I don't, because I won't, believe a word you say
Against him in his present plight, which, happen how it may,
Was doubtless accidental quite—at all events my will
Must be obey'd, and I command, you'll let him lie there still."

The dark one scowl'd and mutter'd low, about "a losing game,"
And being "done clean out of one," "done brown," and "burning shame,"
Then hung his head, and slank away, and all his dirty crew
Dispersed themselves about the land fresh mischief to pursue.

The lady then, in accents kind, accosted Jolly Joe,
"They're gone! You're safe! Come! Rouse yourself! You are not
dead, I know;
But in a swoon that very soon away like dreams will pass,
Much sooner than the cold you'll catch by sleeping on the grass.

"Go quickly home and get to bed—don't stop to thank me now,
But come to-morrow to my shrine and make a solemn vow,

That when for friends or fellowship henceforth abroad you roam,
You'll never take a drop more wine than you can carry home."

She spake and vanish'd, and again the night was dark and drear;
Joe gave a grunt and shook himself, then shook again with fear,
For though his body lay inert, to all appearance dead,
It seems his mind was quite awake to what pass'd overhead.

Such near escape from such a scrape was certainly enough
To shake the stoutest nerves, and his were not by nature tough;
He got upon his legs, and then went down upon his knees,
Gave thanks, and said, "Dear Lady, pray do with me what you please."

Then up he rose and shook his clothes, and dripping by the way,
Straight homeward sped, and went to bed, where long he sleepless lay;
But nathless at the peep of dawn rose up again alert,
And as beseem'd a penitent put on a hairy shirt.

With humble air he then repair'd unto the Lady's shrine,
And took the vow, as she advised, concerning taking wine;
And thenceforth, as the legend runs, was never after found
In such a plight as on the night when he was nearly drown'd.

Here ends the tale. May it prevail this moral to impress
On good men all, who're apt to fall at times into excess,
To seek the ladies' company when sins or wine entice,
And strive not only for their smiles, but follow their advice.

Now prosper long our lovely Queen, and Albert whom she loves;
And may they, though at eagles' height, live lovingly as doves,
From youthful prime till father Time may change their locks to gray,
While all their Royal progeny "love, honour, and obey!"

May peace long smile on Britain's isle! may Blackwood's Magazine,
If possible, be better still than it hath ever been;
May every thing that's good increase, and what to goodness tends;
And may the writer always have the ladies for his friends!

THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN.

BY ELIZABETH B. BARRET.

Do ye hear the children weeping, O my brothers !
 Ere the sorrow comes with years ?
 They are leaning their young heads against their mothers,
 And *that* cannot stop their tears.
 The young lambs are bleating in the meadows,
 The young birds are chirping in the nest,
 The young fawns are playing with the shadows,
 The young flowers are blowing from the west ;
 But the young young children, O my brothers !
 They are weeping bitterly !
 They are weeping in the playtime of the others—
 In the country of the free.

Do you question the young children in the sorrow,
 Why their tears are falling so ?
 The old man may weep for his to-morrow
 Which is lost in long ago.
 The old tree is leafless in the forest—
 The old year is ending in the frost ;
 The old wound, if stricken, is the sorest—
 The old hope is hardest to be lost !
 But the young young children, O my brothers !
 Do ye ask them why they stand
 Weeping sore before the bosoms of their mothers,
 In our happy fatherland ?

They look up with their pale and sunken faces,
 And their looks are sad to see ;
 For the man's grief untimely draws and presses
 Down the cheeks of infancy.
 "Your old earth," they say, "is very dreary—
 Our young feet," they say, "are very weak !
 Few paces have we taken, yet are weary—
 Our grave-rest is very far to seek !
 Ask the old why they weep, and not the children ;
 For the outside earth is cold—
 And we young ones stand without, in our bewild'ring,
 And the graves are for the old.

"True," say the young children, "it may happen
 That we die before our time !
 Little Alice died last year—the grave is shapen
 Like a snowball, in the rime.
 We look'd into the pit prepared to take her—
 Was no room for any work in the close clay !
 From the sleep wherein she lieth none will wake her,
 Crying—'Get up, little Alice, it is day !'
 If you listen by that grave in sun and shower,
 With your ear down, little Alice never cries ;
 Could we see her face, be sure we should not know her,
 For the new smile which has grown within her eyes.
 For merry go her moments, lull'd and still'd in
 The shroud, by the kirk-chime !
 It is good when it happens," say the children,
 "That we die before our time !"

Alas, the young children! they are seeking
 Death in life, as best to have!
 They are binding up their hearts away from breaking,
 With a cerement from the grave.
 Go out, children, from the mine and from the city—
 Sing out, children, as the little thrushes do!
 Pluck your handfuls of the meadow cowslips pretty—
 Laugh aloud to feel your fingers let them through!
 But the children say—"Are cowslips of the meadows
 Like the weeds anear the mine?"
 Leave us quiet in the dark of our coal-shadows,
 From your pleasures fair and fine.

"For oh!" say the children, "we are weary—
 And we cannot run or leap:
 If we cared for any meadows, it were merely
 To drop down in them and sleep.
 Our knees tremble sorely in the stooping—
 We fall upon our face, trying to go;
 And underneath our heavy eyelids drooping,
 The reddest flower would look as pale as snow.
 For, all day, we drag our burden tiring,
 Through the coal-dark underground—
 Or, all day, we drive the wheels of iron
 In the factories, round and round.

"All day long, the wheels are droning, turning—
 Their wind comes in our faces!
 Till our hearts turn, and our heads with pulses burning,
 And the walls turn in their places!
 Turns the sky in the high window blank and reeling—
 Turns the long light that droppeth down the wall—
 Turn the black flies that crawl along the ceiling—
 All are turning all the day, and we with all!
 All day long, the iron wheels are droning—
 And sometimes we could pray—
 'O ye wheels' (breaking off in a mad moaning)
 Stop! be silent for to-day!"

Ay! be silent! let them hear each other breathing,
 For a moment, mouth to mouth;
 Let them touch each other's hands, in a fresh wreathing
 Of their tender human youth;
 Let them feel that this cold metallic motion
 Is not all the life God giveth them to use;
 Let them prove their inward souls against the notion
 That they live in you, or under you, O wheels!
 Still, all day, the iron wheels go onward,
 As if Fate in each were stark!
 And the children's souls, which God is calling sunward,
 Spin on blindly in the dark.

Now, tell the weary children, O my brothers!
 That they look to Him, and pray
 For the blessed One, who blesseth all the others,
 To bless *them* another day.
 They answer, "Who is God that he should hear us,
 While this rushing of the iron wheels is stirr'd?"

* A commissioner mentions the fact of weeds being thus confounded with the idea of flowers.

When we sob aloud, the human creatures near us
 Pass unhearing—at least, answer not a word ;
 And *we* hear not (for the wheels in their resounding)
 Strangers speaking at the door.
 Is it likely God, with angels singing round him,
 Hears our weeping any more ?

“ Two words, indeed, of praying we remember ;
 And, at midnight's hour of harm,
Our Father, looking upward in the chamber,
 We say softly for a charm.*
 We say no other words except *our Father* !
 And we think that, in some pause of angels' song,
 He may pluck them with the silence sweet to gather,
 And hold both within his right hand, which is strong.
Our Father ! If he heard us, he would surely
 (For they call him good and mild)
 Answer—smiling down the steep world very purely—
 ‘ Come and rest with me, my child.’

“ But no,” say the children, weeping faster ;
 “ He is silent as a stone,
 And they tell us, of his image is the master
 Who commands us to work on.
 Go to !” say the children ; “ up in heaven,
 Dark, wheel-like, turning clouds are all we find !
 Do not mock us ! we are atheists in our grieving—
 We look up for HIM—but tears have made us blind.”
 Do ye hear the children weeping and disproving,
 O my brothers, what ye teach ?
 For God's possible is taught by his world's loving—
 And the children doubt of each !

And well may the children weep before ye—
 They are weary ere they run !
 They have never seen the sunshine, nor the glory
 Which is brighter than the sun !
 They know the grief of men, but not the wisdom—
 They sink in the despair, with hope at calm—
 Are slaves, without the liberty in christdom—
 Are martyrs by the pang without the palm !
 Are worn as if with age ; yet unretrievingly
 No joy of memory keep—
 Are orphans of the earthly love and heavenly—
 Let them weep—let them weep !

They look up with their pale and sunken faces,
 And their look is dread to see ;
 For you think you see their angels in their places,
 With eyes meant for Deity.
 “ How long,” they say, “ how long, O cruel nation !
 Will you stand, to move the world, on a child's heart,
 Trample down with a mail'd heel its palpitation,
 And tread onward to your throne amid the mart ?
 Our blood splashes upward, O our tyrants !
 And your purple shows your path—
 But the child's sob curseth deeper in the silence,
 Than the strong man in his wrath !”

* The report of the commissioners represents instances of children, whose religious devotion is confined to the repetition of the two first words of the Lord's Prayer.

LETTER TO CHRISTOPHER NORTH, ESQ.

RESPECTED CHRISTOPHER,

As an appendage to the "*Whippiad*," so happily rescued from the fate designed for it by its author, to be embalmed in the never-dying pages of *Maga*, the following *jeu d'esprit*, connected with its hero, may not be unacceptable, especially as both productions were generally attributed to the same pen. A note on the line—

"And cuckoo mingle with the thoughts of Bell,"

towards the end of the first canto, alludes to "a young lady of singular elegance and personal accomplishments," to whom Dr Toe's attentions were supposed not to have been unacceptable. This elegant and accomplished young lady, however, (a certain Miss Bell H——,) is said to have eventually jilted the Doctor, and married her footman; a circumstance which gave rise to the following stanzas:—

'Twixt footman John and Dr Toe
A rivalry befell,
Which of the two should be the Beau
To bear away the *Belle*!

The Footman won the Lady's heart,
And who can blame her?—No man.
The *whole* prevail'd against the *part*:
'Twas *Foot-man versus Toe-man*.

By the way, Christopher, your compositor has "misused the queen's press most damnably" in the quotation from *Coriolanus* prefixed to the second canto, where he converts the "Great *Toe* of the Assembly" into its "Great *Foe*." Rap his knuckles with your crutch, old Gentleman; and tell him, too, that the "Shawstone's party" he speaks of was a very jolly *symposium*, given by a very hearty fellow of the name of "Rawstorne," whose *cognomen* stands *sic in orig.*

Thine ever,

My dear Christopher,

ERIGENA.

BRAZENOSE QUAD., July 15, 1843.

THE REPEAL AGITATION.

No popularity does, or can exist which is not liable to collapses. Two-fold infirmity, alike for him who judges, and for him who suffers judgment, will not allow it to be otherwise. Sir Robert Peel, a minister more popular by his tenure of office than any whom this generation will perhaps again behold, has not been able to escape that ordinary trial of human prosperity. Suddenly a great cloud of public danger has gathered around him: upon every path there were seen to lie secret snares: no wisdom could make an election amongst them absolutely safe: he made that election which comparison of the cases and private information seemed to warrant: and immediately, of his own supporters many are offended. We believe it to be a truth, one amongst those new truths whose aspiring heads are even now rising above our horizon, that the office of first minister, either for France or England, is becoming rapidly more trying by the quality of its duties. We talk of energy: we invoke the memories of Pitt and of Chatham: "oh, for one hour," we exclaim, of those great *executive* statesmen—who "trampled upon impossibilities," or glorified themselves in a "vigour beyond the law!" Looking backwards, we are right: in our gratitude we do not err. But those times are past. For Sir Robert Peel no similar course is open. Changes in the temper of the age, changes in the constitution of public bodies, absolute revolutions in the *kind* of responsibilities by which a minister is now fettered, forbid us to imagine that any raptures of national sympathy will ever crowd forward to the support of extreme or summary measures, such as once might have been boldly employed. That style of aspiring action presumes some approach to unity in public opinion. But such unity we shall hardly witness again, were a hostile invader even landed on our shores.

Meantime it will add weight to any thing we can offer in behalf of the Irish policy now formally avowed by Government, if we acknowledge ingenuously that for some weeks we ourselves shared in the doubts upon its

wisdom, not timidly expressed by weighty Conservatives. We believe it, indeed, natural and honourable that the first movement of feeling upon cases such as those now proceeding in Ireland, should be one of mere summary indignation. Not that scurrility and the basest of personalities from Mr O'Connell are either novelties, or difficult to bear. To hear an old man, a man whose own approach to the period of physical decay, is the one great hope and consolation of all good subjects in Ireland, scoffing at grey hairs in the Duke of Wellington—calling, and permitting his creatures to call, by the name of "vagabonds" or "miscreants," the most eminent leaders of a sister nation, who are also the chosen servants of that mistress whom he professes to honour: this might have been shocking in any man who had not long since squandered his own ability to shock. As it is, these things move only laughter or silent disgust, according to the temper of readers. And we are sure that not merely the priests, or men of education amongst Mr O'Connell's followers, but even the peasantry, must in their hearts perceive how indispensable is a *general* habit of self-restraint and abstinence from abusive language to the effect of any individual insult. These were *not* the causes of public indignation. Not what Mr O'Connell said, but what he did, kindled the general wrath. To see him marching and countermarching armies, to find him bandying menaces with the Government of this great nation, and proclaiming (openly or covertly) that he would not be the party to strike the first blow, but that assuredly he would strike the second—thinking it little to speak as a traitor, unless also he spoke as an European potentate; this was the spectacle before which the self-control of so many melted away, and which raised the clamour for vindictive justice. It quickened the irritation to know, that hostile foreigners were looking on with deep interest, and every where misinterpreting the true readings of the case. Weeks passed before we could thoroughly reconcile our own feelings to

the passive toleration, or apparent apathy, of the Government. Our sense of prudence took the alarm, not less than our feelings. And finally, if both could have acquiesced, our sense of consistency was revolted by what met the public eye; since, if the weak were to be punished, why should the strong be connived at? Magistrates, to the amount of three score, had been dismissed for giving their countenance to the Repeal meetings; and yet the meetings themselves, which had furnished the very principle of the reproach, and the ground of punishment, were neither dispersed nor denounced.

Rarely, however, in politics, has any man final occasion to repent of forbearance. There may be a tempest of provocation towards the policy of rigour; that policy may justify itself to the moral sense of men; modes even of prudence may be won over to sanction it; and yet, after all, the largest spirit of civil prudence, such as all of us would approve in any historical case removed from the passions of the times, will suggest a much nobler promise of success through a steady adherence to the counsels of peace, than any which could attend the most efficient prosecution of a hostile intervention. The exceeding weight of the crisis has forced us into a closer comparison than usual of the consequences probably awaiting either course. Usually in such cases, we are content to abide the solutions of time; the rapid motion of events settling but too hastily all doubts, and dispensing with the trouble of investigation. Here, however, the coincidence of feelings, heavily mortified on our own part, with the serious remonstrances in the way of argument from journals friendly to Sir Robert Peel's government, would not suffer us to rest in the uneasy condition of dissatisfied suspense. We found ourselves almost coerced into pursuing the two rival policies, down to their separate issues; and the result has satisfied ourselves, that the minister is right. We shall make an effort for bringing over the reader to our own convictions. Sir Robert, we shall

endeavour to show, has *not* been deficient in proper energy; his forbearance, where it has been most conspicuous, is either absolute—in which case it will be found to justify itself, even at present, to the considerate—or it is but provisional, and waiting for contingencies—in which case it will soon unmask itself more terrifically than either friend or enemy, perhaps, anticipates.

The Minister's defence is best pursued through the turns of his own admirable speech in the recent debates on the grievances of Ireland. But, previously, let us weigh for a moment Mr O'Connell's present position, and the chances that seem likely to have attended any attempt to deal with him by blank resistance. It had been always understood, by watchful politicians, that the Repeal agitation slumbered only until the reinstatement of a Conservative administration. The Whigs were notoriously in collusion at all times, more or less openly, with this "foul conspiracy:"* a crime which, in them, was trebly scandalous; for they it was, in times past, who had denounced the conspiracy to the nation as ruinous; in *that* they were right: but they also it was, who had pointed out the leading conspirator as an individual to national indignation in a royal speech; and in *that* they degraded, without a precedent, the majesty of that high state-document. Descending thus abjectly, as regarded the traitor, the Whigs were not unwilling to benefit by the treason. They did so. They adulterated with treason during their term of power: the compact being, that Mr O'Connell should guide for the Government their exercise of Irish patronage so long as he guaranteed to them an immunity from the distraction of Irish insubordination. When the Tories succeeded to power, this armistice—this treasonable capitulation with treason—of necessity fell to the ground; and once again Mr O'Connell prepared for war. *Cessante mercede cessat opera.* How he has conducted this war of late, we all know. And such being the brief history of its origin, embittered to him by the silent expression of defiance,

* We use the words of the Chancellor; words, therefore, technically legal, in the debate of July, on Lord Clanricarde's motion for a vote of censure upon Sir E. Sugden.

unavoidably conched in any withdrawal of the guilty commerce, we all guess in what spirit he will wish to conduct it for the future. But *there* presents itself the question of his ability—of his possible resources—for persevering in his one mode of hostility. He would continue his array of mobs, but *can* he? We believe not. Already the hours of his sorceries are numbered: and now he stands in the situation of an officer on some forlorn outpost, before a superior enemy, and finding himself reduced to half a dozen rounds of ammunition. In such a situation, whatever countenance he may put on of alacrity and confidence, however rapidly he may affect to sustain his fire in the hope of duping his antagonist into a retreat, he cannot surmount or much delay the catastrophe which faces him. More and more reluctantly Mr O'Connell will tell off the few lingering counters on his beadroll: but at length comes the last; after which he is left absolutely without resources for keeping the agitation alive, or producing any effect whatever.

Many fancy *not*. They suppose it possible that these parades or field-days may be repeated. But let us consider. Already it impresses a character of childishness on these gatherings of peasants; and it is a feeling which begins to resound throughout Ireland, that there is absolutely no business to be transacted—not even any forms to be gone through—and, therefore, no rational object by which such parades can be redeemed from mockery. Were there a petition to be subscribed, a vote to be taken, or any ostensible business to furnish an excuse for the meeting—once, but once only, in each district, it might avail. As it is, we have the old nursery case before us—

“The king of France march'd up the hill,
With twenty thousand men,”

followed by his most Christian majesty's successful countermarch. The very children in the streets would follow them with hootings, if these fooleries were reiterated. But, if that attempt were made, and in some instances should even succeed, so much the worse for the interests of Repeal. The effect would be fatal. No device could be found more excellent for killing the enthusiasm which has

called out such assemblies, than the evidence thus forced upon the general mind—that they were inoperative, and without object, either confessed or concealed. Hitherto the toil and exhaustion of the day had been supported, doubtless, under a belief that a muster of insurrectionary forces was desired, with a view to some decisive course of action, when all should be found prepared. The cautionary order issued for total abstinence from violence had been looked upon, of course, as a momentary or *interim* restraint. But if once it were understood that this order was absolute, or of indefinite application, the chill to the national confidence would be that of death. For we are not to suppose that the faith and love of the peasantry *can* have been given, either personally to Mr O'Connell, or to Repeal, as a cause for itself. Both these names represent, indirectly, weightier and dearer objects, which are supposed to stand behind: even Repeal is not valued as an end—but simply as a means to something beyond. But let that idea once give way, let the present hope languish, let it be thrown back to a period distant or unassigned—and the ruin of the cause is sealed. The rural population of Ireland has, it is true, been manœuvred and exhibited merely as a threatening show to England; but, assuredly, on that same day when the Irish peasants, either from their own sagacity, or from newspapers, discover that they have been used as a property by Mr O'Connell, for purposes in which their own interest is hard to be deciphered, indifference and torpor will succeed. For this once, the nationality of Ireland has been too frantically stimulated for the toleration of new delays. Mr O'Connell is at last the martyr of his own success. Should the priestly order refuse to advance further on a road nominally national, but from which, at any moment, the leader may turn off, by secret compromise, into a by-road, leading only to family objects, universal mutiny must *now* follow. The general will of the priesthood has thus far quelled and overruled the individual will; but that indignant recusants amongst that *order* are muttering and brooding we know, as well from the necessities of human nature, as from actual letters already beginning to appear in the journals.

Under all these circumstances, a crisis is to be dreaded by the central body of Repealers, which body is doubtless exceedingly small. And what will hasten this crisis is the inevitable result from a fact noticed as yet only for ostentation. It is this. The weekly contributions in money, and their sudden overflow, have occasioned some comments in the House of Lords; on the one side with a view to the dishonesty apparent in the management of this money, and to the dark purposes which it may be supposed to mask—on the other, with a view to the increasing heartiness in the service, which it seems to express. It is, however, a much more reasonable comment upon this momentary increase, so *occasional* and timed to meet the sudden resurrection of energy in the general movement, that the money has flowed so freely altogether under that same persuasion which also has drawn the peasantry to the meetings—viz. the fixed anticipation of an immediate explosion. Multitudes in the belief, suddenly awakened and propagated through Ireland—that now at length, all further excuses laid aside, the one great national enterprise, so long nursed in darkness, had ripened for execution, and would at last begin to move—have exerted themselves to do what, under other circumstances, they would not have done. Even simple delay would now irritate these men beyond control. They will call for an account. This will be refused, and cannot *but* be refused. The particular feeling of these men, that they have been hoaxed and swindled, concurring with the popular rage on finding that this storm also, like all before it, is to blow over—if there be faith in human nature, will do more to shake the Repeal speculation than any possible course of direct English resistance. All frauds would be forgiven in an hour of plausible success, or even in a moment of undeniable preparation. But disappointment coming in the rear of extravagant hopes will be fatal, and strike a frost to the heart of the conspiracy. For it cannot be doubted that none of these extra services, whether in money or personal attendance, would have been rendered without express assurances from high quarters, and not *merely* from fond imaginations founded on appearances,

that the pretended regeneration for Ireland was at hand.

Now let us see how these natural sequences, from the very nature of the showy demonstrations recently organized, and from the very promises by which they must have been echoed, will operate in relation to the measures of the Government; either those which have been adopted, or those which have been declined. Had the resolution (a fatal resolution, as we *now* think) been adopted in the cabinet to disperse the meetings by force, blood would have flowed; and a plea, though fraudulent in virtue, would have been established for O'Connell—such as we may suppose to be built upon a fact so liable to perversion. His hands would have been prodigiously strengthened. The bloodshed would have been kept before the eyes of the people for ever, and would have taken innumerable forms. But the worst, ultimately the ruinous, operation of this official intervention would have lain in the plenary excuse from his engagements furnished to Mr O'Connell, and in the natural solution of all those embarrassments which for himself he *cannot* solve. At present he is at his wits' end to devise any probable scheme for tranquillizing the universal disappointment, for facing the relapse from infinite excitement, and for propitiating the particular fury of those who will now hold themselves to have been defrauded of their money. Leave this tempest to itself, and it will go near to overwhelm the man: or if the local separation of the parties most injured should be so managed as to intercept that result, assuredly it will overwhelm the cause. In the estimate, therefore, of O'Connell, we may rely upon it—that a battalion of foot, or a squadron of horse, appearing in aid of the police to clear the ground at Mallow or at Donnybrook, would have seemed the least questionable godsend that has ever illuminated his experience. "*O jubilate* for a providential deliverance!" that would have been his cry. "Henceforward be all my difficulties on the heads of my opponents!" But at least, it is argued, the *fact* would have been against him; the dispersion would have disarmed him, whatever colouring he might have caused it to bear. Not at all,

We doubt if one meeting the less would have been held. Ready at all times for such emergencies, the leader would not suffer himself to be found without every conceivable legal quillet, sharpened and retouched, against the official orders. He would have had an interview with the authorities: he would have shown a flaw in the wording of the instructions: he would have rebaptized his assembly, and, where no business goes on, any name will answer: he would have called his mob "a tea-party," or "an agricultural association:" the sole real object concerned, which is the exhibition of vast numbers trained and amenable to instant restraint, would have proceeded under new names. This would no longer have languished when Government had supplied the failing impulse: and in the mean time to have urged that, merely by its numbers, combined with its perilous tendencies, the gathering was unlawful—would have availed nothing: for the law authorities in parliament, right or wrong, have affected doubts upon that doctrine; and, when parliament will not eventually support him, it matters little that a minister of these days would, for the moment, assume the responsibility of a strong measure. Or, if parliament were to legislate anew for this special case, the Repealer would then split his large mobs into many small ones: he would lecture, he would preach, he would sing, in default of other excuses for meeting. No law, he would observe coolly to the magistrate, against innumerable prayer-meetings or infinite concerts. The items would still be reported to one central office: the *facit* would be the same; and it would tell for the same cause.

Thus it appears that no fact would have resulted against the Repealers, had the Government taken a severe course. Still, may it not be said that a *fact*, and a strong one, survives on the other side, viz. against the Government, under this forbearing course which they really have taken? What

fact? Is it the organization of all Ireland? Doubtless that bears an ominous sound: but it must be considered—that if the leader cannot wield this vast organization for any purposes of his own, and plainly he cannot so long as he acquires no fresh impulses or openings to action from the indiscretion of his opponents, but on the contrary must be ruined—cause and leader, party and partisan chief, by the very 'lock' (or as in America is said, the 'fix') into which he has brought himself, by the pledge which he cannot redeem—far less can that organization be used by others or for any other purpose. It is an organization not secret; not bound by oaths; loose and careless in its cohesion; not being good for its proper object, it is good for no other, and we hear of no one attribute by which it threatens the public peace beyond its numerical extent.

But is *that* true? Is it numerically so potent as it is represented? We hardly need to say, that the exaggerations upon this point have been too monstrous to call for any pointed exposures. With respect to one of the southern meetings—that at Cork, we believe—by way of applying some scale or measurement to the exaggerations, we may mention that a military man, actually measured the ground after the retirement of the crowd. He ascertained that the ground could barely accommodate twenty-five thousand men standing in regimental order. What was the report of the newspapers? Four to five hundred thousand, as usual. Indeed, we may complain of our English Conservative journals as, in this point, faithfully reflecting the wildest statements of the Repeal organs. So much strength was apparently given, for the moment, to the Repeal interest by these outrageous fictions, that we, for our own parts, (whilst hesitating as to other points of the Government policy,) did not scruple to tax the Home Minister and the Queen's Lieutenant with some neglect of duty* in not sending expe-

* A more striking neglect is chargeable upon *some* administration in suffering the Repealers quietly to receive military training. We no more understand how this seditious act could have been overlooked at the time, than we understand the process by which modest assemblies of Orangemen have come to be viewed as illegal, pending a state of law, which, upon the whole, justifies the much larger assemblies of "foul conspirators."

rienced officers of the army to reconnoitre the meetings in every instance, and authentically to make returns of the numbers present. Since reading the minister's speech, however, we are disposed to think that this neglect was not altogether without design. It appears that Sir Robert relies in part upon these frightful falsehoods for effecting a national service by rousing the fears of the Roman Catholic landholders. In this there is no false refinement; for, having very early done all the mischief they could as incendiary proclamations of power to the working classes, the exaggerations are now, probably, operating with even more effect in an opposite direction upon the great body of the Catholic gentry. Cordially to unite this body with the government of Ireland would, by much, overbalance the fickle support of the peasantry, given for the moment to the cause of disaffection. That disaffection, under its present form, is already, perhaps, on the point of unlocking its union. It *cannot* be permanent as an organization; for, without hope, no combination can sustain itself, and a disaffection, founded purely upon *social* causes, can be healed by no Government whatever. But if the Catholic gentry, treated as they now are with fraternal equality, should heartily coalesce with the party promoting a closer *British* connexion, that would be a permanent gain.

The Irish policy, therefore, the immediate facts of the policy, pursued by the Government, if we distinguish it from the general theory and principles of their policy as laid down in the speech of the Premier, has not been what it is said to have been. Summing up the heads, let us say that we are *not* resigned negligently to the perils of civil war; those perils, though as great as Mr O'Connell could make them, are not by any means as great as Mr O'Connell describes them; the popular arrays are ridiculously below the amounts reported to us: in some instances they have been multiplied by 20, probably in all by 15; the rumour and the terror of these arrays have operated both ways; *for* us more permanently than against us. Lastly, it is not true that the Government has proceeded only by negative steps; the army has been increased in Ireland, the garrisons have been better arranged, mili-

tary stations have been strengthened, and seditious magistrates have been dismissed.

Upon this last point, one word: we have seen nothing more grossly factious in the conduct of the Whigs, than the assertion, that these magistrates ought *not* to have been dismissed. Well might the Chancellor say, that the discussion had been conducted by petty lawyerlike quibbles. The case stands thus: there are two principles concerned in the tenure of the magistrate's office—theoretic amenability to the letter of the law, and practical serviceableness for his duties. Either furnishes a ground of dismissal. To be scandalously indecorous, to be a patron of gambling in public places, would offer no *legal* objection to a magistrate; but he would be dismissed as a person unsuitable by his habits to the gravity of the commission. If you hire a watchman to protect your premises, and you discharge him upon the ground that he has been found drinking with reputed burglars, no man will hold the watchman to have been hardly used, because the burglars had not been convicted judicially. That allegation amounts to this: that he has not committed any offence known to the laws. What will you reply? "I know it," you say: "I grant it; and therefore I charge you with no offence. But I dismiss you on a principle of expedience. You have violated no law; but you have shown yourself to be a man disqualified for the very urgent duties of the post—much more disqualified than you would have been by sickness, blindness, or any other physical infirmity."

Mr O'Connell now threatens to pursue his career, by repeating that same absurd misdemeanour of summoning a mock parliament, which, some twenty and odd years ago, a Staffordshire baronet expiated by the penalties of fine and imprisonment. At that crisis we shall see the tranquil minister unmask his artillery. But could it be reasonable to look for a faithful discharge of painful duties, arising in these later stages of the Repeal cause, (and duties applying probably to the cases of gentlemen, neighbours, fellow partisans,) from one who had already promoted that cause, in its previous stages, to the extent of sedition and conspiracy?

He who has already signalized to the nation his readiness to co-operate in so open a mischief as dismemberment of the empire, wherefore should he shrink from violating an obscure rule of the common law, or a black letter statute?

But enough of the policy which *has* been pursued. *That*, by its nature is limited, and of necessity, in many points of recent application, is a policy of watching and negation. Now, let us turn to the general policy, as it is reviewed in the very comprehensive speech of the Prime Minister. This applies equally to the past and the future. The French journals, and in particular the *Débats*, complain that it is crowded with details. How should this be otherwise? Can there be an answer given to charges whose vice is their vagueness, otherwise than by *circumstantial* exposures of their falsehood? Ireland, for instance, has been unfairly treated as to taxes, partition of indulgences, pecuniary advances. That is the charge. Can it be met with another answer than by absolute arithmetic, tax-office proofs, or returns from the Exchequer? "But in these a foreigner takes no interest." Doubtless! and *that* should be an argument with the foreigner for his declining to judge upon the question. Want of understanding is not at all a worse disqualification for acting as a judge than want of interest in the subject. We mention this pointedly; because it is not to foreigners chiefly that this maxim applies: a profound injustice continually operates in this way amongst the parliamentary foes of Government. Often in private life we witness the unprincipled case—that, upon suspecting a man's vindication to be established by any investigation, men will decline to look into it, as really possessing too little interest for themselves; though these same people had not found any want of interest in the allegations—nay, had mastered all the details—so long as the charges pointed to some disgraceful issue, and the verdict threatened to be unfavourable. An instance of this baseness, truly shocking to the moral sense, is found in the ridiculous charge against the ministers, founded upon the mail-coach contract. This was not at all too petty to be pressed with rancour. However, it was answered.

The answer, on the principle of the case, and coupled with the illustrations from parallel cases, is decisive. And then the taunt is—"But why fasten upon charges so minute and frivolous?" Minute and frivolous, we grant; but not so in that degree which prevented you gentlemen in opposition from dwelling on them with genial spite, as being odious in proportion to their pettiness. "You, you, it was," says Sir Robert, "that pressed the case!" Certainly: and they it was who would never have withdrawn the case had they not found it untenable. It is thus easy for two men to concert a collusive attack which shall succeed either way, and be dishonest both ways. "Do you," says the one, "*try on* this particular case for harassing the minister. If it tells, if it sticks, then we both pitch into him. If it fails, then rise I and say:—'How shameful in an official person to throw dust in the eyes of the House by detaining it upon a miserable trifle, whilst the criminal gravities of his conduct are skulking in the rear under this artifice for misleading the public attention!'"

With this prefatory explanation, called for, perhaps, by the unequal importance of the points reviewed, we shall now rehearse the heads of this speech. It is a speech that, by anticipation, we may call memorable, looking before and after; good, as a history for half a century gone by since our union with Ireland; good, we venture to hope, as a rule and as a prophecy for the spirit of our whole future connexion with that important island. We shall move rapidly; for our rehearsal will best attain the object we have in view by its brevity and condensation.

I.—Mr Roebuck had insisted that Ireland was made the victim of our English parsimony; not once and away, but systematically. This happens to be a charge peculiarly irritating to all parties—to the authors of the parsimony, and to its objects. And, says Sir Robert, I am told to avoid it as secondary; but observe, it is quite substantial enough, as others say, to justify "an impeachment." This is the honourable barrister's word; and a "soft" impeachment it will turn out.

a. By the Act of Union, it was provided that, in voting the civil esti-

mates for Ireland, whatever sum it should appear that Ireland had averaged for six years before the Union, in her own votes for a particular purpose, annually that same sum should be voted for a period prescribed by the United Parliament. The purpose was, internal improvement in Ireland, and any national uses, whether pious or charitable. What, then, had been the extent of the Irish vote? We neglect small fractions, and state that it had averaged seventy-three thousand a-year. For the first twenty years, therefore, the obligation upon the Imperial Parliament had been, to vote twenty times that sum, or L.1,460,000. This was the contract. What was the performance? Five millions, three hundred and forty-eight thousand pounds, or three and a half times the amount of the promise.

b. Another extraordinary vote in the Irish Parliament, previous to the Union, had been upon the miscellaneous estimates. This vote, when averaged on the same principle, had produced annually one hundred and twenty-eight thousand pounds. To the same sum the United Parliament stood pledged for the first period of twenty-eight years succeeding the Union. The reader will see at once that the result ought to have been little more than three and a half millions. That was the debt. What was the payment? Something beyond five millions.

c. Upon another comparison, viz. between Scotland and Ireland, as to another class of *extras* and contingencies, it turns out—that, during the last period of seven years, to Scotland had been voted six hundred and sixty thousand pounds, to Ireland two million, two hundred, and sixty thousand; to Scotland, that is, less than one hundred thousand *per annum*; to Ireland, more than three hundred thousand.

In the same category stands the relative taxation. Ireland was to pay two-seventeenths of the whole imperial burden. That was the bargain, which we are not called on to reopen. But, as *extras*, as a liberal *bonus* upon this bargain, Ireland has been excused from paying for windows—for assessed

taxes—for soap. At this moment, in addition to these liberal discounts, she has no *national* share, as Ireland,* in the Income Tax: and she may be said, in one sense, to receive her letters gratuitously, for the postage yields nothing to Government, all being absorbed by the Irish post-office. It is little, after this, to start possibilities of unequal contribution as regards the indirect taxation: this could not be separately apportioned to the three great limbs of the empire without disturbing the great currents of commerce. It is enough that by exemptions upon the direct taxes, so far as concerns three of them—window, assessed, and income—Ireland receives a large indemnity.

II. Connected with the last head is the reproach made to Great Britain upon the subject of railway encouragement. What encouragement? By money? Yes, says Lord John Russell, whose experience in office (as one of a cabinet plagued in the way that all cabinets are by projectors and scheming capitalists) ought to have taught him better. Have we given any money to our own railways? No: but England is rich. True: and Ireland is not suffered to be so rich as she might be by her Irish "friends." But rich or not rich, is no question here. If schemes of profit are not profitable in this country, we do not encourage them. If they are profitable, they want no encouragement. Still, it is said, might it not be prudent to feed the railroads in Ireland, not with any view to the scheme for itself, but considered as a means of development for the circumjacent country? No, replies Sir Robert, that is an error: railways may benefit *by* the country: but the country through which they race, is rarely affected by *them* more than the atmosphere aloft by the balloons. The great towns on the route, or at the extremities, doubtless benefit; but in too small a degree, unless they are manufacturing towns, to warrant the least thoughtful of ministers in assisting them. However, to make a beginning, and as a topic to be borne in mind, how much would be wanted? A matter of *ten millions*, says Lord John. *Olli subri-*

* People in Ireland, under various heads, as officers of the different services, &c., pay, but not in quality of Irishmen, when by accident they are such.

dens, replies the minister, "What! only that?" But, returning to business, he reminds the house—that, even for so small a sum as ten millions sterling, the nation would perhaps expect security. Who is to give it? Are the counties traversed to be assessed? But they will disown the benefit arising. And, says Sir Robert, take a miniature case—a sum little more than one-tenth of ten millions was advanced by this country on account of the Irish work-houses, and for a time there was some advantage gained to the industry of the land. But that soon passed away, and then two evils arose at once. The money was to be repaid, and the employment was at an end. But this latter evil was worse than it seemed, for it did not act as a simple privation of so much good; the *extra* stimulation of the national industry, as invariably happens, and as at this moment we see in England upon the cessation of a ten years' demand for iron, on account of our own railways, brought about a corresponding exhaustion for the new Poor-Law, tending violently to civil tumults. The repayment of that advance will yet cost Ireland many a groan.

III. If Ireland, then, is not ill-treated as to her taxation, or her public improvements, is it true that she is ill-treated in the persons of her children? That also has been said; but Sir Robert disperses that fancy by facts which are as conclusive as they are really little needed at this day. Sculptors had been appointed by members of the cabinet, police commissioners, &c.; and, as will easily be believed, with no question ever mooted as to their birth, whether English, Scotch, or Irish. Subsequently, however, it had turned out as a blind fact, which is useful in showing the entire indifference to such a point in the minds of public men, that the larger proportion of successful candidates were Irish. This was an accident certainly, but an accident irreconcilable with the least shadow of prejudice pointing in that direction.

IV. Of social grievances, grievances connected with the state of society, there are but too many in Ireland: relations between landlord and tenant for instance; but these are so little caused or aggravated by Parliament, that they cannot even be light-

ened by Parliament. What little is possible, however, says Sir Robert, we will attempt. The elective franchise is another case; yet, if that is now too much narrowed, why is it so? Let Ireland thank herself, and the growing indisposition amongst Irish landlords to grant leases. Might we not, then, transfer to Ireland our English franchise? But *that*, applied to Irish institutions and arrangements, would narrow the electoral basis still further than it *is* narrowed. Not, therefore, *against* the Irish, but in their behalf, we withhold our own unsuitable privileges. It is a separate question, besides, whether the *moral* civilization of Ireland is equal to the exercise of our English franchise. Education of the people again, if there is an obstacle at this time to its movement in Ireland, where does it originate? We all know the great schism upon that subject existing amongst the Irish Protestants, and how embarrassing the Government has found that feud—how intractable and embittered, for the very reason that it rested upon no personal jealousies which might have relaxed or been overruled, but (for one side at least) upon deep conscientious scruples. Reverence those scruples we must; but still the Irish are not entitled to charge upon ministers a public evil of their own creation. In all these calamities, or others of the same nature, oppressing the state of society in Ireland, and derived as an inheritance from ancient times, the blame too notoriously, in no part of it, rests with the English ministers; and the proof is evident in this fact—that, except by one monstrous anti-social proposal from a very few of the opposition members, as a remedy for the land-occupancy complaints—a proposal strongly disavowed by the leaders of the party, no *practical* flaw was detected, either of omission or commission, as affecting the ministerial policy. The objections were pure generalities; and even Lord John Russell, who adopted the usual complaint against the minister, that he brought forward no definite plan, and whose own field of choice was therefore left all the wider, offered nothing more specific than the following mysterious suggestion, which is probably a Theban hieroglyphic—that, like as the "celebrated" Cromwell, in times past, did

appoint Sir Matthew Hale to the presiding seat on the bench of justice, even so ought Sir Robert Peel to—. But there the revelation ceased. What are we to suppose the suppressed *apodosis* of the proposition? Was it to disarm Mr O'Connell, by making him an archbishop? Little propensity have we to treat a great national crisis with levity; but surely every man is entitled to feel indignant, that when the burden of attack upon Government, is for their silence with regard to specific measures, (which, to be effectual, must often be secret,) those who have the good fortune to be under no such restraints of secrecy, find themselves able to suggest absolutely nothing. National resources were not locked up in the treasury—the particular choice may be secret, but the resources themselves lie open to the whole world—to us, to Lord John Russell, who have no power, quite as much as to Sir Robert Peel, who wields the thunder. And we cannot but remind the reader, that one reason, beyond the policy of concealment, which made it hard for Government to offer suggestions absolutely new, was the simple fact, that such as were fit to be published they had already *acted on*. The remodeling of arrangements for the army, the bill for intercepting the means of arming a rebel force, and the suppression of insurrectionary magistrates—these three measures were clearly the first steps to be taken. One only of the three is still lingering; whom have we to thank for *that*? A ministry to which the Duke of Wellington belongs, is not likely to talk first and act afterwards. By the time it became necessary to talk, their work, *for the present*, had been done. But some few significant words there were from leaders in both Houses, which convince us, that, upon any important *change* of movements on the part of the Repealers, the silent menaces of Government will begin to speak in a tone such as no man can misunderstand.

V. *Patronage*.—Has that great instrument of government been abused by Sir Robert Peel in the management of Ireland? This question might have arranged itself under either of the two first heads; but we choose to bring it forward in an insulated form. For we believe that

no administration of any day has ever made the avowal, or had it in their power to make the avowal, which Sir Robert Peel made to the House of Commons in the speech we are now reviewing. He read two separate extracts from his own official instructions to Lord De Grey, which actually announced his resolution (unfettered by the slightest reserve) to renounce the entire church patronage of Ireland as an instrument of administration. The Lord-Lieutenant was authorized to dispense this patronage with one solitary view to merit, professional merit, and the highest interests of Ireland. So noble an act as this, and one so unprecedented in its nobility, needs no praise of ours. It speaks for itself. And it would be injurious to spend words in emblazonry of *that* which, by a spontaneous movement, *both* sides of the House received with volleying cheers. That kind of applause is as rare and as significant as the act itself.

VI. and VII. Finally, however, all other questions connected with this great crisis, sink in importance by the side of the one great interest at stake upon the Union—is *that* to be maintained? And, as the Union could not possibly survive the destruction of the Protestant Establishment, is *that* to be protected? Are we to receive, at the hands of traitors, a new model for our glorious empire? and, without condescending to pause for one instant in discussing consequences, are we to drink of this cup of indignity—that the constitution and settlement of our state, which one hundred and fifty-five years ago required the deliberations of two ancient nations, England and Scotland, collected in their representatives, to effect, now at this day are to be put into the furnace anew by obscure conspirators, and traitors long since due to the gallows. Say not, with Sir James Graham, “that this all-conquering England would perish by the consequences.” If that were endured, already she *has* perished: and the glory of Israel has departed. The mere possibility that, by a knot of conspirators, our arch of empire could be dismembered, that by a bare shout of treason it could be thrown down for ever like the battlements of Jericho at the blast of trumpets, would proclaim, as in that Judean

tragedy, that we stood under a curse of wrath divine. The dismemberment itself would be less fatal than the ignominy of its mode. Better to court the hostility of foreign nations, better to lay open our realms to a free movement of that wrath against us which is so deeply founded in their envy, than to perish by the hands of poltroons, of thieves, of conspirators. But this fate is not ours. Many times our Government have repeated that assurance. But, as in the expressions of our affection to the Sovereign, this assurance is rightly renewed from time to time, and occasions are sought for renewing it, let the ministers be assured—that, on this point, we are all sound at heart. All of us are with them from shore to shore. In this island there will be no faltering. It is shocking, undoubtedly : it is awful, and *at such a moment*, to hear three lords of old official standing—Lords Palmerston, Howick, and John Russell, taking occasion to propound ridiculous and senseless modifications of a plan essentially rebellious, the plan of partial confiscation, or of partial degradation, for the Protestant Church. Patience hardly can keep pace with the deliberate consideration of the contradictions which would follow—whether from tampering with the Church, or with the political settlement of our nations. Sir R. Peel has traced both. From the one case *must* follow an independent army, for Ireland an independent government, an independent war as often as the popular will should speak loudly. From a participation of Protestant property, or Protestant dignities with the Roman Catholics, would follow instantly the transfer of Protestant

churches, already few enough, the translation of Popish priests (that is, of selected traitors) to our senate. The very hint is a monument to the disgrace of these noble lords ; fatal to all pretences of *earnest* patriotism ; but still in *them* accounted for, and perhaps a little palliated, by the known necessities of party. As respects the *general* mind, there is no such imbecility abroad ; no such disposition to traffic or go halves, temporize or capitulate with treason. One only error is prevalent : it has been noticed by Sir R. Peel, who indeed overlooked nothing ; but it may be well to put the refutation into another form. The caballing for dissolution of the Union, why should that be treasonable ? Is the Act of Union more than an Act of Parliament ? Is not every act of Parliament open to objection, petition, annulment ? No. It is dismemberment, says Sir Robert Peel, of the state. We add this—How, and in virtue of what law, does the house of Brunswick reign ? By the Act of Settlement—an act of Parliament—an act about a hundred and fifty years old. That is but an act of Parliament. Is it open, then, to any of us, or all of us, to call a meeting for rescinding the Act of Settlement ? But all will now advance to a rapid consummation ; Mr O'Connell pursues only his old movement—then he is lost by the decay of the enthusiasm. He adopts a new one—that which he has obscurely announced. Then we are as sure as we are of day and night, of *his* treason, as of British power to crush it, that the suspended thunderbolt, now raised aloft by the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel, will put an end to him for ever.

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“WE ARE ALL LOW PEOPLE THERE.”

A TALE OF THE ASSIZES.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

SOME time ago, business of an important character carried me to the beautiful and populous city of —. I remember to have visited it when I was a child, in the company of a doating mother, who breathed her last there; and the place, associated with that circumstance, had ever afterwards been the gloomiest spot in the county of my birth. A calamity such as that to which I have alluded leaves no *half* impressions. It stamps itself deep, deep in the human heart; and a change, scarcely less than organic, for good or ill, is wrought there. Agreeably with this fact, the scene itself of the event becomes at once, to the survivor, either hallowed and beloved, or hated and avoided. Not that natural beauty or deformity has any thing to do in the production of such feelings. They have a mysterious origin, and are, in truth, not to be accounted for or explained. A father sees the hope and joy of his manhood deposited amongst the gardens of the soil, and from that moment the fruitful fields and unobstructed sky are things he cannot gaze upon; whilst the brother, who has lived in the court or alley of a crowded city with the sister of his infancy, and has buried her, with his burning tears, in the dense churchyard of the denser street, clings to the neighbourhood, close and unhealthy though it be, with a love that renders

it for him the brightest and the dearest nook of earth. He cannot quit it, and be at peace. Causes that seem alike, are not always so in their effects. For my own part, for years after the first bitter lesson of my life became connected with that city, I could not think of it without pain, or hear its name spoken without suffering a depression of spirits, as difficult to throw off as are the heavy clouds that follow in the track, and hide the little light of a December sun. At school, I remember well how grievously I wept upon the map on which I first saw the word written, and how completely I expunged the characters from the paper, forbidding my eyes to glance even to the county from which I had erased them. Time passes, hardening the heart as it rolls over it, and we afford to laugh at the strong feelings and extravagant views of our youth. It is well, perhaps, that we do so; and yet on that subject a word or two of profitable matter might be offered, which shall be withholden now. For many years I have battled through the world, an orphan, on my own account; and it is not surprising that the vehemence of my early days should have gradually sobered down before the stern realities that have at every step encountered me. Long before I received the unwelcome intelligence, that it was literally incumbent upon me to

revisit the spot of my beloved mother's dissolution, the mention of its name had ceased to evoke any violent emotion, or to affect me as of old. I say *unwelcome*; because, notwithstanding the stoicism of which I boast, I felt quite uncomfortable enough to write to my correspondent by the return of post, urging him to make one more endeavour to complete my business without my aid, and to spare, if possible, my personal attendance. I gave no reason for this wish. I did not choose to tell a falsehood, and I had hardly honesty to acknowledge, even to myself—the truth. I failed, however, in my application, and with any but a cheerful mind, I quitted London on my journey. Thirty years before I had travelled to — in a stupendous machine, of which now I recollect only that it seemed to take years out of my little life in arriving at its destination, and that, on its broad, substantial rear, it bore the effigy of "*an ancient Briton*." Locomotion then, like me, was in a state of infancy. On the occasion of my second visit to the city, I had hardly time to wonder at the velocity with which I was borne along. Distance was annihilated. The two hundred miles over which *the ancient Briton* had wearisomely laboured, were reduced to twenty; and before I could satisfy myself that our journey was more than begun, my horseless coach, and fifty more besides, had actually gone over them. I experienced a nervous palpitation at the heart as I proceeded from the outskirts of the city, and grew more and more fidgety the nearer I approached the din and noise of the prosperous seat of business. I could not account for the feeling, until I detected myself walking as briskly as I could, with my eyes fixed hard upon the ground, as though afraid to glance upon a street, a house, an object which could recall the past, or carry me back to the first dark days of life. Then it was that I summoned courage, and, with a desperate effort to crush the morbid sensibility, raised myself to my full height, gazed around me, and awoke, effectually and for ever, from my dream. The city was not the same. The well-remembered thoroughfares were gone; their names extinct, and superseded by others more euphonic; the buildings, which I had carried in my mind as in a book—the thought of

meeting which had given me so much pain, had been removed—destroyed, and not a brick remained which I could call a friend, or offer one warm tear, in testimony of old acquaintance. A noble street, a line of palaces—merchants' palaces—had taken to itself the room of twenty narrow ways, that, in the good old times, had met and crossed in close, but questionable, friendship. Bright stone, that in the sunlight shone brighter than itself, flanked every broad and stately avenue, denoting wealth and high commercial dignity. Every venerable association was swept away, and nothing remained of the long-cherished and always unsightly picture, but the faint shadow in my own brain—growing fainter now with every moment, and which the unexpected scene and new excitement were not slow to obliterate altogether. I breathed more freely as I went my way, and reached my agent's house at length, lighter of heart than I had been for hours before. Mr Treherne was a man of business, and a prosperous one too, or surely he had no right to place before the dozen corpulent gentlemen whom I met on my arrival—a dinner, towards which the viscera of princes might have turned without ruffling a fold of their intestinal dignity. I partook of the feast—that is to say, I sat at the groaning table, and, like a cautious and dyspeptic man, I eat roast beef—*toujours* roast beef, and nothing else—appeased my thirst with grateful claret, and retired at last to wholesome sleep and quiet dreams. Not so the corpulent guests. It may be to my dyspeptic habit, which enables me to be virtuous at a trifling cost, and to nothing loftier, that I am bound to attribute the feeling with which I invariably sit down to feasting; be this the fact or not, I confess that a sense of shame, uneasiness, and dislike, renders an affair of this kind to me the most irksome and unpleasant of enjoyments. The eagerness of appetite that one can fairly see in the watery and sensual eyes of men to whom *eating* has become the aim and joy of their existence—the absorption of every faculty in the gluttonous pursuit—the animal indulgence and delight—these are sickening; then the deliberate and cold-blooded torture of the creatures whose marrowy bones are *crunched* by the epicure, without a thought of the suffering that pre-

ceded his intensely pleasurable emotions, and the bare mention of which, in this narrative, is almost more than sufficient; then, worst of all, the wilful prodigality and waste—the wickedness of casting to the dogs the healthy food for which whole families, widows, and beggared orphans are pining in the neighbouring street—the guilty indifference of him who finds the wealth for the profusion, and the impudent recklessness of the underling who abuses it. Such are a few of the causes which concur in giving to the finest banquet I have seen an aspect not more odious than humiliating; and here I dwell upon the fact, because the incident which I shall shortly bring before the reader's eye, served to confirm the feelings which I entertain on this subject, and presented an instructive contrast to the splendid entertainment which greeted my immediate arrival.

I slept at the house of Mr Treherne, and, on the following morning, was an early riser. I strolled through the city, and, returning home, found my active friend seated at his breakfast-table, with a host of papers, and a packet of newly-arrived letters before him. The dinner was no more like the breakfast, than was my friend in the midst of his guests like my friend alone with his papers. His meal consisted of one slice of dry toast, and one cup of tea, already cold. The face that was all smile and relaxation of muscle on the preceding evening, was solemn and composed. You might have ventured to assert that tea and toast were that man's most stimulating diet, and that the pleasures of the counting-house were the highest this world could afford him. I, however, had passed the evening with him, and was better informed. Mr Treherne requested me to ring the bell. I did so, and his servant speedily appeared with a tray of garnished dainties, of which I was invited to partake, with many expressions of kindness uttered by my man-of-business, without a look at me, or a movement of his mind and eye from the pile of paper with which he was busy. In the course of half an hour, I had brought my repast to a close, and Mr Treherne was primed for the conflict of the day. His engagements did not permit him to give me his assistance in my own matters until the following morning. He begged me to excuse

him until dinner-time—to make myself perfectly at home—to wile away an hour or so in his library—and, when I got tired of that, to take what amusement I could amongst the lions of the town—offering which advice, he quitted me and his house with a head much more heavily laden, I am sure, than any that ever groaned beneath the hard and aching knot. Would that the labourer could be taught to think so!

After having passed an unsatisfactory hour in Mr Treherne's library, in which the only books which I cared to look at were very wisely locked up, on account of their rich binding, too beautiful to be touched, I sauntered once more through the broad streets of the city, and, in my solitary walk, philosophized upon the busy spirit of trade which pervaded them. It is at such a time and place that the quiet and observant mind is startled by the stern and settled appearance of reality and continuance which all things take. If the world were the abiding-place of man, and life eternity, such earnestness, such vigour, such intensity of purpose and of action as I saw stamped upon the harassed brows of men, would be in harmony with such a scene and destination. HERE such concentration of the glorious energies of man is mockery, delusion, and robs the human soul of—who shall say how much? Look at the stream of life pouring through the streets of commerce, from morn till night, and mark the young and old—yes, the youngest and the oldest—and discover, if you can, the expression of any thought but that of traffic and of gain, as if the aim and end of living were summed up in these. And are they? Yes, if we may trust the evidence of age, of him who creeps and totters on his way, who has told his threescore years and ten, and on the threshold of eternity has found the vanity of all things. Oh, look at him, and learn how hard it is, even at the door of death, to FEEL the mutability and nothingness of earth! Palsied he is, yet to the Exchange he daily hies, and his dull eye glistens on the mart—his ear is greedy for the sounds that come too tardily—his quick and treble voice is loud amongst the loudest. He is as quick to apprehend, as eager now to learn, as ravenous for gain, as when he trusted first an untried world. If

life be truly but a shadow, and mortals but the actors in the vision, is it not marvellous that age, and wisdom, and experience build and fasten there as on a rock? Such thoughts as these engaged my mind, as I pursued my way alone, unoccupied, amongst the labouring multitude, and cast a melancholy hue on things that, to the eye external, looked bright, beautiful, and enduring: I was arrested in my meditations at length by a crowd of persons—men, women, and children—who thronged about the entrance of a spacious, well-built edifice. They were for the most part in rags, and their looks betrayed them for poor and reckless creatures all. They presented so singular a feature of the scene, contrasted so disagreeably with the solid richness and perfect finish of the building, that I stopped involuntarily, and enquired into the cause of their attendance. Before I could obtain an answer, a well-dressed and better-fed official came suddenly to the door, and bawled the name of one poor wretch, who answered it immediately, stepped from the crowd, and followed the appellant, as the latter vanished quickly from the door again. A remark which, at the same moment, escaped another of the group, told me that I stood before the sessions'-house, and that a man, well known to most of them, was now upon trial for his life. He was a murderer—and the questionable-looking gentleman who had been invited to appear in court, had travelled many miles on foot, to give the criminal the benefit of his good word. He was the witness for the defence, and came to speak to *character*! My curiosity was excited, and I was determined to see the end of the proceeding. It is the custom to pay for every thing in happy England. I was charged *box-price* for my admittance, and was provided with as good a seat as I could wish, amongst the *élite* of the assembly. Quick as I had been, I was already too late. There was a bustle and buzz in the court, that denoted the trial to be at an end. Indeed, it had been so previously to the appearance of the devoted witness, whose presence had served only to confirm the evidence, which had been most damning and conclusive. The judge still sat upon the bench, and, having once perceived him, it was not easy to withdraw my gaze again. "The man is surely

guilty," said I to myself, "who is pronounced so, when that judge has summed up the evidence against him." I had never in my life beheld so much benignity and gentleness—so much of truth, ingenuousness, and pure humanity, stamped on a face before. There was the fascination of the serpent there; and the longer I looked, the more pleasing became the countenance, and the longer I wished to protract my observation and delight. He was a middle-aged man—for a judge, he might be called young. His form was manly—his head massive—his forehead glorious and intellectual. His features were finely formed; but it was not these that seized my admiration, and, if I dare so express myself, my actual love, with the first brief glance. The expression of the face, which I have already attempted faintly to describe, was its charm. Such an utter, such a refreshing absence of all earthiness—such purity and calmness of soul—such mental sweetness as it bespoke! When I first directed my eye to him, it seemed as if his thoughts were abstracted from the comparatively noisy scene over which he presided—busy, it might be, in reviewing the charge which he had delivered to the jury, and upon the credit of which the miserable culprit had been doomed to die. I do not exaggerate when I assert, that at this moment—during this short reverie—his face, which I had never seen before, seemed, by a miracle, as familiar to me as my own—a fact which I afterwards explained, by discovering the closest resemblance between it and a painting of our Saviour, one of the finest works of art, the production of the greatest genius of his time, and a portrait which is imprinted on my memory and heart by its beauty, and by repeated and repeated examination. The touching expressiveness of the countenance would not have accorded with the stern office of the judge, had not its softness been relieved by a bold outline of feature, and exalted by the massy formation of the head itself. These were sufficient to command respect—that made its way quickly to the heart. An opportunity was soon afforded me to obtain some information in respect of him. I was not surprised to hear that his name and blood were closely connected with those of a brilliant poet and philosopher, and

that his own genius and attainments were of the highest character. I was hardly prepared to find that his knowledge as a lawyer was profound, and that he was esteemed erudite amongst the most learned of his order. My attention was called reluctantly from the judge to the second case of the day, which now came for adjudication. The court was hushed as a ruffian and monster walked sullenly into the dock, charged with the perpetration of the most horrible offences. I turned instinctively from the prisoner to the judge again. The latter sat with his attention fixed, his elbow resting on a desk, his head supported by his hand. Nothing could be finer than the sight. Oh! I would have given much for the ability to convey to paper a lasting copy of that countenance—a memorial for my life, to cling to in my hours of weakness and despondency, and to take strength and consolation from the spectacle of that intelligence, that meekness and chastity of soul, thus allied and linked to our humanity.

It was instructive to look alternately at the criminal and at him who must award his punishment. There they were, both men—both the children of a universal Father—both sons of immortality. Yet one so unlike his species, so deeply sunken in his state, so hideous and hateful as to be disowned by man, and ranked with fiercest brutes; the other, as far removed, by excellence, from the majority of mankind, and as near the angels and their ineffable joy as the dull earth will let him. Say what we will, the gifts of Heaven are inscrutable as mysterious, and education gives no clue to them. The business of the hour went on, and my attention was soon wholly taken up in the development of the gigantic guilt of the wretched culprit before me. I could not have conceived of such atrocity as I heard brought home to him, and to which, miserable man! he listened, now with a smile, now with perfect unconcern, as crime after crime was exhibited and proved. His history was a fearful one even from his boyhood; but of many offences of which he was publicly known to be guilty, one of the latest and most shocking was selected, and on this he was arraigned. It appeared that for the last few years he had cohabited with a female of the most disreputable character. The

issue of this connexion was a weakly child, who, at the age of two years, was removed from her dissolute parents through the kindness of a benevolent lady in the neighbourhood, and placed in the care of humble but honest villagers at some distance from them. The child improved in health, and, it is unnecessary to add, in morals. No enquiry or application was made for her by the pair until she had entered her fifth year, and then suddenly the prisoner demanded her instant restoration. The charitable lady was alarmed for the safety of her *protégée*, and, with a liberal price, bought off the father's natural desire. He duly gave a receipt for the sum thus paid him, and engaged to see the child no more. The next morning he stole the girl from the labourer's cottage. He was seen loitering about the hut before day-break, and the shrieks of the victim were heard plainly at a considerable distance from the spot where he had first seized her. Constables were dispatched to his den. It was shut up, and, being forced open, was found deserted, and stripped of every thing. He was hunted over the county, but not discovered. He had retired to haunts which baffled the detective skill of the most experienced and alert. This is the first act of the tragedy. It will be necessary to stain these pages by a description of the last. The child became more and more unhappy under the roof of her persecutors, as they soon proved themselves to be. She was taught to beg and to steal, and was taken into the highways by her mother, who watched near her, whilst, with streaming eyes, the unhappy creature now lied for alms, now pilfered from the village. Constant tramping, ill treatment, and the wear and tear of spirit which the new mode of existence effected, soon reduced the child to its former state of ill health and helplessness. She pined, and with her sickness came want and hunger to the hut. The father, affecting to disbelieve, and not listening to the sad creature's complaint, still dismissed her abroad; and when she could not walk, compelled the mother to carry her to the public road, and there to leave her in her agony, the more effectually to secure the sympathy of passengers. Even this opportunity was not long afforded him. The child grew weaker, and was at length

unable to move. He plied her with menaces and oaths, and, last of all, deliberately threatened to murder her, if she did not rise and procure bread for all of them. She had, alas! no longer power to comply with his request, and—merciful Heaven!—the fiend, in a moment of unbridled passion, made good his fearful promise. With one blow of a hatchet—alas! it needed not a hard one—he *destroyed her*. I caught the judge's eye as this announcement was made. It quivered, and his countenance was pale. I wished to see the monster *too*, but my heart failed me, and my blood boiled with indignation, and I could not turn to him. The short account which I have given here does bare justice to the evidence which came thick and full against the prisoner, leaving upon the minds of none the remotest doubt of his fearful criminality. The mother, and a beggar who had passed the night in the hut when the murder was perpetrated, were the principal witnesses against the infanticide, and their depositions could not be shaken. I waited with anxiety and great irritability for the sentence which should remove the prisoner from the bar. The earth seemed polluted as long as he breathed upon it; he could not be too quickly withdrawn, and hidden for ever in the grave. The case for the prosecution being closed, a young barrister arose, and there was a perfect stillness in the court. My curiosity to know what this gentleman could possibly urge on behalf of his client was extreme. To me "the probation bore no hinge, nor loop to hang a doubt on." But the smoothfaced counsellor, whose modesty had no reference to his years, seemed in no way burdened by the weight of his responsibility, nor to view his position as one of difficulty and risk. He stood, cool and erect, in the silence of the assembly, and with a self-satisfied smile he proceeded to address the judge. Yes, he laughed, and he had heard that heart-breaking recital; and the life of the man for whom he pleaded was hardly worth a pin's fee. The words of the poet rushed involuntarily to my mind. "Heaven!" I mentally exclaimed, "*Has this fellow no feeling of his business—he sings at grave-making!*" He made no allusion to the evidence which had been adduced, but he spoke of INFORMALITY. I trembled with

alarm and anger. I had often heard and read of justice defeated by such a trick of trade; but I prayed that such dishonour and public shame might not await her now. Informality! Surely we had heard of the cold-blooded cruelty, the slow and exquisite torture, the final death-blow; there was no informality in these; the man had not denied his guilt, his defender did not seek to palliate it. Away with the juggle, it cannot avail you here! But in spite of my feverish security, the shrewd lawyer—well might he smile and chuckle at his skill—proceeded calmly to assert the prisoner's right to his immediate *discharge!* *There was a flaw in the declaration, and the indictment was invalid.* And thus he proved it. The man was charged with murdering his child—described as his, and bearing his own name. Now, the deceased was illegitimate, and should have borne its mother's name. He appealed to his lordship on the bench, and demanded for his client the benefit which law allowed him. You might have heard the faintest whisper in the court, so suspended and so kept back was every drop of human breath, whilst every eye was fixed upon the judge. The latter spoke: "*The exception was conclusive; the prisoner must be discharged.*" I could not conceive it possible. What were truth, equity, morality—Nothing? And was murder *innocence*, if a quibble made it so? The jailer approached the monster, and whispered into his ear that he was now at liberty. He held down his head stupidly to receive the words, and he drew it back again, incredulous and astounded. Oh, what a secret he had learned for future government and conduct! What a friend and abettor, in his fight against mankind, had he found in the law of his land! I was maddened when I saw him depart from the well-secured bar in which he had been placed for trial. There he had looked the thing he was—a tiger caught, and fastened in his den. Could it do less than chill the blood, and make the heart grow sick and faint, to see the bolts drawn back—the monster loosed again, and turned unchained, untamed, fiercer than ever, into life again? Legislators, be merciful to humanity, and cease to embolden and incite these beasts of prey! Melancholy as the above recital is, it is to be con-

sidered rather as an episode in this narration, than as the proper subject of it. Had my morning's adventure finished with this disgraceful acquittal, the reader would not have been troubled with the perusal of these pages. My vexation would have been confined to my own breast, and I should have nourished my discontent in silence. The scene which immediately followed the dismissal of the murderer, is that to which I have chiefly to beg attention. It led to an acquaintance, for which I was unprepared—enabled me to do an act of charity, for which I shall ever thank God who gave me the power—and disclosed a character and a history to which the intelligent and kind-hearted may well afford the tribute of their sympathy. It was by way of contrast and relief, I presume, that the authorities had contrived that the next trial should hardly call upon the time and trouble of the court. It was a case, in fact, which ought to have been months before, summarily disposed of by the committing magistrate, and one of those too frequently visited with undue severity, whilst offences of a deeper dye escape unpunished, or, worse still, are washed away in gold. A poor man had stolen from a baker's shop a loaf of bread. *The clerk of the arraigns*, as I believe he is called, involved this simple charge in many words, and took much time to state it; but when he had finished his oration, I could discover nothing more or less than the bare fact. A few minutes before the appearance of the delinquent, I remarked a great bustle in the neighbourhood of the young barrister already spoken of. A stout fresh-coloured man had taken a seat behind him with two thinner men, his companions, and they were all in earnest conversation. The stout man was the prosecutor—his companions were his witnesses—and the youthful counsellor was, on this occasion, retained *against* the prisoner. I must confess that, for the moment, I had a fiendish delight in finding the legal gentleman in his present position. "It well becomes the man," thought I, "through whose instrumentality that monster has been set free, to fall with all his weight of eloquence and legal subtlety upon this poor criminal." If he smiled before, he was in earnest now. He frowned, and closed his lips with much solemnity, and every

look bespoke the importance of the interests committed to his charge.—A beggar!—and to steal a loaf of bread! Ay, ay! society must be protected—our houses and our homes must be defended. Anarchy must be strangled in its birth. Such thoughts as these I read upon the brow of youthful wisdom. Ever and anon, a good point in the case struck forcibly the lusty prosecutor, who communicated it forthwith to his adviser. He listened most attentively, and shook his head, as who should say "Leave that to me—we have him on the hip." The witnesses grew busy in comparing notes, and nothing now was wanting but the great offender—the fly who must be crushed upon the wheel—and he appeared. Reader, you have seen many such. You have not lived in the crowded thoroughfares of an overgrown city, where every grade of poverty and wealth, of vice and virtue, meet the eye, mingling as they pass along—where splendid royalty is carried quicker than the clouds adown the road which palsied hunger scarce can cross for lack of strength—where lovely forms, and faces pure as angels' in their innocent expression, are met and tainted on the path by unwomanly immodesty and bare licentiousness—amongst such common sights you have not dwelt, and not observed some face pale and wasted from disease, and want, and sorrow, not one, but all, and all uniting to assail the weakly citadel of flesh, and to reduce it to the earth from which it sprung. Such a countenance was here—*forlorn—emaciated—careworn—every vestige of human joy long since removed from it, and every indication of real misery too deeply marked to admit a thought of simulation or pretence.* The eye of the man was vacant. He obeyed the turnkey listlessly, when that functionary, with a patronizing air, directed him to the situation in the dock in which he was required to stand, and did not raise his head to look around him. A sadder picture of the subdued, crushed heart, had never been. Punishment! alack, what punishment could be inflicted now on him, who, in the school of suffering, had grown insensible to torture? Notwithstanding his rags, and the prejudice arising from his degraded condition, there was something in his look and movements which struck me, and secured my pity. He was very ill, and had not

been placed many minutes before the judge, when he tottered and grew faint. The turnkey assisted the poor fellow to a chair, and placed in his hands, with a rough but natural kindness, which I shall not easily forget, a bunch of sweet-smelling marjoram. The acknowledgement which the miserable creature attempted to make for the seasonable aid, convinced me that he was something better than he seemed. A shy and half-formed bow—the impulse of a heart and mind once cultivated, though covered now with weeds and noxious growths—redeemed him from the common herd of thieves. In the calendar his age was stated to be thirty-five. Double it, and that face will warrant you in your belief. Desirous as I was to know the circumstances which had led the man to the commission of his offence, it was not without intense satisfaction that I heard him, at the commencement of the proceedings, in his thin tremulous voice, plead *guilty* to the charge. There was such rage painted on the broad face of the prosecutor, such disappointment written in the thinner visage of the counsellor, such indignation and astonishment in those of the witnesses, that you might have supposed those gentlemen were interested only in the establishment of the prisoner's innocence, and were anxious only for his acquittal. For their sakes I was gratified at what I hoped would prove the abrupt conclusion of the case. The prisoner had spoken; his head again hung down despondingly—his eyes, gazing at nothing, were fixed upon the ground; the turnkey whispered to him that it was time to retire—he was about to obey, when the judge's voice was heard, and it detained him.

"Is the prisoner known?" enquired his lordship.

The counsellor rose *instantly*.

"Oh, very well, my lud—an old hand, my lud—one of the pests of his parish."

"Is this his first offence?"

The barrister poked his ear close to the mouth of the prosecutor before he answered.

"By no means, my lud—he has been frequently convicted."

"For the like offence?" enquired the judge.

Again the ear and mouth were in juxtaposition.

"We believe so, my lud—we be-

lieve so," replied the smart barrister; "but we cannot speak positively."

The culprit raised his leaden eye, and turned his sad look towards the judge, his best friend there.

"For BEGGARY, my lord," he uttered, almost solemnly.

"Does any body know you, prisoner?" asked my lord. "Can any one speak to your previous character?"

The deserted one looked around the court languidly enough, and shook his head; but, at the same instant, there was a rustling amongst the crowd of auditors, and a general movement, such as follows the breaking up of a compact mass of men when one is striving to pass through it.

"Si-lence!" exclaimed a sonorous voice, belonging to a punchy body, a tall wand, and a black bombasin gown; and immediately afterwards, "a friend of the prisoner's, my lord. Get into that box—speak loud—look at his lordship. Si-lence!"

The individual who caused this little excitement, and who now ascended the witness's tribune, was a labouring man. He held a paper cap in his hand, and wore a jacket of flannel. The prisoner glanced at him without seeming to recognize his friend, whilst the eyes of the young lawyer actually glistened at the opportunity which had come at last for the display of his skill.

"What are you, my man?" said the judge in a tone of kindness.

"A journeyman carpenter, please your worship."

"You must say *my lord*—say *my lord*," interposed the bombasin gown. "Speak out. Si-lence!"

"Where do you live?"

"Friar's Place—please you, my lord." The bombasin smiled pitifully at the ignorance of the witness, and said no more.

"Do you know the prisoner at the bar?"

"About ten weeks ago—please you, my lord, I was hired by the landlord—"

"Answer his lordship, sir," exclaimed the counsel for the prosecution in a tone of thunder. "Never mind the landlord. Do you know the prisoner?"

"Why, I was a saying, please you, my lord, about ten weeks ago I was hired by the landlord—"

"Answer directly, sir," continued

the animated barrister—"or take the consequences. Do you know the prisoner?"

"Let him tell his story his own way, Mr Nailhim," interposed his lordship blandly. "We shall sooner get to the end of it."

Mr Nailhim bowed to the opinion of the court, and sat down.

"Now, my man," said his lordship, "as quickly as you can, tell me whatever you know of the prisoner."

"About ten weeks ago—please you, my lord," began the journeyman *de novo*, "I was hired by the landlord of them houses as is sitiwaated where Mr Warton lives——" (The bombasin looked at the witness with profound contempt, and well he might! The idea of calling a prisoner at the bar *Mr*—stupendous ignorance!) and I see'd him day arter day, and nobody was put to it as bad as he was. He has got a wife and three children, and I know he worked as hard as he could whilst he was able; but when he got ill he couldn't, and he was druv to it. I have often taken a loaf of bread to him, and all I wish is, he had stolen one of mine behind my back instead of the baker's. I shouldn't have come agin him, poor fellow! and I am sure he wouldn't have done it if his young uns hadn't been starving. I never see'd him before that time; but I could take my affidavit he's an industrious and honest man, and as sober, please you, my lord, as a judge."

At this last piece of irreverence, the man with the staff stood perfectly still, lost, as it seemed, in wonder at the hardihood of him who could so speak.

"Have you any thing more to say?" asked his lordship.

The carpenter hesitated for a second or two, and then acknowledged that he had not; and, such being the case, it seemed hardly necessary for Mr Nailhim to prolong his examination. But that gentleman thought otherwise. He rose, adjusted his gown, and looked not only at the witness, but through and through him.

"Now, young man," said he, "what is your name?"

"John Mallett, sir," replied the carpenter.

"John Mallett. Very well. Now, John Mallett, who advised you to come here to-day? Take care what you are about, John Mallett."

The carpenter, without a moment's hesitation, answered that his "old woman had advised him; and very good advice it was, he thought."

"Never mind your thoughts, sir. You don't come here to think. Where do you live?"

The witness answered.

"You have not lived long there, I believe?"

"Not quite a fortnight, sir."

"You left your last lodging in a hurry too, I think, John Mallett?"

"Rather so, sir," answered Innocence itself, little dreaming of effects and consequences.

"A little trouble, eh, John Mallett?"

"Mighty deal your lordship, ah, ah, ah!" replied the witness quite jocosely, and beginning to enjoy the sport.

"Don't laugh here, sir; but can you tell us what you were doing, sir, last Christmas four years?"

Of course he could not—and Mr Nailhim knew it, or he never would have put the question; and the unlucky witness grew so confused in his attempt to find the matter out, and, in his guesses, so confounded one Christmas with another, that first he blushed, and then he spoke, and then he checked himself, and spoke again, just contradicting what he said before, and looked at length as like a guilty man as any in the jail. Lest the effect upon the court might still be incomplete, the wily Nailhim, in the height of Mallett's trouble, threw, furtively and knowingly, a glance towards the jury, and smiled upon them so familiarly, that any lingering doubt must instantly have given way. They agreed unanimously with Nailhim. A greater scoundrel never lived than this John Mallett. The counsellor perceived his victory, and spoke.

"Go down, sir, instantly," said he, "and take care how you show your face up there again. I have nothing more to say, my lud."

And down John Mallett went, his friend and he much worse for his intentions.

"And now this mighty case is closed!" thought I. "What will they do to such a wretch!"

I was disappointed. The good judge was determined not to forsake the man, and he once more addressed him.

"Prisoner," said he, "what induced you to commit this act?"

The prisoner again turned his de-

sponding eye upwards, and answered, as before—

"Beggary, my lord."

"What are you?"

"Nothing, my lord—any thing."

"Have you no trade?"

"No, my lord."

"What do your wife and children do?"

"They are helpless, my lord, and they starve with me."

"Does no one know you in your neighbourhood?"

"No one, my lord. I am a stranger there. *We are all low people there, my lord.*"

There was something so truly humble and plaintive in the tone with which these words were spoken, and the eyes of the afflicted man filled so suddenly with tears as he uttered them, that I became affected in a manner which I now find it difficult to describe. My blood seemed to chill, and my heart to rush into my throat. I am ashamed to say that my own eyes were as moist as the prisoner's. I resolved from that moment to become his friend, and to enquire into his circumstances and character, as soon as the present proceedings were at an end.

"How long has the prisoner been confined already?"

"Something like three months, my lud," answered the barrister cavalierly, as if months were minutes.

"It is punishment enough," said the judge—"let him be discharged now. Prisoner, you are discharged—you must endeavour to get employment. If you are ill, apply to your parish; there is no excuse for stealing—none whatever. You are at liberty now."

The information did not seem to carry much delight to the heart of him whom it was intended to benefit. He rose from his chair, bowed to his lordship, and then followed the turnkey, in whose expression of countenance and attentions there was certainly a marked alteration since the wind had set in favourably from the bench. The man departed. Moved by a natural impulse, I likewise quitted the court the instant afterwards, enquired of one of the officials the way of egress for discharged prisoners, and betook myself there without delay. What my object was I cannot now, as I could not then, define. I certainly did not intend to accost the poor fel-

low, or to commit myself in any way with him, for the present, at all events. Yet there I was, and I could not move from the spot, however useless or absurd my presence there might be. It was a small low door, with broad nails beaten into it, through which the liberated passed, as they stepped from gloom and despair, into freedom and the unshackled light of heaven. I was not then in a mood to trust myself to the consideration of the various and mingled feelings with which men from time to time, and after months of hopelessness and pain, must have bounded from that barrier, into the joy of liberty and life. My feelings had become in some way mastered by what I had seen, and all about my heart was disturbance and unseemly effeminacy. There was only one individual, besides myself, walking in the narrow court-yard, which, but for our footsteps, would have been as silent as a grave. This was a woman—a beggar—carrying, as usual, a child, that drew less sustenance than sorrow from the mother's breast. She was in rags, but she looked clean, and she might once have been beautiful; but settled trouble and privation had pressed upon her hollow eye—had feasted on her bloomy skin. I could not tell her age. With a glance I saw that she was old in suffering. And what was her business here? For whom did *she* wait? Was it for the father of that child?—and was she so satisfied of her partner's innocence, and the justice of mankind, that here she lingered to receive him, assured of meeting him again? What was his crime?—his character?—her history? I would have given much to know; indeed, I was about to question her, when I was startled and detained by the drawing of a bolt—the opening of the door—and the appearance of the very man whom I had come to see. He did not perceive me. He perceived nothing, but the mother and the child—*his* wife and *his* child. She ran to him, and sobbed on his bosom. He said nothing. He was calm—composed; but he took the child gently from her arms, carried the little thing himself to give her ease, and walked on. She at his side, weeping ever; but he silent, and not suffering himself to speak, save when a word of tenderness could lull the hungry child, who cried for what the mother might not yield her. Still

without a specific object, I followed the pair, and passed with them into the most ancient and least reputable quarter of the city. They trudged from street to street, through squalid courts and lanes, until I questioned the propriety of proceeding, and the likelihood of my ever getting home again. At length, however, they stopped. It was a close, narrow, densely peopled lane in which they halted. The road was thick with mud and filth; the pavement and the doorways of the houses were filled with ill-clad sickly children, the houses themselves looked forbidding and unclean. The bread-stealer and his wife were recognised by half a dozen coarse women, who, half intoxicated, thronged the entrance to the house opposite to that in which they lodged, and a significant laugh and nod of the head were the greetings with which they received the released one back again. There was little heart or sympathy in the movement, and the wretched couple understood it so. The woman had dried her tears—both held down their heads—even there—for shame, and both crawled into the hole in which, for their children's sake, they lived, and were content to find their home. Now, then, it was time to retrace my steps. It was, but I could not move from the spot—that is, not retreat from it, as yet. There was something to do. My conscience cried aloud to me, and, thank God, was clamorous till I grew human and obedient. I entered the house. A child was sitting at the foot of the stairs, her face and arms begrimed—her black hair hanging to her back foul with disease and dirt. She was about nine years old; but evil knowledge, cunning duplicity, and the rest, were glaring in her precocious face. She clasped her knees with her extended hands, and swinging backwards and forwards, sang, in a loud and impudent voice, the burden of an obscene song. I asked this creature if a man named Warton dwelt there. She ceased her song, and commenced whistling—then stared me full in the face, and burst into loud laughter.

"What will you give if I tell you?" said she, with a bold grin. "Will you stand a glass of gin?"

I shuddered. At the same moment I heard a loud coughing, and the voice of the man himself overhead. I ascended the stairs, and, as I did so, the

girl began her song again, as if she had suffered no interruption. I gathered from a crone whom I encountered at the top of the first flight of steps, that the person of whom I was in quest lived with his family in the back room of the highest floor; and thither, with unflinching courage, I proceeded. I arrived at the door, knocked at it briskly without a moment's hesitation, and recognized the deep and now well-known tones of Warton in the voice desiring me to enter. The room was very small, and had no article of furniture except a table and two chairs. Some straw was strewn in a corner of the room, and two children were lying asleep upon it, their only covering being a few patches of worn-out carpet. Another layer was in the opposite corner, similarly provided with clothing. This was the parents' bed. I was too confused, and too anxious to avoid giving offence, to make a closer observation. The man and his wife were sitting together when I entered. The former had still the infant in his arms, and he rose to receive me with an air of good breeding and politeness, that staggered me from the contrast it afforded with his miserable condition—his frightful poverty.

"I have to ask your pardon," said I, "for this intrusion, but your name is Warton, I believe?"

"It is, sir," he replied—and the eyes of the wife glistened again, as she gathered hope and comfort from my unexpected visit. She trembled as she looked at me, and the tears gushed forth again.

("These are not bad people, I will swear it," I said to myself, as I marked her, and I took confidence from the conviction, and went on.)

"I have come to you," said I, "straight from the sessions'-house, where, by accident, I was present during your short trial. I wish to be of a little service to you. I am not a rich man, and my means do not enable me to do as much as I would desire; but I can relieve your immediate want, and perhaps do something more for you hereafter, if I find you are deserving of assistance."

"You are very kind, sir," answered the man, "and I am very grateful to you. We are strangers to you, sir, but I trust these (pointing to his wife and children) *may* deserve your bounty. For myself——"

"Hush, dear!" said his wife, with a gentleness and accent that confounded me. *"Low people! why, with full stomachs, decent clothing, and a few pounds, they might with every propriety have been ushered at once into a drawing-room."*

"Poor Warton is very ill, sir," continued the wife, "and much suffering has robbed him of his peace of mind. I am sure, sir, we shall be truly grateful for your help. We need it, sir, Heaven knows, and he is not undeserving—no, let them say what they will."

I believed it in my heart, but I would not say so without less partial evidence.

"Well," I continued, "we will talk of this by and by. I am determined to make a strict enquiry, for your own sakes as well as my own. But you are starving now, it seems, and I sha'n't enquire whether you deserve a loaf of bread. Here," said I, giving them a sovereign, "get something to eat, for God's sake, and put a little colour, if you can, into those little faces when they wake again."

The man started suddenly from his chair, and walked quickly to the window. His wife followed him, alarmed, and took the infant from his arms, whilst he himself pressed his hand to his heart, as though he would prevent its bursting. His face grew deathly pale. The female watched him earnestly, and the hitherto silent and morose man, convulsed by excess of feeling, quivered in every limb, whilst he said with difficulty—

"Anna, I shall die—I am suffocated—air—air—my heart beats like a hammer."

I threw the window open, and the man drooped on the sill, and wept fearfully.

"What does this mean?" I asked, speaking in a low tone to the wife.

"Your sudden kindness, sir. He is not able to bear it. He is proof against cruelty and persecution—he has grown reckless to them; but constant illness has made him so weak, that any thing unusual quite overcomes him."

"Well, there, take the money, and get some food as quickly as you can. I will not wait to distress him now. I will call again to-morrow; he will be quieter then, and we'll see what can be done for you. Those children must be cold. Have you no blankets?"

"None, sir. We have nothing in the world. What you see here, even to the straw, belongs to the landlord of the house, who has been charitable enough to give us shelter."

"Well, never mind—don't despond—don't give way—keep the poor fellow's spirits up. Here's another crown. Let him have a glass of wine, it will strengthen him; and do you take a glass too. I shall see you again to-morrow. There, good-by."

And, fool and woman that I was, on I went, and stood for some minutes, ashamed of myself, in the passage below, because, forsooth, I had been talking and exciting myself until my eyes had filled uncomfortably with water.

It was impossible for me to go to sleep again until I had purchased blankets for these people, and so I resolved at once to get them. I was leaving the house for that purpose, when a porter with a bundle entered it.

"Whom do you want, my man?" said I.

"One Warton, sir," said he.

"Top of the house," said I again—"back room—to the right. What have you got there?"

"Some sheets and blankets, sir."

"From whom?"

"My master, sir, here's his card."

It was the card of an upholsterer living within a short distance of where I stood. I directed the porter again, and forthwith sallied to the man of furniture. Here I learnt that I had been forestalled by an individual as zealous in the cause of poor Warton as myself. I was glad of this, for I knew very well, in doing any little piece of duty, how apt our dirty vanity is to puff us up, and to make us assume so much more than we have any title to; and it is nothing short of relief to be able to extinguish this said vanity in the broad light of other men's benevolence. The upholsterer, however, could not inform me who this generous man was, or how he had been made aware of Warton's indigence. It appears that he had called only a few minutes before I arrived, and had requested that the articles which he purchased should be sent, without a moment's delay, to the address which he gave. He waited in the shop until the porter quitted it, and then departed, having, at the request of the upholsterer, who was

curious for the name of his customer, described himself in the day-book as Mr Jones. "He was not a gentleman," said the man of business, "certainly not, and he didn't look like a tradesman. I should say," he added, "that he was a gentleman's butler, for he was mighty consequential, ordered every body about, and wanted me to take off discount."

My mind being made easy in respect of the blankets, I had nothing to do but to return, as diligently as I could, to the house of my friend, Mr Treherne. I reached his dwelling in time to prepare for dinner, at which repast, as on the previous evening, I encountered a few select friends and opulent business men. These were a different set. Before joining them, Treherne had given me to understand that they were all very wealthy, and very liberal in their politics, and before quitting them I heartily believed him. There was a great deal of talk during dinner, and, as the newspapers say, after the cloth was removed, on the aspect of affairs in general. The corn-laws were discussed, the condition of the Irish was lamented, the landed gentry were abused, the Church was threatened, the Tories were alluded to as the enemies of mankind and the locusts of the earth; whilst the people, the poor, the labouring classes, the masses, and whatever was comprised within these terms, had their warmest sympathy and approbation. My habits are somewhat retired, and I mix now little with men. I can conscientiously affirm, that I never in my life heard finer sentiments or deeper philanthropy than I did on this occasion from the guests of my friend, and with what pleasure I need not say, when it suddenly occurred to me to call upon them for a subscription on behalf of the starving family whom I had met that day.

"You must take care, my dear sir," said a gentleman, before I had half finished my story, (he might be called the leader of the opposition, from the precedence which he took in the company in opposing all existing institutions,)—"You must, indeed; you are a stranger here. You must not believe all you hear. These fellows will trump up any tale. I know them of old. Don't you be taken in. Take my word—it's a man's own fault if he comes to want. Depend upon it."

"So it is—so it is; that's very true," responded half-a-dozen gentlemen with large bellies, sipping claret as they spoke.

"I do not think, gentlemen," I answered, "that I am imposed upon in this case."

"Ah, ah!" said many Liberals at once, shaking their heads in pity at my simplicity.

"At all events," I added, "you'll not refuse a little aid."

"Certainly, I shall," replied the leader; "it's a rule, sir. I wouldn't break through it. I act entirely upon principle! I can't encourage robbery and vagrancy. It's Quixotic."

"Quite so—quite so!" murmured the bellies.

"Besides, there's the Union; we are paying for that. Why don't these people go in? Why, they tell me they may live in luxury there!"

"He has a wife and three children—it's hard to separate, perhaps——"

"Pooh, pooh, sir!"

"Pooh, pooh!" echoed the bellies.

"And, I'll tell you what, sir," said the gentleman emphatically in conclusion, "if you want to do good to society, you mustn't begin at the fag end of it; leave the thieves to the jailers, and the poor to the guardians. Repeal the corn-laws—give us free trade—universal suffrage—and religious liberty; that's what we want. I don't ask you to put a tax upon tallow—why do you want to put a tax upon corn? I don't ask you to pay my minister—why do you want me to pay your parson? I don't ask you——"

"Oh! don't let us hear all that over again, there's a good fellow," said Treherne, imploringly. "Curse politics. Who is for whist? The tables are ready."

The company rose to a man at the mention of whist, and took their places at the tables. I did not plead again for poor Warton; but his wretched apartment came often before my eyes in the glitter of the wax-lit room in which I stood, surrounded by profusion. His unhappy but faithful wife—his sleeping children—his own affecting expression of gratitude, occupied my mind, and soothed it. What a blessed thing it is to minister to the necessities of others! How happy I felt in the knowledge that they would sleep peacefully and well that night! I had been for some time

musing in a corner of the room, when I was roused by the loud voice of the Liberal.

"Well, I tell you what, Treherne, I'll bet you five to one on the game."

"Done!" said Treherne.

"Crowns?" added the Liberal.

"Just as you like—go on—your play."

In a few minutes the game was settled. The Liberal lost his crowns, and Treherne took them. Madmen both! Half of that sum would have given a month's bread to the beggars.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

Mr Treherne readily acquiesced in my wish to delay the execution of our business for another day, when I made the proposition to him on our meeting the following morning at his breakfast table. He seemed so thoroughly engrossed in his own affairs, so overwhelmed with his peculiar labours, that he was, I believe, grateful to me for the reprieve. For my own part, I had engaged to afford myself a week's recreation, and I had no wish to revisit London until the last moment of my holiday had been accomplished. It is little pastime that the employments of the present day enable a man to take, who would fain retain his position, and not be elbowed out of it by the ninety and nine unprovided gentlemen who are waiting for a scramble. The race of life has grown intense—the runners are on each other's heels. Woe be to him who rests, or stays to tie his shoe-string! Our repast concluded, and Mr Treherne, again taking leave of me until dinner-time, I set out at once for the attic of my unhappy bread-stealer. What was the object of my visit? I had given him a sovereign. What did I intend further to do for him? I had, in truth, no clear conception of my purpose. The man was ill, friendless, without employment, and had "*the incumbances*," wife and children, as the sick and unemployed invariably do have; but although these facts, coming before a man, presented a fair claim upon his purse (if he chanced to have one) to the extent of that purse's ability, yet the demand closed legitimately here, and the hand of charity being neither grudgingly nor ostentatiously proffered, the conscience of the donor and the heart of the receiver had no rea-

Did it enrich or serve the wealthy winner? No. What was it these men craved? They could part with their money freely when they chose. Was it excitement? And is none to be derived from appeasing the hunger, and securing the heartfelt prayers of the naked and the poor? I withdrew from the noisy party, and retired to my room, determined to investigate the affairs of my new acquaintances at an early hour in the morning, and effectually to help them if I could.

son whatever to complain. Still my conscience was not at ease, and it *did* complain whenever I hesitated and argued the propriety of engaging any further in the business of a man whom I had known only a few hours, and whose acquaintance had been made, certainly, not under the most favourable circumstances. It is a good thing to obey an instinct, if it be stimulated towards that which is honourable or good for man to do; yes, though cold deliberation will not give it sanction. It was an urging of this kind that led me on. Convinced that I had done enough for this unhappy man, I was provoked, importuned to believe that I ought to do still more. "It may be"—the words forced their way into my ears—"that the interest which has been excited in me for this family, is not the result of a mere accident. Providence may have led me to their rescue, and confided their future welfare to my conduct. *He* is an outcast—isolated amongst men—may be a worthy and deserving creature, crushed and kept down by his misfortunes. Is a trifling exertion enough to raise him, and shall I not give it to him?" Then passed before my eyes visions, the possibility of realizing which, made me blush with shame for a moment's indecision or delay. First, I pictured myself applying to my friend Pennyfeather, who lives in that dark court near the Bank of England, and sleeps in Paradise at his charming villa in Kent, and gaining through his powerful interest a situation—say of eighty pounds per annum—for the father of the family; then visiting that incomparable and gentle lady, Mrs Pennyfeather, whose woman's heart opens to a tale of sorrow, as flowers turn

their beauty to the sun, and obtaining a firm promise touching the needle-work for Mrs Warton. And then the scene changed altogether, and I was walking in the gayest spirits, whistling and singing through Camden town on my way to their snug lodgings in the vale of Hampstead heath—and the time is twilight. And first I meet the children, neatly dressed, clean, and wholesome looking, jumping and leaping about the heather at no particular sport, but in the very joy and healthiness of their young blood—and they catch sight of me, and rush to greet me, one and all. They lead me to their mother. How beautiful she has become in the subsidence of mental tumult, in quiet, grateful labour, and, more than all, in the sunlight of her husband's gradual restoration! She is busy with her needle, and her chair is at the window, so that she may watch the youngsters even whilst she works; and near her is the table, already covered with a snow-white cloth, and ready for "dear Warton" when he comes home, an hour hence, to supper. "Well, you are happy, Mrs Warton, now, I think," say I. "Yes, thanks to you, kind sir," is the reply. "We owe it all to you;" and the children, as if they understand my claim upon their love, hang about my chair;—one at my knee, looking in my face; another with my hand, pressing it, with all his little might, in his; a third inactive, but ready to urge me to prolong my stay, as soon as I should think of quitting them. What a glow of comfort and self-respect passed through my system, as the picture, bright with life and colour, fixed itself upon my brain, stepping, as I was, into the unwholesome lane, and shrinking from the foetid atmosphere. I could hesitate no longer. I began to make my plans as I trudged up the filthy stairs. The measured tones of a voice, engaged apparently with a book, made me stop short at the attic door. I recognised the sound, and caught the words. The mendicants were at their prayers. "The benevolent stranger" was not forgotten in the supplication, nor was he unmoved as he listened in secret to the fervent accents of his fellow man. Whilst I have no pretension to the character of a saint, I am free to confess, that amongst the fairest things of earth few look so sublime as piety,

steadfast and serene, amidst the cloud and tempest of calamity. Was it so here? I had yet to learn. A striking improvement had taken place in the aspect of the room since the preceding evening. The straw was gone. Its place had been supplied by the gift of the anonymous benefactor, of whom, by the way, nothing was known, or had since been heard. The beds were already removed to an angle of the apartment—the pieces of carpet were converted into a rug for the fire place, and a chair or two were ready for visitors. Warton himself looked a hundred per cent better—his wife was all smiles, when she could refrain from tears; and the children had been too much astonished by their sumptuous fare, to be any thing but satiated, contented, happy. My vision was already half realized. When I had submitted for an inconvenient space of time to their reiterated thanks and protestations, I put an end to further expressions of gratitude, by informing them that my stay in the city was limited—that I had no time for any thing but business, and that we must have as few *words* as possible. I wished to know in what way I could effectually serve them.

"You said, sir, yesterday," replied Warton, "that you would take no steps in our favour, until you had satisfied yourself that we, at least, deserved your bounty. Had you not said it, I should not have been happy until I had afforded you all the satisfaction in my power. Heaven knows I owe it to you! It is to you, sir——"

"Come, my good fellow, remember what I told you. No protestations. Let us come to the point."

"Thank you, sir—I will. Are you acquainted with London?"

"Tolerably well. What then?"

"You may have heard, sir, of a merchant there of the name of ——"

"Ay have I. One of our first men. Do you know him? Will he give you a character?"

"He is my uncle, sir—my mother's brother. Apply to him, and he will tell you I am a plunderer and a villain."

I looked at Mr Warton, somewhat startled by his frank communication, and waited to hear more.

"It is false—it is false!" continued the speaker emphatically. "I cannot melt a rock.—I cannot penetrate

a heart of stone. If I could do so, he would be otherwise."

"You surprise me!" I exclaimed.

"That I live, sir, is a miracle to myself. That I have not been destroyed by the misery which I have borne, is marvellous. A giant's strength must yield before oppression heaped upon oppression. But there, sir"—he added, pointing to his wife, and struggling for composure—"there has been my stay, my hope, my incitement; but for her—God bless her"—The wife motioned him to be silent, and he paused.

"This excitement is too much for him, is it not?" I asked. "Come, Mr Warton, you are still weak and unwell. I will not distress you now."

"I ask your pardon, sir. Three years' illness, annoyance, irritation, poverty, have made me what you see me. It has not been so always. I was vigorous and manly until the flesh gave way, and refused to bear me longer up. But I will be calm. It is very strange, sir, but even now one look from her subdues me, and restores me to myself."

"You have received a good education—have you not, Mr Warton?"

"Will you spare an hour, sir, to listen to my history?"

"I should be glad to hear it," I replied, "but it will be as well to wait, perhaps—"

I looked enquiringly at his wife.

"No, sir," resumed the man, "I am tranquil now. It is a hard task, but I have strength for it. You shall know every thing. Before you do a second act of charity, you shall hear of the trials of those whom you have saved already. You shall be satisfied."

"Well, be it so," I answered. "Proceed, and I will listen patiently."

Warton glanced at his wife, who rose immediately and quitted the room with her three children. The latter were evidently staggered by the sudden change in their circumstances, and they stared full in my face until the latest moment. Being left alone with my new acquaintance, I felt, for a short time, somewhat ill at ease; but when the poor fellow commenced his history, my attention was excited, and I soon became wholly engrossed in his recital, which proved far more strange and striking than I had any reason to expect.

Mr Warton, as well as I can remember, spoke to me as follows:—

"Knowing what you do, sir," he began, "you will smile, and hardly believe me, when I tell you, that the sin of *Pride* has been my ruin. Yes, criminal as I was yesterday—beggar as I am to-day—surrounded by every sign and evidence of want, I confess it to my shame—*Pride*, has helped to bring me where I am—*Pride*, not resulting from the consciousness of blood, or the possession of dignities and wealth—but pride, founded upon nothing. I am one of three children. I had two sisters—both are dead. My father was a workhouse boy, and his parentage was unknown. I told you that I had little reason to build a self-esteem upon my family descent; yet there was a period in my life when I would have given all I had in the world for an honourable pedigree—to know that I had bounding in my veins a portion of the blood that ages since had fallen to secure a nation's liberties, or in any way had served to perpetuate its fame. Wealth, simple wealth, I always regarded with disdain. I revered the well-born. My father was apprenticed from the workhouse to a maker of watch-springs, living in Clerkenwell; but after remaining with his master a few months, during which time he was treated with great severity, he ran away. He obtained a situation in the establishment of a silk-merchant in the city, and began life on his own account as helper to the porter of the house. My father, sir—we may speak well of the departed—had great abilities. He was a wonderful man—not so much on account of what he accomplished, (and, in his station, this was not a little,) as for what he proved himself to be, under every disadvantage that could retard a man struggling through the world, even from his infancy. His perseverance was remarkable, and he had a depth of feeling which no ill treatment or vicissitude could diminish. He must have risen amongst men; for mind is buoyant, and leaps above the grosser element. He had resolved, in his first situation, to do his duty strictly, rather to overdo than to fall short of it, and to make himself, if possible, essential to his employers. He saw, likewise, the advantage of respectful behaviour, and

cheerfulness of temper. Whatever he did, he did with a good grace, and with a willingness to oblige, that secured for him the regard of those he served. He was not long in discovering, that it was impossible for him to advance far with his present amount of attainment, however sanguine he might be, and resolute in purpose. The porter's boy might lead in time to the office of porter; but there was no material rise from this, and the emolument was, at the best, sufficient only for the necessities of life. He learned that the head of the firm himself had been originally a servant in the establishment, and had been promoted gradually from the desk, on account of his industry, trustworthiness, and skill in figures. Now, honest and industrious my father knew himself to be, but of skill in figures he had none. He determined at once to make himself a good accountant, and every leisure hour was employed thenceforward with that object. At the same time he was diligent in improving his handwriting, in storing his mind with useful information, and in preparing himself for any vacancy which might occur at the desk, when his age would justify him in offering himself to fill it. He had held his situation for three years, when an accident happened that materially helped him on. A fire broke out in his master's warehouse. The gentleman was from home, and nobody was on the premises at the time but the porter and himself, who lived and slept in the house. It was in the middle of the night. A fierce wind set in when the flames were at their highest, and, before morning, the place was a heap of ruins. In the first alarm, my father remembered that, in the counting-house, a tin box had been left by his master, which previously had always been carefully locked away in the iron chest. He was sure that it contained papers of great value, and that its loss would be severely felt. He determined to secure it, or, at the least, to make every endeavour. He succeeded, and gained the treasure almost at the expense of life. He was not mistaken in his supposition. In the box were deposited documents of the highest importance to his master; and the latter, delighted with the boy's acuteness, and grateful for the service, was eager to remunerate him. My

father made known his wishes, and his acquaintance with accounts, and in less than six months—as soon, indeed, as the house was rebuilt—he had his foot on the first step of the ladder, and took his place amongst the clerks in the counting-house. Ah, sir! there is nothing like perseverance. My father knew his powers, and was the man to exert them. He worked at the desk from morning till night. He gave his heart to his business, and no time was his which could be given to that. What was the consequence? His less energetic brethren envied and hated him, but his employer esteemed and valued him. And he ascended rapidly. It is said that circumstances make the man. I doubt the truth of this. The highest order of minds controls them, moulds them to his purposes, and makes them what he will. Time and opportunity are the crutches of the timid and the helpless. In the course of a few years, my father became the youngest partner in the firm—the youngest, but the most active and the most useful. He began to accumulate. He remained in this position until he reached his thirtieth year, when he looked abroad for a companion and a home. He proposed as a suitor to the daughter of his senior partner—a vain and foolish, although a wealthy man, who had made great plans for his child, and looked for an alliance with nobility. She, a proud and handsome girl, scorned the approaches of the silk-merchant, and wondered at his boldness. One word, sir, of her, before I follow my father in his career. Oh, the vicissitudes of life—the changes—the sudden rise—the violent fall of men! Well may the player say, 'The spirits of the wise sit in the clouds and mock us. They do, they do; what a spectacle for gods is man! This woman, sir—this arrogant, this supercilious damsel, cradled in gold and satin, and bred in the glossy lap of luxury—died—rotted on a dunghill. Her father gained his nobleman—she, a paramour. She eloped with a marquis, who deserted her. She returned to her home, and found it shut against her. She who had feasted upon the choice morsels of abundance, must, like me, commit crime for a loaf of bread. She is carried abroad by a new protector, and strangers bear her to a pauper's grave. This was her

fate, sir. But to return. In consequence of the refusal, a coolness arose between the partners. An angry word or two took place—a taunt—something too galling for my father's pride was spoken, and there was a separation. My father then commenced business on his own foundation—it is hardly necessary for me to say with success. He could not but prosper. To fail whilst reason was left him was impossibility. He soon married. His wife—my mother—was the daughter of a rich merchant. You know the name, sir. Her brother, my uncle, bears the same. I told it you just now. There could not have been a more unfortunate union. My father was full of feeling and noble impulses, intelligent, active, passionate, and required, if not his own qualities in a partner, at least a milder reflex of himself—a woman that could appreciate his nature, encourage, help, support him; a woman, in a word, with a heart and mind, and both devoted. My mother, unfortunately for her, for all, had no sympathy for her husband—had nothing to offer him but the portion which she brought, and the hand which her father bade her give. She was a cold—must I say it?—unfeeling woman, with little thought beyond herself, her apparel, and her pleasures. I hope, sir, I shall make you understand me. It is hard to speak disparagingly of her who gave me life. Let me be careful that I do her justice. I bring against her no charge of vice. I believed her *not* vicious. I ever considered her too weak to be so. I would have you imagine a woman apathetic and characterless; her mental powers just equal to providing her with a becoming garment; her feelings capable, perhaps, of their full expansion if a stranger moved them with some hollow compliment upon her good taste, or, easier still, her beauty—for she was not without this dangerous gift—a lovely image, sir. I have myself, as a boy, often seen a radiance upon her countenance at such a season, when the pretty gambols of my infant sister has failed to draw one smile of approbation. The little sensibility she had waited on a paltry vanity. I may say with truth, that her children caused her no pain. By a fortunate physical constitution, she bore the burden of a mother without the pangs that usually attend a mother's state.

In this respect she was considered a remarkable woman by those who deemed their judgment in such matters sound. Once in the world, her care was at an end. I have heard, sir—I have read of mother's love. I can feel what it should be; I can guess what wonders it may work in the wayward spirit of man; for I longed and yearned for it, but it never came. My elder sister died when a child of two years. My father was then in the zenith of his prosperity, and was absorbed in his affairs; yet this loss—this heavy blow—came upon him like a thunderstroke. Many things occupied his time, but this alone his mind. Deep sighs would escape him in the active prosecution of his business, and his cheeks were suffused with tears as he sped along the city's streets, sacred only to gain and worldly commerce. He doated on his girls, and to lose one was to lose half the joy of his existence. The effect of this calamity was otherwise on my mother; and I revert to the difference in order to make clear to you their respective natures. My mother wept at the death of her child—she would not else have been a woman; but as I have seen weak watery clouds pass across the moon's surface, leaving the planet untouched and tranquil in their transit, so the thin veil of her sorrows did not disturb the palpable unconcern—the neutrality of soul that were behind. One easy flow of tears, and the claim of the departed was satisfied. In a day, the privation had ceased to be one. Here then, sir, are the seeds of a wilderness of after woe: my father, overflowing with affection, and craving, as it were, for sympathy, turning to my mother, and finding there a blank—nothing to rest upon. 'What is fortune,' says the poet, 'to a heart yearning for affection, and finding it not? Is it not as a triumphal crown to the brows of one parched with fever, and asking for one fresh, healthful draught—the cup of cold water?' So it was here, and hence husband and wife became soon estranged from one another. The former, busy from hour to hour in his counting-house, had little time to spare upon his children; the latter, with all her time at her disposal, took no delight in the task. My sister and I, in our infancy, were made over to strangers; and from the hands of the nurse we were transmitted to those of

the schoolmistress. When I was old enough, I was removed from my sister's school, and placed, with a select number of young gentlemen, under the care of a highly respectable master. It was here that my pride began to take root. One of my schoolfellows was the son of a general, another the son of a large landed proprietor, a third was heir to a peerage, a fourth traced his ancestors to a period when the soil was yet untrodden by a Norman foot. I was chagrined at my position—irritated—humbled; but the boys, especially those to whom I have alluded, behaved towards me with extreme kindness; and whilst I felt humbled, I did not envy them, because I loved them. I had one advantage, I was the son of a rich *merchant*, as he was called in the school, although I knew that title to be one of courtesy only, and I was ashamed of the little superiority which that advantage gave me. What cause for pride can there be in the possession of so much dross? You will smile, sir, when I tell you of the resolution which fixed itself in the mind of a boy scarcely in his teens. My playfellows were respected on account of the considerations which I have named. Why should I not be respected? I vowed that I would become so. And how? For what? For nothing less, sir, than *myself*; for my own high principle and integrity of conduct. It is true, sir. There were the sons of a noble ancestry about me who would condescend to tell a falsehood; the nephew of an officer who was mean enough to borrow money and not repay it. There were many whose notions of honour were lax and unbecoming. Had I entertained them, they must have been fatal to me. Discarding them for ever, and speaking and acting on all occasions, of trifling or of serious moment, with the most jealous regard to truth and honesty, I relied upon securing for myself what my predecessors had failed to leave me—the respect of my fellow-men, and a good and honourable name. It seems a noble resolution. I repent it to this hour. It is true that I rose rapidly in the estimation of my master, and that I was regarded even with deference, as I grew up, by boys of my own age, and of better standing; but it is no less true, that, from the moment my determination was made, I

became morbidly anxious for the good opinion of men, painfully alive to ridicule, and as fearful of the breath of slander or reproach as though it came loaded with the plagues of Egypt. With such an idiosyncrasy, what becomes of happiness on earth? But I tire you, sir."

"Go on, I beg of you," I answered, deeply interested in the narrative, and no less surprised at the language and manner of the speaker, both of which convinced me that he was a man of genius and of education. The whole thing was a mystery, and I was impatient for the solution and the end. "Do not fatigue yourself," I continued. "For my own part I listen with the greatest interest."

"I remember, sir," proceeded Mr Warton, "as if it were yesterday, my first return home. It was for the midsummer holidays, and gay enough were my spirits then. All was sunshine and hope. I had not seen my parents for two years. It seemed as if twenty had passed over my father's head since our leave-taking. His hair had become blanched, and a settled frown had grown upon his brow. His forehead was full of lines and wrinkles; his lips were constantly pressed together; anger was the predominant expression of his face. The openness of countenance which had so well become him, and which inspired me even as a child with loving confidence, was chased away, and disappointment and vexation had seated themselves in its place. He relaxed for a moment when he saw me, and pressed me, even then, passionately to his arms; but the clouds soon gathered again, and asserted their right of possession. I, boylike and apprehensive, concluded that his affairs were in a disordered state. I had but one thought at the time. I prayed that misfortune, and not *dishonesty*, might appear to the world as the occasion of his difficulties. My mother looked younger than ever. She was dressed with much care, and there was a bloom upon her cheek that would have adorned a country maiden. Not a line, not a shadow of a line, was visible on her soft skin—not a tooth had departed from the ivory and well-formed set. She had retained all that was valueless, and had lost entirely and irreparably the priceless treasure of her

husband's love. At supper-time, on the very first evening of my arrival, I was made thoroughly aware of the fearful change which, in so short a time, had come over the spirit of our home. Joy, I knew, had long since fled from it—now peace had been startled, and there was discord, nothing but discord, at the hearth. My father drew his chair to the table, in the sullen and angry temper which I have told you was visible on his countenance at our meeting. It seemed at first as though he had received offence elsewhere, and was resolved to remain discomforted. I could not understand it, but I was awed by his frown, and sat in terror. In a few minutes, the flame burst forth. My father required a silver spoon. There was one within arm's reach of him. 'But why was it not *before* him?' He repeated the question again and again, until he forced an answer, which gave him no satisfaction, but provoked fresh rage. Then came insipid remonstrances from my mother, foolish argument—passionless, but not on that account less irritating, allusions to the past. There was little incitement required, and a word from her lips scarcely worth noticing was sufficient to maintain a quarrel for an hour. To a stranger, the scene would have been lamentable; to me, their child, it was sad and sickening indeed. I have no terms to express to you the fierceness of my father's anger. By degrees, he lost all mastery over himself; he used the most opprobrious epithets, and, but for me, he would have struck her. For three hours this state of things continued, and at midnight they withdrew, to retire to separate beds, and separate rooms.

"'And all this,' said my mother as she closed her door—'all this for the sake of a paltry spoon!' Ah! poor woman, could she but have understood how guiltless of offence was that said spoon, she would have learnt the secret of her troubles; but we are not all physicians, sir, and we do not trouble ourselves concerning the *seat* of our complaint, whilst its effects are killing us with pain. It was evident that every spark of affection was extinguished in my father's breast, that his disposition was soured, and that, cause or no cause, misery must be our daily bread. I could not sleep that night, and I rose from my bed in the

morning, determined to speak boldly to my father on what had taken place. I loved him—child never loved parent better—and I knew I could speak respectfully—affectionately—yes, and solemnly to him; for, God bless him—he was proud of me, and he listened with regard to my words—on account of my little education, already so superior to his own. I was better able to remonstrate with him, because I had taken no part in the contest which I had witnessed, further than placing myself between them when *his* rage seemed to have robbed him of reason.

"I stepped into his bed-room before he quitted it.

"'Father'—said I.

"'What? Edgar,' he replied kindly, 'what can I do for you?'

"I had arranged in my mind the words which I proposed to utter, but they vanished suddenly, and I could do nothing but weep.

"My father, sir, was the strangest of men. Indeed, since his alienation from his wife, the most unaccountable. Rude and violent as he could be to her—he was the tenderest, the most anxious of fathers. He turned pale as death when he saw me in tears, and entreated me to tell him what I suffered. I gained confidence from his anxiety, and spoke.

"'Father,' I said, 'you must not be angry with me for speaking boldly. Poor mother! you will kill her—you do not treat her well. I am sure nothing could justify all you said and did last night. You called her cruel names. It is not right. I am certain it is not.'

"'Edgar,' said my father, frowning as he went on, 'be silent. You are a child, and I love you. I will do any thing for your happiness. I forbid you to speak to me of your mother.'

"'But if you love me,' I answered quickly, 'you ought to love my mother, too. Oh! do, dear father—do be kind and loving to her.'

"'Edgar,' exclaimed my parent passionately, 'you are very young now—you will be older if you live, and then I can speak to you as a friend. You cannot understand me now. She has broken your father's heart—she has rendered me the most miserable of men. I would I could speak to you, dear Edgar—but this tongue will perhaps be cold and immovable before

you can understand the tale. I am wretched, wretched, indeed!

"My father was overcome. He could not himself refrain from tears. I felt deeply for him, and would have given any thing to hear this secret cause of grief. But his expressions kept me silent, and I clasped his hands in pity.

"'Edgar,' he continued in a loud voice, and speaking through his tears, 'listen to my words. They are sacred. Receive them as you would my dying syllables. You may be distant when the blow falls which divides us. Edgar, I implore you, when you become a man, to let one consideration only guide you in your selection of a partner. Mark me—only one—see that she has a heart—a *virtuous* heart—and that it be yours entire. Despise wealth—beauty—family—look to nothing but that. Would to Heaven that I had!—Edgar—your happiness—your salvation, every thing, depends upon it. I have lost all—I am crushed and ruined; but do you, dearchild, learn wisdom from your father's wreck.'

"He said no more. I could not answer him, for my heart was choked. In a few minutes he bade me, in a quiet tone, retire to the breakfast room; and shortly afterwards he made his own appearance there, looking as moodily and cross when he beheld my mother, as when he had encountered her at supper on the night before.

"Now, sir, I am ashamed to confess to you—but I have asked you to hear my history—and you shall hear the truth in the teeth of shame—that all my sympathy was, from this hour, towards my father, and against my mother. It may be wrong—wicked—but I could not control the strong feeling within me. His words had left a powerful impression upon my mind. His tone, his tears—his man's tears—stamped those words with truth, and I believed him wronged. In what way I knew not—nor did I care. It was sufficient for me to hear it, as I did, from his lips, and to be told that it was not possible to reveal more. Besides, sir, I have already intimated to you that there was little tenderness in my mother's heart for me. She was cold, indifferent, and had never had part in all my little joys and griefs. My father, even with his heavy fault—a fault almost pardoned, as I believed, by the provocation—watched my boyish steps, and rejoiced

with me in my well-doing. Nothing had interest for me which was not important to him. He encouraged me in learning. He grudged no money that could be spent in my improvement—he had no joy so great as that which waited on my desire for knowledge. He had been to me a playmate, counsellor, friend, whenever his slender opportunities permitted him to escape to me; and evidences of the most devoted affection had disturbed my youthful heart with an emotion too deep for utterance in the silence and solitude of my schoolboy hours. Yes—right or wrong—by necessity—my sympathy was all for him. And to convince you, sir, that my feelings were enlisted in his cause, irrespectively of self, without the most distant view to my own interest, I have but to refer to the life which I passed under his roof, until I left it, to return, for a second time, to the enjoyments and consolations—as they were always—of my school. Although his affection for me was unbounded, it was not long before I perceived, with bitterness and trouble, that it was impossible for him to save me from the fury of a temper which he had no longer power to govern. I could read, or I believed I could, his inmost soul, and I could see the hourly struggle for forbearance and self-control. It was in vain. If his passion obtained the rein for an instant—it was wild—away—beyond his reach—and he thought not, in the paroxysm, of the sufferer, whose smile he would not have ruffled in the season of sobriety and quiet. I did not fail again and again to remonstrate on behalf of my mother—for the scene which I have described to you became an endless one; but perceiving at length that representation added only fuel to the fire, I desisted. My lively habits soon appeared to be unsuited to the new order of things. My father would once have smiled with enjoyment at some piece of boyish mischief which now roused him to anger, and before excuse could be offered, or pardon asked—the severest chastisement—I cannot tell how severe, was inflicted on my flesh."

"Madman!" I exclaimed involuntarily, interrupting Warton in his narrative.

"Madman do you say, sir?" he answered quickly. "Yes, I have

often thought so—and to an extent, I grant you—if it be madness to have the reason prostrate before passion. But it is profitless to define the mad lady. I would have you dwell, sir, on the *cause*—her fatal apathy—her indifference—I *know not what besides*—which made him what he was. You may imagine, sir, that my blood has boiled beneath the punishment—that I have burned with indignation beneath the weight of it, undeserved and cruel as it was. Oh, sir! God has visited me these many years with sore affliction. I am a forlorn, disabled, cast-off creature—nothing lives viler than the thing I have become; and yet in this dark hour I thank my Maker with an overflowing grateful heart that He tied down my hands when they have tingled in my agony to return the father's blow. I never did—I never did."

The speaker grew more and more excited, and his voice at last failed him. I rose, and retired to the window, but he proceeded whilst my face was turned away. I know not why—but my own eyes smarted.

"Yes, sir, time after time the horrible desire to be avenged, and to give back blow for blow, has possessed me; and, as if eternal torture were to be the immediate penalty of the unnatural act, I have thrown my arms behind me, clasped hand in hand, and held them tiger-like together, until the fit was passed away. And then who could be more penitent, more sorrowful, than he! Within an hour of perpetrating this barbarity, he has met me with a look pleading for forgiveness, which I would have given him had he offended me, oh much—much more. What could he say to his child? What could his child allow him to utter? Nothing. I have kissed him; he has taken me by the hand; we have walked abroad together; and he has loaded me with gifts for the joy of our reconciliation."

Curious as I was to hear more, I deemed it expedient, for the present, to close the history. The man seemed carried away by the subject, and his cheeks were scorched with the burning flush which the unusual exertion of mind and body had summoned up. He spoke vehemently—hurriedly—at the top of his voice, and I knew not how far his agitation might carry him. I again proposed to him to abstain

from fatigue, and to leave his history unfinished for the present. He paused for a few minutes, wiped the heavy perspiration from his brow, and answered me in a calm and steady voice—

"I will transgress no more, sir. I have never spoken of these things yet—and they come before my mind too vividly—they inflame and mislead me. I ask your pardon. But let me finish now—the tale is soon told—I cannot for a second time revert to it."

"Go on," I answered, yielding once more to his wish, and in the same composed and quiet voice he *began* again.

"The first watch which I called my own, was given to me on one of these occasions. My father had requested me to execute some small commission. I forgot to do it. In his eyes the fault for a moment assumed the form of wilful disobedience. That moment was enough—he was roused—the paroxysm prevailed—and I was beaten like a dog. An hour afterwards he was persuaded that his child was not undutiful. His reason had returned to him, and with it a load of miserable remorse. He offered me, with a tremulous hand, the bauble, which I accepted; and, as I took it, I saw a weight of sorrow tumble from his unhappy breast. This was my father, sir. A man who would have been the best of fathers—had he been permitted, as his heart directed him, to be the tenderest of husbands. I could see in my boyhood that blame attached to my mother—to what extent I did not know. I lived in the hope of hearing at some future time. That time never came. I remained at home two months, and then went back to school. I received a letter from one of my father's clerks, who was an especial favourite of mine. It must have been about a week after my departure. It told me that my father had drooped since I quitted him. On the morning that I came away, he left his business and locked himself in my bedroom. He was shut up at least two hours there. Fifty different matters required his presence in the counting-house, and at length my friend, the clerk, disturbed him. When the door was opened he found his master, his eyes streaming with tears, intent upon a little book in which he had seen me reading many days before. Oh, it was like him, sir! Within a few days I received another letter from the

same hand. My father was dangerously ill, and I was summoned home. I flew, and arrived to find him delirious. He had been seized with inflammation the day before. The fire blazed in a system that was ripe for it. The doctors were baffled. Mortification had already begun. He did not recognize me, but he spoke of me in his delirium in terms of endearment, whilst curses against my mother rolled from his unconscious lips. Three hours after my arrival he was a corpse. And such a corpse! They told me it was my father, and I believed them.

"Are *you*, sir, fatherless?" asked Warton suddenly.

I told him, and he continued, "You have felt then the lightning shock that has altered the very face of nature. Earth, before and after that event, is not the same. It never was to human being yet. It cannot be. What a secret is learnt upon that day! How tottering and insecure have become the things of life that seemed so firm and fixed! The penalty is heavy which we pay for the privilege to be our own master. Oh, the desolation of a fatherless home! My father died, having made no will. So it was said at first—but in a few days there was another version. My mother's brother—the uncle that I spoke of—then appeared upon the stage, and was most active for his sister's interests. He had never been a friend of my father's. They had not spoken for years. I did not know why. I had never enquired—for the man was a stranger to me, and since my birth he had not crossed our threshold. My father believed that his relative had wronged him—of this I was sure—and I hated him therefore when he appeared. When my father was buried, this man produced a will. I was present when it was read—bodily present; but my heart and soul were away with him in the grave—and with him, sir, in heaven, beyond it. They told me at the conclusion of the ceremony, that my father had died worth fifty thousand pounds—that he had left my mother the bulk of his property—to my sister a fortune of ten thousand pounds, and to me the sum of a hundred and fifty pounds per annum. But they might have talked to stone. What cared my young and inexperienced, and still bleeding heart, for particulars and sums? A crust with-

out him was more than enough. It was more than I could swallow now—and what was *wealth* to me? My uncle, I heard afterwards, watched me as the different items were read over, and seemed pleased to observe upon my face no sign of disappointment. That he was pleased, I am certain, for he spoke kindly to me when all was over, and said that I was a good boy, and should be taken care of. "*Taken care of!*"—and so I was—and so I am—for look about you, sir, and observe the evidences of my uncle's love. The clerk, to whom I have alluded, took an early opportunity to remind me of the nature of my father's will—and to hint to me suspicions of foul play. I readily believed him. It was not that I cared for the money. At that age I was ignorant of its value, and my little portion seemed a mine of wealth. But I wished to dislike my uncle, because he had given pain to my dear father. I avoided his presence as much as I could, and I made him feel that my aversion was hearty. We never became *friends*. We seldom spoke—and never but when obliged. He was a coarse man then—I have not seen him for many years—ungentlemanly and unfeeling in his deportment. It would have been as easy for him to alter the framework of his body as to have shown regard for the sensibilities of other men. He lived to amass. He counts his tens of thousands now—they may have been scraped together amidst the groans and shrieks of the distressed, but there they are—he has them, and he is happy. I asked, and obtained from my mother, permission to return to school. I remained there without visiting my home again for three years. My mother did not once write to me, or come to see me. I did not write to her. My expenses were paid from my income. My father's business was still conducted by my mother with her assistants, and she resided in the old house. Did I tell you that my uncle was the appointed executor of my father's will, and my guardian? He managed my affairs, and for the present I suffered him to do as he thought proper. In the meanwhile my happiness at school was unbounded. My existence there was sweet and tranquil, like the flow of a small secluded stream. I loved my master. Ill.

taught and self-neglected nearly till the time that I came under his instruction, I believed that I owed all my education to him; and whilst I thirsted for knowledge as the means of raising myself and my own mind, he supplied me with the healthful sustenance, and helped me forward with his precepts. I had neither taste nor application for the severer studies. Science was too hard and real for the warm imagination with which Providence had liberally endowed me. It was a scarecrow in the garden of knowledge, and I looked at it with fear from the sunny heights of poesy on which I basked and dreamed. History—fiction—the strains of Fletcher, Shakspeare—the lore of former worlds—these had unspeakable charms for me; and such information as they yielded, I imbibed greedily. Admiration of the beautiful creations of mind leads rapidly in ardent spirits to an emulative longing; and the desire to achieve—to a firm belief of capability. The grateful glow of love within is mistaken for the gift divine. I burned to follow in the steps of the immortal, and already believed myself inspired. Hours and days I passed in compositions, which have since helped to warm our poverty-stricken room; for they had all one destination—the fire. I shall, however, never consider the days ill-spent which were engaged in such pursuits. The pleasure was intense—the advantage, if unseen and indirect, was not insignificant. Whatever *tends* to elevate and purify, is in itself good and noble. We cannot withdraw ourselves from the selfishness of life, and incline our souls to the wisdom of the speaking dead, and not advance—be it but one step—heavenward. And in my own case—the intellectual character was associated with all that is lofty in principle, and exalted in conduct. *Sans peur et sans reproche* was its fit motto. Falsehood and dishonesty must not attach to it. In my own mind I pictured a moral excellence which it was necessary to attain; and in my strivings for intellectual fame, *that*, as the essential accompaniment, was never once lost sight of. Pride still clung to me—and was fed throughout. I was eighteen years of age, and I desired to enter the university. I fixed upon Oxford, as holding out a better prospect of success than the

sister seat of learning. I enquired what sum of money was necessary for my education there; and received for answer, that two hundred pounds a-year might carry me comfortably through, but that, with some economy and self-denial, a hundred and fifty might be sufficient. It is a curious circumstance that the very post which brought this information, brought likewise a letter from my uncle, offering, as my guardian, and at his own expense, to send me to the university. I was indignant at the proposition, and vowed, before his letter was half read, that I would rather live upon a meal a-day, than owe my bread to one whom I regarded as my father's foe. Does it not strike you, sir, as somewhat singular, that my father should make this man executor, trustee, and guardian? Men do not generally appoint their enemies to such offices. I wrote to my uncle in reply, declined coldly but respectfully his offer, and told him my intention. Here our correspondence ended, and six months afterwards my name was on the boards of my college. I went up knowing no one, but carrying from my friend, the schoolmaster, a letter of introduction to a clergyman who had been his college friend, and who (now married and the father of one child) earned his subsistence by taking pupils. I was received by this poor but worthy man with extreme kindness. He read the character which I had brought with me, and bade me make his house my home. His hospitality was at first a great advantage to me. My slender income compelled me to exercise rigid economy—and to avoid all company. Although very poor, I have told you that I was already very proud. I would not receive a favour which I could not pay back—I would not permit the breath of slander to whisper a syllable against my name. There were hours in which no book could be read with pleasure, which no study could make light. Such were passed in delightful converse with my friend, and thus I was spared even the temptation to walk astray. I need not tell you that I had no tutor. It was a luxury I could not afford. I worked the harder, and was all the happier for the victory I had gained—such I deemed it—over my uncle. At the end of a twelvemonth, I found my expenses were

even within my income. It was a sweet discovery. I had paid my way. I did not owe a penny. I was respected, and no one knew my mode of life, or the amount of income that I possessed. My friend, I said, had one child. She was a daughter. During my first year's residence I had never seen her. She was away in Dorsetshire nursing a cousin, who died at length in her arms. She returned home at the commencement of my second year, and I was introduced to her. She fell upon my solitary life like the primrose that comes alone to enliven the dull earth—a simple flower of loveliness and promise, graceful in herself—but to the gazer's eye more beautiful, no other flower being present to provoke comparison. We met often. She was an artless creature, sir, and gave her love to me long, long before she knew the price of such a gift. She doated on her father, and it was a virtue that I understood. She was very fair to look at; timid as the fawn—as guileless; a creature of poetry, sent to be a dream, and to shed about her a beguiling unsubstantial brightness. All things looked practicable and easy in the light in which she moved. The difficulties of life were softened—its rewards and joys coloured and enhanced. I thought of her as a wife, and the tone of my existence was from the moment changed. If you could have seen her, sir—the angel of that quiet house—gliding about, ministering happiness—her innocent expression—her lovely form—her golden hair falling to her swelling bosom—her truthfulness and cultivated mind—you would, like me, have blessed the fortune which had brought her to your side, and revealed the treasure to your youthful heart. I told her that I loved, and her tears and maiden blushes made her own affection manifest. Her father spoke to me, bade me reflect, take counsel, and be cautious. He gave at last no opposition to our wishes—but requested that time might be allowed for trial, and my settlement in life. And so it was agreed. I prosecuted my studies more diligently than ever, and looked with impatience for the hour when my profession (for I had gone to the university with a view to the church) and my little income would justify me in offering to my darling one a home. Did I now mourn over the

inequality of my fortune? Did I upbraid the dead—accuse the living? I did not, sir. Too pleased to labour for the girl whom I had chosen—I rejoiced to owe my bread to my exertion. She then, as now—for it was her—my Anna, sir—the wreck whom you have seen—cruelly misused by poverty and grief—robbed of her beauty and her strength—the miserable outline of her former self—she then, even as now, was in all things actuated by the highest motives—a serious and religious maid. She cheered me with her smiles—her perfect patience and tranquil hope. It was to her a privilege to be united to a clergyman, and to find her earthly joy combined with usefulness and good. In our walks, I have painted the future which was never to be—the bliss we were never to experience. I have spoken of the parsonage, and its little lawn and many flowers—pictured myself at work—visiting the poor—comforting the sick—herself my dear attendant at the cottage doors, with hosts of little ones about her, whom she might call her children, and for whom she might exercise more than a mother's care. She could not listen to such promises, and not grow happier in her inexperience than reality could ever render her; and yet sighs, sighs, ominous sighs, would from the first escape her. Still for a twelvemonth our nook of earth was Paradise, and sorrow, the universal lot, was banished from our door. The tales which I had been accustomed to hear of the world's deceit and falsehood seemed groundless and cruel—the inventions of envious disappointed minds—whose ambition had betrayed them into hopes, too preposterous for fulfilment. Happiness was on earth—did I not find her in my daily walk?—for such as were not loth to greet her with a lowly and contented spirit. I had no present care. The days were prosperous. I obtained a scholarship in my college at the end of the first year, which was worth to me at least fifty pounds per annum. This, not requiring, I saved up. I worked hard during the day—withdrew myself from all intercourse with men, and every evening was rewarded with the smiles of her for whose dear sake all labour was so easy. Oh, the tranquillity and ineffable bliss of those distant bygone days! *Bygone*, did I say? No

—they exist still. Poverty—misery—persecution—such things pass away, and are in truth a dream. The troubles of yesterday vanish with the sun that set upon them—but those hours, deeply impressed upon the soul, have left their mark indelible; the intense, unspeakable joy that filled them, lingers yet, and brightens up one spot that stands alone, distinct in life. Cast when I will one single glance there, and I behold the stationary sunshine. I do so now. None feel so vigorous and well as they who are on the eve of some prostrating sickness. Dreaming of security, and as I looked about, perceiving from no side the probability or show of evil, I was in truth entangled in a maze of peril. My summer's day was at an end. The cloud had gathered—was overhead, and ready to burst and overwhelm me. For one twelvemonth, as I have said, I felt the perfect enjoyment of life, and was blest. At the end of that period, I received a letter from my uncle. It was full of tenderness and affection. The first few lines were taken up with enquiries—and immediately afterwards there came a proposition. It was to this effect. "My mother wished to retire from business; it was still a lucrative one, and she offered it to me. She undertook to leave in the firm a capital sufficiently large to carry it on, and receiving a moderate interest only for this sum, she would relinquish all other profit in favour of her son." I read the letter, and had faith in its sincerity. As I read it, a devil whispered delusively into my ear, and the sounds were music there, until my ruin was completed. I knew the business to be affluent and thriving. The income derived from it enabled my mother to live luxuriously. *Half the sum would afford every wished-for comfort to my Anna, and much less would enable us at once to marry.* Here was the rock on which I went to pieces—here was the giddy light that blinded me to all considerations—here was the sophistry that made all other reasoning dull and valueless. I did not stop to enquire what movement of feeling could operate so generously upon my uncle. If an unfavourable suggestion forced itself upon me, it was expelled at once; and persuasion of the purity of his motives was too easy, where my wish was father to the thought. If I re-

mained at college, years might elapse before our union. *Now, immediately,* if I accepted this unlooked-for offer—she was mine, and a home, such as in other circumstances I could never hope to give her, was ready for her reception! I could think of nothing else, but I beheld in the unexpected good—the outstretched hand of Providence. Full of my delight, I communicated the intelligence to Anna; but very different was its effect on her. She read the letter, and looked at me as if she wished to read the most hidden of my secret wishes.

"What have you thought of doing, then?" she asked.

"Accepting the proposal, Anna," I replied, 'with your consent.'

"Never with that," she answered, almost solemnly. 'My lips shall never bid you turn from the course which you have chosen, and to which you have been called. You do not require wealth—you have said so many times—and I am sure it is not necessary for your happiness.'

"I think not of myself, dear Anna," I replied. 'I have more than enough for my own wants. It is for your sake that I would accept their offer, and become richer than we can ever be if I refuse it. Our marriage now depends upon a hundred things—is distant at the best, and may never be. The moment that I consent to this arrangement, you are mine for ever.'

"Warton," she said, more seriously than ever, 'I am yours. You have my heart, and I have engaged to give you, when you ask it, this poor hand. In any condition of life—I am yours. But I tell you that I never can deliberately ask you to resign the hopes which we have cherished—with, as we have believed, the approbation and the blessing of our God. Your line of duty is, as I conceive it—marked. Whilst you proceed, steadily and with a simple mind—come what may, your pillow will never be moistened with tears of remorse. If affliction and trial come—they will come as the chastening of your Father, who will give you strength to bear the load you have not cast upon yourself. But once diverge from the straight and narrow path, and who can see the end of difficulty and danger? You are unused to business, you know nothing of its forms, its ways—you are not fit for it. Your habits—your tempera-

ment are opposed to it, and you cannot enter the field as you should—to prosper. Think not of me. I wish—my happiness, and joy, and pride will be to see you a respected minister of God. I am not impatient. If we do right, our reward will come at last. Let years intervene, and my love for you will burn as steadily as now. Do not be tempted—and do not let us think that good can result—if, for my sake, you are unfaithful—*there!*" She pointed upwards as she spoke, and for a moment the sinfulness of my wishes blazed before me—startled, and silenced me. I resolved to decline my uncle's offer; yet a week elapsed, and the letter was not written. But another came from *him*. It was one of tender reproach for my long silence, and it requested an immediate answer to the munificent proposal of my mother. If I refused it, a stranger would be called upon to enjoy my rights, and the opportunity for realizing a handsome fortune would never occur again. Such were its exciting terms, and once more, perplexed by desire and doubt, I appealed to the purer judgment of my Anna.

"She wept when she came to the close of the epistle, and had not a word to say.

"‘I distress you, Anna,’ said I, ‘by my indecision. Dry your tears, my beloved; I will hesitate no longer.’

"‘I know not what to do,’ she faltered; ‘if you should act upon my advice, and afterwards repent, you would never forgive me. Yet, I believe from my very soul that you should flee from this temptation. But do as you will—as seems wisest and best—and trust not to a weak woman. Do what reason and principle direct, and happen what will—I will be satisfied. One thing occurs to me. Can you trust your uncle?’"

"I hesitated.

"‘I ask,’ she continued, ‘because you have often spoken of him as if you could not confidently. May he not have—I judge of him only from your report—some motive for his present conduct which we cannot penetrate? It is an unkind world, and the innocent and guileless are not safe from the schemes and contrivances of the wicked. I speak at random, but I am filled with alarm for you. You are safe now—but one step may be your ruin.’

"‘You are right, Anna,’ I replied; ‘it is too great a venture. I cannot trust this man. I will not leave the path of duty. I will refuse his offer this very night.’

"And I did so. In her presence I wrote an answer to his letter, and declined respectfully the brilliant prospect which he had placed before me. The letter was dispatched—Anna was at peace, and my own mind was satisfied.

"‘It was, however, not my fate to pass safely through this fiery ordeal. Nothing but my destruction, final and entire, would satisfy my greedy persecutor—and artfully enough did he at length encompass it. In a few days, there arrived a third communication on the same subject, but from another hand. My mother became the correspondent, and she conjured me by my filial love and duty, not to disobey her. She desired to retire into privacy. She was growing old—and it was time to make arrangements for another world. Her son, if he would, might enable her to carry out her pious wish—or, by his obstinate refusal, hurry her with sorrow to the grave. There was much more to this effect. Appeal upon appeal was made *there*, where she knew me to be most vulnerable, and the choice of action was not left me. To deny her longer—would be to stand convicted of disobedience, undutifulness, and all unfilial faults. From this period, I was lost. One word before I hurry to the end. I absolve my mother from all participation in the crimes of which boldly I accuse my uncle. She, poor helpless woman, was but his instrument, and believed, when she urged me, that it was with a view to my advancement and lasting benefit. I conveyed my mother's communication immediately to Anna. She made no observation on its contents—bade me seek counsel of her father; and with her eyes streaming with agonizing tears, left me to pray upon my knees for counsel and direction from on high. Her father—I could not blame him—a man who had struggled hardly for his bread as a clergyman and a scholar—and seen more of the dark shadows than the light of life—received my intelligence with unmingled satisfaction. He charged me, as I loved his child, and valued her future welfare, to accept the princely kindness

of my friends—to see them instantly, and secure my fortune whilst time and circumstances served. And then, as if to appease his own qualms of conscience, and to justify his counsel, he reasoned about the usefulness which, even to a pious mind, was permitted in the exercise of trade. Infinite was the good that I might do. Yea, more, perhaps, than if I persisted in my first design, and remained for ever a poor clergyman. I might relieve the poor even to my heart's content. What privilege so great as this! What suffering so acute as the desire to help the sick and needy with no ability to do it! 'Be sure, young man, the hand of Providence is here; it would be sinful to deny it.' *O interest—interest!—self—self!*—words of magic and of power; they rendered my poor friend blind as they did me. I listened to his advice with eagerness and delight; and though I knew that to obey it was to cast myself from security into turmoil and danger, I laboured to persuade myself that he was right, and that hesitation was now criminal. Again I saw my betrothed, and I approached her—innocent and truthful as she was—with shame and self-abasement. I repeated her father's words, and she shook her head sadly, but made no reply. What need was there of reply? Had she not already spoken?

"'Let me, at least, dear Anna, go to London,' I said, 'and implore my mother to retract this wish, unsay her words. I would rather give up the world, than take it without your cheerful acquiescence. Your happiness is every thing to me. You shall decide for me.'

"'No, Warton,' she replied—'you and my father must decide, and may Heaven direct you both. Go to London—do as you wish. I am resigned. I am presumptuous, and may be wrong. All will be for the best. Go! God bless you and support you.'

"And I went, traitor and renegade that I was, prepared to surrender to the bitterest foe that ever hunted victim down. Believe me not, sir, when I say that any sense of filial duty actuated me in my resolve, that any feeling influenced this unsteady heart but one—The desire to call my Anna mine—the pride I felt in the consciousness of wealth—and of the power to bestow it all on her.

"My reception in London was as favourable as I could wish it. My uncle was an altered man—at least he appeared so. He met me with smiles and honied words, and made such promises of friendship and protection, that I stood before him convicted of uncharitableness and gross misconduct. I reproached myself for the old prejudices, and for the malice which I had always borne him, and attributed them all to boyish inexperience, and stubbornness. I was older now, and could see with the eyes of a man. Not only did I acquit him of all intention of wrong, but I could have fallen on my knees before him, and asked his pardon for my own offences. I wrote a long letter to Anna, and described in lively colours my own agreeable surprise, desired her to be of good heart, and to rely upon my prudence. I engaged to write daily, to announce the progress of my mission—and to advise her of the proposed arrangements. This was my first communication. Before she could receive a second, I had put my hand to paper, and signed my death-warrant. I had irretrievably committed myself. I was dining with my uncle. His wine was of the best. He could drink freely of it, and get cooler and more collected at each glass; but frequent draughts animated and inflamed my younger head. He spoke to me with kindness, and I grew confiding and loquacious. I told him of my engagement with Anna, described her beauty, extolled her virtues. He seized the golden opportunity, and reproved me gently for the little consideration which I exhibited for one so worthy of my love. It was unpardonably selfish to hesitate one instant longer. It was due to her, and to our future offspring, to make every provision for their maintenance and comfort. It was madness to overlook the advantages which my mother's offer gave. She herself, the lovely Anna, as her cares increased, would mourn over the cruel obstinacy of him who might have placed her beyond anxiety and apprehension, but who preferred to keep her poor, dependent, joyless. She was young, and spoke, doubtless, as she felt—but time would dissipate romance, and bitterly would she regret that he who professed to love her had not taken pains to prove that love more thought-

ful and sincere. So he went on—and, in the height of his appeal, a visitor was announced—Mr Gilbert, an old friend, an intimate, who was immediately admitted. I was requested not to mind him, for he knew every secret of my uncle's. The latter repeated my story, and ended with an account of my ingratitude to Anna. Mr Gilbert could scarcely speak for his astonishment. He shook his head severely, and vowed the case was quite unparalleled. I drank on—the thought of the immediate possession of my Anna flashed once powerfully and effectually across my brain, and I held out no longer. I yielded to the sweet solicitation—and was lost.

"On the following morning, Mr Gilbert arrived to breakfast. The subject was resumed. My uncle produced a paper, which he had hastily drawn up. It should be signed by all. Mr Gilbert, as a friend, could witness it. It was a rough draught, but would answer every purpose for the present. The statement was very simple. My mother left in the firm twenty thousand pounds in stock, and cash and book debts. For this I made myself responsible, and undertook to pay an interest of five per cent. All profits in the business were my own. Fool that I was, I signed the document without reflection—gave, with one movement of the pen, my liberty, my happiness, and life, into the power of one who had for years resolved to get them in his clutch. My uncle followed with his signature—then Mr Gilbert. To make all sure, however, a clerk of the former was summoned to the room, and requested to act as second witness to the deed.

"'You are perfectly satisfied with the contents?'" said Mr Gilbert to my uncle, when the clerk had finished.

"'Quite so,' was the answer.

"'And you, sir?'" he continued, turning then to me.

"I answered, 'Yes,' whilst a sickening shudder crept through my blood, and the remonstrance of Anna sounded in my ears like a knell.

"I remained in London, and a week after this ceremony I entered upon my duties at the counting-house. *At the earnest recommendation of my uncle*, I carried into the business, as additional capital, the sum of money from which I had hitherto derived my income.

This amounted to nearly four thousand pounds. It may seem strange to you, sir, as it does to me now, that I should so readily have adopted the statement of my uncle, and so deeply involved myself upon the strength of his simple *ipse dixit*. It was a madman's act, and yet there were many excuses for it at the time. I was but a boy—fresh from a life of retirement and study—unused to the ways of men—unprepared for fraud. Satisfied of my own integrity, I believed implicitly in the ingenuousness of others. I had no friend to act for me—to investigate and warn—my heart was burthened with its love, and all my thoughts were far away. The business had prospered for years, and it was conducted externally as in the days of my poor father. All was decorous and business-like, and the reputation of the house was high and unblemished. There was nothing in the appearance of things to excite suspicion—and not a breath was suggested from my own too easy and confiding nature. The father of my betrothed was delighted at the step which I had taken. He wrote me an impassioned letter, full of praise and brilliant prophecies, none of which he lived to see fulfilled. His daughter, he assured me, would yet be grateful to me for the firmness I had evinced, and that the blessing of Heaven must attend conduct so estimable and wise. Anna herself wrote in another strain. The act which she had so long dreaded was accomplished—it was useless to look back—she could only hope and pray for the future. She entreated me to be careful of my health, and to accustom myself gradually to my new employment. It was a consolation to behold her father so very happy, and to find me contented in my position. Nothing would give her now such satisfaction, as to be convinced that she had been wrong throughout, and that I had done well in giving up my former occupations. A month passed quickly by. The engagements of the firm were met—and its affairs were carried on as usual. No change took place. The only difference was my presence, and the appearance of my name in all the transactions of the house. I saw my mother frequently—but my uncle, by degrees, withdrew. His own affairs

required his constant attention, but he provided me with help and countenance in the person of Mr Gilbert. This gentleman, in addition to the character of a bosom friend, sustained another—that of *legal adviser* to my uncle! He visited me daily, and helped me marvellously. He procured from my uncle my patrimony of four thousand pounds—drew up in return for it a release, which I executed—paid the money into my banker's hands—received my mother's dividend—inspected the accounts—advised summary proceedings against defaulters—and settled, at a certain rate, to purchase a few outstanding debts, which it would cost some trouble and manœuvring to get in. I could not choose but act upon advice that was at once so very friendly and professional. My inexperience, for a time, gratefully reposed in Mr Gilbert. Exactly two months after I had entered the concern, I married. Sun never rose more promisingly upon a wedding-day—a lovelier bride had never graced it. I pass over the few intoxicating weeks during which life assumes a form and hue which it never wore before—never puts forth again. The novelty of my situation—the joy I had in her possession, and in the knowledge that she was wholly mine—lived now and breathed for me—the pride with which I gazed upon her blooming beauty, and communed with her, as with a new-found better self—all combined to render one brief season a sweet delirium—an ecstatic dream. It is time to wake from it. I return to the business. I had agreed to pay my mother's dividend every quarter—and, as I told you, Mr Gilbert received the money for her. She did not live to enjoy it. A short illness removed her from a world which had never been one of sorrow to her. Her heart was adamant, and troubled waters passed over—did not enter and disturb it. All that she had became my uncle's, and he was now my creditor. I beg you, sir, to mark this. Twice had he inherited the property which should have been my own. It was about a twelvemonth after the death of my mother, that small, dark shadows appeared in the horizon, foretelling storm and tempest. At first they gave me no uneasiness, but they increased and gathered, and soon compelled me to take measures for

the outbreak. I continued to discharge my uncle's claim with undeviating regularity. Mr Gilbert sharply saw to that; but a difficulty arose at length of meeting punctually all the demands which came upon me in the way of business. This was overcome in the beginning, by enforcing payment from customers who had traded previously on a liberal credit. The evil thus temporarily repaired gaverise, however, to a greater evil. Our friends withdrew their favours, and offered them elsewhere. This critical state of things did not improve, but caused me daily fresh alarm. Money became more scarce—the difficulty of meeting payments more imminent and harassing. It was very strange. It had not been so in my father's time, nor later, when my mother had the management of affairs. Was it my fault? What had I done amiss? Frightful thoughts began to haunt my bosom, and my sleep was broken, as a criminal's might be. One day I had a heavy sum to pay. It was on the fourth of the month—a serious day to many—and, although I had made every exertion to meet this payment, I found myself, on the very morning, at least two hundred pounds deficient. I have told you, that the credit of our house was without a spot. Its reputation stood high amongst the highest. Slander had not dared to breathe one syllable against it. To me was entrusted this precious jewel, and I was now upon the very brink of losing it. I rose from my pillow before daylight, and endeavoured to contrive a plan for my relief. Fear and excitement prevented all deliberate thought, and I walked to the counting-house confounded—almost delirious. I had taken no food. I could not break my fast until the exigency had passed away. I was sitting in the little room, filled with dismal apprehensions, when Mr Gilbert was announced, and suddenly appeared. As suddenly I resolved to tell him of my necessity, and to ask his aid or counsel. Blushing to the forehead, I confided my situation to him, and asked what it was possible to do. He smiled in answer—produced his pocket-book, and gave me, without a word, a draft upon his banker for the sum required. At that moment, sir, I felt what it was to be respited after sentence of death—to be rescued from drowning

—to awaken into life from horrible and numbing dreams. I pressed the hand of my deliverer with the most affectionate zeal, and assured him of my everlasting gratitude.

"'No occasion, my dear sir,' answered Mr Gilbert. 'This is a very common case in business, and will happen to the best of men. Never hesitate to ask me when you are in need. When I have the cash, you shall command me always. Give me your IOU—that will be quite sufficient, and pay the money back when it is quite convenient.' Disinterested, most praiseworthy man! He left me, impressed with his benevolence, and with my spirit at rest. With the dismissal of my incubus, my appetite was restored. I partook of a hearty dinner, and returned home, happy as a boy again. At the end of a week, I was enabled to repay my benefactor; but, at the end of a fortnight, I was again in need of his assistance. Emboldened by his offer, I did not hesitate to apply; as freely as before he responded to my call, and I felt that I had gained a friend indeed. Men who have committed heinous crimes, will tell you that it is the first divergence from the point of rectitude that gives them pain and anguish. The false direction once obtained, and the moral sense is blunted. So in matters of this kind. There was no blushing or palpitation when I begged a third time for a temporary loan. The occasion soon presented itself, and I asked deliberately for the sum I wanted. Mr Gilbert likewise had grown familiar with these demands; and familiarity, they say, does not heighten our politeness and respect. He had not the money by him, but he might get it, though, from a friend, he thought, if it were absolutely necessary. But then a friend is not like one's self. He must be paid for what he did. Well, for once in the way, I could afford it. I must borrow as cheaply as I could, and give my note of hand, &c. Sir, in less than three months, I was in a mesh of difficulties, from which it was impossible to tear myself. Bill after bill had I accepted and given to this Gilbert—pounds upon pounds had he sucked from me in the way of interest. He grew greedier every hour. If I hesitated, he spoke to me of exposure—if I re-

fused, he threatened enforcement of his previous claims. And, what was worse than all, notwithstanding the heavy sums which he advanced, and for which he held securities, my affairs remained disordered, and the demand for money increased with every new supply. I could not understand it. I had not communicated with my uncle. I was afraid to do it; but I took care to pay his dividend the instant it was due. Had I omitted it, Mr Gilbert would have looked to me; for he was even more anxious than myself to keep my affairs a secret from my uncle. It was not long before I got bewildered by the accumulated anxieties of my position. My mind was paralyzed. My days were wretched. Home had no delight for me; and neither there nor elsewhere could I find repose. Before daybreak, I quitted my bed, and, until midnight, I was occupied in arranging for the engagements of the coming day. Legitimate and profitable business was neglected, lost sight of, and all my faculties were engrossed in the one great object of obtaining money to appease the present and the pressing importunity. In the midst of my trouble, I was thrown, for the first time, upon a bed of sickness. I was attacked with fever, but I rallied in a day or two, and was prepared once more to cast myself into the vortex, from which I saw no hope or possibility of escape. It was the evening before the day on which I had determined to resume the whirl of my sickening occupation. I was in bed, and, tired with the thought that weighed upon my brain, had fallen into a temporary sleep, from which I woke too soon, to find my wife, now about to become a mother, weeping as if her heart were broken, at my side. Trouble, sir, had soured my temper, and I had ceased to be as tender as she deserved. I was base enough to speak unkindly to her.

"'You are discontented, Anna,' I exclaimed. 'You are not satisfied—you repent now that you married me—I see you do.'

"'Warton,' she exclaimed, 'if you love me, leave this cruel business. Let us live upon a crust. I will work for you. I will submit to any thing to see you calm and happy. This will kill you.'

" 'It will, it must!' I cried out in my misery. 'I cannot help it. What is to be done?'

" 'Retire from it—resign all—every thing—but save us both. This agitation—this ceaseless wear and tear—must eventually, and soon, destroy you. What, then, becomes of me?'

" 'Show me, Anna, how I can do what you desire with honour. Show me the way, and I will bless you. Oh, why did I not heed your words before! Why did I suffer myself to be entrapped?—

" She stopped me in my exclamations.

" 'You have promised, dear,' said she, 'never to look upon the past. You acted for the best. So did we all. It is our consolation and support. But the present is sad and mournful, and, I believe, it rests with ourselves to secure our happiness for the future. Are you content to do it?'

" 'Oh, can you ask me, Anna? Tell me how I may escape without discredit—without shame and one dishonourable taint—and you take me from the depths of my despair. I see no end to this career. I am fixed to the stake, and I must burn.'

" 'Listen to me, dearest. You shall write to your uncle without delay, and explain to him your wishes. You shall tell him of your difficulties frankly and unreservedly. Make known to him your state of health, and tell him firmly that you are unequal to the burden which is laid upon you. Should he insist upon a recompense for your loss, you have money of your own there—yield it to him, and these hands shall never rest until they have earned for you every shilling of it back again. Be tranquil, resolute, cheerful, and all will yet be well, I trust—I feel it will.'

" 'I had once refused to act on her advice, and the consequences had been dire enough. When compliance was too late, I implicitly obeyed her. The letter was written, and an answer came as speedily as we could wish it. It was a kind reply. My uncle was sorry for my illness, and was content to take the business off my hands, if I was ready to resign it in the condition that I had found it. And this, I thanked my God with tears of joy, I was prepared to do. My personal expenses had been trifling. The

amount of business done was large—the profits had not been withdrawn. Although my sufferings had been great, and difficulties had met me which I could neither prevent nor comprehend, still reason told me that the property itself must have increased in value. It was with alacrity that I engaged, at my uncle's particular request, an accountant to investigate the proceedings of the house, and to pronounce upon its present state. The result of the examination could not be most satisfactory. It did not occur to me at the time, that my uncle had deemed no accountant necessary when he heaped upon me the responsibility which I had borne so ill. It would have been but fair, methinks. A time was fixed for a meeting with my uncle, and for producing the result of the enquiry. The accountant had been closely engaged at his work for many days, and had brought it to an end only on the evening preceding the day of our appointment. He submitted his estimate to me, and you shall judge my horror when I perused it. There were many sheets of paper, but in one line my misery was summed up. EIGHT THOUSAND POUNDS *were deficient and unaccounted for*. Yes, and my own small fortune had been included in the amount of capital. The accountant had been careful and exact—there was not a flaw in his reckoning. The glaring discrepancy stared me in the face, and pronounced my ruin. I knew not what to think or do. In accents of the most earnest supplication, I entreated the accountant to pass the night in reviewing his labours, and to afford me, if possible, the means of rescuing my name from the obloquy which, in a few hours, must attach to it. I offered him any sum of money—all that he could ask—for his pains, and he promised to comply with my request. The idea that I had been the victim of a trick, a fraud, never glanced across my mind. No, when my wretchedness permitted me to think at all, I suspected and accused no one but myself. I could imagine and believe that, inadvertently, I had committed some great error when my soul had been darkened by the daily and hourly anxieties which had followed it so long. But how to discover it? How to make my innocence apparent to the

world? How to face my uncle? How to brave the taunts of men? How, above all, to meet the huge demands which soon would press and fall upon me? The tortures of hell cannot exceed in acuteness all that I suffered that long and bitter night. The accountant was waiting for me in the parlour when I left my bed. He had spent the night as I had wished him, but had not found one error in his calculations. I tore the papers from his hands, and strained my eyes upon the pages to extract the lie which existed there to damn me. It would not go—it could not be removed. I was a doomed, lost man. Whatever might be the consequence, I resolved to see my uncle, and to speak the truth. I relied upon the sympathy which I believed inherent in the nature of man. I relied upon my own integrity, and the serenity which conscious innocence should give. I met my uncle. I shall never forget that interview. He received me in his private house—in his drawing-room. We were alone. He sat at a table: his face was somewhat pale, but he was cool and undisturbed—ah, how much more so than his trembling sacrifice! I placed before him the condemning paper. It was that only that he cared to see. He looked at once to the result, and then, without a word, he turned his withering eye upon me.

"‘I know it,’ I cried out, not permitting him to speak. ‘I know what you would say. It is a mystery, and I cannot solve it. There is a fearful error somewhere—but where I know not. I am as innocent——’

"‘Innocent!’ exclaimed my uncle, in a tone of bitterness. ‘Well, go on, sir.’

"‘Yes, innocent,’ I repeated. ‘Time will prove it, and make the mystery clear. My brain is now confused; but it cannot be that this gigantic error can escape me when I am calm—composed. Grant me but time.’

"‘I grant nothing,’ said my uncle, fiercely. ‘Plunderer! I show no mercy. You would have shown me none—you would have left me in the lurch, and laughed at me as you made merry with your stolen wealth. Mark me, sir—restore it—labour till you have made it good, or I crush you—once, and for ever.’

"‘I was rendered speechless by these

words. I attempted to make answer; but my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth—my throat grew dry and hot—my brain was dizzy, and the room swam round me. I thought of the name which I had been striving for years to build up—the honourable name which I had gained—the height from which I was about to fall—the yawning gulf below—a thousand painful thoughts rushed in one instant to my mind, and overcame me. I should have fallen to the earth, had not my heart found in my eyes a passage for its grief, and rendered me weaker than a child before a creature who had never felt the luxury of one human tear. I wept aloud and fearfully.

"‘Guilt, guilt, palpable guilt!’ exclaimed my uncle. ‘None but the guilty weep. You do not take me by surprise, young man. I was prepared for this—I have but a word to say. Restore this money, or undertake to pay it back to me—to the last farthing of my lawful claim. Do this, and I forgive you, and forget your indiscretion. Refuse, and to-morrow you are a bankrupt and a beggar. Leave me, and take time for your decision. Come to me again this evening. If you fail—you may expect a visit in the morning.’

"‘This was said deliberately, but in a tone most expressive of sincerity. I staggered from his presence, and hurried homeward. A sickening sensation checked me as I approached my door. I could not enter it. I rushed away; and in the open fields, where I could weep and rave unnoticed and alone, I cursed my fate, and entreated heaven to smite me with its thunders. My mind was tottering. Hours passed before I reached the house again. How, when, or by what means I arrived there, I could not tell. The servant girl who gave me admittance looked savagely upon me, as I thought. It was sorrow, and not anger, that was written in her face; but how could I discriminate? Her mistress was seriously ill. She had been alarmed by the visit of a gentleman, who waited for me in the parlour, and by my protracted absence; and her agitation had brought on the pangs of labour. A physician was now with her. Who was this gentleman? I entered the room, and there the fiend sate, white with irritation and gnawing disappointment. I started back, but he advanced to me

—held my papers to my face, and pointed to one portion of them with a finger that was alive with rage and agitation.

"Is it true?" asked my uncle, gnashing his teeth. "Answer me—yes or no?—one word, is it true?"

"It is a lie!" I answered, ignorant of his meaning, and half crazed with the excitement. "I am innocent—innocent—Heaven knows I am."

"Have you, or have you not given to Gilbert, for these heavy sums, a power of attorney? Has he got it? Answer me in a word."

"He advanced me money," I replied, "and I gave him such documents as he required."

"Enough!" said my uncle. "You are a beggar!"—and without another word he left me.

"For a week my wife remained in a dangerous condition. Threatened with the loss of her, I did not leave her side. What was the business to me at such a time?—what was reputation—what life? Life!—sir, I carried about with me a potent poison, and I waited only for her latest breath to drink it off, and join her in the grave. She rallied, however, and once more I walked abroad—to find myself a bankrupt and a castaway. The very day that my uncle quitted me, he called my creditors together—exposed the state of my affairs—and accused me of the vilest practices. A docket was struck against me. Every thing that I possessed was dragged away—even to the bed on which my Anna had been cast, and which she so much needed now. Every thing was gone; but the blow had fallen, and I was callous to the loss. In the midst of the desolation I struggled to preserve one trifle from the common wreck. Do not smile, sir, when I mention *my reputation*. Yes, I felt that if it could be rescued all might be spared, and I might yet defy and shame my persecutors. I appealed to the commissioner who had charge of my estate. I proclaimed aloud, and in the face of men, my innocence. I conjured him to compel the closest examination of my affairs—my books—and every individual connected with the house. I demanded it for the sake of justice—for my own sake, and for the sake of the poor creatures—I was a father now—whose fortunes were linked with

mine, whose bread depended upon the verdict which should be pronounced against me. My passionate supplication was not in vain. The affairs of our house were looked into—the business that had been done for years was sifted—and clerks and men were subjected to every interrogatory that could elucidate a fact. At the end of six months it was publicly announced that an important error had been discovered—that the estimate given to me was incorrect, *and by many thousand pounds greater than the true value.*

"There had been a *mistake!* The bankrupt departed from the court without a blemish on his character. He had been indiscreet in entering heedlessly upon so large an undertaking, and must pay dearly for that indiscretion. He was strictly liable and bound to pay what he had acknowledged with his hand to be a lawful debt. There was no help for him. The young man was worthy of commiseration, and his creditors should show him mercy." This was the verdict of the commissioner, spoken in the ears of one who was a stranger to mercy, and who had vowed to show me *none*. Guilt, however, attached to my good name no longer, and I smiled at his malignity. It was too soon to *smile*. The secret of all my difficulty was now explained. Trading upon a false capital, to an extravagant extent beyond the real one—draining my exchequer of its resources to pay an ever-recurring interest, whilst the principal was but a fiction in the estate, it was no wonder that I became hemmed in by claims impossible to meet, and that the services of Mr Gilbert were so soon in requisition. In giving to Mr Gilbert a power over the firm, I acted according to my ideas of justice. When I was impoverished, he furnished me with the means of keeping up the credit of the house. But for him it must have fallen. I believed that I was solvent. Why should I hesitate to make this man secure? But it is for this preference, which rendered my uncle's dividend comparatively nothing, that I have been followed through my life with rancour and malevolence unparalleled. Mark me, sir; the *mistake*, as it was called—the *vital error*—was a deliberate fraud, committed by my uncle at the outset.

He had withdrawn this heavy sum of money at the beginning—he had resolved to keep me for my life his servant and his slave—to feast upon the dropping sweat of my exhausted mind—to convert my heart's blood into gold, which was his god. He hated me for my conduct towards him in my boyhood, which he had neither forgotten nor forgiven; and his detestation gave zest to his hellish desire of accumulating wealth at any cost. Had I applied to *him*, had I entered into new engagements with *him*, given to *him* the securities which, from a notion of right, I had presented to Gilbert—had I made over to the fiend soul as well as body, I might still have retained his friendship, still been permitted to labour and to toil for his aggrandizement and ease. It was Gilbert himself who revealed to me his patron's villany. It was time for the vultures to quarrel when they could not both fatten on my prostrate carcass; but they were bound together by the dark doings of years, and it was only by imperfect hints and innuendoes that I was made aware of their treachery. If proofs existed to convict my uncle, Gilbert could not afford to produce them. The price was life, or something short of it; but I heard enough for satisfaction. Although I was deprived of every thing that I possessed, my mind recovered its buoyancy, and my spirit, after the first shock, grew sanguine. I had been proclaimed an innocent and injured man, and my beloved Anna was at my side smiling and rejoicing. In our overthrow, she beheld only the dark storm of morning, that sometimes ushers in the glorious noon and golden sunset. I spoke of the past with anger; she reverted to it with the chastened sorrow of a repentant angel. I looked to the future with distrust and apprehension; she, with a bright, abiding confidence. Never had she appeared so happy, so contented—never had the smile remained so constant to her cheek, so unalloyed with touch of care, as when we stood houseless and homeless in the world, and nothing but her fortitude and love were left me to rely upon. My first care after my dismission into life again, was to obtain my certificate from my creditors, and with almost all of them I was successful. The exceptions were my

uncle, and three individuals—his creatures, and willing instruments of torture. They were sufficient to brand me with disgrace, and to affix for ever to my name that mark of infamy which an after life of virtue shall never wash away or hide. UNCERTIFICATED BANKRUPT was the badge I carried with me. From this period my decline was rapid and unequivocal. A creditor, who had not proved his debt upon the estate, hearing of my defenceless situation, cast me forthwith into prison. I will not tell you of the sufferings we endured during a two years' cruel incarceration. Starvation and its horrors came gradually upon us. Application upon application was made to my uncle; entreaties for nothing more than justice; and my poor meek Anna was turned with contumely from his doors. After years of privation, a glimmering of light stole in upon us, to be soon extinguished. I obtained temporary employment in a school far away from the scenes of my misery, and hither my evil fortune followed me. The schoolmaster was an ignorant, gross man. He gained my services for a song, and he treated me with disrespect in consequence. I had been with him about six months when some silver spoons were stolen from his house. The thief escaped detection; but the master received an anonymous communication, containing a false history of my life, with a true statement of my unfortunate position. He at once charged me with the crime of being an uncertificated bankrupt. I confessed to it; and the very day I was dragged before a magistrate on suspicion of felony. I was acquitted, it is true, for want of evidence; but what could acquit me—what could release me from the super-added stigma? *An uncertificated bankrupt, and a suspected felon!* Alas! the charity of man will not look further than the surface of things, and is it not secretly pleased to find there, rather an excuse for neglect, than a reason for exertion? Excited almost to madness by privation and want, and unable to get assistance from a human being, I visited my uncle. I could not see my wife and children drooping and sinking day by day, and not make one great struggle for their rescue. I resolved to accost him with meekness and hu-

mility—yes, to fall upon my knees and kiss the dust before him, so that he would fill their famished mouths. He would not see me. I watched for him in the street, and there addressed him. He reviled me—cast me off—provoked me to exasperation, and finally gave me into custody for an attempt upon his life. Again I was taken to the magistrate, but not again discharged so easily. My character and previous *offences* were exhibited. The magistrate, serious with judicial sorrow, looked upon me as you would turn an eye towards a reptile that defiles the earth. I appealed to him, and in a loud and animated voice proclaimed my grievances. It was suggested that I was a lunatic, and whilst the justice committed me to hard labour, he benevolently promised that the prison surgeon should visit me, and pronounce upon my fitness for Saint Luke's. It was during my temporary confinement for this offence, that I was seized with the illness from which I have never since been free. For three years I was unable to work for my family, and by the end of that period we were sunk into the lowest depths. My Anna sickened likewise; but as long as she was able she laboured for our support. We have been hunted and driven from place to place, and the little which we have been able to earn in our wanderings, has hardly kept us alive. Twice have I stolen a loaf of bread to appease the children's hunger. What could I do? I could not bear to see their languid glassy eyes, and hear their little voices imploring for the food—God knows,

I could not let them die before my face—I could not be their murderer—I could not——"

"Stay, Mr Warton," said I, interrupting the narrator, "I have heard enough. Spare me for the present. Your statements must be corroborated. This is all I ask. Leave the rest to me."

If the reader has perused, with painful interest, the account that I have laid before him, let me gratify him with the intelligence that I have accomplished for this unfortunate family all that I could wish. Warton's account of himself was strengthened and confirmed by the strict enquiry which I set on foot immediately. He was, as he asserted, *an innocent and injured man*. Satisfied of this, I transmitted to the worthy judge, who had been moved by the man's misfortunes, a faithful history of his life. I was not disappointed here. It was that functionary who obtained for Warton the situation which he at present fills—and for his children the education which they are now receiving. Nor was this his first exertion on their behalf. It was he who furnished them with clothing on the night of the criminal's discharge. They are restored to happiness, to comfort, and to health. The moderate ambition of the faithful Anna is realized, and my vision is a vision no longer.

Reader, I have nothing more to add. I have told you a simple tale and a true one. It is for you to say whether it shall be—useless and uninstructional.

FREDERICK SCHLEGEL.*

"I would not have you pin your faith too closely to these SCHLEGELS," said FICHTE one day at Berlin to VARNHAGEN VON ENSE, or one of his friends, in his own peculiar, cutting, commanding style—"I would not have you pin your faith to these Schlegels. I know them well. The elder brother wants depth, and the younger clearness. One good thing they both have—that is, hatred of mediocrity; but they have also both a great jealousy of the highest excellence; and, therefore, where they can neither be great themselves nor deny greatness in others, they, out of sheer desperation, fall into an outrageous strain of eulogizing. Thus they have bepraised Goethe, and thus they have bepraised me."† Some people, from pride, don't like to be praised at all; and all sensible people, from propriety, don't like to be praised extravagantly: whether from pride or from propriety, or from a mixture of both, philosopher Fichte seemed to have held in very small account the patronage with which he was favoured at the hands of the twin æsthetical dictators, the Castor and Pollux of romantic criticism; and, strange enough also, poet Goethe, who had worship enough in his day, and is said to have been somewhat fond of the homage, chimes in to the same tune thus: "the Schlegels, with all their fine natural gifts, have been unhappy men their life long, both the one and the other; they wished both to be and do something more than nature had given them capacity for; and accordingly they have been the means of bringing about not a little harm both in art and literature. From their false principles in the fine arts—principles which, however much trumpeted and gospelled about, were in

fact egotism united with weakness—our German artists have not yet recovered, and are filling the exhibitions, as we see, with pictures which nobody will buy. Frederick, the younger of these Dioscouri, choked himself at last with the eternal chewing of moral and religious absurdities, which, in his uncomfortable passage through life, he had collected together from all quarters, and was eager to hawk about with the solemn air of a preacher to every body: he accordingly betook himself, as a last refuge, to Catholicism, and drew after him, as a companion to his own views, a man of very fair but falsely overwrought talent—Adam Müller.

"As for their Sanscrit studies again, that was at bottom only a *pis aller*. They were clear-sighted enough to perceive that neither Greek nor Latin offered any thing brilliant enough for them; they accordingly threw themselves into the far East; and in this direction, unquestionably, the talent of Augustus William manifests itself in the most honourable way. All that, and more, time will show. Schiller never loved them: hated them rather; and I think it peeps out of our correspondence how I did my best, in our Weimar circles at least, to keep this dislike from coming to an open difference. In the great revolution which they actually effected, I had the luck to get off with a whole skin, (*sie liessen mich noth dürftig stehen*,) to the great annoyance of their romantic brother Novalis, who wished to have me *simpliciter* deleted. 'Twas a lucky thing for me, in the midst of this critical hubbub, that I was always too busy with myself to take much note of what others were saying about me.

"Schiller had good reason to be an-

* 1. *Geschichte der alten und neuen Literatur von FRIEDRICH SCHLEGEL. Neue aufgabe. Berlin, 1842.*

2. *Lectures on the History of Ancient and Modern Literature, from the German of Frederick Schlegel. New edition. Blackwood: Edinburgh and London, 1841.*

3. *The Philosophy of History, translated from the German of FRIEDRICH VON SCHLEGEL, with a Memoir of the Author, by JAMES BURTON ROBERTSON, Esq. In two vols. London, 1835. Reprinted in America, 1841.*

4. *Philosophie des Lebens von FRIEDRICH SCHLEGEL. Wien, 1828.*

† *Denkwürdigkeiten von K. A. VARNHAGEN VON ENSE. Mannheim, 1837. Vol. ii. p. 60.*

gry with them. With their æsthetic denunciations and critical club-law, it was a comparatively cheap matter for them to knock him down in a fashion; but Schiller had no weapons that could prostrate them. He said to me on one occasion, displeased with my universal toleration even for what I did not like. 'KOTZEBUE, with his frivolous fertility, is more respectable in my eyes than that barren generation, who, though always limping themselves, are never content with bawling out to those who have legs—STOP!'"*.

That there is some truth in these severe remarks, the paltry personal squibs in the *Leipzig Almanach* for 1832, which called them forth, with regard to Augustus Schlegel at least, sufficiently show: but there is a general truth involved in them also, which the worthy fraternity of us who, in this paper age, wield the critical pen, would do well to take seriously to heart; and it is this, that great poets and philosophers have a natural aversion as much to be praised and patronized, as to be rated and railed at by great critics; and very justly so. For as a priest is a profane person, who makes use of his sacred office mainly to show his gods about, (so to speak,) that people may stare at them, and worship him; so a critic who forgets his inferior position in reference to creative genius, so far as to assume the air of legislation and dictatorship, when explanation and commentary are the utmost he can achieve, has himself only to blame, if, after his noisy trumpet has blared itself out, he reaps only ridicule from the really witty, and reproof from the substantially wise. Not that a true philosopher or poet shrinks from, and does not rather invite, true criticism. The evil is not in the deed, but in the manner of doing it. Here, as in all moral matters, the tone of the thing is the soul of the thing. And in this view, the blame which Fichte and Goethe attach to the Schlegels, amounts substantially to this, not that in their critical vocation the romantic brothers wanted either learning or judgment generally, but that they were too ambitious, too pretenceful,

too dictatorial; that they must needs talk on all subjects, and always as if they were the masters and the lions, when they were only the servants and the exhibitors; that they made a serious business of that which is often best done when it is done accidentally, viz. discussing what our neighbours are about, instead of doing something ourselves; and that they attempted to raise up an independent literary reputation, nay, and even to found a new poetical school, upon mere criticism—an attempt which, with all due respect for Aristarchus and the Alexandrians, is, and remains, a literary impossibility.

But was Frederick Schlegel merely a critic? No! He was a philosopher also, and not a vulgar one; and herein lies the foundation of his fame. His criticism, also, was thoroughly and characteristically a philosophical criticism; and herein mainly, along with its vastness of erudition and comprehensiveness of view, lies the foundation of its fame. To understand the criticism thoroughly, one must first understand the philosophy. Will the unphilosophical English reader have patience with us for a few minutes while we endeavour to throw off a short sketch of the philosophy of Frederick Schlegel? If the philosophical system of a transcendental German and Viennese Romanist, can have small intrinsic practical value to a British Protestant, it may extrinsically be of use even to him as putting into his hands the key to one of the most intellectual, useful, and popular books of modern times—"The history of ancient and modern literature, by Frederick Von Schlegel;"—a book, moreover, which is not merely "a great national possession of the Germans," as by one of themselves it has been proudly designated, but has also, through the classical translation of Mr Lockhart,† been made the peculiar property of English literature.

In the first chapter of his "*Philosophie des Lebens*," the Viennese lecturer states very clearly the catholic and comprehensive ground which all philosophy must take that would save itself from dangerous error. The philosopher must start from the com-

* Briefwechsel Zwischen GOETHE und ZELTER. Berlin, 1834. Vol. vi. p. 318.

† Lectures on the History of Literature, Ancient and Modern. Blackwoods, Edinburgh. 1841.

plete living totality of man, formed as he is, not of flesh merely, a Falstaff—or of spirit merely, a Simon Pillarman and Total Abstinence Saint—but of both flesh and spirit, body and soul, in his healthy and normal condition. For this reason clearly—true philosophy is not merely sense-derived and material like the French philosophy of Helvetius, nor altogether ideal like that of Plotinus, and the pious old mathematical visionaries at Alexandria; but it stands on mother earth, like old Antæus drinking strength therefrom, and filches fire at the same time, Prometheus-like, from heaven, feeding men with hopes—not, as Æschylus says, altogether “blind,” (τύφλας δ’ εὖ αὐτοῖς ἐλπίδας κατὰκισα,) but only blinking. Don’t court, therefore, if you would philosophize wisely, too intimate an acquaintance with your brute brother, the baboon—a creature, whose nature speculative naturalists have most cunningly set forth by the theory, that it is a parody which the devil, in a fit of ill-humour, made upon God’s noblest work, man; and don’t hope, on the other hand, as many great saints and sages have done, by prayer and fasting, or by study and meditation, to work yourself up to a god, and jump bodily out of your human skin. Assume as the first postulate, and lay it down as the last proposition of your “philosophy of life,” that a man is neither a brute, nor a god, nor an angel, but simply and sheerly a MAN. Furthermore, as man is not only a very comprehensive and complex, but also, (to appearance at least,) in many points, a very contrary and contradictory creature, see that you take the whole man along with you into your metaphysical chamber; for if there be one paper that has a bearing in the case amissing out of your green bag, (which has happened only too often,) the evidence will be imperfect, and the sentence false or partial—shake your wig as you please. Remember, that though you may be a very subtle logician, the soul of man is not all made up of logic; remember that reason, (*Vernunft*), the purest that

Kant ever criticized withal, is not the proper vital soul in man; is not the creative and productive faculty in intellect at all, but is merely the tool of that which, in philosophers no less than in poets, is the proper inventive power, IMAGINATION, as Wordsworth phrases it: Schlegel’s word is *fantasie*. Remember that in more cases than academic dignities may be willing to admit, the heart (where a man has one) is the only safe guide, the only legitimate ruler of the head; and that a mere metaphysician, and solitary speculator, however properly trimmed,

“One to whose smooth-rubb’d soul can cling

Nor form nor feeling, great nor small;
A reasoning, self-sufficing thing,
An intellectual all-in-all,

may write very famous books, profound even to unintelligibility, but can never be a philosopher. Therefore reject Hegel, “that merely thinking, on a barren heath speculating, self-sufficient, self-satisfied little Ego;”* and consider Kant as weighed in the balance and found wanting on his own showing: for if that critical portal of pure reason had indeed been sufficient, as it gave itself out to be, for all the purposes of a human philosophy, what need was there of the “practical back-door” which, at the categorical command of conscience, was afterwards laid open to all men in the “Metaphysic of Ethics?” As little will you allow your philosophical need to be satisfied with any thing you can get from SCHELLING; for however well it sounds to “throw yourself from the transcendental emptiness of ideal reason into the warm embrace of living and luxuriant nature,” here also you will find yourself haunted by the intellectual phantom of absolute identity, (say absolute inanity,) or in its best phasis a “pantheizing deification of nature.” Strange enough as it may seem, the true philosophy is to be found any where rather than among philosophers. Each philosopher builds up a reasoned system of a part of ex-

* This is Menzel’s phrase, not Schlegel’s. “Hegel’s *centrum war ein blos denkendes, auf öder Heide spekulirendes, kleines, suffisantes, selbstgenügsames Ichlein*.” The untranslatable beauty of the German is in the diminutive with which the sentence closes. It is difficult to say whether Menzel or Schlegel shows the greater hostility to the poor Berlin philosopher.

istence; but life is based upon God-given instincts and emotions, with which reason has nothing to do; and nature contains many things which it is not given to mortal brain to comprehend, much less to systematize. True philosophy is not to be found in any intellectual system, much less in any of the Aristotelian quality, where the emotional element in man is excluded or subordinated; but in a living experience. To know philosophy, therefore, first know life. To learn to philosophize, learn to live; and live not partially, but with the full outspread vitality of human reason. You go to college, and, as if you were made altogether of head, expect some Peter Abelard forthwith, by academic disputation, to *reason* you into manhood; but neither manhood nor any vital whole ever was learned by reasoning. Pray, therefore, to the Author of all good, in the first place, that you may *be* something rather than that you may *know* something. Get yourself planted in God's garden, and learn to grow. Woo the sun of life, which is love, and the breeze which is enthusiasm, an impulse from that same creative Spirit, which, brooding upon the primeval waters, out of void brought fulness, and out of chaos a world.

Such, shortly, so far as we can gather, is the main scope, popularly stated, of Frederick Schlegel's philosophy, as it is delivered in his two first lectures on the philosophy of life, the first being titled, "Of the thinking soul, or the central point of consciousness;" and the second, "Of the loving soul, or the central point of moral life." The healthy-toned reader, who has been exercised in speculations of this kind, will feel at once that there is much that is noble in all this, and much that is true; but not a little also, when examined in detail, of that sublime-sounding sweep of despotic generality, (so inherent a vice of German literature,) which delights to confound the differences, rather than to discriminate the characters, of things; much that seems only too justly to warrant that oracular sentence of the stern Fichte with which we set out, "*The younger brother wants clearness*;" much that, when applied to practice, and consistently followed out in that grand style of consistency which belongs to a real German philosopher, becomes what we in Eng-

lish call Puseyism and Popery, and what Goethe in German called a "*chewing the cud of moral and religious absurdities*." But we have neither space nor inclination, in this place, to make an analysis of the Schlegelian philosophy, or to set forth how much of it is true and how much of it is false. Our intention was merely to sketch a rapid outline, in as popular phrase as philosophy would allow itself to be clothed in; to finish which outline without extraneous remark, with the reader's permission, we now proceed.

If man be not, according to Aristotle's phrase, a *ζῶον λογικόν* in his highest faculty, a *ratiocinative*, but rather an emotional and imaginative animal; and if to start from, as to end, in mere reason, be in human psychology a gross one-sidedness, much more in theology is such a procedure erroneous, and altogether perverse. If not the smallest poem of a small poet ever came to him from mere reason, but from something deeper and more vital, much less are the strong pulsations of pure emotion, the deep-seated convictions of religious faith in the inner man, to be spoke of as things that mere reason can either assert or deny; and in fact we see, when we look narrowly into the great philosophical systems that have been projected by scheming reasoners in France and Germany, each man out of his own brain, that they all end either in materialism and atheism on the one hand, or in idealism and pantheism on the other. All our philosophers have stopped short of that one living, personal, moral God, on whose existence alone humanity can confidently repose—who alone can give to the trembling arch of human speculation that keystone which it demands. The idea of God, in fact, is not a thing that individual reason has first to strike out, so to speak, by the collision or combination of ideas, the collocation of proofs, and the concatenation of arguments. It is a living growth rather of our whole nature, a primary instinct of all moral beings, a necessary postulate of healthy humanity, which is given and received as our life and our breath is, and admits not of being reasoned into any soul that has it not already from other sources. And as no philosopher of Greek or German times that history tells of, ever succeeded yet in invent-

ing a satisfactory theology, or establishing a religion in which men could find solace to their souls, therefore it is clear that that satisfactory Christian theology and Christian religion which we have, and not only that, but all the glimpses of great theological truth that are found twinkling through the darkness of a wide-spread superstition, came originally from God by common revelation, and not from man by private reasoning. The knowledge of God and a living theology is, in fact, a simple science of experience like any other, only of a peculiar quality and higher in degree. All true human knowledge in moral matters rests on experience, internal or external, higher or lower, on tradition, on language as the bearer of tradition, on revelation; while that false, monstrous, and unconditioned science to which the pride of human reason has always aspired, which would grasp at every thing at once by one despotic clutch, and by a violent bound of logic bestride and beride the ALL, is, and remains, an oscillating abortion that always would be something, and always can be nothing. A living, personal, moral God, the faith of nations, the watchword of tradition, the cry of nature, the demand of mind, received not invented, existing in the soul not reasoned into it—this is the gravitating point of the moral world, the only intelligible centre of any world; from which whatsoever is centrifugal errs, and to which whatsoever is opposed is the devil.

Not private speculation, therefore, or famous philosophies of any kind, but the living spiritual man, and the totality of the living flow of sacred tradition on which he is borne, and with which he is encompassed, are the two grand sources of "the philosophy of life." Let us follow these principles, now, into a few of their wide-spread streams and multiform historical branchings. First, the Bible clearly indicates what the profoundest study of the earliest and most venerable literatures confirms, that man was not created at first in a brutish state, crawling with a slow and painful progress out of the dull slime of a half organic state into apehood, and from apehood painfully into manhood; but he was created perfect in the image of God, and has fallen from his primeval glory. This is to be understood not only of the state of man be-

fore the Fall as recorded in the two first chapters of Genesis; but every thing in the Bible, and the early traditions of famous peoples, warrants us to believe, that the first ages of men before the Flood, were spiritually enlightened from one great common source of extraordinary aboriginal revelation; so that the earliest ages of the world were not the most infantine and ignorant to a comprehensive survey, as modern conceit so fondly imagines, but the most gigantic and the most enlightened. That beautiful but material and debasing heathenism, with which our Greek and Latin education has made us so familiar, is only a defaced fragment of the venerable whole which preceded it, that old and true heathenism of the holy aboriginal fathers of our race. "There were GIANTS on the earth in those days." We read this; but who believes it? We ought seriously to consider what it means, and adopt it *bona fide* into our living faith of man, and man's history. Like the landscape of some Alpine country, where the primeval granite Titans, protruding their huge shoulders every where above us and around, make us feel how petty and how weak a thing is man; so ought our imagination to picture the inhabitants of the world before the Flood. Nobility precedes baseness always, and truth is more ancient than error. Antediluvian man—antediluvian nature, is to be imaged as nobler in every respect, more sublime and more pure than postdiluvian man, and postdiluvian nature. But mighty energies, when abused, produce mighty corruptions; hence the gigantic scale of the sins into which the antediluvian men fell; and the terrible precipitation of humanity which followed. This is a point of primary importance, in every attempt to understand how to estimate the value of that world-famous Greek philosophy, which is commonly represented as the crown and the glory of the ancient world. All that Pythagoras and Plato ever wrote of noble and elevating truths, are merely flashes of that primeval light, in the full flood of which, man, in his more perfect antediluvian state, delighted to dwell; and it is remarkable in the case of Pythagoras, Anaxagoras, Thales, and so many other of the Greek philosophers, that the further we trace them back, we come nearer to the divine truth, which,

in the systems of Epicurus, Aristippus, Zeno, or the shallow or cold philosophers of later origin, altogether disappears. Pythagoras and Plato were indeed divinely gifted with a scientific presentiment of the great truths of Christianity soon to be revealed, or say rather restored to the world; while Aristotle, on the other hand, is to be regarded as the father of those unhappy academical schismatics from the Great Church of living humanity, who allowed the ministrant faculty of reason to assume an unlawful supremacy over the higher powers of intellect, and gave birth to that voracious despotism of barren dialectics, in the middle ages commonly called the scholastic philosophy. The Greek philosophy, however, even its noblest Avatar, Plato, much less in the case of a Zeno or an Aristotle, was never able to achieve that which must be the practically proposed end of all higher philosophy that is in earnest; viz. the coming out of the narrow sphere of the school and the palæstra, uniting itself with actual life, and embodying itself completely in the shape of that which we call a **CHURCH**. This Platonism could not do. Christianity did it. Revelation did it. God Incarnate did it. Now once again came humanity forth, fresh from the bosom of the divine creativeness, conquering and to conquer. There was no Aristotle and Plato—no Abelard and Bernard here—reason carping at imagination, and imagination despising reason. But once, if but once in four thousand years, man appeared in all the might of his living completeness. Love walked hand in hand with knowledge, and both were identified in life. The spirit of divine peace brooded in the inner sanctuary of the heart, while the outer man was mailed for the sternest warfare. Such was pure Christianity, so long as it lasted—for the celestial plant was condemned to grow in a terrestrial atmosphere; and there, alas! it it could only grow with a stunted likeness of itself. It was more than stunted also—it was tainted; for are not all things tainted here? Do we not live in a tainted atmosphere? do we not live in a time out of joint? Does not the whole creation literally groan? Too manifestly it does, however natural philosophers may affect to speak of the book of nature,

as if it were the clear and uncorrupted text of the living book of God. Not only man, but the whole environment of external nature, which belongs to him, has been deranged by the Fall. In such a world as this, wherein whoso will not believe a devil cannot believe a God, it was impossible for Christianity to remain in that state of blissful vital harmony with itself with which it set out. It became divided. Extravagant developments of ambitious, monopolizing faculties became manifest on every side. Self-sufficing Pelagianism and Arianism, here; self-confounding Gnosticism and Manichæism there. Then came those two great strifes and divisions of the middle ages—the one, that old dualism of the inner man, the ever-repeated strife between reason and imagination, to which we have so often alluded—the other, a no less serious strife of the outward machinery of life, the strife between the spiritual and the temporal powers, between the Pope and the Emperor. This was bad enough; that the two vicars of God on earth should not know to keep the peace among themselves, when the keeping of the peace among others was the very end and aim of the appointment. But worse times were coming. For in the middle ages, notwithstanding the rank evils of barren scholasticism, secular-minded popes, and intrusive emperors, there was still a church, a common Christian religion, a common faith of all Christians; but now, since that anarchical and rebellious movement, commonly called the Reformation, but more fitly termed the revolution, the overturning and overthrowing of the religion of Christendom, we have no more a mere internal strife and division to vex us, but there is an entire separation and divorce of one part of the Christian church (so called) from the main mother institution. The abode of peace has become the camp of war and the arena of battles; that dogmatical theology of the Christian church, which, if it be not the infallible pure mathematics of the moral world, has been deceiving men for 1800 years, and is a liar—that theology is now publicly discussed and denied, scorned and scouted by men who do not blush to call themselves Christians; there is no universal peace any longer to be found in that region where it is the

instinct of humanity, before all things, to seek repose; the only religious peace which the present age recognizes, is that of which the Indian talks, when he says of certain epochs of the world's history, *Brahma sleeps!* Those who sleep and are indifferent in spiritual matters find peace; but those who are alive and awake must beat the wind, and battle, belike, with much useless loss of strength, before they can arrive even at that first postulate of all healthy thinking—there is a God. “*Ueber Gott werd ich nie streiten,*” said Herder. “About God I will never dispute.” Yet look at German rationalism, look at Protestant theology—what do you see there? Reason usurping the mastery in each individual, without control of the higher faculties of the soul, and of those institutions in life by which those faculties are represented; and, as one man's reason is as good as another's, thence arises war of each self-asserted despotism against that which happens to be next it, and of all against all—a spiritual anarchy, which threatens the entire dissolution of the moral world, and from which there is no refuge but in recurring to the old traditional faith of a revolted humanity, no redemption but in the venerable repository of those traditions—the one and indivisible holy Catholic church of Christ, of whom, as the inner and eternal keystone is God, so the outer and temporal is the Pope.

Such is a general outline of the philosophy of Frederick Schlegel—a philosophy belonging to the class theological and supernatural, to the genus Christian, to the species sacerdotal and Popish. Now, without stopping here to blame its sublime generalities and beautiful confusions, on the one hand, or to praise its elevated tendency, its catholic and reconciling tone on the other, we shall merely call attention, in a single sentence, physiologically, to its main and distinguishing character. It was, in fact, (in spirit and tendency, though not in outward accomplishment,) to German literature twenty years ago what Puseyism is now to the English church—it was a bold and grand attempt to get rid of those vexing doubts and disputes on the most important subjects that will ever disquiet minds of a certain constitution, so long as they have nothing to lean on but their own judgment; and as Protestantism, when

consistently carried out, summarily throws a man back on his individual opinion, and subjects the vastest and most momentous questions to the scrutiny of reason and the torture of doubt, therefore Schlegel in literary Germany, and Pusey in ecclesiastical England, were equally forced, if they would not lose Christianity altogether, to renounce Protestantism, and to base their philosophy upon sacerdotal authority and ecclesiastical tradition. That Schlegel became a Romanist at Cologne, and Dr Pusey an Anglo-Catholic at Oxford, does not affect the kinship. Both, to escape from the anarchy of Protestant individualism, (as it was felt by them,) were obliged to assert not merely Christianity, but a hierarchy—not merely the Bible, but an authoritative interpretation of the Bible; and both found, or seemed to find, that authoritative interpretation and exorcism of doubt there, where alone in their circumstances, and intellectually constituted as they were, it was to be found. Dr Pusey did not become a Papist like Frederick Schlegel, for two plain reasons—first, because he was an Englishman; second, because he was an English churchman. The authority which he sought for lay at his door; why should he travel to Rome for it? Archbishop Land had taught apostolical succession before—Dr Pusey might teach it again. But this convenient prop of Popery without the Pope, was not prepared for Frederick Schlegel. There was no Episcopal church, no Oxford in Germany, into whose bosom he could throw himself, and find relief from the agony of religious doubt. He was a German, moreover, and a philosopher. To his searching eye and circumspective wariness, the general basis of tradition which might satisfy a Pusey, though sufficiently broad, did not appear sure enough. To his lofty architectural imagination a hierarchical aristocracy, untopped by a hierarchical monarch, did not appear sufficiently sublime. To his all-comprehending and all-combining historical sympathies, a Christian priesthood, with Cyprian, Augustine, and Jerome, but without Hildebrand, Innocent, and Boniface, would have presented the appearance of a fair landscape, with a black yawning chasm in the middle, into which whoever looked shuddered. Therefore Frederick Schlegel, spurning all half mea-

tures, inglorious compromises, and vain attempts to reconcile the irreconcilable, vaulted himself at once, with a bold leap, into the central point of sacerdotal Christianity. The obstacles that would have deterred ordinary minds had no effect on him. All points of detail were sunk in the overwhelming importance of the general question. Transubstantiation or consubstantiation, conception, maculate or immaculate, were a matter of small moment with him. What he wanted was a divinely commissioned church with sacred mysteries—a spiritual house of refuge from the weary battle of intellectual east winds, blasting and barren, with which he saw Protestant Germany desolated. This house of refuge he found in Cologne, in Vienna; and having once made up his mind that spiritual unity and peace were to be found only in the one mother church of Christendom, not being one of those half characters who, “making *I dare not* wait upon *I would*,” are continually weaving a net of paltry external *no*s to entangle the progress of every grand decided *yes* of the inner man, Schlegel did not for a moment hesitate to make his thought a deed, and publicly profess his return to Romanism in the face of enlightened and “ultra-Protestant” Germany. To do this certainly required some moral courage; and no just judge of human actions will refuse to sympathize with the motive of this one, however little he may feel himself at liberty to agree with the result.

But Frederick Schlegel, a well informed writer has said,* “be-

came Romanist in a way peculiar to himself, and had in no sense given up his right of private judgment.”

We have not been able to see, from a careful perusal of his works, (in all of which there is more or less of theology,) that there is any foundation for this assertion of Varnhagen. Frederick Schlegel, the German, was as honest and stout a Romanist in this nineteenth century as any Spanish Ferdinand Catholicus in the fifteenth. Freedom of speculation indeed, within certain known limits, and spirituality of creed above what the meagre charity of some Protestants may conceive possible in a Papist, we do find in this man; but these good qualities a St Bernard, a Dante, a Savonarola, a Fénelon, had exhibited in the Romish Church before Schlegel, and others as great may exhibit them again. Freedom of thought, however, in the sense in which it is understood by Protestants, was the very thing which Schlegel, Göres, Adam Müller, and so many others, did give up when they entered the Catholic Church. They felt as Wordsworth did when he wrote his beautiful ode to “Duty;” they had more liberty than they knew how to use—

“Me this uncharter’d freedom tires;
I feel the weight of chance desires;
My hopes no more must change their
name—

I long for a repose that ever is the same.”

And if it seem strange to any one that Frederick Schlegel, the learned, the profound, the comprehensive, should believe in Transubstantiation,†

* Varnhagen Von Ense, *Rabel's Umgang*, i. p. 227. “*Er war auf besondere Weise Katholisch, und hatte seine Geistesfreiheit dabei gar nicht aufgegeben.*”

† The following is Schlegel's philosophy of transubstantiation—“Though it be true, that in the Holy Scriptures, in accordance with the symbolical nature of man, there is much that is generally symbolical, and symbolically to be understood; yet when a symbol proceeds immediately from God, it can in this case be nothing less than substantial; it cannot be a mere sign, it must also be something actual; otherwise it would be as if one would palm on the eternal Logos, who is the ground of all existence and all knowledge, words without meaning and without power. Quite natural, therefore, it must be regarded, *i. e.* quite suitable to the nature of the thing, although *per se* certainly supernatural, and surpassing all comprehension, when that highest symbol which forms the proper principle of unity, and the living central point of Christianity, is perceived to possess this character, that it is at once the sign and the thing signified. For now, that on the high altar of divine love the one great sacrifice has been accomplished for ever, and no flame more can rise from it save the inspiration of a pure God-united will; that solemn act by which the bond formed between the soul and God is from time to time revealed, can consist in nothing else than this—that here the essential substance of the divine power and the divine love is in all its lively fullness communicated to, and received by man, as the miraculous sign of his union with God.”—*Philosophie des Lebens*, p. 376. On the logic of this remarkable passage, those who are strong in Mill and Whately may decide; its orthodoxy belongs to the consideration of the Tridentine doctors.

let him look at a broader aspect of history than that of German books, and ask himself—Did Isabella of Castile—the gentle, the noble, the generous—establish the Inquisition, or allow Ximenes to establish it? In a world which surrounds us on all sides with apparent contradictions, he who admits a real one now and then into his faith, or into his practice, is neither a fool nor a monster.

In his political opinions, Schlegel maintained the same grand consistency that characterizes his religious philosophy. He had more sense, however, and more of the spirit of Christian fraternity in him than, for the sake of absolutism, to become a Turk or a Russian; nay, from some passages in the *Concordia*—a political journal, published by him and his friend Adam Müller, in 1820, and quoted by Mr Robertson—it would almost appear that he would have preferred a monarchy limited by states, conceived in the spirit of the middle ages, to the almost absolute form of monarchical government, under whose protection he lived and lectured at Vienna. To some such constitution as that which now exists in Sweden, for instance, we think he would have had no objections. At the same time, it is certain he gave great offence to the constitutional party in Germany, by the anti-popular tone of his writings generally, more perhaps than by any special absolutist abuses which he had publicly patronized. He was, indeed, a decided enemy to the modern system of representative constitutions, and popular checks; a king by divine right according to the idea of our English nonjurors, was as necessary a corner-stone to his political, as a pope by apostolical succession to his ecclesiastical edifice. And as no confessed corruption of the church, represented as it might be by the monstrous brutality of a Borgia, or the military madness of a Julius, was, in his view, sufficient to authorize any hasty Luther to make a profane bonfire of a papal bull; any hot Henry to usurp the trade of manufacturing creeds; so no "sacred right of insurrection," no unflinching patriotic opposition, no claim of rights, (by petitioners having *swords* in their hands,) are admissible in his system of a Christian state. And as for the Bri-

tish constitution, and "the glorious Revolution of 1688," this latter, indeed, is one of the best of a bad kind, and that boasted constitution as an example of a house divided against itself, and yet *not* falling, is a perfect miracle of dynamical art, a lucky accident of politics, scarcely to be looked for again in the history of social development, much less to be eagerly sought after and ignorantly imitated. Nay, rather, if we look at this boasted constitution a little more narrowly, and instruct ourselves as to its practical working, what do we see? "Historical experience, the great teacher of political science, manifestly shows that in these dynamical states, which exist by the cunningly devised balance and counter-balance of different powers, what is called governing is, in truth, a continual strife and contention between the Ministry and the Opposition, who seem to delight in nothing so much as in tugging and tearing the state and its resources to pieces between them, while the hallowed freedom of the hereditary monarch seems to serve only as an old tree, under whose shades the contending parties may the more comfortably choose their ground, and fight out their battles."* It is but too manifest, indeed, according to Schlegel's projection of the universe, that all constitutionalism is, properly speaking, a sort of political Protestantism, a fretful fever of the social body, having its origin (like the religious epidemic of the sixteenth century) in the private conceit of the individual, growing by violence and strife, and ending in dissolution. This is the ever-repeated refrain of his political discourses; puerile enough, it may be, to our rude hearing in Britain, but very grateful to polite and patriotic ears at Vienna, when the cannon of Wagram was yet sounding in audible echo beneath their towers. The propounder of such philosophy had not only the common necessity of all philosophers to pile up his political in majestic consistency with his ecclesiastical creed, but he had also to pay back the mad French liberalism with something more mad if possible, and more despotic. And if also Danton, and Mirabeau, and Robespierre, and other terrible Avatars of the destroying Siva in Paris, had raised his naturally

* *Philosophie des Lebens*, p. 407.

romantic temperament a little into the febrile and delirious now and then, what wonder? Shall the devil walk the public streets at noon day, and men not be afraid?

We said that Frederick Schlegel's philosophy, political and religious, but chiefly religious, was the grand key to his popular work on the history of literature. We may illustrate this now by a few instances. In the first place, the "many-sided" Goethe seems to be as little profound as he is charitable, when he sees nothing in the Sanscrit studies of the romantic brothers but a *pis aller*, and a vulgar ambition to bring forward something new, and make German men stare. We do not answer for the elder brother; but Frederick certainly made the cruise to the east, as Columbus did to the west, from a romantic spirit of adventure. He was not pleased with the old world—he wished to find a new world more to his mind; and, beyond the Indus, he found it. The Hindoos to him were the Greeks of the aboriginal world—"diese Griechen der Urwelt"—and so much better and more divine than the western Greeks, as the aboriginal world was better and more divine than that which came after it. If imagination was the prime, the creative faculty in man, here, in the holy Eddas, it had sat throned for thousands of years as high as the Himalayas. If repose was sought for, and rest to the soul from the toil and turmoil of religious wars in Europe, here, in the secret meditations of pious Yogees, waiting to be absorbed into the bosom of Brahma, surely peace was to be found. Take another matter. Why did Frederick Schlegel make so much talk of the middle ages? Why were the times, so dark to others, instinct to him with a steady solar effluence, in comparison of which the boasted enlightenment of these latter days was but as the busy exhibition of squibs by impertinent boys, the uncertain trembling of fire-flies in a dusky twilight? The middle ages were historically the glory of Germany; and those who had lived to see and to feel the Confederation of the Rhine, and the Protectorate of Napoleon, did not require the particular predilections of a Schlegel to carry them back with eager reaction to the days of the Henries, the Othos, and the Fredericks, when to be the German emperor was to be

the greatest man in Europe, after the Pope. But to Schlegel the middle ages were something more. The glory of Germany to the patriot, they were the glory of Europe to the thinker. Modern wits have laughed at the enthusiasm of the Crusades. Did they weep over the perfidy of the partition of Poland? Do they really trust themselves to persuade a generous mind that the principle of mutual jealousy and mere selfishness, the meagre inspiration of the so-called balance of power in modern politics, is, according to any norm of nobility in action, a more laudable motive for a public war, than a holy zeal against those who were at once the enemies of Christ, and (as future events but too clearly showed) the enemies of Europe? Modern wits sneer at the scholastic drivelling or the cloudy mistiness of the writers of the middle ages. Did they ever blush for the impious baseness of Helvetius, for the portentous scaffolding of notional skeletons in Hegel? But, alas! we talk of we know not what. What spectacle does modern life present equal to that of St Bernard, the pious monk of Clairvaux, the feeble, emaciated thinker, brooding, with his dove-like eyes, ("oculos columbinos,") over the wild motions of the twelfth century, and by the calm might of divine love, guiding the sceptre of the secular king, and the crosier of the spiritual pontiff alike? Was that a weak or a dark age, when the strength of mind and the light of love could triumph so signally over brute force, and that natural selfishness of public motive which has achieved its cold, glittering triumphs in the lives of so many modern heroes and heroines—a Louis, a Frederick, a Catharine, a Napoleon? But indeed here, as elsewhere, we see that the modern world has fallen altogether into a practical atheism by the idolatry of mere reason; whereas all true greatness comes not down from the head, but up from the heart of man. In which greatness of the heart, the Bernards and the Barbarossas of the middle ages excelled; and therefore they were better than we.

It is by no means necessary for the admirer of Schlegel to maintain that all this eulogium of the twelfth century, or this depreciation of the times we live in, is just and well-merited. Nothing is more cheap than to praise a pretty village perched far

away amid the blue skies, and to rail at the sharp edges and corners of things that fret against our ribs. Let it be admitted that there is not a little of artistical decoration, and a great deal of optical illusion, in the matter; still there is some truth, some great truth, that lay in comparative neglect till Schlegel brought it into prominence. This is genuine literary merit; it is that sort of discovery, so to speak, which makes criticism original. And it was not merely with the bringing forward of new materials, but by throwing new lights on the old, that Frederick Schlegel enriched æsthetical science. If the criticism of the nineteenth century may justly boast of a more catholic sympathy, of a wider flight, of a more comprehensive view, and more various feast than that which it superseded, it owes this, with something that belongs to the spirit of the age generally, chiefly to the special captainship of Frederick Schlegel. If the grand spirit of combination and comprehension which distinguishes the "Lectures on Ancient and Modern Literature," be that quality which mainly distinguishes the so called Romantic from the Classical school of æsthetics, then let us profess ourselves Romanticists by all means immediately; for the one seems to include the other as the genus does the species. The beauty of Frederick Schlegel is, that his romance arches over every thing like a sky, and excludes nothing; he delights indeed to override every thing despotically, with one dominant theological and ecclesiastical idea, and now and then, of course, gives rather a rough jog to whatever thing may stand in his way; but generally he seeks about with cautious, conscientious care to find room for every thing; and for a wholesale dealer in denunciation (as in some views we cannot choose but call him) is really the most kind, considerate, and charitable Aristarchus that ever wielded a pen. Hear what Varnhagen Von Ense says on this point—"The inward character of this man, the fundamental impulses of his nature, the merit or the results of his intellectual activity, have as yet found none to describe them in such a manner as he has often succeeded in describing others. It is not every body's business to attempt an anatomy and re-combination of this kind. One

must have courage, coolness, profound study, wide sympathies, and a free comprehensiveness, to keep a steady footing and a clear eye in the midst of this gigantic, rolling conglomeration of contradictions, eccentricities, and singularities of all kinds. Here every sort of demon and devil, genius and ghost, Lucinde and Charlemagne, Alarcos, Maria, Plato, Spinoza and Bonald, Goethe consecrated and Goethe condemned, revolution and hierarchy, reel about restlessly, come together, and, what is the strangest thing of all, do *not* clash. For Schlegel, however many Protean shapes he might assume, never cast away any thing that had ever formed a substantial element in his intellectual existence, but found an *advocatus Dei* to plead always with a certain reputable eloquence even for the most unmannerly of them; and with good reason too, for in his all-appropriating and curiously combining soul, there did exist a living connexion between the most apparently contradictory of his ideas. To point out this connexion, to trace the secret thread of unity through the most distant extremes, to mark the delicate shade of transition from one phasis of intellectual development to another, to remove, at every doubtful point, the veil and to expose the substance, that were a problem for the sagacity of no common critic." * We take the hint. It is not every Byron that finds a Goethe to take him to pieces and build him up again, and peruse him and admire him, as Cuvier did the Mammoth. Those who feel an inward vocation to do so by Schlegel may yet do so in Germany; if there be any in these busy times, even there, who may have leisure to applaud such a work. To us in Britain it may suffice to have essayed to exhibit the fruit and the final results, without attempting curiously to dissect the growth of Schlegel's criticism.

The outward fates of this great critic's life may be found, like every thing else, in the famous "Conversations Lexicon;" but as very few readers of these remarks, or students of the history of ancient and modern literature, may be in a condition to refer to that most useful Cyclopædia of literary reference, we may here sketch the main lines of Schlegel's biography from the sources supplied by

* RAHEL'S *Umgang*. FRIEDRICH VON SCHLEGEL, vol. i. p. 225.

Mr Robertson,* in the preface to his excellent translation of the "Lectures on the philosophy of history." Whatever we take from a different source will be distinctly noted.

The brothers Schlegel belonged to what Frederick in his lectures calls the third generation of modern German literature. The whole period from 1750 to 1800, being divided into three generations, the first comprehends all those whose period of greatest activity falls into the first decade, from 1750 to 1760, and thereabout. Its chief heroes are Wieland, Klopstock, and Lessing. These men of course were all born before the year 1730. The second generation extends from 1770 to 1790, and thereabouts, and presents a development, which stands to the first in the relation of summer to spring—Goethe and Schiller are the two names by which it will be sent down to posterity. Of these the one was born in 1749, and the other in 1759. Then follows that third generation to which Schlegel himself belongs, and which is more generally known in literary history as the era of the Romantic school—a school answering both in chronology, and in many points of character also, to what we call the Lake school in England. Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Southey, are contemporaries of Tieck, Novalis, and the Schlegels. Their political contemporaries are Napoleon and Wellington. The event which gave a direction to their literary development, no less decidedly than it did to the political history of Europe, was the French Revolution. Accordingly, we find that all these great European characters—for so they all are more or less—made the all-important passage from youth into manhood during the ferment of the years that followed that ominous date, 1789. This coincidence explains the celebrity of the famous biographical year 1769—Walter Scott was born in that year, Wellington and

Napoleon, as every body knows—and the elder Aristarchus of the Romantic school, the translator of Shakspeare, Augustus William Von Schlegel, was born in 1767. At Hanover, five years later, was born his brother Frederick, that is to say, in May 1772, and our Coleridge in the same year—and to carry on the parallel for another year, Ludwig Tieck, Henry Steffens, and Novalis, were all born in 1773. These dates are curious; when taken along with the great fact of the age—the French Revolution—they may serve to that family likeness which we have noted in characterizing the Romantists in Germany and the Lake school in England. When Coleridge here was dreaming of America and Pantisocracy, Frederick Schlegel was studying Plato, and scheming republics there.† In the first years of his literary career, Schlegel devoted himself chiefly to classical literature; and between 1794 and 1797 published several works on Greek and Roman poetry and philosophy, the substance of which was afterwards concentrated into the four first lectures on the history of literature. About this time he appears to have lived chiefly by his literary exertions—a method of obtaining a livelihood very precarious, (as those know best who have tried it,) and to men of a turn of mind more philosophical than popular, even in philosophical Germany, exceedingly irksome. Schlegel felt this as deeply as poor Coleridge—"to live by literature," says he, in one of those letters to Rahel from which we have just quoted—"is to me *je länger je unerträglicher*—the longer I try it the more intolerable." Happily, to keep him from absolute starvation, he married the daughter of Moses Mendelsohn, the Jewish philosopher, who, it appears, had a few pence in her pocket, but not many;‡ and between these, and the produce of his own pen, which could move with equal facility in French as in German, he managed not merely

* The authorities given by Mr Robertson are, (1.) *La Biographie des Vivans, Paris*. (2.) An article for July 1829, in the French *Globe*, apparently an abridgement of the account of Schlegel in the *Conversations Lexicon*. (3.) A fuller and truer account of the author, in a French work published several years ago at Paris, entitled "Memoirs of distinguished Converts." (4.) Some facts in *Le Catholique*, a journal, edited at Paris from 1826 to 1829, by Schlegel's friend, the Baron d'Échstein.

† "*Das republikanische Werk erscheint gewiss nicht vor Zwei Jahren.*"—Letters to Rahel—1802. Varnhagen, as above. Vol. I. p. 234.

‡ "*Das kleine Vermögen meiner Frau.*"—Letters to Rahel. Paris: 1803.

to keep himself and his wife alive, but to transport himself to Paris in the year 1802, and remain there for a year or two, laying the foundation for that oriental evangel which, in 1808, he proclaimed to his countrymen in the little book, *Ueber die Sprache und Weisheit der Indier*. Meanwhile, in the year 1805, he had returned from France to his own Germany—alas, then about to be *one* Germany no more! And while the sun of Austerlitz was rising brightly on the then Emperor of France, and soon to be protector of the Rhine, the future secretary of the Archduke Charles, and literary evangelist of Prince Metternich, was prostrating himself before the three holy kings, and swearing fealty to the shade of Charlemagne in Catholic Cologne. There were some men in those days base enough to impeach the purity of Schlegel's motives in the public profession thus made of the old Romish faith. Such men, wherever they are to be found now or then, ought to be whipped out of the world. If mere worldly motives could have had any influence on such a mind, the gates of Berlin were as open to him as the gates of Vienna. As it was, not wishing to expatriate himself, like Winkelmann, he had nowhere to go to but Vienna; in those days, indeed, mere patriotism and Teutonic feeling, (in which the Romantic school was never deficient,) independently altogether of Popery, could lead him nowhere else. To Vienna, accordingly, he went; and Vienna is not a place—whatever Napoleon, after Mack's affair, might say of the "stupid Austrians"—where a man like Schlegel will ever be neglected. Prince Metternich and the Archduke Charles had eyes in their head; and with the latter, therefore, we find the great Sanscrit scholar marching to share the glory of Aspern and the honour of Wagram; while the former afterwards decorated him with what of courtly remuneration, in the shape of titles and pensions, it is the policy alike and the privilege of politicians to bestow on poets and philo-

sophers who can do them service. Nay, with some diplomatic missions and messages to Frankfurt also, we find the Romantic philosopher entrusted; and even in the great European Congress of Vienna in 1815, he appears exhibiting himself, in no undignified position, alongside of Gentz, Cardinal Gonsalvi, and the Prince of Benvenuto.* We are not to imagine, however, from this, either that the comprehensive philosopher of history had any peculiar talent for practical diplomacy, or that he is to be regarded as a thorough Austrian in politics. For the nice practical problems of diplomacy, he was perhaps the very worst man in the world; and what Varnhagen states in the place just referred to, that Schlegel was, what we should call in England, far too much of a high churchman for Prince Metternich, is only too manifest from the well-known ecclesiastical policy of the Austrian government, contrasted as it is with the ultramontane and Guelphic views propounded by the Viennese lecturer in his philosophy of the eleventh and twelfth centuries. Frederick Schlegel wished to see the state, with relation to the church, in the attitude that Frederick Barbarossa assumed before Alexander III. at Venice—kneeling, and holding the stirrup.

"An emperor tramples where an emperor knelt."

Joseph II., in his estimation, had inverted the poles of the moral world, making the state supreme, and the church subordinate—that degrading position, which the Non-intrusionists picture to themselves when they talk of ERASTIANISM, and which Schlegel would have denominated simply—PROTESTANTISM.

During his long residence at Vienna, from 1806 to 1828, Schlegel delivered four courses of public lectures in the following order:—One-and-twenty lectures on Modern History,† delivered in the year 1810; sixteen lectures on Ancient and Modern Literature, delivered in the spring of

* *Das Wiener Congress* in 1814-15, by VARNHAGEN VON ENSE, in the fifth volume of his *Denkwürdigkeiten*, p. 51. By the way here, Mr Robertson in his list of famous Catholics in Germany, (p. 19,) includes Gentz. Now, Varnhagen, who knew well, says that Gentz was only politically an Austrian, and always remained Protestant in his religious opinions; which is doubtless the fact.

† *Ueber die neuere Geschichte Vorlesungen gehalten zu Wien im Jahre 1810*; Wien, 1811.

1812; fifteen lectures on the Philosophy of Life, delivered in 1827; and lastly, eighteen lectures on the Philosophy of History, delivered in 1828. Of these, the Philosophy of Life contains the theory, as the lectures on literature and on history do the application, of Schlegel's catholic and combining system of human intellect, and, altogether, they form a complete and consistent body of Schlegelism. Three works more speculatively complete, and more practically useful in their way, the production of one consistent architectural mind, are, in the history of literature, not easily to be found.

Towards the close of the year 1828, Schlegel repaired to Dresden, a city endeared to him by the recollections of enthusiastic juvenile studies. Here he delivered nine lectures *Ueber die Philosophie der Sprache, und des Worts*, on the Philosophy of Language, a work which the present writer laments much that he has not seen; as it is manifest that the prominence given in Schlegel's Philosophy of Life above sketched to living experience and primeval tradition, must, along with his various accomplishments as a linguist, have eminently fitted him for developing systematically the high significance of human speech. On Sunday the 11th January 1829, he was engaged in composing a lecture which was to be delivered on the following Wednesday, and had just come to the significant words—"Das ganz vollendete und voll-kommene Verstehen selbst, aber"—"The perfect and complete understanding of things, however"—when the mortal palsy suddenly seized his hand, and before one o'clock on the same night he had ceased to philosophize. The words with which his pen ended its long and laborious career, are characteristic enough, both of the general imperfection of human knowledge, and of the particular quality of Schlegel's mind. The Germans have a proverb:—"Alles wäre gut wäre kein ABER dabei"—"Every thing would be good were it not for an ABER—for a HOWEVER—for a BUT." This is the general human vice that lies in that significant ABER. But Schlegel's part in

it is a virtue—one of his greatest virtues—a conscientious anxiety never to state a general proposition in philosophy, without, at the same time, stating in what various ways the eternal truth comes to be limited and modified in practice. Great, indeed, is the virtue of a Schlegelian ABER. Had it not been for that, he would have had his place long ago among the vulgar herds of erudite and intellectual dogmatists.

Heinrich Steffens, a well-known literary and scientific character in Germany, in his personal memoirs recently published,* describes Frederick Schlegel, at Jena in 1798, as "a remarkable man, slenderly built, but with beautiful regular features, and a very intellectual expression—(*im höchsten Grade gisntreich.*) In his manner there was something remarkably calm and cool, almost phlegmatic. He spoke with great slowness and deliberation, but often with much point, and a great deal of reflective wit." He was thus a thorough German in his temperament; so at least as Englishmen and Frenchmen, of a more nimble blood, delight to picture the Rhenish Teut, not always in the most complimentary contrast with themselves. As it is, his merit shines forth only so much the more, that being a German of the Germans, he should by one small work, more of a combining than of a creative character, have achieved an European reputation and popularity with a certain sphere, that bids fair to last for a generation or two, at least, even in this book-making age. Such an earnest devotedness of research; such a gigantic capacity of appropriation; such a kingly faculty of comprehension, will rarely be found united in one individual. The multifarious truths which the noble industry of such a spirit either evolved wisely or happily disposed, will long continue to be received as a welcome legacy by our studious youth; and as for his errors in a literary point of view, and with reference to British use, practically considered, they are the mere breadth of fantastic colouring, which, being removed, does not destroy the drawing.

* *Was Ich Erlebte*, von HEINRICH STEFFENS. Breslau, 1840-2. Vol. iv. p. 303.

MARSTON; OR, THE MEMOIRS OF A STATESMAN.

PART IV.

"Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
 Have I not heard the sea, puft up with wind,
 Rage like an angry boar chafed with sweat?
 Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,
 And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?
 Have I not in the pitched battle heard
 Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets clang?"

SHAKESPEARE.

WHAT that residence and Brighton have since become, is familiar to the world—the one an oriental palace, and the other an English city. But at this time all that men saw in the surrounding landscape was almost as it had been seen by our forefathers the Picts and Saxons. I found the prince standing, with four or five gentlemen of distinguished appearance, under the veranda which shaded the front of the cottage from the evening sun. The day had been one of that sultry atmosphere in which autumn sometimes takes its leave of us, and the air from the sea was now delightfully refreshing. The flowers, clustered in thick knots over the little lawn, were raising their languid heads, and breathing their renewed fragrance. All was sweetness and calmness. The sunlight, falling on the amphitheatre of hills, and touching them with diversities of colour as it fell on their various heights and hollows, gave the whole a glittering and fantastic aspect; while the total silence, and absence of all look of life, except an occasional curl of smoke from some of the scattered cottages along the beach; with the magnificent expanse of the ocean bounding all, smooth and blue as a floor of lapis-lazuli, completed the character of a scene which might have been in fairyland.

The prince, whose politeness was undeviating to all, came forward to meet me at once, introduced me to his circle, and entered into conversation; the topic was his beautiful little dwelling.

"You see, Mr Marston," said he, "we live here like hermits, and in not much more space. I give myself credit for having made the discovery of this spot. I dare say, the name of Brighthelmstone may have been in the journal of some voyager to unknown lands, but I believe I have the honour of being the first who ever made it known in London."

I fully acknowledged the taste of his discovery.

"Why," said he, "it certainly is not the taste of Kew, whose chief prospect is the ugliest town on the face of the earth, and whose chief zephyrs are the breath of its brew-houses and lime-kilns. Hampton Court has always reminded me of a monastery, which I should never dream of inhabiting unless I put on the gown of a monk. St James's still looks the hospital that it once was. Windsor is certainly a noble structure—Edward's mile of palaces—but that residence is better tenanted than by a subject. While, here I have found a desert, it is true; but as the poet says or sings—

'I am monarch of all I survey.'"

"Yes," I observed. "But still a desert highly picturesque, and capable of cultivation."

"Oh! I hope not," he answered laughingly. "The first appearance of cultivation would put me to flight at once. Fortunately, cultivation is almost impossible. The soil almost totally prohibits tillage, the sea air prohibits trees, the shore prohibits trade, nothing can live here but a fisherman or a shrimp; and thus I am secure against the invasion of all *improvers*. W*****, come here, and assist me to cure Mr Marston of his scepticism on the absolute impossibility of our ever being surrounded by London brick and mortar."

A man of a remarkably graceful air bowed to the call, and came towards us.

"W*****," said the prince, "comfort me, by saying that no man can be citizenized in this corner of the world."

"It is certainly highly improbable," was the answer. "And yet, when we know John Bull's variety of tastes, and heroic contempt of money in indulging them, such things may be. I

lately found one of my country constituents the inhabitant of a very pretty villa—which he had built, too, for himself—in Sicily; and of all places, in the Val di Noto, the most notorious spot in the island, or perhaps on the earth, for all kinds of desperadoes—the very haunt of Italian smugglers, refugee Catalonians, expert beyond all living knaves in piracy, and African renegades. Yet there sat my honest and fat-cheeked friend, with *Ætna* roaring above him; declaiming on liberty and property, as comfortably as if he could not be shot for the tenth of a sixpence, or swept off, chattels and all, at the nod of an Algerine. No, sir. If the whim takes the Londoner, you will have him down here without mercy. To the three per cents nothing is impossible.”

“Well, well,” said the good-humoured prince, “that cannot happen for another hundred years; and in the mean time my prospect will never be shut out. Let them build, or pull down the pyramids, if they will. The tide of city wealth will never roll through this valley; the noise of city life will never fill those quiet fields; the smoke of an insurrection of city hovels will never mingle with the freshness of such an evening as this. Here, at all events, I have spent half a dozen of the pleasantest years of my existence, and here, if I should live so long, I might spend the next fifty, notwithstanding your prophecies, W*****; as far from London, except in the mere matter of miles, as if I had fixed myself in a valley of the Crimea.”

His royal highness was clever, but he was no prophet, more than other men. Need I say that London found him out within the tenth part of his fifty years; instead of suffering him to escape, compelled him to build: and, after the outlay of a quarter of a million, shut him up within his own walls, like the giant of the Arabian tales in a bottle—His village a huge suburb of the huge metropolis; his lawn surrounded by a circumvallation of taverns and toyshops; the sea invisible; and the landscape scattered over with prettinesses of architecture created by the wealth of Cheapside, and worthy of all the caprices of all the tourists of this much travelled world.

But simple as was the exterior of the cottage, all within was costliness, so

far as it can be united with elegance. Later days somewhat impaired the taste of this accomplished man, and he sought in splendour what was only to be found in grace. But here, every decoration, from the ceiling to the floor, exhibited the simplicity of refinement. A few busts of his public friends, a few statues of the patriots of antiquity, and a few pictures of the great political geniuses of Europe—among which the broad forehead and powerful eye of Machiavel were conspicuous—showed at a glance that we were under the roof of a political personage. Even the figures in chased silver on the table were characteristic of this taste. A Timoleon, a Brutus, and a Themistocles, incomparably classic, stood on the plateau; and a rapier which had belonged to Doria, and a sabre which had been worn by Castuccio, hung on either side of the mantelpiece. The whole had a republican tendency, but it was republicanism in gold and silver—mother-of-pearl republicanism—the Whig principle embalmed in Cellini chalices and porcelain of Frederic le Grand. Fortunately the conversation did not turn upon home politics. It wandered lightly through all the pleasanter topics of the day; slight ventilations of public character, dexterous allusions to anecdotes which none but the initiated could understand; and the general easy intercourse of well-bred men who met under the roof of another well-bred man to spend a few hours as agreeably as they could. The prince took his full share in the gaiety of the evening; and I was surprised to find at once so remarkable a familiarity with the classics, whose sound was scarcely out of my college ears; and with those habits of the humbler ranks, which could have so seldom come to his personal knowledge. To his exterior, nature had been singularly favourable. His figure, though full, still retained all the activity and grace of youth; his features, though by no means regular, had a general look of manly beauty, and his smile was cordiality itself. I have often since heard him praised for supreme elegance; but his manner was rather that of a man of great natural good-humour, who yet felt his own place in society, and of that degree of intelligence which qualified him to enjoy the wit and talents of others, without suffering a

sense of inferiority. Among those at table were C***** and H***, names well known in the circles of Devonshire House; Sir P***** F*****, who struck me at first sight by his penetrating physiognomy, and who was even then suspected of being the author of that most brilliant of all libels, *Junius*; W*****, then in the flower of life, and whose subtilty and whim might be seen in his fine forehead and volatile eyes; some others, whose names I did not know, and among them one of low stature, but of singularly animated features. He was evidently a military man, and of the Sister Isle, a prime favourite with the prince and every body; and I think a secretary in the prince's household. He had just returned from Paris; and as French news was then the universal topic, he took an ample share in the conversation. The name of La Fayette happening to be mentioned, as then carrying every thing before him in France—

"I doubt his talents," said the prince.

"I more doubt his sincerity," said W*****.

"I still more doubt whether this day three months he will have his head on his shoulders," said Sir P*****.

"None can doubt his present popularity," said the secretary.

"At all events," said his highness, "I cannot doubt that he has wit, which in France was always something, and now, in the general crash of pedigree, is the only thing. Any man who could furnish the Parisians with a *bon-mot* a-day, would have a strong chance of succeeding to the throne in the probable vacancy."

"A case has just occurred in point," said the secretary. "Last week La Fayette had a quarrel with a battalion of the National Guard on the subject of drill; they considering the manual exercise as an infringement of the Rights of Man. The general being of the contrary opinion, a deputation of corporals, for any thing higher would have looked too aristocratic, waited on him at the quarters of his staff in the Place Vendôme, to demand—his immediate resignation. On further enquiry, he ascertained that all the battalions, amounting to thirty thousand men, were precisely of the same sentiments. Next morning happened to have been

appointed for a general review of the National Guard. La Fayette appeared on the ground as commandant at the head of his staff, and after a gallop along the line, suddenly alighted from his horse, and taking a musket on his shoulder, to the utter astonishment of every body walked direct into the centre of the line, and took post in the ranks. Of course all the field-officers flew up to learn the reason. 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'I am tired of receiving orders as commander-in-chief, and that I may give them, I have become a *private*, as you see.' The announcement was received with a shout of merriment; and, as in France a pleasantry would privilege a man to set fire to a church, the general was cheered on all sides, was remounted, and the citizen army, suspending the 'Rights of Man' for the day, proceeded to march and manœuvre according to the drill framed by despots and kings."

"Well done, La Fayette," said the prince, "I did not think that there was so much in him. To be sure, to have one's neck in danger—for the next step to deposing would probably be to hang him—might sharpen a man's wits a good deal."

"Yes," said Sir P*****, "so many live by their wits in Paris, that even the marquis of the mob might have his chance; but a *bon-mot* actually saved, within these few days, one even so obnoxious as a bishop from being *sus. per coll.* In the general system of purifying the church by hanging the priests, the rabble of the Palais Royal seized the Bishop of Autun, and were proceeding to treat him 'à la lanterne' as an aristocrat. It must be owned that the lamps in Paris, swinging by ropes across the streets, offer really a very striking suggestion for giving a final lesson in politics. It was night, and the lamp was trimmed. They were already letting it down for the bishop to be its successor; when he observed, with the coolness of a spectator—'Gentlemen, if I am to take the place of that lamp, it does not strike me that the street will be better lighted.' The whimsicality of the idea caught them at once; a bishop for a *reverbère* was a new idea; they roared with laughter at the conception, and bid him go home for a '*bon enfant*!'"

"I cannot equal the La Fayette

story," said C*****, "but I remember one not unlike it, when the Duke of Rutland was Irish viceroy. Charlemont was reviewing a brigade of his volunteers when he found a sudden stop in one of the movements; a troop of cavalry on a flank choosing to exhibit a will of their own in an extraordinary way. If the brigade advanced, they halted; if it halted, they advanced. The captain bawled in vain. Aide-de-camp after aide-de-camp was sent to enquire the cause; they all came back roaring with laughter. At length Charlemont, rather irritated by the ridicule of the display, rode down the line and desired the captain to order them to move; not a man stirred; they were as immovable as a wall of brass. He then took the affair upon himself; and angrily asked, 'if they meant to insult him.' 'Not a bit of it, my lord,' cried out all the Paddies together. 'But we are not on *speaking terms* with the captain.'

"How perfectly I can see Charlemont's countenance at that capital answer: his fastidious look turning into a laugh, and the real dignity of the man forced to give way to his national sense of ridicule. Is there any hope of his coming over this season, C*****?" asked the prince.

"Not much. He talks in his letters of England, as a man married to a termagant might talk of his first love—hopeless regrets, inevitable destiny, and so forth. He is bound to Ireland, and she treats him as Catharine treated Petruchio before marriage. But he has not the whip of Petruchio, nor perhaps the will, since the knot has been tied. He is only one of the many elegant and accomplished Irishmen who have done just the same—who find some strange spell in the confusions of a country full of calamities; prefer clouds to sunshine; and complain of their choice all their lives."

"Yes," said W****. "It is like the attempt to put a coat and trousers on the American Indian. The hero flings them off on the first opportunity, takes to his plumes and painted skin, and prefers being tomahawked in a swamp to dying in a feather-bed like a gentleman!"

"Or," said the prince, "as Goldsmith so charmingly expresses it of the Swiss—to whom, however, it is much less applicable than his own countrymen—

'For as the babe, whom rising storms molest,
Clings but the closer to his mother's breast,
So the rude whirlwind and the tempest's roar
But bind him to his native mountains more.'

My story next came upon the *tapis*; and the sketch of my capture by the free-traders was listened to with polite interest.

"Very possibly I may have some irregular neighbours," was the prince's remark. "But, it must be confessed, that I am the intruder on their domain, not they on mine; and, if I were plundered, perhaps I should have not much more right to complain, than a whale-catcher has of being swamped by a blow of the tail, or a man fond of law being forced to pay a bill of costs."

"On the contrary," said the secretary, "I give them no slight credit for their forbearance; for the sacking of this cottage would, probably, be an easier exploit than beating off a revenue cruiser, and the value of their prize would be worth many a successful run. I make it a point never to go to war with the multitude. I had a little lesson on the subject myself, within the week, in Paris."

An attendant here brought in a letter for the prince, which stopped the narrative. The prince honoured the letter with a smile.

"It is from Devonshire House," said he—"a very charming woman the Duchess; just enough of the woman to reconcile us to the wit, and just enough of the wit to give poignancy to the woman. She laughingly says she is growing 'heartless, harmless, and old.' What a pity that so fine a creature should grow any of the three!"

"There is no great fear of that," observed Sir P****, "if it is to be left to her Grace's own decision. There is no question in the world on which a fine woman is more deliberate in coming to a conclusion."

"Well, well," said the prince; "she, at least, is privileged. Diamonds never grow old."

"They may require a little resetting now and then, however," said I.

"Yes, perhaps; but it is only once in a hundred years. If they sparkle during one generation, what can we ask more? Her Grace tells me an

excellent hit—the last flash of my old friend Selwyn. It happens that Lady——”—another fine woman was mentioned—“has looked rather distantly upon her former associates since her husband was created a marquis. ‘I enquired the other day,’ says the duchess, ‘for a particular friend of hers, the wife of an earl.’ ‘I have not seen her for a long time,’ was the answer. Selwyn whispered at the moment, ‘I dare say, long enough—she has not seen her since the *creation*.’”

“If Selwyn,” said Sir P****, “had not made such a trade of wit; if he had not been such a palpable machine for grinding every thing into *bons-mots*; if his distillation of the dross of common talk into the spirit of pleasantry were less tardy and less palpable; I should have allowed him to be”——

“What?” asked some one from the end of the table.

“Less a *bore* than *he* was,” was the succinct answer.

“For my part,” said the prince, “I think that old George *was* amusing to the last. He had great observation of oddity, and, you will admit, that he had no slight opportunities; for he was a member of, I believe, every club for five miles round St James’s. But he *was* slow. Wit should be like a pistol-shot; a flash and a hit, and both best when they come closest together. Still, he was a fragment of an age gone by, and I prize him as I should a piece of pottery from *Herculaneum*; its use past away, but its colours not extinguished; and, though altogether valueless at the time, curious as the *beau reste* of a pipkin of antiquity.”

“Sheridan,” observed C*****, “amounts, in my idea, to a perfect wit, at once keen and polished; nothing of either violence or virulence—nothing of the sabre or the saw; his weapon is the stiletto, fine as a needle, yet it strikes home.”

“*Apropos*,” said the prince, “does any one know whether there is to be a debate this evening? He was to have dined here. What can have happened to him?”

“What always happens to him,” said one of the party; “he has postponed it. Ask Sheridan for Monday at seven, and you will have him next week on Tuesday at eight. ‘Procrastination is the thief of time,’ to

him more than, I suppose, any other man living.”

“At all events,” said H***, “it is the only thief that Sheridan has to fear. His present condition defies all the skill of larceny. He is completely in the position of Horace’s traveller—he might sing in a forest of felons.”

At this moment the sound of a post-chaise was heard rushing up the avenue, and Sheridan soon made his appearance. He was received by the prince with evident gladness, and by all the table with congratulations on his having arrived at all. He was abundant in apologies; among the rest “his carriage had broken down halfway—he had been compelled to spend the morning with Charles Fox—he had been subpoenaed on the trial of one of the Scottish conspirators—he had been summoned on a committee of a contested election.” The prince smiled sceptically enough at this succession of causes to produce the single effect of being an hour behind-hand.

“The prince bows at every new excuse,” said H*** at my side, “as Boileau took off his hat at every plagiarism in his friend’s comedy—on the score of old acquaintance. If one word of all this is true, it may be the breaking down of his post-chaise, and even that he probably broke down for the sake of the excuse. Sheridan could not walk from the door to the dinner-table without a stratagem.”

I had now, for the first time, an opportunity of seeing this remarkable man. He was then in the prime of life, his fame, and of his powers. His countenance struck me at a glance, as the most characteristic that I had ever seen. Fancy may do much, but I thought that I could discover in his physiognomy every quality for which he was distinguished: the pleasantry of the man of the world, the keen observation of the great dramatist, and the vividness and daring of the first-rate orator. His features were fine, but their combination was so powerfully intellectual, that, at the moment when he turned his face to you, you felt that you were looking on a man of the highest order of faculties. None of the leading men of his day had a physiognomy so palpably mental. Burke’s spectacled eyes told but little; Fox, with the grand outlines of a

Greek sage, had no mobility of feature; Pitt was evidently no favourite of whatever goddess presides over beauty at our birth. But Sheridan's countenance was the actual mirror of one of the most glowing, versatile, and vivid minds in the world. His eyes alone would have given expression to a face of clay. I never saw in human head orbs so large, of so intense a black, and of such sparkling lustre. His manners, too, were then admirable; easy without negligence, and respectful, as the guest at a royal table, without a shadow of servility. He also was wholly free from that affectation of epigram, which tempts a man who cannot help knowing that his good things are recorded. He laughed, and listened, and rambled through the common topics of the day, with all the evidence of one enjoying the moment, and glad to contribute to its enjoyment; and yet, in all this ease, I could see that remoter thoughts, from time to time, passed through his mind. In the midst of our gaiety, the contraction of his deep and noble brows showed that he was wandering far away from the slight topics of the table; and I could imagine what he might be, when struggling against the gigantic strength of Pitt, or thundering against Indian tyranny before the Peerage in Westminster Hall.

I saw him long afterwards, when the promise of his day was overcast; when the flashes of his genius were like guns of distress; and his character, talents, and frame were alike sinking. But, ruined as he was, and humiliated by folly as much as by misfortune, I have never been able to regard Sheridan but as a fallen star—a star, too, of the first magnitude; without a superior in the whole galaxy from which he fell, and with an original brilliancy perhaps more lustrous than them all.

"Well, Sheridan, what news have you brought with you?" asked the prince.

The answer was a laugh. "Nothing, but that Downing Street has turned into Parnassus. The astounding fact is, that Grenville has teemed, and, as the fruits of the long vacation, has produced a Latin epigram.

'Veris risit Amor rosas caducas :

Cui Ver—"Vane puer, tuine flores,
Quæso, perpetuum manent in ævum?"'

The prince laughed. "He writes on the principle, of course, that in one's dotage we are privileged to return to the triflings of our infancy, and that Downing Street cannot be better employed in these days than as a chapel of ease to Eton."

"Yet, even there, he is but a translator," said Sir P****.

"'The tenth transmitter of an idler's line,'

It is merely a *rechauffé* of the old Italian.

'Amor volea schernir la primavera

Sulla breve durata e passeggera

Dei vaghi fiori suoi.

Ma la bella stagione a lui rispose

Forse i piacere tuoi

Vita piu lunga avran delle mie rose.'

The prince, who, under Cyril Jackson, had acquired no trivial scholarship, now alluded to a singular poetic production, *printed* in 1618, which seemed distinctly to announce the French Revolution.

'Festinat propere cursu jam temporis ordo,

Quo locus, et Franci majestas prisca, senatus,

Papa, sacerdotes, missæ, simulacra, Deique Fictitii, atque omnis superos exosa potestas,

Judicio Domini justo sublata peribunt.'

"The production is certainly curious," remarked W*****; "but poets always had something of the fortune-teller; and it is striking, that in many of the modern Italian Latinists you will find more instances of strong declamation against Rome,

* The time is rushing on
When France shall be undone;
And like a dream shall pass,
Pope, monarch, priest, and mass;
And vengeance shall be just,
And all her shrines be dust,
And thunder dig the grave
Of sovereign and of slave.

and against France as its chief supporter, than perhaps in any other authorship of Europe. Audacity was the result of terror. All Italy reminds one of the papal palace at Avignon—the banqueting-rooms above, the dungeons of the Inquisition below; popes and princes feasting within sound of the rack and the scourge. The Revolution is but the ripening of the disease; the hydrophobia which has been lurking in the system for centuries.”

“Why, then,” said Sheridan, “shall we all wonder at what all expected? France may be running mad without waiting for the moon; mad in broad day; absolutely stripping off, not merely the royal livery, which she wore for the last five hundred years with so much the look of a well-bred footman; but tearing away the last coverture of the national nakedness. Well; in a week or two of this process, she will have got rid not only of church and king, but of laws, property, and personal freedom. But, I ask, what business have we to interfere? If she is madder than the maddest of March hares, she is only the less dangerous; she will probably dash out her brains against the first wall that she cannot spring over.”

“But, at least, we know that mischief is already done among ourselves. Those French affairs are dividing our strength in the House,” remarked C*****.

“What then?” quickly demanded Sheridan. “What is it to me if others have the nightmare, while I feel my eyes open? Burke, in his dreams, may dread the example of France; but I as little dread it as I should a fire at the Pole. He thinks that Englishmen have such a passion for foreign importations, that if the pestilence were raging on the other side of the Channel, we should send for specimens. My proposition is, that the example of France is more likely to make slaves of us than republicans.”

“Is it,” asked W*****, “to make us

“Fly from minor tyrants to the throne?”

“I laugh at the whole,” replied Sheridan, “as a bugbear. I have no fear of France as either a schoolmaster, or a seducer, of England. France is lunatic, and who dreads a lunatic after his first paroxysm? Ex-

haustion, disgust, decay, perhaps death, are the natural results. If there is any peril to us, it is only from our meddling. The lunatic never revenges himself but on his keeper. I should leave the patient to the native doctors, or to those best of all doctors for mad nations, suffering, shame, and time. Chain, taunt, or torment the lunatic, and he rewards you by knocking out your brains.”

“Those are not exactly the opinions of our friend Charles,” observed the prince with peculiar emphasis.

“No,” was the reply. “I think for myself. Some would take the madman by the hand, and treat him as if in possession of his senses. Burke would gather all the dignitaries of Church and State, and treat him as a demoniac; attempt to exorcise the evil spirit, and if it continued intractable, solemnly excommunicate the possessed by bell, book, and candle. But, as I do not like throwing away my trouble, I should let him alone.”

“The doctrine of confiscation is startling to all property,” remarked the prince. “I wish Charles would remember, that his strength lies in the aristocracy.”

“No man knows it better,” observed W*****. “But I strongly doubt whether his consciousness of his own extraordinary talents is not at this moment tempting him to try a new source of hazard. The people, nay, the populace, are a new element to him, and to all. I can conceive a man of pre-eminent ability, as much delighted with difficulty as inferior men are delighted with ease. Fox has managed the aristocracy so long, and has bridled them with so much the hand of a master, that what he might have once considered as an achievement, he now regards as child’s play. If Alexander’s taming Bucephalus was a triumph for a noble boy, I scarcely think that, after passing the Granicus, he would have been proud of his fame as a horse-breaker. Fox sees, as all men see, that great changes, for either good or ill, are coming on the world. Next to that of a great king, perhaps the most tempting rank to ambition would be that of a great demagogue.”

The glitter of Sheridan’s eye, and the glow which passed across his cheek, as he looked at the speaker, showed how fully he agreed with the

sentiment; and I expected some bold burst of eloquence. But, with that sudden change of tone and temper which was among the most curious characteristics of the man, he laughingly said, "At all events, whatever the Revolution may do to our neighbours, it will do a vast deal of good to ourselves. The clubs were growing so dull, that I began to think of withdrawing my name from them all. Their principal supporters were daily yawning themselves to death. The wiser part were flying into the country, where, at least, their yawning would not be visible; and the rest remained enveloped in dry and dreary newspapers, like the herbs of a '*Hortus siccus*.' White's was an hospital of the deaf and dumb; and Brooke's strongly resembled Westminster Hall in the long vacation. It was in the midst of this general doze that the news from Paris came. I assure you the effects were miraculous—the universal spasm of lock-jaw was no more. Men no longer regarded each other with a despairing glance in St James's Street, and passed on. All was sudden sociability. Even in the city people grew communicative, and puns were committed that would have struck their forefathers with amazement. As Burke said, in one of his sybilline speeches the other night: 'The tempest had come, at once bending down the summits of the forest and stirring up the depths of the pool.' One of the aldermen, on being told that the French were preparing to pass the Waal, said, that if the Dutch would take *his* advice, and if iron spikes were not enough, they should *glass* their wall."

The newspapers now arrived, and France for a while engrossed the conversation. The famous Mirabeau had just made an oration with which all France was ringing.

"That man's character," said the prince, after reading some vehement portions of his speech, "perplexes me more and more. An aristocrat by birth, he is a democrat by passion; but he has palpably come into the world too early, or too late, for power. Under Louis XIV., he would have made a magnificent minister; under his successor, a splendid courtier; but under the present unfortunate king, he must be either the brawler or the buffoon, the incendiary, or the sport, of the

people. Yet he is evidently a man of singular ability, and if he knows how to manage his popularity, he may yet do great things."

"I always," said Sheridan, "am inclined to predict well of the man who takes advantage of his time. That is the true faculty for public life; the true test of commanding capacity. There are thousands who have ability, for one who knows how to make use of it; as we are told that there are monsters in the depths of the ocean which never come up to the light. But I prefer your leviathan, which, whether he slumbers in the calm or rushes through the storm, shows all his magnitude to the eye."

"And gets himself harpooned for his pains," observed W*****.

"Well, then, at least he dies the death of a hero," was the reply—"tempesting the brine, and perhaps even sinking the harpooner." He uttered this sentiment with such sudden ardour, that all listened while he declaimed—"I can imagine no worse fate for a man of true talent than to linger down into the grave; to find the world disappearing from him while he remains in it; his political vision growing indistinct, his political ear losing the voice of man, his passions growing stagnant, all his sensibilities palpably paralyzing, while the world is as loud, busy, and brilliant round him as ever—with but one sense remaining, the unhappy consciousness that, though not *yet* dead, he is buried; a figure, if not of scorn, of pity; entombed under the compassionate gaze of mankind, and forgotten before he has mouldered. Who that could die in the vigour of his life, would wish to drag on existence like *Somers*, coming to the Council day after day without comprehending a word? or Marlborough, babbling out his own imbecility? If *I* am to die, let me die in hot blood, let me die like the lion biting the spear that has entered his heart, or springing upon the hunter who has struck him—not like the crushed snake, miserable and mutilated, hiding itself in its hole, and torpid before it is turned into clay!"

"Will Mirabeau redeem France?" asked the prince; "or will he overwhelm the throne?"

"I never heard of any one but Saint Christopher," said Sheridan, sportively, "who could walk through the

ocean, and yet keep his head above water. Mirabeau is out of soundings already."

"Burke," said F*****, "predicts that he must perish; that the Revolution will go on, increasing in terrors; and that it would be as easy to stop a planet launched through space, as the progress of France to ruin."

"So be it," said Sheridan with sudden animation. "There have been revolutions in every age of the world, but the world has outlived them all. Like tempests, they may wreck a royal fleet now and then; but they prevent the ocean from being a pond, and the air from being a pestilence. I am content if the world is the better for all this, though France may be the worse. I am a political optimist, in spite of Voltaire; or, I agree with a better man and a greater poet—'All's well that ends well.'"

The prince looked grave; and significantly asked, "Whether too high a present price might not be paid for prospective good?"

Sheridan turned off the question with a smile. "The man who has as little to pay as I have," said he, "seldom thinks of price one way or the other. Possibly, if I were his Grace of Bedford, or my Lord Fitzwilliam, I might begin to balance my rent-roll against my raptures. Or, if I were higher still, I might be only more prudent. But," said he, with a bow, "if what was fit for Parmenio was not fit for Alexander, neither would what was fit for Alexander be fit for Parmenio."

The prince soon after rose from table, and led the way into the library, where we spent some time in looking over an exquisite collection of drawings of Greece and Albania, a present from the French king to his royal highness. The windows were thrown open, and the fresh scents of the flower garden were delicious; the night was calm, and the moon gleamed far over the quiet ocean.

At this moment a soft sound of music arose at a distance. I looked in vain for the musicians—none were visible. The strain, incomparably managed, now approached, now receded, now seemed to ascend from the sea, now to stoop from the sky. All crowded to the casement—to me, a stranger and unexpected, all was surprise and spell. I, almost uncon-

sciously, repeated the fine lines in the Tempest:—

"Where should this music be? 'T' the air,
or the earth?"

It sounds no more: and sure, it waits upon
Some god of the island—

This music crept by me upon the waters,
Allaying both their fury and my passion
With its sweet air—But 'tis gone!

No, it begins again."

The prince returned my quotation with a gracious smile, and the words of the great poet,

"This is no mortal business, nor no sound
This the earth owns."

The private band, stationed in one of the thickets, had been the magicians. Supper was laid in this handsome apartment, not precisely

"The spare Sabine feast,
A radish and an egg,"

but perfectly simple, and perfectly elegant. The service was Sevre, and I observed on it the arms of the Duke of Orleans, combined with those of the Prince. It had been a present from the most luxurious, and most unfortunate, man on earth. And thus closed my first day in the exclusive world.

On the next evening, I had exchanged fresh breezes and bright skies for the sullen atmosphere and perpetual smoke of the great city; stars for lamps, and the gentle murmurs of the tide, for the turbid rush and heavy roar of the million of London. During the day, I had been abandoned sufficiently to my own meditations. For though we did not leave Brighton till noon, Mariamne remained steadily, and I feared angrily, invisible. Mordecai, during the journey, consulted nothing but his tablets, and was evidently plunged in some huge financial speculation; and when he dropped me at a hotel in St James's, and hurried towards his den in the depths of the city, like a bat to its cave, I felt as solitary as if I had dropped from the moon.

But an English hotel is a cure for most of the sorrows of English life. The well-served table—the excellent sherry—a blazing fire, not at all unrequired in the first sharp evenings of our autumn—and the newspaper "just come in," are capital "medicines for the mind diseased." And like old Maréchal Louvois, who recommended

roast pigeons as a cure for grief—observing that, “whenever he heard of the loss of any of his friends, he ordered a pair, and found himself always much comforted after eating them”—I was beginning to sink into that easy oblivion of the rules of life, which, without actual sleep, has all the placid enjoyment of slumber; when a voice pronounced my name, and I was startled and half suffocated by the embrace of a figure who rushed from an opposite box, and in a torrent of French poured out a torrent of raptures on my arriving in London.

When I contrived at last to disengage myself, I saw Lafontaine; but so hollow-cheeked and pale-visaged, that I could scarcely recognize my showy friend in the skeleton knight who stood gesticulating his ultra-happiness before me.

At length he drew, with a trembling touch and a glistening eye, from his bosom a letter, which he placed in my hand with a squeeze of eternal friendship. “Read,” said he, “read, and then wonder, if you can, at my misery and my gratitude.” The letter was from Mariamne, and certainly a very pretty one—gay and tender at once; gracefully alluding to some little fretfulness on her part, or his, I could scarcely tell which; but assuring him that all this was at an end—that she foreswore the world henceforth, and was quite his own. All this was expressed with an elegance which I was not quite prepared to find in the fair one, and with a tone of sincerity for which I was still less prepared; yet with the coquette in every line.

I should have been glad to see him at any time, but now I received him as a resource from solitude, or rather from those restless thoughts which made solitude so painful to me. Another bottle, perhaps, made me more sensitive, and him more willing to communicate; and before it was finished, he had opened his whole heart and emptied his letter-case; and I had consulted him on the improbabilities of my ever being able to succeed in the object which had so strangely, yet so totally, occupied all my feelings.

It was clear, from her correspondence, that his pretty Jewess had played him much as the angler plays the trout which he has secured on his hook. She evidently enjoyed the display of her skill in tormenting: every second

letter was almost a declaration of breaking off the correspondence altogether; or, what was even worse, mingled with those menaces, there were from time to time allusions to my opinions, and quotations of my chance remarks, which, rather to my surprise, showed me that the proverb, “*Les absens ont toujours tort*,” was true in more senses than one, and that the Frenchman occasionally lost ground by being fifty miles off. Once or twice it seemed to me that the little “betrothed” was evidently thinking of the error of precipitate vows, and was beginning to change her mind. But her last letter was a complete extinguisher of all my vanity, if it had ever been awakened. It was a curious mingling of poignancy and penitence; an acknowledgment of the pain which she felt in ever having given pain, and almost an entreaty that he would hasten his affairs in London, and return to Brighton, to “guard her against herself, once and for ever.”

All this was quite as it should be; but the envelope contained an enormous postscript, of which I happened to be the theme. It was evidently written in another mood of mind; and except that passion is blind, and even refuses to see, when it might, I should probably have had another rencontre with the best swordsman in the *Chevau-Legers*. After speaking of me and my prospects in life, with an interest which reached at least to the full amount of friendship, the subject of my reveries came on the tapis. “My father and Mr Marston are on the point of going to town,” said the postscript; “the latter to dream of Made-moiselle De Tourville, without the smallest hope of ever obtaining her hand. But I scarcely know what to think of him and his feelings—if feelings they can be called—which change like the fashions of the day, and at the mercy of all the triflers of the day; or like the butterfly fluttering round the garden, as if merely to show that it can flutter. This habit must make him for ever incapable of the generous devotedness of heart and truth of affection which I so much value in my ‘friend.’” But here Lafontaine interfered, obviously through fear of my plunging into some discovery of my own demerits, which had not struck him on his first pe-

rusal; and I surrendered the letter, postscript and all, having first ascertained by a glance, that the former was dated at the very hour of the discovery of my unlucky stanzas to Clotilde, and the latter probably after the "fair penitent" had time to reflect on the matter, and let compassion make its way. Woman is a brilliant problem—but a problem after all.

A sudden trampling of cavalry and loud rush of carriages prevented my attempting the solution—at least for that sitting. All the guests crowded to the door. "His Majesty was going to Drury-Lane!" It was a performance "by command." The never-failing pulse in the foreign heart was touched. Lafontaine crushed his correspondence into his bosom, sprang on his feet, wiped his eyes of all their sorrows, and proposed that we should see the display. I was rejoiced to escape a topic too delicate for my handling. A carriage was called, and by a double fee we contrived, through many a hazard, in the narrowest and most dangerous defiles of any Christian city, to reach the stately entrance, just as the troopers were brushing away the mob from the steps, and the trumpets were outringing the cries of the orangewomen.

By another bribe we contrived to make our way into a box, whose doors were more unrelenting than brass or marble to the crowd in the lobby, less acquainted with the mode of getting through the English world; and I had my first view of national loyalty, in the handsomest theatre which I have ever seen. How often it has been burnt down and built since, is beyond my calculation. It was then perfection.

We had galloped to some purpose; for we had distanced the monarch and his eight carriages. The royal party had not yet entered the house; and I enjoyed, for a few minutes, one of the most striking displays that the opulence and animation of a great country can possibly produce—the *coup-d'œil* of a well-dressed audience in a fine and spacious theatre. Multitudes spread over hill and dale may be picturesque; the aspect of great public meetings may be startling, stern, or powerfully impressive; the British House of Lords, on the opening of the session, exhibits a majestic spectacle; but for a concentration of all the effects of art, beauty, and mag-

nificence, I have yet seen nothing like one of the English theatres in their better days. To compare it in point of importance with any other great assemblage, would in general be idle. But at this time, even the assemblage before me, collected as it was for indulgence, had a character of remarkable interest. The times were anxious. The nation was avowedly on the eve of a struggle of which no human foresight could discover the termination. The presence of the king was the presence of the monarchy; the presence of the assemblage was the presence of the nation. The house was only a levee on a larger scale, and the crowd, composed as it was of the most distinguished individuals of the country—the ministers, the peerage, the heads of the legislature—and the whole completed by an immense mass of the middle order, gave a strong and admirable representation of the power and feelings of the empire.

At length the sound of the trumpets was heard, the door of the royal box was thrown open, and "God save the King" began. Noble as this noblest of national songs is, it had, at that period, a higher meaning. It is impossible to describe the spirit and ardour in which it was received; nay, the almost sacred enthusiasm in which it was joined by all, and in which every sentiment was followed with boundless acclamation. It was more than an honourable and pleased welcome of a popular king. It was a national pledge to the throne—a proud declaration of public principle—a triumphant defiance of the enemy and the Earth to strike the stability of a British throne, or subdue the hearts of a British people.

The king advanced to the front of the box, and bowed in return to the general plaudits. It was the first time that I had seen George the Third, and I was struck at once with the stateliness of his figure and the kindness of his countenance. Combined, they perfectly realized all that I had conceived of a monarch, to whose steadiness of determination, and sincerity of good-will, the empire had been already indebted in periods of faction and foreign hostility; and to whom it was to be indebted still more in coming periods of still wilder faction, and of hostility which brought the world in arms against his crown.

As I glanced around for a moment, to see the effect on the house, which was then thundering with applause, I observed a slight confusion, like a personal quarrel, in the pit; and in the next instant saw a hand raised above the crowd, and a pistol fired full in the direction of the royal box. The King started back a pace or two; and the general apprehension that he had been struck, produced a loud cry of horror. He evidently understood the public feeling, and instantly came forward, and by a bow, with his hand on his heart, at once assured them of his gratitude and his safety. This was acknowledged by a shout of universal congratulation; and many a bright eye, and many a manly one, too, streamed with tears. In the midst of all, the Queen and the royal family rushed into the box, flung themselves round the King, and all was embracing, fainting, and terror. Cries for the seizure of the assassin now resounded on every side. He was grasped by a hundred hands, and torn out of the house. Then the universal voice demanded "God save the King" once more: the performers came forward; and the national chant, now almost elevated to a hymn, was sung by the audience with a solemnity scarcely less than an act of devotion. All the powers of the stage never furnished a more touching, perhaps a more sublime scene, than the simple reality of the whole occurrence before my eyes.

But at length the tumult sank; the order of the theatre was resumed; and the curtain rose, displaying a remarkably fine view of Roman architecture, a vista of temples and palaces, the opening scene of *Coriolanus*.

The fame of the admirable actor who played the leading character was then at its height; and John Kemble shared with his splendid sister the honour of being the twin leaders of the theatrical galaxy. I am not about to dwell on Shakspeare's conception of the magnificent republican, nor on the scarcely less magnificent representative which it found in the actor of the night. But I speak to a generation which have never seen either Siddons or Kemble, and will probably never see their equals. I may be suffered, too, to indulge my own admiration of forms and faculties

which once gave me a higher sense of the beauty and the powers of which our being is capable. Is this a dream? or, if so, is it not a dream that tends to ennoble the spirit of man? The dimness and dulness of the passing world require relief, and I look for it in the world of recollections.

Kemble was, at that time, in the prime of his powers; his features strongly resembling those of Siddons; and his form the perfection of manly grace and heroic beauty. His voice was his failing part; for it was hollow and interrupted; yet its tone was naturally sweet, and it could, at times, swell to the highest storm of passion. In later days he seemed to take a strange pride in feebleness, and, in his voice and his person, affected old age. But when I saw him first, he was all force, one of the handsomest of human beings, and, beyond all comparison, the most accomplished classic actor that ever realized the form and feelings of the classic age. His manners in private life completed his public charm; and, in seeing Kemble on the stage, we saw the grace and refinement acquired by the companionship of princes and nobles, the accomplished, the high-born, and the high-bred of the land.

From the mingled tenderness and loftiness of Kemble's playing, a new idea of *Coriolanus* struck me. I had hitherto imagined him simply a bold patrician, aristocratically contemptuous of the multitude, indignant at public ingratitude, and taking a ruthless revenge. But the performance of the great actor on this night opened another and a finer view to me. Till now, I had seen the hero, a Roman, merely a gallant chieftain of the most unromantic of all commonwealths, the land of inflexibility, remorseless daring, and fierce devotion to public duty. But, by throwing the softer feelings of the character into light, Kemble made him less a Roman than a Greek—a loftier and purer Alcibiades, or a republican Alexander, or, most and truest of all, a Roman Achilles—the same dazzling valour, the same sudden affections, the same deep conviction of wrong, and the same generous, but unyielding, sense of superiority. Say what we will of the subordination of the actor to the author, the great actor shares his laurels. He, too, is a creator.

But while I followed, with eye and mind, the movements of the stage, Lafontaine was otherwise employed. His opera-glass was roving the boxes ; and he continually poured into my most ungrateful ear remarks on the diplomatic body, and recognitions of the *merveilleux* glittering round the circle. At last, growing petulant at being thus disturbed, I turned to beg of him to be silent, when he simply said—" *La Voilà !*" and pointed to a group which had just taken their seats in one of the private boxes. From that moment I saw no more of the tragedy. The party consisted of Clotilde, Madame la Maréchal, and a stern but stately-looking man, in a rich uniform, who paid them the most marked attention.

"There is the Marquis," said my companion ; "he has never smiled, probably, since he was born, or, I suppose, he would smile to-night ; for the secretary to the embassy told me, not half an hour ago, that his marriage-contract had just come over, with the king's signature."

My heart sank within me at the sound. Still my gay informant went on, without much concerning himself about feelings which I felt alternately flushing and chilling me. "The match will be a capital one, if matters hold out for us. For Montrecour is one of the largest proprietors in France ; but, as he is rather of the new noblesse, the blood of the De Tourvilles will be of considerable service to his pedigree. His new uniform shows me that he has got the colonelcy of my regiment ; and, of course, I must attend his levee to-morrow. Will you come ?"

My look was a sufficient answer. "Ah !" said he, "you will not. Ah ! there is exactly the national difference. Marriage opens the world to a French *belle*, as much as it shuts the world to an English one. Mademoiselle is certainly very handsome," said he, pausing, and fixing his opera-glass on her. "The contour of her countenance is positively fine ; it reminds me of a picture of Clairon in Medea, in the King's private apartments—her smile charming, her eyes brilliant, and her diamonds perfect."

I listened, without daring to lift my eyes ; he rambled on—"Fortunate fellow, the Marquis—fortunate in

every thing but that intolerable physiognomy of his—Grand Ecuyer, Gold Key, Cross of Saint Louis, and on the point of being the husband of the finest woman between Calais and Constantinople. Of course, you intend to leave your card on the marriage?"

"No," was my answer. I suppose that there was something in the sound which struck him. He stared with palpable wonder.

"What ! are you not an old acquaintance ? Have you not known her this month ? Have you not walked, and talked, and waltzed, with her ?"

"Never spoke a word to her in my life."

"Well, then, you shall not be left in such a forlorn condition long. I must pay my respects to my colonel. I dare say you may do the same to the *fiancée*. Mademoiselle will be charmed to have some interruption to his dreary attentions."

I again refused, but the gay Frenchman was not to be repulsed. He made a prodigious bow to the box, which was acknowledged by both the ladies. "There," said he, "the affair is settled. You cannot possibly hesitate now ; that bow is a summons to their box. I can tell you also that you are highly honoured ; for, if it had been in Paris, you could not have got a sight of the bride except under the surveillance of a pair of chaperons as grey and watchful as cats, or a couple of provincial uncles as stiff as their own forefathers armed cap-a-pie."

I could resist no longer ; but with sensations perhaps not unlike those of one ascending the scaffold, I mounted the stairs. As the door opened, and Lafontaine, tripping forward, announced my name, Clotilde's cheek suffused with a burning blush, which in the next instant passed away, and left her pale as marble. The few words of introduction over, she sank into total silence ; and though she made an effort, from time to time, to smile at Lafontaine's frivolities, it was but a feeble one, and she sat, with pallid lips and a hectic spot on her statue-like cheek, gazing on the carpet. I attempted to take some share in the conversation ; but all my powers of speech were gone, my tongue refused to utter, and I remained the most complete and unfortunate con-

trast to my lively friend, who was now engaged in detailing the attempt on the royal life to Madame la Maréchal, whose later arrival had prevented their witnessing it in person. My nearer view of the Marquis did not improve the sketch which Lafontaine had given of his commanding-officer. He was a tall, stiff, but soldierly-looking person; with an expression, which, as we are disposed to approve or the reverse, might be called strong sense or sullen temper. But he had some reputation in the service as a bold, if not an able officer. He had saved the French troops in America by his daring, from the effects of some blunders committed by the giddiness of their commander-in-chief; and as his loyalty was not merely known but violent, and his hatred of the new faction in France not merely determined but furious, he was regarded as one of the pillars of the royal cause. The Marquis was evidently in ill-humour, whether with our introduction or with his bride; yet it was too early for a matrimonial quarrel, and too late for a lover's one. Clotilde was evidently unhappy, and after a few common-places we took our leave; the Marquis himself condescending to start from his seat, and shut the door upon our parting bow. The stage had now lost all interest for me, and I prevailed on Lafontaine, much against his will, to leave the house. The lobby was crowded, the rush was tremendous, and after struggling our way, with some hazard of our limbs, we reached the door only just in time to see Montrecour escorting the ladies to their carriage.

All was over for the night; and my companion, who now began to think that he had tormented me too far, was drawing me slowly, and almost unconsciously, through the multitude, when a flourish of trumpets and drums announced that their Majesties were leaving the theatre. The life-guards rode up; and the rushing of the crowd, the crash of the carriages, the prancing and restiveness of the startled horses, and the quarrelling of the coachmen and the Bow Street officers, produced a scene of uproar. My first thought was the hazard of Clotilde, and I hastened to the spot where I had seen her last, but she was gone.

"All's safe, you see," said Lafontaine, trying to compose his ruffled

costume; "your John Bulls are dangerous, in their loyalty, to coats and carriages." I agreed with him, and we sprang into one of the wretched vehicles that held its ground, with English tenacity, in the midst of a war of coronets. But our adventures were not to close so simply. Our driver had not remained in the rain for hours, without applying to the national remedy against all inclemencies of weather. He had no sooner mounted the box than I found that we were running a race with every carriage which we approached, sometimes tilting against them, and sometimes narrowly escaping from being overturned. At last we met with an antagonist worthy of our prowess. All my efforts to stop our charioteer had been useless, for he was evidently beyond any kind of appeal but that of flinging him from his seat; and Lafontaine, with the genuine fondness of a Gaul for excitement of all kinds, seemed wonderfully amused as we swept along. But our new rival was evidently in the same condition with our own Jehu, and after a smart horsewhipping of each other, they rushed forward at full speed. A sudden scream from within the other carriage showed the terror of its inmates, as it dashed along; an old woman in full dress, however, was all that I could discover; for we were fairly distanced in the race, though it was still kept up, with all the perseverance of a fool thoroughly intoxicated. In a few minutes more we heard a tremendous collision in front, and saw by the blaze of half a hundred flambeaux brandished in all directions, our rival a complete wreck, plunged into the midst of a crowd of equipages, waiting for their lordly owners in front of Devonshire house. It had been one of the weekly balls given by the Duchess, and the fallen vehicle had damaged panels covered with heraldry as old as the Plantagenets.

Arriving with almost equal rapidity, but with better fortune, I had but just time to spring into the street, at the instant when the old lady, writhing herself out of the window, which was now uppermost, was about to trust her portly person to chance. I caught her as she clung to the carriage with her many-braceleted arms, and was almost strangled by the vigour of her involuntary embrace as she rolled down upon me.

There was nothing in the world less romantic than my position in the midst of a circle of sneering footmen; and, as if to put romance for ever out of the question, I was relieved from my plumed and mantled encumbrance only by the assistance of Townshend, then the prince of Bow Street officers; who, knowing every thing and every body, informed me that the lady was a person of prodigious rank, and that he should 'feel it his duty,' before he parted with me, to ascertain whether her ladyship's purse had not suffered defalcation by my volunteering.

I was indignant, as might be supposed; and my indignation was not at all decreased by the coming up of half a dozen Bow Street officers, every one of whom either "believed," or "suspected," or "knew," me to be "an old offender." But I was relieved from the laughter of the liveried mob round me, and probably from figuring in the police histories of the morning, by the extreme terrors of the lady for the fate of her daughter. The carriage had by this time been raised up, but its other inmate was not to be found. She now produced the purse, which had been so impudently the cause of impeaching my honour; "and offered its contents to all who should bring any tidings of her daughter, her lost child, her Clotilde!" The name thrilled on my ear. I flew off to renew the search, followed by the crowd—was unsuccessful, and returned, only to see my *protégé* in strong hysterics. My situation now became embarrassing; when a way was made through the crowd by a highly-powdered personage, the chamberlain of the mansion, who announced himself as sent by "her Grace," to say that the Countess de Tourville was safe, having been taken into the house; and, further, conveying "her Grace's compliments to Madame la Maréchal de Tourville, to entreat that she would do her the honour to join her daughter." This message, delivered with all the pomp of a "gentleman of the bedchamber," produced its immediate effect upon the circle of cocked hats and worsted epaulettes. They grew grave at once; and guided by Townshend, who moved on, hat in hand, and bowing with the obsequiousness of one escorting a prince of the blood, we reached the door of the mansion.

But here a new difficulty arose.

The duchess was known to La Maréchal, for to whom in misfortune was not that most generous and kind-hearted duchess known? But I was still a stranger. However, with my old Frenchwoman, ceremony was not then the prevailing point. I had been her "preserver," as she was pleased to term me. I had been "introduced," which was quite sufficient for knowledge; above all other merits, "I spoke French like a Parisian;" in short, it was wholly impossible for her to ascend the crowded staircase, with her numberless dislocations, by the help of any other arm on earth. The slightest hope of seeing Clotilde would have made me confront all the etiquette of Spain; and I bore the contrast of my undress costume with the feathered and silken multitude which filled the stairs, in the spirit of a philosopher, until, by "many a step and slow," we reached the private wing of the mansion.

There, in an apartment fitted up with all the luxury of a boudoir, yet looking melancholy from the dim lights and the silent attendants, lay Clotilde on a sofa. But how changed from the being whom I had just seen at the theatre! She had been in imminent danger, and was literally dragged from under the horses' feet. A slight wound in her temple was still bleeding, and her livid lips and half-closed eyes gave me the image of death. As for Madame, she was in distraction; the volubility of her sorrows made the well-trained domestics shrink, as from a display at which they ought not to be present; and at length the only recipients of her woes were myself and the physician, who, with ominous visage, and drops in hand, was administering his aid to the passive patient. As Madame's despair rendered her wholly useless, the doctor called on me to assist him in raising her from the floor, on which she had flung herself like a heroine in a tragedy.

While I was engaged in this most reluctant performance, the accents of a sweet voice, and the rustling of silk, made me raise my eyes, and a vision floated across the apartment; it was the duchess herself, glittering in gold and jewels, turbaned and embroidered, as a Semiramis or a queen of Sheba; she was brilliant enough for either. She had just left the fancy ball behind, and was come "to make

her personal enquiries for the health of her young friend."

My office was rather startling, even to the habitual presence of mind of the leader of fashion. I might have figured in her eyes, as the husband, or the lover, or the doctor's apprentice; she almost uttered a scream. But the sound, slight as it was, recalled the *Maréchal* to her senses. The explanation was given with promptitude, and received with politeness. My family, in all its branches, came into her Grace's quick recollection; and I was thus indebted to my adventure, not only for an introduction to one of the most elegant women of her time—to the goddess of fashion in her temple, the *Circe* of high life, at the "witching hour," but of being most "graciously" received; and even hearing a panegyric on my chivalry, from the *Maréchal*, smilingly echoed by lips which seemed made only for smiles.

A summons from the ball-room soon withdrew the captivating mistress of the mansion, who retired with the step and glance of the very queen of courtesy; and I was about to take my leave, when a ceremonial of still higher interest awaited me. *Clotilde*, feebly rising from her sofa, and sustaining herself on the neck of her kneeling mother, murmured her thanks to me "for the preservation of her dear parent." The sound of her voice, feeble as it was, fell on my ear like music. I advanced towards her. The *Maréchal* stood with her handkerchief to her eyes, and venting her sensibilities in sobs. The fairer object before me shed no tears, but, with her eyes half-closed, and looking the marble model of paleness and beauty, she held out her hand. She was, perhaps, unconscious of offering more than a simple testimony of her gratitude for the services which her mother had described with such needless eloquence. But in that delicious, yet unaccountable feeling—that superstition of the heart, which makes every thing eventful—even that simple pressure of her hand created a long and living future in my mind.

Yet let me do myself justice; whether wise or weak in the presence of the only being who had ever mastered my mind, I was determined not "to point a moral and adorn a tale." I had other duties and other purposes

before me than to degenerate into a slave of sighs. I was to be no *Romeo*, bathing my soul in the luxuries of Italian palace-chambers, moonlight speeches, and the song of nightingales. I felt that I was an Englishman, and had the rugged steep of fortune to climb, and climb alone. The time, too, in which I was to begin my struggle for distinction, aroused me to shake off the spirit of dreams which threatened to steal over my nature. The spot in which I lived was the metropolis of mankind. I was in the centre of the machinery which moved the living world. The wheels of the globe were rushing, rolling, and resounding in my ears. Every interest, necessity, stimulant, and passion of mankind, came in an incessant current to London, as to the universal heart, and flowed back, refreshed and invigorated, to the extremities of civilization. I saw the hourly operations of that mighty furnace in which the fortunes of all nations were mingled, and poured forth remoulded. And London itself was never more alive. Every journal which I took up was filled with the signs of this extraordinary energy; the projects and meetings, the harangues and political experiments, of bold men, some rising from the mire into notoriety, if not into fame; some plunging from the highest rank of public life into the mire, in the hope of rising, if with a darkened, yet a freshened wing. The debates in parliament, never more vivid than at this crisis, with the two great parties in full force, and throwing out flashes in every movement, like the collision of two vast thunder clouds, were a perpetual summons to action in every breast which felt itself above the dust it trod. But the French journals were the true excitements to political ardour. They were more than lamps, guiding mankind along the dusky paths of public regeneration—they were torches, dazzling the multitude who attempted to profit by their light; and, while they threw a glare round the head of the march, blinding all who followed. To one born, like myself, in the most aristocratic system of society on earth, yet excluded from its advantages by the mere chance of birth, it was new, and undoubtedly not displeasing, to see the pride of nobility tamed by the new rush of talent and ambitio

which had started up from obscurity in France; village attorneys and physicians, clerks in offices, journalists, men from the plough and the pen, supplying the places of the noblesse of Clovis and Capet, possessing themselves of the highest power while their predecessors were flying through Europe; conducting negotiations, commanding armies, ruling assemblies, holding the helm of government in the storm which had scattered the great names of France upon the waters. I anticipated all the triumph of the "younger sons."

Even the brief interval of my Brighton visit had curiously changed the aspect of the metropolis. The emigration was in full force, and every spot was crowded with foreign visages. Sallow cheeks and starting eyes, scowling brows and fierce mustaches, were the order of the day; the monks and the military had run off together. The English language was almost overwhelmed by the perpetual jargon of all the loud-tongued provincialities of France. But the most singular portion was the ecclesiastical. The streets and parks were filled with the unlucky sheep of the Gallican church, scattered before the teeth and howl of the republican wolf; and England saw, for the first time, the secrets of the monastery poured out before the light of day. The appearance of some among this sable multitude, though venerable and dignified, could not prevent the infinite grotesque of the others from having its effect on the spectator. The monks and priesthood of France amounted to little less than a hundred and fifty thousand. All were now thrown up from the darkness of centuries before a wondering world. I had Milton's vision of Limbo before my eyes.

"Embryos and idiots, eremites and friars,
A violent cross wind from either coast
Blew them transverse. Then might ye
see
Cows, hoods, and habits, with their wear-
ers, tost,
And flutter'd into rags; their reliques,
beads,
Indulgences, dispenses, pardons, bulls,
The sport of winds."

The mire was fully stirred up in which the hierarchy had enjoyed its sleep and sunshine for a thousand years. The weeds and worms had

been fairly scraped off, which for a thousand years had grown upon the keel of the national vessel, and of which the true wonder was, that the vessel had been able to make sail with them clinging to her so long. In fact, I was thus present at one of the most remarkable phenomena of the whole Revolution. The flight of a noblesse was nothing to this change. The glittering peerage of France, created by a court, and living in perpetual connexion with the court, as naturally followed its fate as a lapdog follows the fortunes of its mistress; but here was a digging up of the moles, an extermination of the bats, a general extrusion of the subversive principle, to a race of existence which, whether above or below ground, seemed almost to form a part of the soil. Monks were broken up, like a ship dashed against the shores of the bay of Biscay. The ship was not only wrecked, but all its fragments continued to be tossed on the ceaseless surge. The Gallican church was flung loose over Europe, at a time when all Europe itself was in commotion. I own, to the discredit of my political foresight, that I thought its forms and follies extinguished for ever. The snake was more tenacious of life than I had dreamed. But if I erred, I did not err alone.

Mordecai, whom I found immersed deeper and deeper in continental politics, and who scarcely denied his being the accredited agent of the emigrant princes, gave his opinion of this strange portion of French society with much more promptitude than he probably would of the probable fall or rise of stocks.

"Of all the gamblers at the great gambling-table of France," said he, "the clergy have played their game the worst. By leaving their defence to the throne, they have only dragged down the throne. By relying on the good sense of the National Assembly, they have left themselves without a syllable to say. Like men pleading by counsel, they have been at the mercy of their counsel, and been ruined at once by their weakness and their treachery."

On my observing to him that the church of France was necessarily feeblener than either the throne or the nobles, and that, therefore, its natural course was to depend on both—

"Rely upon it," said the keen Jew

“that any one great institution of the state which suffers itself, in the day of danger, to depend on any other for existence, will be ruined. When all are pressed, each will be glad to get rid of the pressure, by sacrificing the most dependent. The church should have stood on its own defence. The Gallican hierarchy was, beyond all question, the most powerful in Europe. Rome and her cardinals were tinsel and toys to the solid strength of the great provincial clergy of France. They had numbers, wealth, and station. Those things would give influence among a population of Hottentots. Let other hierarchies take example. They threw them all away, at the first move of a bloody handkerchief on the top of a Parisian pike. They had vast power with the throne; but what had once been energy they turned into encumbrance, and if the throne is pulled down, it will be by their weight. They had a third of the land in actual possession, and they allowed themselves to be stripped of it by a midnight vote of a drunken assembly. If they were caricatured in Paris, they had three-fourths of the population as fast bound to them as bigotry and their daily bread could bind. Three months ago, they might have marched to Paris with their crucifixes in front, and three millions of stout peasantry in their rear, have captured the capital, and fricaseed the foolish legislature. And now, they have archbishops learning to live on a shilling a-day.”

From the Horse-guards I had yet obtained nothing, but promises of “being remembered on the first vacancy;” Clotilde was still a sufferer, and my time, like that of every man without an object, began to be a deplorable encumbrance. In short, my vision of high life and its happiness was fairly vanishing hour by hour. I occasionally met Lafontaine; but, congenial as our tempers might be, our natures had all the national difference, and I sometimes envied, and as often disdained, his buoyancy. Even he, too, had his fluctuations; and a letter from Mariamne, a little more or less petulant, raised and sank him like the spirits in a thermometer.

But one day he rushed into my apartment with a look of that despair which only foreigners can assume, and which actually gave me the idea

that he was about to commit suicide. Flinging himself into a chair, and plunging his hand deep into his bosom, from which I almost expected to see him draw the fatal weapon, he extracted a paper, and held it forth to me. “Read!” he exclaimed, with the most pathetic tones of Talma in tragedy—“read my ruin!” I read, and found that it was a letter from his domineering little Jewess, commanding him to throw up his commission on the spot, and especially not to go to France, on penalty of her eternal displeasure. My looks asked an explanation. “There!” cried the hero of the romance, “there!—see the caprice, the cruelty, the intolerable tyranny of that most uncertain, intractable, and imperious of all human beings!” I had neither consolation nor contradiction to offer.

He then let me into his own secret, with an occasional episode of the secrets of others—the substance of the whole being, that a counter revolution was preparing in France; that, after conducting the correspondence in London for some time, he had been ordered to carry a despatch, of the highest importance, to the secret agency in Paris; and that the question was now between love and honour—Mariamne having, by some unlucky hint dropped from her father, received intimation of the design, and putting her veto on his bearing any part in it in the most peremptory manner. What was to be done? The unfortunate youth was fairly on the horns of the dilemma, and he obviously saw no way of extrication but the usual Parisian expedient of the pistol.

While he alternately raved and wept, the thought struck me—“Why might I not go in his place?” I was growing weary of the world, however little I knew of it. I had no Mariamne either to prohibit or to weep for me. The only being for whom I wished to live was lost to me already. I offered myself as the carrier of the despatch without delay.

I never saw ecstasy so visible in a human being; his eloquence exhausted the whole vocabulary of national rapture. “I was his friend, his brother, his preserver. I was the best, the ablest, the noblest of men.” But when I attempted to escape from this overflow of gratitude, by observing on the very simple nature of the service, his

recollection returned, and he generously endeavoured, with equal zeal, to dissuade me from an enterprise of which the perils were certainly neither few nor trifling. He was now in despair at my obstinacy. The emigration of the French princes had not merely weakened their cause in France, but had sharpened the malice of their enemies. Their agents had been arrested in all quarters, and any man

who ventured to carry on a correspondence with them, was now alike in danger of assassination and of the law. After debating the matter long, without producing conviction on either side, it was at length agreed to refer the question to Mordecai, whom La-fontaine now formally acknowledged to be master of the secret on both sides of the Channel.

A VISION OF THE WORLD.

By DELTA.

A BLOSSOM on a laurel tree—a cloudlet on the sky
Borne by the breeze—a panorama shifting on the eye ;
A zig-zag lightning-flash amid the elemental strife—
Yea ! each and all are emblems of man's transitory life !
Brightness dawns on us at our birth—the dear small world of home,
A tiny paradise from which our wishes never roam,
Till boyhood's widening circle brings its myriad hopes and fears,
The guileless faith that never doubts—the friendship that endears.

Each house and tree—each form and face, upon the ready mind
Their impress leave ; and, in old age, that impress fresh we find,
Even though long intermediate years, by joy and sorrow sway'd,
Should there no mirror find, and in oblivion have decay'd.
How fearful first the shock of death ! to think that even one
Whose step we knew, whose voice we heard, should see no more the sun ;
That though a thousand years were ours, that form should never more
Revisit, with its welcome smiles, earth's once-deserted shore !

Look round the dwellings of the street—and tell, where now are they
Whose tongues made glad each separate hearth, in childhood's early day ;
Now strangers, or another generation, there abide,
And the churchyard owns their lowly graves, green-mouldering side by side !
Spring ! Summer ! Autumn ! Winter ! then how vividly each came !
The moonlight pure, the starlight soft, and the noontide sheath'd in flame ;
The dewy morning with her birds, and evening's gorgeous dyes,
As if the mantles of the blest were floating through the skies.

I laid me down, but not in sleep—and Memory flew away
To mingle with the sounds and scenes the world had shown by day ;
Now listening to the lark, she stray'd across the flowery hill,
Where trickles down from bowering groves the brook that turns the mill ;
And now she roam'd the city lanes, where human tongues are loud,
And mix the lofty and the low amid the motley crowd,
Where subtle-eyed philosophy oft heaves a sigh, to scan
The aspiring grasp, and paltry insignificance of man !

'Mid floods of light in festal halls, with jewels rare bedight,
To music's soft and syren sounds, paced damosel with knight ;
It seem'd as if the fiend of grief from earthly bounds was driven,
For there were smiles on every cheek that spake of nought but heaven ;
But, from that gilded scene, I traced the revellers one by one,
With sad and sunken features each, unto their chambers lone ;
And of that gay and smiling crowd whose bosoms leapt to joy,
How many might there be, I ween'd, whom care did not annoy ?

Some folded up their wearied eyes to dark unhallow'd dreams—
The soldier to his scenes of blood, the merchant to his schemes:
Pride, jealousy, and slighted love, robb'd woman of her rest ;
Revenge, deceit, and selfishness, sway'd man's unquiet breast.
Some, turning to the days of youth, sigh'd o'er the sinless time
Ere passion led the heart astray to folly, care, and crime ;
And of that dizzy multitude, from found or fancied woes,
Was scarcely one whose slumbers fell like dew upon the rose !

Then turn'd I to the lowly hearth, where scarcely labour brought
The simplest and the coarsest meal that craving nature sought ;
Above, outspread a slender roof, to shield them from the rain,
And their carpet was the verdure with which nature clothes the plain ;
Yet there the grateful housewife sat, her infant on her knee,
Its small palms clasp'd within her own, as if likewise pray'd he ;
For ere their fingers brake the bread, from toil incessant riven,
Son, sire, and matron bow'd their heads, and pour'd their thanks to Heaven.

What, then, I thought, is human life, if all that thus we see
Of pageantry and of parade devoid of pleasure be !
If only in the conscious heart true happiness abide,
How oft, alas ! has wretchedness but grandeur's cloak to hide ?
And when upon the outward cheek a transient smile appears,
We little reck how lately hath its bloom been damp'd by tears,
And how the voice, whose thrillings from a light heart seem'd to rise,
Throughout each sleepless watch of night gave utterance but to sighs.

This was the moral, calm and deep, which to my musing thought,
From all the varying views of man and life, reflection brought—
That most things are not what they seem, and that the outward shows
Of grade and rank are only masks that hide our joys and woes ;
That with the soul, the soul alone, resides the awful power,
To light with sunshine or o'ergloom the solitary hour ;
And that the human heart is but a riddle to be read,
When all the darkness round it now in other worlds hath fled.

Why, then, should sorrow cloud the brow, should misery crush the heart,
Since all life's varied changes "come like shadows, so depart ?"
There is one sun, there is one shower, to evil and to just,
And health, and strength, and length of days, and to all the common dust :
But as the snake throws off its skin, the soul throws off its clay,
And soars, till purpled are its wings with everlasting day ;
God, having winnow'd with his flail the chaff from out the wheat,
When those, who seem'd alike when here, approach'd his judgment-seat.

THE BANKRUPTCY OF THE GREEK KINGDOM.

Come let us drink their memory,
 Those glorious Greeks of old—
 On shore and sea the Famed, the Free,
 The Beautiful—the Bold!
 The mind or mirth that lights each page,
 Or bowl by which we sit,
 Is sunfire pilfer'd from their age—
 Gems splinter'd from their wit.
 Then, drink and swear by Greece, that there
 Though Rhenish Huns may live,
 In Britain we the liberty
 She loved will keep alive.

Philhellenic Drinking-song. By B. Simmons. In our July
 No. CCCXXXIII.

SIR ROBERT PEEL, Monsieur Guizot, and Count Nesselrode, Great Britain, France, and All the Russias, have announced to the world that the kingdom of Greece is bankrupt. The *Morning Chronicle*, at a time when it was regarded as a semi-official authority on foreign affairs, declared and certified that the king of Greece was an idiot. Verily! the battle of Navarino has proved a most "untoward event."

In these degenerate days, a revolution is by no means so serious a matter as a bankruptcy, and kings require rather more than the ordinary proportion of wit to keep their feet steady in their slippery elevation. Greece is therefore clearly in a most lamentable condition, and the British public who adopted her, and fed her for a while on every luxury, now cares very little about her misfortunes. Sir Francis Burdett, Sir John Hobhouse, and the Right Honourable Edward Ellice, who once acted as her trustees, and Joseph Hume—the immaculate and invulnerable Joseph himself, who once stood forward as her champion—have forgotten her existence.

There can be no permanent sympathy where truth is wanting, but the public does not attend to the correct translation of *Græcia mendax*; it ought to convey the fact, that foreigners tell more lies about Greece than the natives themselves. Old Juvenal calls the Greeks a mendacious set of fabulists, for recording that Xerxes made a canal through the isthmus to the north of Mount Athos. Colonel Leake declares that the traces of the

canal are visible to all men at this day, who ride across that desert plain. The moral we wish to inculcate is, that modern politicians should learn, from the error of the old Roman satirist, to look before they leap. We shall now endeavour to supply our readers with an impartial account of the present condition of the Greeks, without meddling with politics or political speculation. Our opinion is, that the country ought not to be put in the *Gazette*, nor ought the king to be sent to the hospital. Greece is not quite bankrupt, and King Otho is not quite an idiot. Funds are scarce every where with borrowers in this unlucky year 1843, and wit scarcer still with most men.

Our readers are aware, that Great Britain, France, and Russia, having constituted themselves into an alliance for protecting Greece, concocted together a long series of protocols, and selected Prince Otho of Bavaria to be King of Greece.* The prince was then a promising youth of seventeen years of age, destined by his royal father to be a priest, and—his holiness the Pope willing—in due time a cardinal. At the time of King Otho's election, a national assembly was sitting in Greece, and a military revolution was raging in the country, in consequence of the assassination of Capo d'Istria. The recognition of King Otho was obtained from this national assembly by the ministers of the three protecting powers, amidst scenes of promising, threatening, and stabbing, which will long form a deep stain on the Greek revolution, and on European diplomacy. Mr Parish,

* Three large volumes of papers relative to the affairs of Greece have been laid before Parliament in 1830, 1832, 1833, and 1836.

who was subsequently secretary of the British Legation in Greece, has described the drama, and the share which the ministers of the allied powers took in arranging its acts.

It was well known that King Otho and his regency could not arrive for several months; and it appeared to be the duty of the protecting powers, who had selected a sovereign for Greece, to maintain tranquillity in the country until the arrival of the new government. The representatives of the allied powers shrank from this responsibility. The national assembly seemed determined to vote two addresses—one congratulating King Otho on his selection to the throne, assuring him of the submission of the nation, but stating to him the laws and usages of Greece, and informing him that his new dignity imposed on him the duty of rendering justice to all men according to the laws and institutions of Greece. This address might have failed to interest the foreign ministers, but it became known that another was to follow—thanking the protecting powers for the selection they had made of a monarch, but calling upon them to maintain order in the country until the arrival of the young king, or of a legally appointed regency.

The representatives of the European powers knew that Greece was in a state of anarchy, and that the irregular troops scattered over the country, were destroying the resources of the new monarchy; yet to escape the responsibility of advising their courts to act, they thought fit to persuade a few of the political leaders of different parties to unite in silencing the observations of the representatives of the Greek nation, and looked on while a military insurrection compelled the assembly to adopt a decree in the following words—

“The representatives of the Greek nation recognise and confirm the selection of H. R. H. Prince Otho of Bavaria as King of Greece.

“The present decree shall be inserted in the acts of the assembly, and published by the press.”

The military rabble outside then rushed in and dispersed the representatives of the Greek nation. No rhetorical Greek ever prepared this precious decree. It tells its own tale; it

is too diplomatically laconic. It served its purpose in Europe: it looked so well suited to act as an annex to a protocol. Here, however, we have the source of half the evils of the Greek monarchy. King Otho's reign commenced with a violation of law, order, and common sense; and as this violation of every principle of justice had been openly countenanced by the political agents of the protecting powers, King Otho was misled into a belief that Great Britain, France, and Russia, wished to deliver Greece, bound hand and foot, and despoiled of every right, into his hands.

Various reasons, at the time, induced the Greeks to submit to these proceedings without a murmur, and even to turn away from those who endeavoured to raise a warning voice. The truth is, no sacrifice was too great, which held out a hope of putting an end to the existing anarchy. About thirteen thousand irregular troops were occupying the richest part of Greece, and destroying or consuming every thing that had escaped the Turks. The cattle and sheep of the peasantry were seized, the olive trees cut down for fuel; and while the people were dying of hunger, literally perishing for want of food, these banditti were feasting in abundance. The political Greeks, the jackals of diplomacy, cajoled the people and the soldiers, by declaring that the allied powers had furnished the king with money to pay the troops, and to indemnify every man for the losses sustained during the revolution.

King Otho and his regency did at last arrive, and they brought with them an army of Bavarians. The king was received with a degree of enthusiasm, and with proofs of devotion which would have touched any hearts not protected by an impenetrable padding of beer and sour crout. But it was, unfortunately for the young king, the fashion at the new court to despise and distrust the Greeks, to underrate their exploits, and to declaim against their honesty. The revolution was treated as a war of words, the defence of Missolonghi as a trifle, and the naval warfare as a farce. The Greeks have since, on the mountains of Maina, and on the plain of Phthiotis, shown themselves so far superior to the Bavarians when engaged in the field, that we shall say nothing on that

subject. Their honesty has been generally considered more questionable than their courage; for though the names of Miaulis, Kanaris, Marco Botzaris, Niketas, Kolocotroni and Karaïskaki are known to all Europe, the only spotless statesman, in the opinion of the Greeks themselves, is the unknown Kanakaris. The arrival of the king, however, afforded singular proof of the strong feeling of patriotism and honesty which prevailed among the people.

The Bavarians arrived in Greece early in 1833, and the revenues for that year were estimated, by competent persons, at four millions of drachmas; but it was thought that the regency would not succeed in collecting more than three millions, as their recent arrival prevented their enforcing a strict system of control. It was necessary, therefore, to trust much to the honesty of the people, usually a poor guarantee for large payments into the exchequer of any country. But the Greeks felt that their national independence was connected with the stability of the new government, and they acted with true nobility of feeling on the occasion. The revenues received by the king's government in 1833, amounted to upwards of seven millions of drachmas, although two months elapsed before some of the provinces were relieved from the burden of maintaining the irregular soldiery at free quarters. We believe that there never was a government in

the world which received the amount of the taxes imposed on the people with such perfect good faith, as the Greek government in 1833. The expenditure of the government for that year, amounted to something more than thirteen millions and a half, and if Greece had been governed with the honesty shown by the Greek people, the expenditure of future years would never have exceeded that sum.*

We shall now endeavour to explain why the king's government has proved so inefficient in improving the country, and afterwards examine the various causes of its extreme unpopularity. To do this, it is necessary to state what the government has really done; and also, what it was expected to do. We shall try as we go along, to explain the part the protecting powers have acted in thwarting the progress of improvement, and in encouraging the court in its lavish expenditure and anti-national policy. It must, indeed, constantly be borne in mind by the reader, that the three protecting powers in their collective capacity have all along supported the government of King Otho—and that even when the *Morning Chronicle* called King Otho an idiot, and Lord Palmerston quarrelled with him and scolded him, still England joined the other powers in continuing to supply him with money to continue his immense palace, and pay his Bavarian aides-de-camp. We may add, too, that if it had been otherwise, had

* We subjoin a statement of the revenues and expenditure of Greece, for those in which the Greek government have condescended to publish their accounts.

REVENUE.					EXPENDITURE.				
Drachmas.					Drachmas.				
1833,	.	.	.	7,042,653	1833,	.	.	.	13,630,467
1834,	.	.	.	9,455,410	1834,	.	.	.	20,150,657
1835,	.	.	.	10,737,011	1835,	.	.	.	16,851,070
1836,	.	.	.	12,381,000	1836,	.	.	.	16,447,126
1837,	.	.	.	13,313,393	1837,	.	.	.	16,190,527

either Great Britain, France, or Russia, deliberately abandoned the alliance, King Otho would immediately have ceased to be King of Greece, unless supported on his throne by the direct interference of the other two. Had the Greeks not looked upon him as the pledge that the protecting powers would maintain order in the country, they would have sent him back to his royal father, as ornamental at Munich, where an additional king would make the town look gayer, but as utterly useless in Greece. Though, England, France, and Russia, have therefore each in their turn acted in opposition to King Otho, still they have always as a body supported his doings, right or wrong.

Let us now see what the government of King Otho has done for Greece. From 1833 until 1837, Greece was governed by Bavarian ministers, and accordingly the king was not considered directly responsible for the conduct of the administration. These ministers were Mr Maurer, who, during 1833 and part of 1834, directed the government. He was supported with great eagerness by France, and opposed with more energy by England. The liberal and anti Russian tendency of his measures, alarmed Russia, but she showed her opposition with considerable moderation. Count Armanberg succeeded Mr Maurer, and he ruled Greece with almost absolute power for two years. He was supported by Lord Palmerston with the energy of the most determined partizanship. The institutions of Greece, liberal policy, and sound principles of commercial legislation, were all forgotten, because Count Armanberg was anti-Russian. The opposition of France and Russia was strongly announced, but restrained within reasonable bounds. Mr Rudhart succeeded Count Armanberg. He, poor man! was assailed by England with all the artillery of Palmerston; and as neither France nor Russia would undertake to support so unfit a person, he was driven from his post.

The Greek government enjoyed every possible advantage during the administration of these Bavarians. A loan of L.2,400,000, contracted under the guarantee of the three protecting powers, kept the treasury full; so that no plan for the improvement of Greece, or for enriching the Bavarians, was

arrested for want of funds. We shall now pass in review what was done.

1. A good monetary system was established. The allies, it is true, supplied the metal, but the Bavarians deserve the merit of transferring as much of it as they could into their own pockets, in a very respectable coinage.

2. The irregular troops were disbanded, and many of them driven over the frontier into Turkey. The thing was very clumsily done; but, thank Heaven! it was done, and Greece was delivered from this horde of banditti.

3. Every Bavarian officer or cadet was promoted, and every Greek officer was reduced to a lower rank. We cannot venture to describe the rage of the Greeks, nor the presumption of the Bavarians.

4. An order of knighthood was created, of which the decorations were distributed in the following manner: One hundred and twenty-five grand crosses, and crosses of grand commanders, were divided as follows: The protecting powers received ninety-one, that is, thirty a-piece if they agreed to divide fairly. The odd one was really given to Baron Rothschild, as contractor of the loan. The Bavarians took twenty-three. The Greeks received ten for services during the war of the revolution, and during the national assembly which accepted King Otho, and one was bestowed among the foreigners who had served Greece during the war with Turkey. Six hundred and fourteen crosses of inferior rank were distributed, and of these the Greeks received only one hundred and forty-five; so that really the protecting powers and the Bavarians reserved for themselves rather more than a fair proportion of this portion of the loan, especially if they expected the Greeks not to become bankrupt.

5. All the Greek civil servants of King Otho were put into light blue uniforms, covered with silver lace, at one hundred pounds sterling a-head. And, O Gemini! such uniforms! Those who have seen the ambassador of his Hellenic majesty at the court of St James's, at a levee or a drawing-room, will not soon forget the merits of his tailor.

6. Ambassadors were sent to Paris, London, St. Petersburg, Munich, Madrid, Berlin, Vienna, and Constantinople, and Consuls-general to all the ends of the earth.

7. A council of state was formed.

8. The civil government was organized, and royal governors appointed in all the provinces, who maintain a direct correspondence with the minister of the interior.

9. A very respectable judicial administration was formed, and codes of civil and criminal procedure published.

10. The Greek Church was organized on a footing which rendered it independent of the patriarch at Constantinople without causing a schism. This is unquestionably the ablest act of Mr Maurer's administration, and it drew on him the whole hatred of Russia.

11. The communal and municipal system of Greece, the seat of the vitality of the Greek nation, was adopted as the foundation of the social edifice in the monarchy. It is true some injudicious Bavarian modifications were made; but time will soon consign to oblivion these delusions of Teutonic intellect.

12. The liberty of the press was admitted to be an inherent right of Greek citizens.

The five last-mentioned measures are entirely due to the liberal spirit and sound legal knowledge of Mr Maurer, who, if he had been restrained from meddling with diplomacy, and quarreling with the English and Russian ministers at Nauplia, would have been universally regarded as a most useful minister. But all the practical good Greece has derived from the Bavarians, is confined to a few of his acts.

The accession of Count Armansperg to power, opened a new scene. A certain number of Greeks were then admitted to high and lucrative employments, on condition that they would support the Bavarian system, and declare that their country was not yet fit for the enjoyment of constitutional liberty. The partizans of Mr Maurer were dismissed and sent back to Bavaria: a few good bribes were given to newspaper editors and noisy democrats; but the Bavarians were kept in the possession of the richest part of the spoil. Accordingly, the cry of the Greeks against Bavarian influence and Bavarian rapacity never ceased. Rudhart's government was a continuation of that of Armansperg, only with the difference that he leaned on a different foreign power for support. Neither Armansperg nor Rudhart conferred any benefit on Greece.

They formed a phalanx or corps of veterans; but as they laid down no invariable rules for admission, but kept the door open as a means of creating a party among the military, this institution has become a scene of jobbing and abuse.

A law conferring a portion of land on every Greek family was passed; but as it was intended to serve political purposes, it was never put into general execution. A number of sales of national lands has been made under it, in direct violation of every principle of law and justice; and as detached pieces of the richest plains in Greece have been alienated in this way, the resources of the country will be found to have been very seriously diminished by this singular species of wholesale corruption.

Rudhart was compelled from his weakness to make one or two steps in the national path. He assembled the council of state, and called the provincial councils and the university into activity.

We have now arrived at the period when King Otho assumed the reins of government. From the year 1838 to the present day, he has been his own irresponsible prime minister; for the apparent ministers Zographos, Paikos, Maurocordatos and Rizos, have never enjoyed his unlimited confidence, nor have they been viewed with much favour by the people. Indeed, with the exception of Maurocordatos, they are men of inferior ability, and of no character or standing in the country. Any one who will take the trouble to read those portions of their diplomatic correspondence with the ministers of the allied powers at Athens, which have been published, will be convinced of their utter unfitness for the offices they have held. Let the reader contrast these precious specimens of inaccuracy and rigmarole, with the come-to-the-truth style of our own minister, or the sarcastic, let-us-go-quietly-over-your-reasoning style, in which the Russian minister answers them.

In order that our readers may form some idea of the manner in which King Otho has carried on the government for five years, we shall describe the political machine he has framed—name it we cannot; for it resembles nothing the world has yet seen amidst all the multifarious combinations of cabinet-making, which kings, sultans, krais,

emperors, czars, or khans, have yet presented to the envious contemplation of aspiring statesmen. The king of Greece, it must be observed, is a monarch whose ministers are held by a fiction of law to be responsible; and the editor of an Athenian newspaper has been fined and imprisoned for declaring that this fiction is not a fact. These ministers are not permitted by King Otho to assemble together in council, unless he himself be present. The assembly would be too democratic for Otho's nerves. In short, the king has a ministry, but his ministers do not form a cabinet; his cabinet is a separate concern. Each minister waits on his majesty with his portfolio under his arm, and receives the royal commands. To simplify business, however, and make the ministers fully sensible of their real insignificance, King Otho frequently orders the clerks in the public offices to come to his royal presence, with the papers on which they have been engaged; and by this means he shows the ministers, that though they are necessary in consequence of the fiction of law, they may be rendered very secondary personages in their own departments. If it were not a useless waste of time, we could lay before our readers instances of this singularly easy mode of doing business—instances, too, which have been officially communicated to the allied powers. His majesty carried his love of performing ministerial duties so far, that for more than a year he dispensed entirely with a minister of finance; and divided the functions of that office among three of the clerks: no bad preparation for a national bankruptcy, we must allow—yet the protecting powers viewed this political vagary of his majesty with perfect indifference.

The most singular feature of King Otho's government is his cabinet, or, as the Greek newspapers call it, "the Camarilla." This cabinet has no official constitution; yet its members put their titles on the visiting cards which they leave, as advertisements of the existence of this irresponsible body, at the houses of the foreign ministers. It consists, or, until the late financial difficulties deranged all the royal plans, it consisted, of four Bavarians and two Greeks. Its duty is to prepare projects of laws to be adopted by the different ministers, and to assist the king in selecting individuals appointed to

public offices. This is the feature which excites the greatest indignation at Athens; the minister of war does not dare to promote a corporal; the minister of public instruction would tremble to send a village schoolmaster to a country *demos*, even at the expense of the citizens; and the minister of finance would not risk the responsibility of conferring the office of porter of the customhouse at Patras, before receiving the royal instructions how to act on such emergencies, and ascertaining what creature of the camarilla it was necessary to provide for.

We have already mentioned the council of state; it consists of about twenty individuals chosen by his majesty, a motley congregation—some cannot read—others cannot write—some came to Greece after the revolution was over—some, long after the king himself. This council is, by one of the fictions of law so common in the Hellenic kingdom, supposed to form a legislative council, and it is implied that it ought to be considered as tantamount to a representative assembly. Some of its members are most brave and respectable men, who have rendered Greece good service; but since they were decked out in silver uniforms, and received large salaries to form a portion of the court pageant, they have lost much of their influence in the country, either for good or evil. The king looks upon these patriotic members as an insignificant minority, or an ignorant majority, as the case may be, and he has more than once set aside the opposition of this council, by publishing laws rejected by a majority of its members. To speak a plain truth in rude phrase—the council of state is a farce.

King Otho, with his Greek ministers, his Bavarian cabinet, and his motley council of state, is therefore, to all appearance, a more absolute sovereign than his neighbour, Abdul-Meschid. But we must now leave the royal authority, and turn our attention to an important chapter in the Greek question; one which nevertheless has not hitherto met with proper study either from the king, his allies, or the public in Western Europe—we mean the institutions of the Greek people.

The inhabitants of Greece consist of two classes, who, from having been placed for many ages in totally different circumstances, are extremely dif-

ferent in manners and in civilization. These are the population of the towns or the commercial class, and the inhabitants of the country or the agricultural class. The traders have usually been considered by strangers as affording the true type of the Greek character; but a very little reflection ought to have convinced any one, that the insecurity of the Turkish government, and the constant change in the channels of trade in the East, had given this class of the population a most Hebraical indifference to "the dear name of country." To the Fanariote and the Sciote, Wallachia or Trieste were delightful homes, if dollars were plentiful. But the agricultural population of Greece was composed of very different materials. We are inclined to consider them as the most obstinately patriotic race on which the sun shines; their patriotism is a passion and an instinct, and, from being restricted to their village or their district, often looks quite as like a vice as a virtue. This class is altogether so unlike any portion of the population of Western Europe, that we should be more likely to mislead than to enlighten our readers by attempting to describe it. The peasants are themselves inclined to distrust the population of the towns, and look on Bavarians, Fanariotes, and government officers, as a tribe of enemies embodying different degrees of rapacity under various names. They have as yet derived little benefit from the government of King Otho, for their taxes are greater now than they were under the Turks, and they very sagaciously attribute the existence of order in Greece to the alliance of the kings of the Franks, not to the military prowess of the Bavarians.

There is a third class of men in Greece who hold in some degree the position of an aristocracy. This class is composed of all those individuals who from education are entitled to hold government appointments; and at the head of this class figure the Fanariotes or Greek families who were in the habit of serving under the Turkish government. Many of the Fanariotes move about seeking their fortunes, from Greece to Turkey, Wallachia, and Moldavia, and *vice versa*. One brother will be found holding an office in the suite of the Prince of Moldavia, and another in the court of King Otho. This class

is more attached to foreign influence than to Greek independence, and is almost as generally unpopular in the country as the Bavarians; and perhaps not without reason, as it supplies the court with abler and more active instruments than could be found among the dull Germans.

We must now notice the great peculiarity of the national constitution of the Greeks as a distinct people. There is indeed a singular difference in the organization of the European nations, which does not always meet with due attention from historians. The various governments of Europe are divided into absolute and constitutional; but it is seldom considered necessary to explain whether the people are ruled by officers appointed by the central authority of the state, or by magistrates elected by local assemblies of the people. Yet, as the character of a nation is more important in history than the form of its government, it is as much the duty of the historian to examine the institutions of the people, as it is the business of the politician to be acquainted with the action of the government. To illustrate this, we shall describe in general terms the political constitution of the Greeks, and leave our readers to compare it with the share enjoyed by the French, and some other of the constitutional nations, in their own local government. After all the boasted liberty and equality of the subjects of the Citizen King, we own that we consider that the Greeks possess national institutions resting on a surer and more solid basis.

All Greece is, and always has been, divided into communities enjoying the right of choosing their own magistrates, and these magistrates decide a number of police and administrative questions not affecting crimes and rights of property. The most populous town, and the smallest hamlet, equally exercise this privilege, and it is to its existence that the Greeks owe the power of resistance they were enabled to exert against their Roman and Turkish masters. We shall not enter into the history of this institution, under the Turks, at present; as it is sufficient for our purpose to give our readers a correct idea of the existing state of things. A local elective magistracy is formed, which prevents the central government from goading

the people to insurrection by the insolence of office which the inferior agents of an ill-organized administration constantly display. Fortunately for the tranquillity of the country, the local administration works its way onward through the daily difficulties which present themselves, independent of king, ministers, councillors of state, or royal governors.

In order to make our description as exact as possible, without presenting a vague statistical view of the whole kingdom, for the accuracy of which we would not pretend to answer, we confine our observations to the province of Attica, concerning which we have been able to obtain official information from all the communes.

1. Athens, containing	22,309 inhabitants.
2. Piræus, . . .	2099 . . .
3. Kekropia, . . .	2158 . . .
4. Marathon, . . .	1214 . . .
5. Phyle, . . .	2659 . . .
6. Laurion, . . .	1470 . . .
7. Kalamos, . . .	2000 . . .

33,909

It will be enough for our purpose to describe the local constitution of the city of Athens, and then point out the slight variations which circumstances render necessary in the secluded agricultural communes of the province.

The magistrates of Athens consist of a demarch (provost), six *paredhroi* (bailies), and a town-council composed of eighteen members. The town-council is selected by all the citizens, who vote by signed lists, containing the names of thirty-six individuals. The eighteen who have a majority of votes become members of the town-council, and the remaining eighteen who have the greatest number form a list of supplementary members to supply vacancies, and prevent any election being necessary except at the stated periods provided by law. The election of the demarch and *paredhroi* is a more complicated affair. The eighteen members chosen to form the town-council, and eighteen citizens who are the highest tax-payers in the community, then meet together under the presidency of the royal governor

There is, of course, a royal governor in Attica, who resides at Athens; he is named on the responsibility of the minister of the interior, with whom he is in daily correspondence, and is the organ of communication between the royal government and the popular magistracy. Of course, in the present state of things, the officer is appointed by King Otho himself, who has made it a point of statesmanship to keep a person in the place quite as much disposed to serve as a spy on all the ministers, as inclined to execute with zeal the orders of his immediate superior.

The population of Attica is divided into seven communes or demarchies.*

of the province. This meeting first proceeds to elect two of its number to open the ballot-box, and assist and control the conduct of the royal governor, as vice-presidents of the assembly. The election proceeds, the persons present voting by ballot. The names of candidates for the office of demarch must be returned, from which the king selects one, and six *paredhroi* chosen, who must all have an absolute majority of votes. The indirect election of the demarch is extremely unpopular, as it has no effect except to enable the king to exclude two popular but uncourtly citizens from every municipal office.

The plan of election in the country districts is precisely similar, but the town-council is less numerous, and each village has its own resident *paredhros*. The election of the demarch and of the *paredhroi* is conducted as at Athens, and the royal governor of the province is compelled to visit each commune in turn, in order to preside at the election. The whole system rests on a popular basis. Every citizen possessing property, or

* To this population of 33,909, must be added the troops and strangers in Athens, and at the Piræus, who are not citizens. They generally exceed three thousand.

enrolled in the list of citizens from paying taxes, enjoys a vote in the election of the magistrates of his demos. The royal authority only concurs in so far as is required to preserve order, and give an official certificate of the legality of the proceedings.

We come now to another popular institution, which gives a great degree of political strength to the municipal organization of Greece, and protects its liberties in a manner unknown in most other countries. Each province possesses a provincial council, the members of which are elected by the citizens of the different demoi into which the province is divided—a demos containing 2000 inhabitants, sends one representative; a demos with 10,000 but exceeding 2000, sends two representatives; and a demos having more than 10,000 inhabitants, sends three. Here, however, the electors are required to pay fifty drachmas of direct taxes to the general government in order to be entitled to vote.*

It will be seen, on referring to the population of the Attic demoi, that the provincial council of Attica consists of twelve members, and these members are elected for six years. The restriction on the electors is not unpopular in Greece, as it is connected with an extended suffrage in the municipal elections. Upwards of 500 citizens voted in Athens at the last elections of provincial councillors. The provincial councils meet every year in the months of February or March, as that is the season when the landed proprietors in the country can most conveniently absent themselves from their farms. The council chooses its own president and secretary, but the royal governor of the province has the right to attend its meeting. The budget of each demos must be presented to the council and approved by it, and it has the power of rejecting any item of expenditure; but it can only recommend, not enforce, any additional expense. It is likewise the business of the provincial council to examine the grounds on which any demos solicits the power of imposing local taxes: it proposes also general improvements for the whole province, and has the power of assessing the taxes necessary for car-

rying them into effect. Roads, barracks for *gendarmes*, prisons, hospitals, and schools, are objects of its attention. Its acts must all be presented to the minister of the interior at the conclusion of the session, and they acquire validity only from the time the minister communicates the royal assent to the proceedings.

This system of popular government, in all matters directly connected with the daily business of the citizens, is a wise arrangement, and it has proved a powerful engine for the preservation of order amidst a population accustomed to anarchy, revolution, and despotism; and it has also formed a firm barrier against the tyrannical aspirations of the Bavarians. Indeed, had King Otho's government not been prevented, by this municipal system, from coming into daily contact with the people, we are persuaded that it would long ago have thrown Greece into convulsions, and caused the massacre of every Bavarian in the country.

From the account we have given of the royal central government on the one hand, and of the local magistracy on the other, it will be evident to our readers that there are two powers at work in Greece, which, unless they are united in the pursuit of some common objects, must at last engage in a contest for the mastery.

We shall now notice the newspaper allegation, that the Greek court is composed entirely of Bavarians. This was once the case, but it ceased to be strictly true from the moment Armansperg introduced the system of bribing the Greeks to join the Bavarian party; and at present the government is supported almost entirely by Greek deserters from the national cause. There is now no Bavarian in the ministry, and there are Greeks in the cabinet. Many of the Greeks who affect with foreigners to be loud in their complaints against the Bavarians, are, in the administration, the most strenuous supporters of King Otho's system, and, like Maurocordatos, the declared opponents of a national assembly and of a representative form of government. They declare to the king that it is necessary to retain some Bavarians in Greece, and they really wish

* Twenty-eight drachmas make a pound sterling.

it done in order to exclude their Greek rivals from office. A revolution, followed by a foreign government, and a lavish expenditure, has demoralized sterner stuff than Greek politicians are made of; so that it is more to be regretted than wondered at, when it appears that the Greek court has an unusually large supply of venal political adventurers always ready to enter its service.

This band consists of the Fanariotes, who were trained to official aptitude and immorality under the Turks—of the politicians of the revolution who deserted the cause of their country for the service of the protecting powers at the last national assembly—and of a large class of educated men not bred to commerce, who have resorted to Greece to make their fortunes, and are now ready to accept places under any government. The court, in its ignorance of Greece, has often purchased the services of these men at their own valuation; and from this cause originates the crowd of incapable councillors of state, useless ambassadors and consuls, ignorant ministerial councillors and royal governors, and dishonest commissaries, who assemble round King Otho in his palace. But time is rolling on—ten years have elapsed since King Otho first stepped on the Hellenic soil—the heroes of the war are sinking into the grave—Miaulis, the best of the brave—Zaimi, the sagacious timid Moreote noble—Kolocotroni, the sturdy shrewd old klephtic chieftain;—these three representatives and leaders of numerous classes of their countrymen, now sleep in an honoured grave, and their followers no longer form a majority in the land. A new race has arisen, a race equal in education to the Maurocordatos, Rizos, Soutzos, Karadjas, Tricoupis, and Kolettis, and possessing the immense advantage over these men of occupying a social position of greater independence. The fiery vehemence of youth placed most of these new men in the opposition when they entered on life. A political career being closed, they were, fortunately for their country, obliged to devote all their attention to the cultivation of their estates, and content themselves with improving their vineyards and olive plantations instead of governing their country. Years have now brought an increase of

wealth, habits of moderation, steadiness of purpose, and feelings of independence.

In a country such as we have described Greece, and we flatter ourselves our description will bear examination on the part of travellers and diplomatic gentlemen, we ask if there can be any doubt of the ultimate success of popular institutions? For our own part, we feel persuaded that Greece can only escape from a fierce civil war by the convocation of a national representative assembly.—We adopted this opinion from the moment that the Bavarian government was unable to destroy the liberty of the press, after plunging into the contest and awakening the political passions of the people. When a sovereign attacks a popular institution without provocation, and fails in his attack, and when the people show that concentrated energy which inspires the prudence necessary to use victory with a moderation which produces no reaction against their cause, their victory is sure. Under such circumstances a nation can patiently wait the current of events. If Greece exist as a monarchy, we believe it will soon have a national assembly; and if King Otho remain its sovereign, we have a fancy that he will not long delay convoking one. Nothing, indeed, can long prevent some representative body from meeting together, unless it be the interference, direct or indirect, of the three protecting powers. They, indeed, have strength sufficient to become the Three Protecting Tyrants.

We hope that we have now given a tolerably intelligible account of King Otho's government, and how it stands. We shall, therefore, proceed to the second division of our enquiry, and strive to explain the actual state of public feeling in Greece; what the king's government was expected to do, and what it has left undone. We may be compelled here to glance at a few delicate and contested questions in Greek politics, on which, however, we shall not pretend to offer any opinion of our own, but merely collect the facts; and we advise all men who wish to form a decided opinion on such a question, to wait patiently until they have been discussed in a national assembly of Greeks.

The first great question on which the government of King Otho was

expected to decide, was the means necessary to be adopted for discharging the internal debt contracted for carrying on the war against the Turks. This debt resolved itself into two heads: payment for services, and repayment of money advanced. The national assemblies which had met during the revolution, had decreed that every man who served in the army should, at the conclusion of the war, receive a grant of land. It was proposed that King Otho should carry these decrees into execution, by framing lists of all those who had served either in the army, the navy, or in civil employments. The same registers which contain the lists of the citizens of the various communes, could have been rendered available for the purpose of verifying the services of each individual. A fixed number of acres might then have been destined to each man, according to his rank and time of service. This measure would have enabled the Greek government to say, that it had kept faith with the people. It would have induced many of the military to settle as landed proprietors when the first current of enthusiasm in favour of peaceful occupations set in, and it would have been the means of silencing many pretensions of powerful military chiefs, whose silence has since been dearly purchased.

The royal government always resisted these demands of the Greeks, and the consequence was, that when it was necessary to yield from fear, Count Armanberg adopted a law of dotation, which, under the appearance of being a general measure, was only carried into application in cases where partisanship was established; and yet national lands have been alienated to a far greater extent than would have satisfied every claim arising out of the revolutionary war. The king, it is true, has in late years made donations of national land to favoured individuals, to maids of honour, Turkish neophytes, and Bavarian brides; and he has rewarded several political renegades with currant lands, and held out hopes of conferring villages on councillors of state who have been eager defenders of the court; but all this has

been openly done as a matter of royal favour.

With regard to the second class of claimants. Common honesty, if royal gratitude go for nothing in Greece, required that those who advanced money to their country in her day of need, should be repaid their capital. All interest might have been refused—the glory of their disinterested conduct was all the reward they wanted; for few of them would have demanded repayment of the sums due had they been rich enough to offer them as a gift. The refusal of King Otho to repay these sums when he lavished money on his Bavarian favourites and Greek partizans, has probably lowered his character more, both in the East and in Europe, than any of those errors in diplomacy which induced the *Morning Chronicle* to publish, that several Bavarians of rank had written a certificate of his being an idiot, and forwarded it to his royal father. The sum required to pay up all the claims of this class, would not have exceeded the agency paid by King Otho to his Bavarian banker for remitting the loan contracted at Paris to Greece, by the rather circuitous route of Munich.

It was also expected by the Greeks that one of the first acts of the royal government would have been to abolish the duty on all articles carried by sea from one part of the kingdom to another; this duty amounted to six per cent, and was not abolished until the late demands of the three protecting powers for prompt payment of the money due to them by his Hellenic majesty, rendered King Otho rather more amenable to public opinion than he had been previously. A decree was accordingly published a few months ago, abolishing this most injurious tax, the preamble of which declares, with innocent naïveté, that the duty thus levied is not based on principles of equal taxation, but bears oppressively on particular classes.* Alas! poor King Otho! he begins to abolish unjust taxation when his exchequer is empty, and when his creditors are threatening him with the Gazette; and yet he delays calling together a national assembly. It is pos-

* This decree was published in the *Athena* newspaper, and is dated the 20th of April 1843. It does not appear to have been published until some weeks later.

sible that, little by little, King Otho may be persuaded by circumstances to become a tolerable constitutional sovereign at last; but we fear our old friend Hadgi Ismael Bey—may his master never diminish the length of his shadow!—will say on this occasion, as we have heard him say on some others, “Machallah! Truly, the sense of the ghiaour doth arrive after the mischief!” But we hold no opinions in common with Hadgi Ismael Bey, who drinketh water, despiseth the Greek, and hateth the Frank. Our own conjecture is, that King Otho has been studying the history of Theopompus, one of his Spartan predecessors who, like himself, occupied barely half a throne. Colleagues and ephori were in times past as unpleasant associates in the duties of government as protecting powers now are. Now Theopompus looked not lovingly on those who shared his royalty, but, as he understood the signs of the times, he sought to make friends at Sparta by establishing a popular council, that is to say, he convoked a national assembly. Thus, by diminishing the pretensions of royalty, he increased its power. Let King Otho do the same, and if some luckless Bavarian statesmen upbraid him with having thrown away his power, let him reply—“No, my friend, I have only rendered the Bavarian dynasty more durable in Greece.” Οἱ δὴτα, παραδίδامي γὰρ τὴν βασιλείαν πολυχρονιότεραν. If King Otho would once a-day recall to his mind the defence of Missolonghi, if he would reflect on the devotion shown to the cause of their country by the whole population of Greece, he would surely feel prouder of identifying his name and fortunes with a country so honoured and adorned, than of figuring in Bavarian history as the protector of the artists who have reared the enormous palace he has raised at Athens.

The Greeks expected that a civilized government would have taken measures for improving the internal

communications of the country, and exerted itself to open new channels of commercial enterprise. They had hoped to see some part of the loan expended in the formation of roads, and in establishing regular packets to communicate with the islands. The best road the loan ever made, was one to the marble quarries of Pentelicus in order to build the new palace, and the only packets in Greece were converted by his majesty into royal yachts.* The regency, it is true, made a decree announcing their determination to make about 250 miles of road. But their performances were confined to repairing the road from Nauplia to Argos, which had been made by Capo d'Istria. The Greek government, however, has now completed the famous road to the marble quarries, a road of six miles in length to the Piræus, and another of five miles across the isthmus of Corinth. The King of Bavaria very nearly had his neck broken on a road said to have been then practicable between Argos and Corinth. We can answer for its being now perfectly impassable for a carriage. Two considerable military roads are, however, now in progress, one from Athens to Thebes, and another from Argos to Tripolitza. But these roads have been made without any reference to public utility, merely to serve for marching troops and moving artillery, and consequently the old roads over the mountains, as as they require less time, are alone used for commercial transport.

It is evident that a poor peasantry, possessing no other means of transport than their mules and pack-horses, must reckon distance entirely by time, and the only way to make them perceive the advantages to be derived from roads, is forming such bridle-paths as will enable them to arrive at their journey's end a few hours sooner. The Greek government never thought of doing this, and every traveller who has performed the journey

* This is no exaggeration. We once visited the island of Santorin, which has a population of 9000 souls, who own 46 vessels of 200 tons and upwards, besides many smaller craft. King Otho was sailing about in one steamer at the time, and another was acting the man-of-war amidst a fleet of English, French, Prussian, and Austrian frigates in the front of the Piræus; yet no post had been forwarded to Santorin for a fortnight. Santorin is about 90 miles from Athens, and yields a very considerable revenue to the Greek monarchy.

from Patras to Athens, must have seen fearful proofs of this neglect in the danger he ran of breaking his neck at the Kaka-scala or cursed stairs of Megara.

Nay, King Otho's government has employed its *vis inertiae* in preventing the peasantry, even when so inclined, from forming roads at their own expense; for the peasantry of Greece are far more enlightened than the Bavarians. In the year 1841, the provincial council of Attica voted that the road from Kephisia—the marble-quarry road—should be continued through the province of Attica as far as Oropos. Provision was made for its immediate commencement by the labour of the communes through which it was to pass. Every farmer possessing a yoke of oxen was to give three days' labour during the year, and every proprietor of a larger estate was to supply a proportional amount of labour, or commute it for a fixed rate of payment in money. This arrangement gave universal satisfaction. Government was solicited to trace the line of road; but a year passed—one pretext for delay succeeding another, and nothing was done. The provincial council of 1842 renewed the vote, and government again prevented its being carried into execution. It is said that his Majesty is strongly opposed to the system of allowing the Greeks to get the direction of any public business into their own hands; and that he would rather see his kingdom without roads than see the municipal authorities boasting of performing that which the central government was unable to accomplish.

We shall only trouble our readers with a single instance of the manner in which commercial legislation has been treated in Greece. We could with great ease furnish a dozen examples. Austrian timber pays an import duty of six per cent, in virtue of a commercial treaty between Royal Greece and Imperial Austria. Greek timber cut on the mountains round Athens pays an excise duty of ten per cent; and the value of the Greek timber on the mountains is fixed according to the sales made at Athens of Austrian timber, on which the freight and duty have been paid. The effect can be imagined. In our visit to Greece we spent a few days shooting

woodcocks with a fellow-countryman, who possesses an Attic farm in the mountains, near Deceleia. His house was situated amidst fine woods of oak and pine; yet he informed us that the floors, doors, and windows, were all made of timber from Trieste, conveyed from Athens on the backs of mules. The house had been built by contract; and though our friend gave the contractor permission to cut the wood he required within five hundred yards of the house, he found that, what with the high duty demanded by the government, and with the delays and difficulties raised by the officers charged with the valuation, who were Bavarian forest inspectors, the most economical plan was to purchase foreign timber. The consequence of this is, the Greeks burn down timber as unprofitable, and convert the land into pasturage. We have seen many square miles of wood burning on Mount Pentelicus; and on expressing our regret to a Greek minister, he shrugged up his shoulders and said: "That, sir, is the way in which the Bavarian foresters take care of the forests." Yet this Greek, who could sneakingly ridicule the folly of the Bavarians, was too mean to recommend the king to change the law.

Let us now turn to a more enlivening subject of contemplation, and see what the Greeks have done towards improving their own condition. We shall pass without notice all their exertions to lodge and feed themselves, or fill their purses. We can trust any people on those points; our observations shall be confined to the moral culture. We say that the Greeks deserve some credit for turning their attention towards their own improvement, instead of adopting the Gallican system of reform, and raising a revolution against King Otho. They seem to have set themselves seriously to work to render themselves worthy of that liberty, the restoration of which they have so long required in vain from the allied powers. There is, perhaps, no feature in the Greek revolution more remarkable than the eager desire for education manifested by all classes. The central government threw so many impediments in the way of the establishment of a university, that the Greeks perceived that no buildings would be erected either

as lecture-rooms for the professors, or to contain the extensive collections of books which had been sent to Greece by various patriotic Greeks in Europe. Men of all parties were indignant at the neglect, and at last a public meeting was held, and it was resolved to raise a subscription for building the university. The government did not dare to oppose the measure; fortunately, there was one liberal-minded man connected with the court at the time, Professor Brandis of Bonn, and his influence silenced the grumbling of the Bavarians; the subscription proceeded with unrivalled activity, and upwards of L.4000 was raised in a town of little more than twenty thousand inhabitants—half the inhabitants of which had not yet been able to rebuild their own houses. Many travellers have seen the new university at Athens, and visited its respectable library, and they can bear testimony to the simplicity and good sense displayed in the building.

One of the most remarkable features of the great moral improvement which has taken place in the population, is the eagerness displayed for the introduction of a good system of female education. The first female school established in Greece was founded at Syra, in the time of Capo d'Istria, by that excellent missionary the late Rev. Dr Korck, who was sent to Greece by the Church Missionary Society. An excellent female school still exists in this island, under the auspices of the Rev. Mr Hilner, a German missionary ordained in England, and also in connexion with the Church Missionary Society. The first female school at Athens, after the termination of the Revolution, was established by Mrs Hill, an American lady, whose exertions have been above all praise. A large female school was subsequently formed by a society of Greeks, and liberally supported by the Rev. Mr Leeves, and many other strangers, for the purpose of educating female teachers. This society raises about L.800 per annum in subscriptions among the Greeks. We cannot close the subject of female education without adding a tribute of praise to the exertions of Mrs Korck, a Greek lady, widow of the excellent missionary whom we have mentioned as having founded the first female school at

Syra; and of Mr George Constantini-dhes, a Greek teacher, who commenced his studies under the auspices of the British and Foreign School Society, and who has devoted all his energy to the cause of the education of his countrymen, and has always inculcated the great importance of a good system of female education. We insist particularly on the merits of those who devoted their attention to this subject, as indicating a deep conviction of the importance of moral and religious instruction. Male education leads to wealth and honours. Boys gain a livelihood by their learning, but girls are educated that they may form better mothers.

Other public institutions have not been neglected. The citizens of Athens have built a very respectable civil hospital, and we mention this as it is one of the public buildings which excites the attention of strangers, and which is often supposed to have been erected by the government, though entirely built from the funds raised by local taxes. The amount of municipal taxes which the Greeks pay, is another subject which deserves attention. The general taxes in Greece are very heavy. Every individual pays, on an average, twelve shillings, which makes the payment of a family of five persons amount to L.3 sterling annually. This is a very large sum, when the poverty and destitution of the people is taken into consideration, and is greater than is paid by any other European nation where the population is so thinly scattered over the surface of the country. Yet as soon as the Greeks became convinced that the general government would contribute nothing towards improving the country, they determined to impose on themselves additional burdens rather than submit to wait. Hospitals, schools, churches, and bridges, built by several municipalities, attest the energy of the determination of the people to make every sacrifice to improve their condition. We offer our readers a statement of the amount of the taxes imposed by the municipalities of Attica on themselves for local improvements. The town communes of Athens and the Piræus find less difficulty in collecting the large revenues they possess, than the country districts their comparatively trifling resources.

				Drachmas.
Athens, with a population of	.	22,309	collects	. 159,000
Piræus, ...	.	2,099	...	. 27,300
Kekropia, ...	.	2,158	...	. 3,759
Marathon, ...	.	1,214	...	. 1,708
Phyle, ...	.	2,659	...	. 7,000
Laurion, ...	.	1,470	...	. 2,356
Kalamos, ...	.	2,000	...	. 2,747
		33,909	...	. 203,870

From this statement we find that each family of five persons pays, on an average, thirty drachmas of self-imposed taxes, or about twenty-two shillings annually, in addition to the L.3 sterling paid to the general government.

We think we may now ask : Are the Greeks fit for a representative system of government? We should like to hear the reasons of those who hold the opinion, that they are not yet able to give an opinion on the best means of improving their own country, and the most advantageous mode of raising the necessary revenue.

We must now conclude with a few remarks on the line of conduct towards the Greeks which has been pursued by the three protecting powers. We do not, however, propose entering at any length on the subject, as we have no other object than that of rendering our preceding observations more clear to our readers. We are persuaded that the policy of interfering as little as possible in the affairs of Greece, which has been adopted, and impartially acted on by Lord Aberdeen, is the true policy of Great Britain.

But in reviewing the general position of the Greek state, it must not be forgotten that the Greek people have had communications with the great powers of Europe of a nature very different from those which existed between the protecting powers and King Otho. As soon as it became evident that Turkey could not suppress the Greek revolution without suffering most seriously from the diminution of her resources, Russia and England began to perceive that it would be a matter of some importance to secure the good-will of the Greek population. The Greeks scattered over the countries in the Levant, amount to about five millions, and they are the most active and intelligent portion of the population of the greater part of the provinces in which they dwell. The declining state of the Ottoman empire, and the warlike spirit of the Greek

mountaineers and sailors, induced both Russia and England to commence bidding for the favour of the insurgents. In 1822 the deputy sent by the Greeks to solicit the *compassion* of the European ministers assembled at Verona, was not allowed to approach the Congress. But the successful resistance of the Greeks to the whole strength of the Ottoman empire for two years, induced Russia to communicate a memoir to the European cabinets in 1824, proposing that the Greek population then in arms should receive a separate, though independent, political existence. This indiscreet proposition awakened the jealousy of England, as indicating the immense importance attached by Russia to securing the good-will of the Greeks. England immediately outbid the Czar for their favour, by recognising the validity of their blockades of the Turkish fortresses, thus virtually acknowledging the existence of the Greek state. The other European powers were compelled most unwillingly to follow the example of Great Britain. Mr Canning, however, in order to place the question on some public footing, laid down the principles on which the British cabinet was determined to act, in a communication to the Greek government, dated in the month of December 1824. This document declares that the British government will observe the strictest neutrality with reference to the war; while with regard to the intermediate state of independence and subjection proposed in the Russian memorial, it adds that, as it has been rejected by both parties, it is needless to discuss its advantages or defects. It also assured the Greeks that Great Britain would take no part in any attempt to compel them by force to adopt a plan of pacification contrary to their wishes.

France now thought fit to enter on the field. According to the invariable principle of modern French diplomacy, she made no definite proposition either to the Greeks or the European powers;

but she sent semi-official agents into the country, who made great promises to the Greeks if they would choose the Duke de Nemours, the second son of the Duke d'Orleans, now King Louis Philippe, to be sovereign of Greece. The Greeks had seen something too substantial on the part of Russia and England to follow this Gallic will-o'-the-wisp. But England and Russia, in order to brush all the cobwebs of French intrigue from a question which appeared to them too important to be dealt with any longer by unauthorized agents, signed a protocol at St Petersburg, on the 4th April 1826, engaging to use their good offices with the Sultan to put an end to the war. The Duke of Wellington himself negotiated the signature of this protocol, and it is one of the numerous services he has rendered to his country and to Europe, as the Greek question threatened to disturb the peace of the East. France, as well as Austria, refused to join, until it became evident that the two powers were taking active measures to carry their decisions into effect, when France gave in her adhesion, and the treaty of the 6th of July 1827, was signed at London by France, Great Britain, and Russia.

Events soon ran away with calculations. The Turkish fleet was destroyed at Navarino on the 20th October 1827, the anniversary (if we may trust Mitford's *History of Greece*) of the battle of Salamis. France now embarked in the cause, determined to outbid her allies, and sent an expedition to the Morea, under Marshal Maison, to drive out the troops of Ibrahim Pasha. Capo d'Istria assumed the absolute direction of political affairs, and by his Russian partizanship and anti-Anglican prejudices, plunged Greece in a new revolution, when his personal oppression of the family of Mauroimichalis caused his assassination. King Otho was then selected as king of Greece, and the consent of the Greeks was obtained to his appointment by a loan to the new monarch of L. 2,400,000 sterling, and by a good

deal of intrigue and intimidation at the assembly of Pronia.* The Greeks, however, had already solemnly informed the allied powers, that the acts of their national assemblies, consolidating the institutions of the Greek state, and by securing the liberties of the Greek people, "were as precious to Greece as her existence itself;" and the protecting powers had consecrated their engagement to support these institutions, by annexing this declaration to their protocol of the 22d March 1830.†

The three allied powers have not displayed more union in their councils, since the selection of King Otho, than they did before his appointment. In one thing alone they have been unanimous; but unfortunately this has been to forget their engagements to the Greek people, to see that the institutions and liberties of Greece were to be respected. England and France have, however, displayed at times some compunction on the subject; but, unluckily for the Greeks, their consciences did not prick them at the same moment. At one time the Duke de Broglie proposed that Greece should be reinstated in the enjoyment of her free institutions, but Lord Palmerston declared, that, her government being very anti-Russian at the time, institutions and liberty were a mere secondary matter, and he did not think the Greeks required such luxuries. Times, however, changed, and King Otho, displaying considerably more affection for Russia than for England—England conceived it necessary to propose, at one of the conferences in London on the affairs of Greece, that the Greeks should be called, in virtue of their national institutions, to exercise a control over the lavish and injudicious expenditure of the revenues of the kingdom by the royal government. But Russia and France, though admitting the incapacity of the king's government, declared that they considered it better to send commissioners named by the protecting powers, to control his Hellenic majesty's expenses. Rus-

* Several national assemblies have been held in Greece. The acts of the following have been printed in a collection composed of several volumes. The first was held at Pidhavo, near Epidaurus, of which its name is a corruption, in 1822; the others at Astros in 1823, at Epidaurus in 1826, at Troezen in 1827, at Argos in 1830 and the last at Pronia, near Nauplia, in 1832.

† Annex A, No. 9.

sia, indeed, distinctly declared she would not allow the constitutional question to be discussed in the conferences at the Foreign Office, and Lord Palmerston, with unusual meekness, submitted. France, every ready to play a great game in small matters, really sent a commissioner to Greece, to control King Otho's expenses; but his Hellenic majesty soon gave proofs of how grievously the *Morning Chronicle* had mistaken his abilities. He gave the French commissioner a few dinners, a large star, and a good place at all court pageants in which he could display the uniform of Louis Philippe to advantage, and thereby made the commissioner the same as one of his own ministers. England and Russia kept aloof in stern disapprobation of this paltry comedy.

The last farthing of the loan has now been expended, and the protecting powers have intimated to King Otho, in very strong terms, that he must immediately commence paying the interest and sinking fund, due in terms of the treaty which placed the crown of Greece on his head. The whole burden of this payment, of course, falls on the Greek people, who, we have already shown, have suffered enough from the government of King Otho, without this aggravation of their misery. Is it, we ask, just that the Greeks should be compelled to pay sums expended on decorations to European statesmen, pensions to Bavarian ministers, staff appointments to French engineer officers, and ambassadors at foreign courts, when they never were allowed even to express their conviction of the folly of these measures, except by the public press? The truth is, that the loan was wasted, and the amount now to be repaid by Greece was very considerably increased by the allied powers themselves, who neglected to enforce the provisions of the very treaty they now call upon the Greeks to execute, though not a party to it. King Otho borrowed largely from Ba-

varia, as well as from the protecting powers—he was at liberty to do so without the allies attempting to interfere. But he was not entitled to repay any part of this loan from the revenues of Greece, until the claims of the protecting powers were satisfied. So says the treaty.

The allies were bound, also, to restrict the auxiliary corps of Bavarians to 3000 men; yet they allowed King Otho to assemble round his person, at one time, upwards of 6000 Bavarian troops, and a very great number of civil officers and forest guards. The King of Bavaria, when he was anxious to secure the throne for his son, promised “that limited furloughs should be granted to Bavarian officers; and their pay continued to them. This,” says his Majesty, “will greatly relieve the Greek treasury, by providing for the service of the state officers of experience, possessing their own means of subsistence without any charge upon the country.” Now, the allies knew that every Bavarian officer who put his foot in Greece, received the pay of a higher rank than he previously held in Bavaria from the Greek treasury. Is it, then, an equal application of the principles of justice to king and people, to compel the Greeks to pay for the violation of the King of Bavaria's engagement?

We believe that there now remains only one assertion which we have ventured to make, which we have not yet proved. We repeat it, and shall proceed to state our proofs. We say that Greece, if equitably treated, is not bankrupt, but on the contrary she possesses resources amply sufficient to discharge all just claims on her revenues, to maintain order in the country, and to defend her institutions. We shall draw our proofs from the budget of King Otho for the present year, as this statement was laid before the allied powers to excite their compassion, and show them the absolute impossibility of King Otho paying his debts.

The revenues of Greece are stated at 14,407,795 drachmas; and we may here remark, that last year, when his Hellenic majesty expected to persuade the allies to desist from pressing their claims, he stated the revenues of his kingdom at

17,834,000
11,735,546

* The paper from which we have quoted the above passage, is printed as an annex to the protocol appointing King Otho, in the Parliamentary papers.

Under the following heads :—

	Drachmas.
Foreign Affairs,	394,712
Justice,	904,902
Interior,	1,073,182
Religion and Education,	651,658
War Department,	5,255,804
Navy,	1,404,465
Finances,	486,600
Expenses of managing the Revenue, which, in all preceding years, has been a part of the expenses of the Finance Department,	1,564,222
Another section of Finance Department,	60,000

Making a total of 11,735,546

The expenses of the Greek government which have been imposed on the country by the protecting powers, but never yet approved of by the Greek nation, are as follows :—

	Drachmas.
Interest and sinking fund of debt due to the three protecting powers, debt to Bavaria, and pensions,	4,703,232
Civil list of King Otho,	1,209,064
	5,912,296

It seems that the allies have made a very liberal allowance to King Otho. The monarch and his council of state cost more than the whole civil administration of the country, and almost as much as the Greek navy.

We humbly conceive that a court of equity would strike out the Bavarian loan as illegally contracted, and forming a private debt between the two monarchs of Bavaria and Greece—that it would diminish the claim of the protecting powers, by expunging all those sums which have been spent among themselves or on strangers, with their

consent—that it would reduce the civil list of the king and the council of state to 500,000 drachmas—and that it would order the immediate convocation of a national assembly, in order to take measures for improving the revenues of the country.

If the allied powers will form themselves into this court of equity, and follow the course we have suggested, we have no doubt that in a very short period no kingdom in Europe will have its finances in a more flourishing condition than Greece.

A SKETCH IN THE TROPICS.

FROM A SUPERCARGO'S LOG.

It was on a November morning of the year 1816, and about half an hour before daybreak, that the door of an obscure house in the Calle St Agostino, at the Havannah, was cautiously opened, and a man put out his head, and gazed up and down the street as if to assure himself that no one was near. All was silence and solitude at that early hour, and presently the door opening wider gave egress to a young man muffled in a shabby cloak, who, with hurried but stealthy step, took the direction of the port. Hastening noiselessly through the deserted streets and lanes, he soon reached the

quay, upon which were numero s storehouses of sugar and other merchandize, and piles of dye-woods, placed there in readiness for shipment. Upon approaching one of the latter, the young man gave a low whistle, and the next instant a figure glided from between two huge heaps of log-wood, and seizing his hand, drew him into the hiding-place from which it had just emerged.

A quarter of an hour elapsed, and the first faint tinge of day just began to appear, when the noise of oars was heard, and presently in the grey light a boat was seen darting out of the

mist that hung over the water. As it neared the quay, the two men left their place of concealment, and one of them, pointing to the person who sat in the stern of the boat, pressed his companion's hand, and hurrying away, soon disappeared amid the labyrinth of goods and warehouses.

The boat came up to the stairs. Of the three persons it contained, two sailors, who had been rowing, remained in it; the third, whose dress and appearance were those of the master of a merchant vessel, sprang on shore, and walked in the direction of the town. As he passed before the logwood, the stranger stepped out and accosted him.

The seaman's first movement, and not an unnatural one, considering he was at the Havannah and the day not yet broken, was to half draw his cutlass from its scabbard; but the next moment he let it drop back again. The appearance of the person who addressed him was, if not very prepossessing, at least not much calculated to inspire alarm. He was a young man of handsome and even noble countenance, but pale and sickly-looking, and having the appearance of one bowed down by sorrow and illness.

"Are you the captain of the Philadelphia schooner that is on the point of sailing?" enquired he in a trembling, anxious voice.

The seaman looked hard in the young man's face, and answered in the affirmative. The stranger's eye sparkled.

"Can I have a passage for myself, a friend, and two children?" demanded he.

The sailor hesitated before he replied, and again scanned his interlocutor from head to foot with his keen grey eyes. There was something inconsistent, not to say suspicious, in the whole appearance of the stranger. His cloak was stained and shabby, and his words humble; but there was a fire in his eye that flashed forth seemingly in spite of himself, and his voice had that particular tone which the habit of command alone gives. The result of the sailor's scrutiny was apparently unfavourable, and he shook his head negatively. The young man gasped for breath, and drew a well-filled purse from his bosom.

"I will pay beforehand," said he, "I will pay whatever you ask."

The American started; the contrast was too great between the heavy

purse and large offers and the beggarly exterior of the applicant. He shook his head more decidedly than before. The stranger bit his lip till the blood came, his breast heaved, his whole manner was that of one who abandons himself to despair. The sailor felt a touch of compassion.

"Young man," said he in Spanish, "you are no merchant. What do you want at Philadelphia?"

"I want to go to Philadelphia. Here is my passage money, here my pass. You are captain of the schooner. What do you require more?"

There was a wild vehemence in the tone and manner in which these words were spoken, that indisposed the seaman still more against his would-be passenger. Again he shook his head, and was about to pass on. The young man seized his arm.

"*Por el amor de Dios, Capitan*, take me with you. Take my unhappy wife and my poor children."

"Wife and children!" repeated the captain. "Have you a wife and children?"

The stranger groaned.

"You have committed no crime? you are not flying from the arm of justice?" asked the American sharply.

"So may God help me, no crime whatever have I committed," replied the young man, raising his hand towards heaven.

"In that case I will take you. Keep your money till you are on board. In an hour at furthest I weigh anchor."

The stranger answered nothing, but as if relieved from some dreadful anxiety, drew a deep breath, and with a grateful look to heaven, hurried from the spot.

When Captain Ready, of the smart-sailing Baltimore-built schooner, "*The Speedy Tom*," returned on board his vessel, and descended into the cabin, he was met by his new passenger, on whose arm was hanging a lady of dazzling beauty and grace. She was very plainly dressed, as were also two beautiful children who accompanied her; but their clothes were of the finest materials, and the elegance of their appearance contrasted strangely with the rags and wretchedness of their husband and father. Lying on a chest, however, Captain Ready saw a pelisse and two children's cloaks of the shabbiest description, and which the new-comers had evidently just taken off.

The seaman's suspicions returned at all this disguise and mystery; and a doubt again arose in his mind as to the propriety of taking passengers who came on board under such equivocal circumstances. A feeling of compassion, however, added to the graceful manners and sweet voice of the lady, decided him to persevere in his original intention; and politely requesting her to make herself at home in the cabin, he returned on deck. Ten minutes later the anchor was weighed, and the schooner in motion.

The sun had risen and dissipated the morning mist. Some distance astern of the now fast-advancing schooner rose the streets and houses of the Havannah, and the forest of masts occupying its port; to the right frowned the castle of the Moló, whose threatening embrasures the vessel was rapidly approaching. The husband and wife stood upon the cabin stairs, gazing, with breathless anxiety, at the fortress.

As the schooner arrived opposite the castle, a small postern leading out upon the jetty was opened, and an officer and six soldiers issued forth. Four men, who had been lying on their oars in a boat at the jetty stairs, sprang up.

The soldiers jumped in, and the rowers pulled in the direction of the schooner.

"*Jesus Maria y José!*" exclaimed the lady.

"*Madre de Dios!*" groaned her husband.

At this moment the fort made a signal.

"Up with the helm!" shouted Captain Ready.

The schooner rounded to; the boat came flying over the water, and in a few moments was alongside. The soldiers and their commander stepped on board.

The latter was a very young man, possessed of a true Spanish countenance—grave and stern. In few words he desired the captain to produce his ship's papers, and parade his seamen and passengers. The papers were handed to him without an observation; he glanced his eye over them, inspected the sailors one after the other, and then looked in the direction of the cabin, expecting the appearance of the passengers, who at length came on deck, the stranger

carrying one of the children and his wife the other. The Spanish officer started.

"Do you know that you have a state-criminal on board?" thundered he to the captain. "What is the meaning of this?"

"*Santa Virgen!*" exclaimed the lady, and fell fainting into her husband's arms. There was a moment's deep silence. All present seemed touched by the misfortunes of this youthful pair. The young officer sprang to the assistance of the husband, and relieving him of the child, enabled him to give his attention to his wife, whom he laid gently down upon the deck.

"I am grieved at the necessity," said the officer, "but you must return with me."

The American captain, who had been contemplating this scene apparently quite unmoved, now ejected from his mouth a huge quid of tobacco, replaced it by another, and then stepping up to the officer, touched him on the arm, and offered him the pass he had received from his passengers. The Spaniard waved him back almost with disgust. There was, in fact, something very unpleasant in the apathy and indifference with which the Yankee contemplated the scene of despair and misery before him. Such cold-bloodedness appeared premature and unnatural in a man who could not yet have seen more than five-and-twenty summers. A close observer, however, would have remarked that the muscles of his face were beginning to be agitated by a slight convulsive twitching, when, at that moment, his mate stepped up to him and whispered something. Approaching the Spaniard for the second time, Ready invited him to partake of a slight refreshment in his cabin, a courtesy which it is usual for the captains of merchant vessels to pay to the visiting officer. The Spaniard accepted, and they went below.

The steward was busy covering the cabin table with plates of Boston crackers, olives, and almonds, and he then uncorked a bottle of fine old Madeira that looked like liquid gold as it gurgled into the glasses. Captain Ready seemed quite a different person in the cabin and on deck. Throwing aside his dry say-little manner, he was good-humour and civility personified, as he lavished on his guest all those

obliging attentions which no one better knows the use of than a Yankee when he wishes to administer a dose of what he would call "soft sawder." Ready soon persuaded the officer of his entire guiltlessness in the unpleasant affair that had just occurred; and the Spaniard told him by no means to make himself uneasy, that the pass had been given for another person, and that the prisoner was a man of great importance, whom he considered himself excessively lucky to have been able to recapture.

Most Spaniards like a glass of Madeira, particularly when olives serve as the whet. The American's wine was first-rate, and the officer seemed to find himself particularly comfortable in the cabin. He did not forget, however, to desire that the prisoner's baggage might be placed in the boat, and, with a courteous apology for leaving him a moment, Captain Ready hastened to give the necessary orders.

When the captain reached the deck, a heart-rending scene presented itself to him. His unfortunate passenger was seated on one of the hatchways, despair legibly written on his pale features. The eldest child had climbed up on his knee, and looked wistfully into its father's face, and his wife hung round his neck sobbing audibly. A young negress, who had come on board with them, held the other child, an infant a few months old, in her arms. Ready took the prisoner's hand.

"I hate tyranny," said he, "as every American must. Had you confided your position to me a few hours sooner, I would have got you safe off. But now I see nothing to be done. We are under the cannon of the fort, that could sink us in ten seconds. Who and what are you? Say quickly, for time is precious."

"I am a Columbian by birth," replied the young man, "an officer in the patriot army. I was taken prisoner at the battle of Cachiri, and brought to the Havannah with several companions in misfortune. My wife and children were allowed to follow me, for the Spaniards were not sorry to have one of the first families of Columbia entirely in their power. Four months I lay in a frightful dungeon, with rats and venomous reptiles for my only companions. It is a miracle that I am still alive. Out of

seven hundred prisoners, but a handful of emaciated objects remain to testify to the barbarous cruelty of our captors. A fortnight back they took me out of my prison, a mere skeleton, in order to preserve my life, and quartered me in a house in the city. Two days ago, however, I heard that I was to return to the dungeon. It was my death-warrant, for I was convinced I could not live another week in that frightful cell. A true friend, in spite of the danger, and by dint of gold, procured me a pass that had belonged to a Spaniard dead of the yellow fever. By means of that paper, and by your assistance, we trusted to escape. *Captain!*" said the young man, starting to his feet, and clasping Ready's hand, his hollow sunken eye gleaming wildly as he spoke, "my only hope is in you. If you give me up I am a dead man, for I have sworn to perish rather than return to the miseries of my prison. I fear not death—I am a soldier; but alas for my poor wife, my helpless, deserted children!"

The Yankee captain passed his hand across his forehead with the air of a man who is puzzled, then turned away without a word, and walked to the other end of the vessel. Giving a glance upwards and around him that seemed to take in the appearance of the sky, and the probabilities of good or bad weather, he ordered some of the sailors to bring the luggage of the passenger upon deck, but not to put it into the boat. He told the steward to give the soldiers and boatmen a couple of bottles of rum, and then, after whispering for a few seconds in the ear of his mate, he approached the cabin stairs. As he passed the Columbian family, he said in a low voice, and without looking at them,

"Trust in Him who helps when need is at the greatest."

Scarcely had he uttered the words, when the Spanish officer sprang up the cabin stairs, and as soon as he saw the prisoners, ordered them into the boat. Ready, however, interfered, and begged him to allow his unfortunate passenger to take a farewell glass before he left the vessel. To this the young officer good-naturedly consented, and himself led the way into the cabin.

They took their places at the table, and the captain opened a fresh bottle,

at the very first glass of which the Spaniard's eye glistened, his lips smacked. The conversation became more and more lively; Ready spoke Spanish fluently, and gave proof of a jovialty which no one would have suspected to form a part of his character, dry and saturnine as his manner usually was. A quarter of an hour or more had passed in this way, when the schooner gave a sudden lurch, and the glasses and bottles jingled and clattered together on the table. The Spaniard started up.

"Captain!" cried he furiously, "the schooner is sailing!"

"Certainly," replied the captain, very coolly. "You surely did not expect, Señor, that we were going to miss the finest breeze that ever filled a sail."

Without answering, the officer rushed upon deck, and looked in the direction of the Molo. They had left the fort full two miles behind them. The Spaniard literally foamed at the mouth.

"Soldiers!" vociferated he, "seize the captain and the prisoners. We are betrayed. And you, steersman, put about."

And betrayed they assuredly were; for while the officer had been quaffing his Madeira, and the soldiers and boatmen regaling themselves with the steward's rum, sail had been made on the vessel without noise or bustle, and, favoured by the breeze, she was rapidly increasing her distance from land. Meantime Ready preserved the utmost composure.

"Betrayed!" repeated he, replying to the vehement ejaculation of the Spaniard. "Thank God we are Americans, and have no trust to break, nothing to betray. As to this prisoner of yours, however, he must remain here."

"Here!" sneered the Spaniard—"We'll soon see about that you treacherous!"

"Here," quietly interrupted the captain. "Do not give yourself needless trouble, Señor; your soldiers' guns are, as you perceive, in our hands, and my six sailors well provided with pistols and cutlasses. We are more than a match for your ten, and at the first suspicious movement you make, we fire on you."

The officer looked around, and became speechless when he beheld the soldiers' muskets piled upon the deck,

and guarded by two well-armed and determined-looking sailors.

"You would not dare"—exclaimed he.

"Indeed would I," replied Ready; "but I hope you will not force me to it. You must remain a few hours longer my guest, and then you can return to port in your boat. You will get off with a month's arrest, and as compensation, you will have the satisfaction of having delivered a brave enemy from despair and death."

The officer ground his teeth together, but even yet he did not give up all hopes of getting out of the scrape. Resistance was evidently out of the question, his men's muskets being in the power of the Americans, who, with cocked pistols and naked cutlasses, stood on guard over them. The soldiers themselves did not seem very full of fight, and the boatmen were negroes, and consequently non-combatants. But there were several trincadores and armed cutters cruising about, and if he could manage to hail or make a signal to one of them, the schooner would be brought to, and the tables turned. He gazed earnestly at a sloop that just then crossed them at no great distance, staggering in towards the harbour under press of sail. The American seemed to read his thoughts.

"Do me the honour, Señor," said he, "to partake of a slight *dejeuner-à-la-fourchette* in the cabin. We will also hope for the pleasure of your company at dinner. Supper you will probably eat at home."

And so saying, he motioned courteously towards the cabin stairs. The Spaniard looked in the seaman's face, and read in its decided expression, and in the slight smile of intelligence that played upon it, that he must not hope either to resist or outwit his polite but peremptory entertainer. So, making a virtue of necessity, he descended into the cabin.

The joy of the refugees at finding themselves thus unexpectedly rescued from the captivity they so much dreaded, may be more easily imagined than described. They remained for some time without uttering a word; but the tears of the lady, and the looks of heartfelt gratitude of her husband, were the best thanks they could offer their deliverer.

On went the schooner; fainter and fainter grew the outline of the land,

till at length it sank under the horizon, and nothing was visible but the castle of the Molo and the topmasts of the vessels riding at anchor off the Havannah. They were twenty miles from land, far enough for the safety of the fugitive, and as far as it was prudent for those to come who had to return to port in an open boat. Ready's good-humour and hearty hospitality had reconciled him with the Spaniard, who seemed to have forgotten the trick that had been played him, and the punishment he would incur for having allowed himself to be entrapped. He shook the captain's hand as he stepped over the side, the negroes dipped their oars into the water, and in a short time the boat was seen from the schooner as a mere speck upon the vast expanse of ocean.

The voyage was prosperous, and in eleven days the vessel reached its destination. The Columbian officer, his wife and children, were received with the utmost kindness and hospitality by the young and handsome wife of Captain Ready, in whose house they took up their quarters. They remained there two months, living in the most retired manner, with the double object of economizing their scanty resources, and of avoiding the notice of the Philadelphians, who at that time viewed the patriots of Southern America with no very favourable eye. The insurrection against the Spaniards had injured the commerce between the United States and the Spanish colonies, and the purely mercantile and lucre-loving spirit of the Philadelphians made them look with dislike on any persons or circumstances who caused a diminution of their trade and profits.

At the expiration of the above-mentioned time, an opportunity offered of a vessel going to Marguerite, then the headquarters of the patriots, and the place where the first expeditions were formed under Bolivar against the Spaniards. Estoval (that was the name by which the Columbian officer was designated in his passport) gladly seized the opportunity, and taking a grateful and affectionate leave of his deliverer, embarked with his wife and children. They had been several days at sea before they remembered that they had forgotten to tell their American friends their real name. The latter had never enquired it, and the Estovals being accus-

tomed to address one another by their Christian names, it had never been mentioned.

Meantime, the good seed Captain Ready had sown, brought the honest Yankee but a sorry harvest. His employers had small sympathy with the feelings of humanity that had induced him to run the risk of carrying off a Spanish state-prisoner from under the guns of a Spanish battery. Their correspondents at the Havannah had had some trouble and difficulty on account of the affair, and had written to Philadelphia to complain of it. Ready lost his ship, and could only obtain from his employers certificates of character of so ambiguous and unsatisfactory a nature, that for a long time he found it impossible to get the command of another vessel.

In the autumn of 1824, I left Baltimore as supercargo of the brig *Perverance*, Captain Ready. Proceeding to the Havannah, we discharged our cargo, took in another, partly on our own account, partly on that of the Spanish government, and sailed for Callao on the 1st December, exactly eight days before the celebrated battle of Ayacucho dealt the finishing blow to Spanish rule on the southern continent of America, and established the independence of Peru. The Spaniards, however, still held the fortress of Callao, which, after having been taken by Martin and Cochrane four years previously, had again been treacherously delivered up, and was now blockaded by sea and land by the patriots, under the command of General Hualero, who had marched an army from Columbia to assist the cause of liberty in Peru.

Of all these circumstances we were ignorant, until we arrived within a few leagues of the port of Callao. Then we learned them from a vessel that spoke us, but we still advanced, hoping to find an opportunity to slip in. In attempting to do so, we were seized by one of the blockading vessels, and the captain and myself taken out and sent to Lima. We were allowed to take our personal property with us, but of brig or cargo we heard nothing for some time. I was not a little uneasy; for the whole of my savings during ten years' clerkship in

the house of a Baltimore merchant were embarked in the form of a venture on board the *Perseverance*.

The captain, who had a fifth of the cargo, and was half owner of the brig, took things very philosophically, and passed his days with a penknife and stick in his hand, whittling away, Yankee fashion; and when he had chapped up his stick, he would set to work notching and hacking the first chair, bench, or table that came under his hand. If any one spoke to him of the brig, he would grind his teeth a little, but said nothing, and whittled away harder than ever. This was his character, however. I had known him for five years that he had been in the employ of the same house as myself, and he had always passed for a singularly reserved and taciturn man. During our voyage, whole weeks had sometimes elapsed without his uttering a word except to give the necessary orders.

In spite of his peculiarities, Captain Ready was generally liked by his brother captains, and by all who knew him. When he did speak, his words (perhaps the more prized on account of their rarity) were always listened to with attention. There was a benevolence and mildness in the tones of his voice that rendered it quite musical, and never failed to prepossess in his favour all those who heard him, and to make them forget the usual sullenness of his manner. During the whole time he had sailed for the Baltimore house, he had shown himself a model of trustworthiness and seamanship, and enjoyed the full confidence of his employers. It was said, however, that his early life had not been irreproachable; that when he first, and as a very young man, had command of a Philadelphia ship, something had occurred which had thrown a stain upon his character. What this was, I had never heard very distinctly stated. He had favoured the escape of a malefactor, ensnared some officers who were sent on board his vessel to seize him. All this was very vague, but what was positive was the fact, that the owners of the ship he then commanded, had had much trouble about the matter, and Ready himself remained long unemployed, until the rapid increase of trade between the United States and the infant republics of South America had caused seamen of ability to be

in much request, and he had again obtained command of a vessel.

We were seated one afternoon outside the French coffeehouse at Lima. The party consisted of seven or eight captains of merchant vessels that had been seized, and they were doing their best to kill the time, some smoking, others chewing, but nearly all with penknife and stick in hand, whittling as for a wager. On their first arrival at Lima, and adoption of this coffeehouse as a place of resort, the tables and chairs belonging to it seemed in a fair way to be cut to pieces by these indefatigable whittlers; but the coffeehouse keeper had hit upon a plan to avoid such deterioration of his chattels, and had placed in every corner of the rooms bundles of sticks, at which his Yankee customers cut and notched, till the coffeehouse assumed the appearance of a carpenter's shop.

The costume and airs of the patriots, as they called themselves, were no small source of amusement to us. They strutted about in all the pride of their fire-new freedom, regular caricatures of soldiers. One would have on a Spanish jacket, part of the spoils of Ayacucho—another, an American one, which he had bought from some sailor—a third, a monk's robe, cut short, and fashioned into a sort of doublet. Here was a shako wanting a brim, in company with a gold-laced velvet coat of the time of Philip V.; there, a hussar jacket and an old-fashioned cocked hat. The volunteers were the best clothed, also in great part from the plunder of the battle of Ayacucho. Their uniforms were laden with gold and silver lace, and some of the officers, not satisfied with two epaulettes, had half-a-dozen hanging before and behind, as well as on their shoulders.

As we sat smoking, whittling, and quizzing the patriots, a side-door of the coffeehouse was suddenly opened, and an officer came out whose appearance was calculated to give us a far more favourable opinion of South American *militaires*. He was a man about thirty years of age, plainly but tastefully dressed, and of that unassuming, engaging demeanour which is so often found the companion of the greatest decision of character, and which contrasted with the martial deportment of a young man who followed him, and who, although in much

more showy uniform, was evidently his inferior in rank. We bowed as he passed before us, and he acknowledged the salutation by raising his cocked hat slightly but courteously from his head. He was passing on when his eyes suddenly fell upon Captain Ready, who was standing a little on one side, notching away at his tenth or twelfth stick, and at that moment happened to look up. The officer started, gazed earnestly at Ready for the space of a moment, and then, with delight expressed on his countenance, sprang forward, and clasped him in his arms.

"Captain Ready!"

"That is my name," quietly replied the captain.

"Is it possible you do not know me?" exclaimed the officer.

Ready looked hard at him, and seemed a little in doubt. At last he shook his head.

"You do not know me?" repeated the other, almost reproachfully, and then whispered something in his ear.

It was now Ready's turn to start and look surprised. A smile of pleasure lit up his countenance as he grasped the hand of the officer, who took his arm and dragged him away into the house.

A quarter of an hour elapsed, during which we lost ourselves in conjectures as to who this acquaintance of Ready's could be. At the end of that time the captain and his new (or old) friend re-appeared. The latter walked away, and we saw him enter the government house, while Ready joined us, as silent and phlegmatic as ever, and resumed his stick and penknife. In reply to our enquiries as to who the officer was, he only said that he belonged to the army besieging Callao, and that he had once made a voyage as his passenger. This was all the information we could extract from our taciturn friend; but we saw plainly that the officer was somebody of importance, from the respect paid him by the soldiers and others whom he met.

The morning following this incident we were sitting over our chocolate, when an orderly dragoon came to ask for Captain Ready. The captain went out to speak to him, and presently returning, went on with his breakfast very deliberately.

When he had done, he asked me if

I were inclined for a little excursion out of the town, which would, perhaps, keep us a couple of days away. I willingly accepted, heartily sick as I was of the monotonous life we were leading. We packed up our valises, took our pistols and cutlasses, and went out.

To my astonishment the orderly was waiting at the door with two magnificent Spanish chargers, splendidly accoutred. They were the finest horses I had seen in Peru, and my curiosity was strongly excited to know who had sent them, and whither we were going.

To my questions, Ready replied that we were going to visit the officer whom he had spoken to on the preceding day, and who was with the besieging army, and had once been his passenger, but he declared he did not know his name or rank.

We had left the town about a mile behind us, when we heard the sound of cannon in the direction we were approaching; it increased as we went on, and about a mile further we met a string of carts, full of wounded, going in to Lima. Here and there we caught sight of parties of marauders, who disappeared as soon as they saw our orderly. I felt a great longing and curiosity to witness the fight that was evidently going on—not, however, that I was particularly desirous of taking share in it, or putting myself in the way of the bullets. My friend the captain jogged on by my side, taking little heed of the roar of the cannon, which to him was no novelty; for having passed his life at sea, he had had more than one encounter with pirates and other rough customers, and been many times under the fire of batteries, running in and out of blockaded American ports. His whole attention was now engrossed by the management of his horse, which was somewhat restive, and he, like most sailors, was a very indifferent rider.

On reaching the top of a small rising ground, we beheld to the left the dark frowning bastions of the fort, and to the right the village of Bella Vista, which, although commanded by the guns of Callao, had been chosen as the headquarters of the besieging army—the houses being, for the most part, built of huge blocks of stone, and offering sufficient resistance to the balls. The orderly pointed out to us the various batteries, and especially

one which was just completed, and was situated about three hundred yards from the fortress. It had not yet been used, and was still masked from the enemy by some houses which stood just in its front.

While we were looking about us, Ready's horse, irritated by the noise of the firing, the flashes of the guns, and perhaps more than any thing by the captain's bad riding, became more and more unmanageable, and at last taking the bit between his teeth, started off at a mad gallop, closely followed by myself and the orderly, to whose horses the panic seemed to have communicated itself. The clouds of dust raised by the animals' feet, prevented us from seeing whither we were going. Suddenly there was an explosion that seemed to shake the very earth under us, and Ready, the orderly, and myself, lay sprawling with our horses on the ground. Before we could collect our senses and get up, we were nearly deafened by a tremendous roar of artillery close to us, and at the same moment a shower of stones and fragments of brick and mortar clattered about our ears.

The orderly was stunned by his fall; I was bruised and bewildered. Ready was the only one who seemed in no ways put out, and with his usual phlegm, extricating himself from under his horse, he came to our assistance. I was soon on my legs, and endeavouring to discover the cause of all this uproar.

Our unruly steeds had brought us close to the new battery, at the very moment that the train of a mine under the houses in front of it had been fired. The instant the obstacle was removed, the artillerymen had opened a tremendous fire on the fort. The Spaniards were not slow to return the compliment, and fortunate it was that a solid fragment of wall intervened between us and their fire, or all our troubles about the brig, and every thing else, would have been at an end. Already upwards of twenty balls had struck the old broken wall. Shot and shell were flying in every direction, the smoke was stifling, the uproar indescribable. It was so dark with the smoke and dust from the fallen houses, that we could not see an arm's length before us. The captain asked two or three soldiers who were hurrying by, where the battery was; but they were

in too great haste to answer, and it was only when the smoke cleared away a little, that we discovered we were not twenty paces from it. Ready seized my arm, and pulling me with him, I the next moment found myself standing beside a gun, under cover of the breastworks.

The battery consisted of thirty, twenty-four, and thirty-six pounders, served with a zeal and courage which far exceeded any thing I had expected to find in the patriot army. The fellows were really more than brave, they were foolhardy. They danced rather than walked round the guns, and exhibited a contempt of death that could not well be surpassed. As to drawing the guns back from the embrasures while they loaded them, they never dreamed of such a thing. They stood jeering and scoffing the Spaniards, and bidding them take better aim.

It must be remembered, that this was only three months after the battle of Ayacucho, the greatest feat of arms which the South American patriots had achieved during the whole of their protracted struggle with Spain. That victory had literally electrified the troops, and inspired them with a courage and contempt of their enemy, that frequently showed itself, as on this occasion, in acts of the greatest daring and temerity.

At the gun by which Ready and myself took our stand, half the artillerymen were already killed, and we had scarcely come there, when a cannon shot took the head off a man standing close to me. The wind of the ball was so great that I believe it would have suffocated me, had I not fortunately been standing sideways in the battery. At the same moment, something hot splashed over my neck and face, and nearly blinded me. I looked, and saw the man lying without his head before me. I cannot describe the sickening feeling that came over me. It was not the first man I had seen killed in my life, but it was the first whose blood and brains had spurted into my face. My knees shook and my head swam; I was obliged to lean against the wall, or I should have fallen.

Another ball fell close beside me, and strange to say, it brought me partly to myself again; and by the time a third and fourth had bounced

into the battery, I began to take things pretty coolly—my heart beating rather quicker than usual, I acknowledge; but, nevertheless, I began to find an indescribable sort of pleasure, a mischievous joy, if I may so call it, in the peril and excitement of the scene.

Whilst I was getting over my terrors, my companion was moving about the battery with his usual *sang-froid*, reconnoitring the enemy. He ran no useless risk, kept himself well behind the breastworks, stooping down when necessary, and taking all proper care of himself. When he had completed his reconnoissance, he, to my no small astonishment, took off his coat and neck-handkerchief, the latter of which he tied tight round his waist, then taking a rammer from the hand of a soldier who had just fallen, he ordered, or rather signed to the artilleryman to draw the gun back.

There was something so cool and decided in his manner, that they obeyed without testifying any surprise at his interference, and as though he had been one of their own officers. He loaded the piece, had it drawn forward again, pointed and fired it. He then went to the next gun and did the same thing there. He seemed so perfectly at home in the battery, that nobody ever dreamed of disputing his authority, and the two guns were entirely under his direction. I had now got used to the thing myself, so I went forward and offered my services, which, in the scarcity of men, (so many having been killed,) were not to be refused, and I helped to draw the guns backwards and forwards, and load them. The captain kept running from one to the other, pointing them, and admirably well too; for every shot took effect within a circumference of a few feet on the bastion in front of us.

This lasted nearly an hour, at the end of which time the fire was considerably slackened, for the greater part of our guns had become unserviceable. Only about a dozen kept up the fire, (the ball, I was going to say,) and amongst them were the two that Ready commanded. He had given them time to cool after firing, whereas most of the others, in their desperate haste and eagerness, had neglected that precaution. Although the patriots had now been fifteen years

at war with the Spaniards, they were still very indifferent artillerymen—for artillery had little to do in most of their fights, which were generally decided by cavalry and infantry, and even in that of Ayacucho there were only a few small field-pieces in use on either side. The mountainous nature of the country, intersected, too, by mighty rivers, and the want of good roads, were the reasons of the insignificant part played by the artillery in these wars.

Whilst we were thus hard at work, who should enter the battery but the very officer we had left Lima to visit? He was attended by a numerous staff, and was evidently of very high rank. He stood a little back, watching every movement of Captain Ready, and rubbing his hands with visible satisfaction. Just at that moment the captain fired one of the guns, and, as the smoke cleared away a little, we saw the opposite bastion rock, and then sink down into the moat. A joyous hurra greeted its fall, and the general and his staff sprang forward.

It would be necessary to have witnessed the scene that followed in order to form any adequate idea of the mad joy and enthusiasm of its actors. The general seized Ready in his arms, and eagerly embraced him, then almost threw him to one of his officers, who performed the like ceremony, and, in his turn, passed him to a third. The imperturbable captain flew, or was tossed, like a ball, from one to the other. I also came in for my share of the embraces.

I thought them all stark-staring mad; and, indeed, I do not believe they were far from it. The balls were still hailing into the battery; one of them cut a poor devil of an orderly nearly in two, but no notice was taken of such trifles. It was a curious scene enough; the cannon-balls bouncing about our ears—the ground under our feet slippery with blood—wounded and dying lying on all sides—and we ourselves pushed and passed about from the arms of one black-bearded fellow into those of another. There was something thoroughly exotic, completely South American and tropical, in this impromptu.

Strange to say, now that the breach was made, and a breach such that a determined regiment, assisted by a well-directed fire of artillery, could

have had no difficulty in storming the town; there was no appearance of any disposition to profit by it. The patriots seemed quite contented with what had been done; most of the officers left the batteries, and the thing was evidently over for the day. I knew little of Spanish Americans then, or I should have felt less surprised than I did at their not following up their advantage. It was not from want of courage; for it was impossible to have exhibited more than they had done that morning. But they had had their moment of fury, of wild energy and exertion, and the other side of the national character, indolence, now showed itself. After fighting like devils, at the very moment when activity was of most importance, they lay down and took the *siesta*.

We were about leaving the battery, with the intention of visiting some of the others, when our orderly came up in all haste, with orders to conduct us to the general's quarters. We followed him, and soon reached a noble villa, at the door of which a guard was stationed. Here we were given over to a sort of major-domo, who led us through a crowd of aides-de-camp, staff-officers, and orderlies, to a chamber, whither our valises had preceded us. We were desired to make haste with our toilet, as dinner would be served so soon as his Excellency returned from the batteries; and, indeed, we had scarcely changed our dress, and washed the blood and smoke from our persons, when the major-domo re-appeared, and announced the general's return.

Dinner was laid out in a large saloon, in which some sixty officers were assembled when we entered it. With small regard to etiquette, and not waiting for the general to welcome us, they all sprang to meet us with a "*Buen venidos, capitanes!*"

The dinner was such as might be expected at the table of a general who commanded at the same time an army and the blockade of a much-frequented port. The most delicious French and Spanish wines were there in the greatest profusion; the conviviality of the guests was unbounded; but although they drank their champagne

out of tumblers, no one showed the smallest symptom of inebriety.

The first toast given, was—Bolívar.

The second—Sucre.

The third—The Battle of Ayacucho.

The fourth—Union between Colombia and Peru.

The fifth—Hualero.

The general rose to return thanks, and we now, for the first time, knew his name. He raised his glass, and spoke, evidently with much emotion. "Senores! Amigos!" said he, "that I am this day amongst you, and able to thank you for your kindly sentiments towards your general and brother in arms, is owing, under Providence, to the good and brave stranger whose acquaintance you have only this day made, but who is one of my oldest and best friends." And so saying he left his place, and approaching Captain Ready, affectionately embraced him. The seaman's iron features lost their usual imperturbability, and his lips quivered as he stammered out the two words—

"Amigo siempre."

The following day we passed in the camp, and the one after returned to Lima, the general insisting on our taking up our quarters in his house.

From Hualero and his lady I learned the origin of the friendship existing between the distinguished Columbian general and my taciturn Yankee captain. It was the honourable explanation of the mysterious stain upon Ready's character.

Our difficulties regarding the brig were now soon at an end. The vessel and cargo were returned to us, with the exception of a large quantity of cigars belonging to the Spanish government. These were, of course, confiscated, but the general bought them, and made them a present to Captain Ready, who sold them by auction; and cigars being in no small demand amongst that tobacco-loving population, they fetched immense prices, and put thirty thousand dollars into my friend's pocket.

To be brief, at the end of three weeks we sailed from Lima, and in a vastly better humour than when we arrived there.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS AND DUTIES.

BY A WOMAN.

"Chose étrange d'aimer, et que pour ces maitresses,
 Les hommes soient sujets à de telles foiblesses—
 Tout le monde connoit leur imperfection,
 Ce n'est qu'extravagance et qu'indiscrétion.
 Leur esprit est méchant, et leur âme fragile,
 Il n'est rien de plus foible et de plus imbécille ;
 Rien de plus infidèle—et malgré tout cela,
 Dans le monde on fait tout pour ces animaux-là."

Ecole des Femmes.

SUCH is the language of disappointment—but although a careful examination of ancient and modern manners might lead to a different conclusion, (for as the corruption of excessive refinement ends by placing her in the first condition, so does the brutal assertion of physical superiority begin by degrading her to the last,) woman is, we firmly believe, neither intended for a tyrant nor a slave—Not a slave, for till she is raised above the condition of a beast of burden, man, her companion, must continue barbarous—Not a tyrant, for terrible as are the evils of irresponsible authority, with whomsoever it may be vested, in her hands it becomes the most tremendous instrument that Providence in its indignation can employ to crush, degrade, and utterly to paralyze the nations within its reach. The former position will readily be conceded; and the history of Rome under the Emperors, or of France during the last century, affords but too striking an exemplification of the second. It is, then, of the last importance to society, that clear and accurate notions should prevail among us concerning the education of a being on whom all its refinement, and much of its prosperity, must depend. It is of the last importance, not only that the absurd notions which half-a-century ago deprived English ladies of education altogether, should be consigned to everlasting oblivion and contempt—not only that the system to which France is indebted for its Du Deffauds, Pompadours, and Du Barrys should be extinguished, but that principles well adapted to the habits and intelligence of man, in the most civilized state in which he has

ever yet existed, should prevail among us, should float upon the very atmosphere we breathe, and be circulated in every vein that traverses the mighty fabric of society. Therefore it is, because we are deeply impressed with this conviction, that we hail with delight the appearance of a work so profound, eloquent, and judicious; combining in so rare an union so many kinds of excellence, as that which we now propose to the consideration of our readers. Since the days of Smith and Montesquieu, no more valuable addition has been made to moral science; and though the good taste and modesty of its author, has induced her to put, in the least obtrusive form, the wisdom and erudition—the least fragment of which would have furnished forth a host of modern Sciolists with the most ostentatious paragraphs—the deep thought and nervous eloquence by which almost every page of the volume before us is illustrated, sufficiently establish her title to rank among the most distinguished writers of this age and country. If, indeed, we were ungrateful enough to quarrel with any part of a work, the perusal of which has afforded us so much gratification, we should be disposed (in deference, however, rather to the opinions of others than our own) to alter the title that is prefixed to it. Many a grave and pompous gentleman, who is "free to confess," and "does not hesitate to utter" the dullest and most obvious commonplaces, would sit down to the perusal of a work entitled, "On the Government of Dependencics," or "Sermons on the Functions of Archdeacons and Rural Deans;" though never so deficient in learning, vigour, and origin-

ality, who will reject with the supercilious ignorance of incurable stupidity, these volumes, in which the habits, the interests, the inalienable rights, the sacred duties of one half of the species, (and of that half to which, at the most pliant and critical period of life, the health, the disposition, the qualities, moral and intellectual, of the other half must of necessity be confided,) are discussed with exemplary fairness, and placed in the most luminous point of view. But we have detained our readers too long from the admirable work which it is our object to make known to them. It opens in the following manner:—

"It was once suggested by an eminent physiologist, that the greatest enjoyments of our animal nature might be those which, from their constancy, escape our notice altogether.

"His investigations had led him to think, that even the involuntary motions carried on in our system, were productive of pleasure; and that the act of respiration was probably attended by a sensation as delightful as the gratifications of the palate. It is certain, that every sense is a source of unnoticed pleasures. Sound and light are agreeable in themselves, before their varied combinations have produced music to our ear, or conveyed the perceptions of form to our mind. Innumerable are the emotions of pleasure conveyed to the imagination and the senses, by the endless diversities of form, colour, and sound; and the unbought riches poured upon us from these sources, are more prolific of enjoyment, than any of the far-sought distinctions which stir the hopes and rivalries of men. Yet, on these and other spontaneous blessings, no one reflects, or even enumerates them among the sources of happiness, till some casual suspension of them revives sensibility to the delight they afford.

"Such are the lamentations, though rarely so eloquently uttered, which we daily hear on the loss of some possession, which, while held, was scarcely noticed; and could preserve its owner, neither from the gloom of apathy, nor the irritation of discontent.

"Were it not for this, the necessary effect of habit both in the physical and moral world, women might be expected to live in daily and hourly exultation, who have been born in a Christian and civilized country. Whatever theorists may have thought occasionally of the happiness of men in barbarous or savage

conditions, no doubt at all can be entertained as to that of women. It is civilization which has taken the yoke from their neck, the scourge from their back, and the burden from their shoulders. It is Christianity chiefly which has raised them from the state of slaves or menials to that of citizens, and compelled their rough and unresisted tyrants to call up law in their defence; that potent spirit which they, who have evoked it, must ever after themselves submit to. Religion, which extends the sanctity of the marriage vow to the husband as well as to the wife, has rescued her from a condition in which her best and most tender affections were the source of her bitterest misery; a condition in which her only escape from a sense of suffering too unremitting for nature to endure, was in that mental degradation which produces insensibility to wrong. The instances of primitive communities, in which such injustice has not prevailed, are too few and far between, to form any solid objection to the truth of this general picture. The mere increase of numbers infallibly obliterates the fair but feeble virtues that originate in nothing but ignorance of ill; and the first inroads of want or discord, usually settle the doom of the weak and defenceless. In restoring to women their domestic dignity, religion has done more than every other cause towards shielding them from the consequences of weakness and dependence. From the dignified affections of the other sex, they have gradually acquired some social rights, and some share of that freedom, without which virtue itself can scarcely exist. Opinion, the offspring, not of resplendent genius, whose earliest fires burned indignantly against the tyrant and oppressor, but of a religion which preached the equality of all before God, has given them a share of those blessings, without which life is not worth possession. At length it has opened to them the portals of knowledge and wisdom, the gradual, but effective supports against degradation; and has sanctified its gifts by withholding from them every license that leads to vice, every knowledge that detracts from their purity, and every profession that would expose them to insult."

Then follows a masterly sketch of the condition of woman in uncivilized life, in which the subject is illustrated by the most apposite quotations from the works of different travellers and historians. It is the writer's opi-

nion that in uncivilized life, the degradation of woman, though common, is not universal. The celebrated passage in Tacitus is quoted in support of this position; and among other less interesting extracts, is the following account of Galway by Hardiman, a country which, so great is the blessing of a paternal and judicious government, may furnish, in the nineteenth century, illustrations of uncivilized life, equally picturesque and striking with those which Tacitus has recorded in his day as familiar among the inhabitants of Pagan Germany.

"This colony, from time immemorial, has been ruled by one of their own body, periodically elected, who somewhat resembled the Brughaid or head village of ancient times, when every clan resided in its hereditary canton. This individual, who is decorated with the title of mayor, in imitation of the city, regulates the community according to their own peculiar customs and laws, and settles all fishery disputes. His decisions are so decisive, and so much respected, that the parties are seldom known to carry their differences before a legal tribunal, or to trouble the civil magistrate. They neither understand nor trouble themselves about politics, consequently, in the most turbulent times, their loyalty has never been questioned. Their mayor is no way distinguished from other villagers, except that his boat is decorated with a white sail, and may be seen when at sea, at which time he acts as admiral, with colours flying at the mast-head, gliding through their fleet with some appearance of authority. . . . When on shore, they employ themselves in repairing their boats, sails, rigging, and cordage, in making, drying, and repairing their nets and spilletts, in which latter part they are assisted by the women, who spin the hemp and yarn for their nets. In consequence of their strict attention to these particulars, very few accidents happen at sea, and lives are seldom lost. Whatever time remains after these avocations, they spend in regaling with whisky, and assembling in groups to discuss their maritime affairs, on which occasions they arrange their fishing excursions: When preparing for sea, hundreds of their women and children for days before crowd the strand, seeking for worms to bait the hooks. The men carry in their boats, potatoes, oaten cakes, fuel, and water, but never admit any spirituous

liquors. Thus equipped, they depart for their fishing ground, and sometimes remain away several days. Their return is joyfully hailed by their wives and children, who meet them on the shore. The fish instantly becomes the property of the women, (the men, after landing, nevertroubling themselves further about it,) and they dispose of it to a poorer class of fishwomen, who retail it at market.

"The inhabitants of the Cloddagh are an unlettered race. They rarely speak English, and even their Irish they pronounce in a harsh, discordant tone, sometimes not intelligible to the townspeople. They are a contented, happy race, satisfied with their own society, and seldom ambitious of that of others. Strangers (for whom they have an utter aversion) are never suffered to reside among them. The women possess an unlimited control over their husbands, the produce of whose labour they exclusively manage, allowing the men little more money than suffices to keep the boat and tackle in repair; but they keep them plentifully supplied with whisky, brandy, and tobacco. The women seldom speak English, but appear more shrewd and intelligent in their dealings than the men; in their domestic concerns the general appearance of cleanliness is deserving of particular praise. The wooden ware, with which every dwelling is well stored, rivals in colour the whitest delft.

"At an early age they generally marry amongst their own clan. A marriage is commonly preceded by an elopement, but no disappointment or disadvantage from that circumstance has ever been known among them. The reconciliation with the friends usually takes place the next morning, the clergyman is sent for, and the marriage celebrated. The parents generally contrive to supply the price of a boat, or a share in one, as a beginning."

The writer then proceeds, in a strain of generous yet chastened energy, to comment on the false measure which people apply to the sufferings of others. Insensibility to wretchedness, or, as in the vocabulary of oppression it is called, content, is often a proof of nothing but that stupefaction of the faculties which is the natural result of long and blighting misery. A contented slave is a degraded man. His sorrow may be gone, but so is his understanding.

In the course of her enquiries into the condition of women under the Mahometan law, the author is led to

make some reflections upon one by whom Mahometan manners were first presented in an attractive shape to the English public—a person celebrated for her friends, but still more celebrated for her enemies—known for her love, but famous for her hate—a girl without feeling, a woman without tenderness—a banished wife, a careless mother—on whom extraordinary wit, masculine sense, a clear judgment, and an ardent love of letters, seem to have been lavished for no other purpose than to show that, without a good heart, they serve only to make their possessor the most contemptible of mankind. Lady Mary Wortley's heart was the receptacle of all meanness and sensuality—the prey of a selfishness as intense as rank, riches, a bad education, natural malignity, and the extremes of good and bad fortune, ever engendered in the breast of woman. The remarks on her character, in the volume before us, are, as might be expected, excellent.

The condition of women among the more polished nations of antiquity, is a subject which, if fully examined, would more than exhaust our narrow limits. It does not appear from Homer, says our author, that the condition of women was depressed. Achilles, in a very striking passage, declares that every wise and good man loves and is careful for his wife; and Hector, in the passage which Cicero is so fond of quoting, urges the opinion of "Troy's proud dames, whose garments sweep the ground,"

as a motive for his conduct. However this may be, certain it is, that the feelings and affections of domestic life are portrayed by Homer with a degree of purity, truth, and pathos, that casts every other writer, Virgil not excepted, into the shade; and which, to carry the panegyric of human composition as far as it will go, he himself, in his most glorious passages, has never been able to surpass. It has been so long the fashion to represent Virgil as the sole master of the pathetic, that this assertion may appear to many paradoxical; and it is undoubtedly true, that the fourth book of the *Æneid* cannot be read by any one of common sensibility without strong emotion; but how different is the lamentation of Andromache over her

living husband, uttered in all the glow and consciousness of returned and "twice blest" love, from the raving of the slighted woman, abandoned by the lover whom she has too rashly trusted, and to whom she has too plainly become indifferent! How different is the character of the patriot warrior, the prop and bulwark of his country, sacrificing his life to delay that ruin which he knew it was beyond his power to avert—snatching, amid the bloody scenes around him, a moment for the indulgence of a father's pride and a husband's tenderness, from the perfidious paramour flying from the vengeance of the woman he had wronged!

And how noble is the simplicity of Andromache, how affecting the appeal in which, after reminding her husband that all else to which she was bound had been swept away, she tells him that, while he remains, her other losses are unfelt! Let us trace the episode. "She had not gone," the poet tells us, "to the mansions of her brothers or of her sisters, with their floating veils; neither had she gone to the shrine of Minerva, where the Trojan women strove to appease the terrible wrath of the fair-haired goddess. No. She had gone to the lofty tower of Ilium, for she had heard that the Trojans were sore harassed, and that the force of the Greeks was mighty; thither, like one bereft of reason, had she precipitated her steps, and the nurse followed with her child." Then follows that interview, which no one can read without passion, or think of without delight—that exquisite scene, in which the wife and mother pours out all her tenderness, her joy, her sadness, her pride, her terror, the memory of the past, and the presage of future sorrow, in an irresistible torrent of confiding love. Not less affecting is her husband's answer. Conscious of his impending doom, he replies, that "not the future misery of his countrymen, not that of Hecuba herself, and the royal Priam—not that of all his valiant brethren slain by their enemies, and trampled in the dust, give him such a pang as the thought of her distress." Then, as if to relieve his thoughts, he stretches out his hand towards his child, but the child shrinks backwards, scared at the brazen helm and wav-

ing crest—the father and the mother exchange a smile—Hector lays aside the blazing helmet, and, clasping his

child in his arms, utters the noble prayer which Dryden has rendered with uncommon spirit and fidelity:—

“Parent of gods and men, propitious Jove,
And you, bright synod of the powers above,
On this my son your precious gifts bestow;
Grant him to love, and great in arms to grow,
To reign in Troy, to govern with renown,
To shield the people, and assert the crown:
That when hereafter he from war shall come,
And bring his Trojans peace and triumph home,
Some aged man, who lives this act to see,
And who in former times remember’d me,
May say, ‘The son in fortitude and fame
Outgoes the mark, and drowns his father’s name;’
That at these words his mother may rejoice,
And add her suffrage to the public voice.”

“Thus having said, he placed the boy in the arms of his beloved wife, and she received him on her fragrant breast, smiling amid her tears;” her husband uttered a few words of melancholy consolation, “and Andromache went homewards, weeping, and often turning as she went.” There is but one passage in any work, ancient or modern, which can bear comparison with this, and that is one in the *Odyssey*, in which is described the meeting of Ulysses and Penelope; and yet some unfortunate people, who write commentaries on the classics, only to show how completely nature has denied them the faculty of taste, affirm that these passages were written by different people. It is curious to what a pitch pedantry and dulness may be brought by diligent cultivation.

As the fanatics of the East, to prove their continence, frequented the society of women under the most trying circumstances, so these gentlemen seem to study the writers of antiquity with the view of showing that their understandings are equally inaccessible. In one respect the analogy does not hold good. History tells us that the fanatics sometimes sunk under the temptations to which they exposed themselves; but these gentlemen have never, in any one instance, yielded to the influence of taste or genius. Zenophon, in a beautiful treatise, has given an account of the manner in which an Athenian endeavoured to mould the character of his wife, and to this we would refer such of our readers as wish for more ample knowledge on the subject. There is one circumstance, however, which we the

rather mention, as it has not found its way into the work before us, and as it furnishes the most conclusive and irresistible evidence of the value set upon matrimonial happiness at Athens, and of the servile vassalage to which women, in that most polished of all cities, were reduced. By the law of Athens, a father without sons might bequeath his property away from his daughter, but the person to whom the property was bequeathed was obliged to marry her. This was reasonable enough; but the same principle, that of keeping the inheritance in the stock to which it belonged, occasioned another law—if the father left his estate to his daughter, and if the daughter inherited his property after the father’s death, her nearest male relation in the descending line; the *ἀρχιστενός*, might, though she was married to a living husband, lay claim to her, institute a suit for her recovery, force her from her husband’s arms, and make her his wife.

Such a law must, alone, have been fatal to that domestic purity which we justly consider the basis of social happiness—the very word, *ἐταῖραι*, which the Athenians employed to denote the most degraded of all women, if it proves the exquisite refinement of that wonderful people, serves also to show how different were the associations with which, among them, that class was connected. Can we wonder at this? Under that glorious heaven, such women might, when they chose, behold the statues of Phidias and the pictures of Zeuxis; they could listen to the wisdom of Socrates, or they might form part of the crowd, hushed in raptured silence, round the rhapsodist.

dist, as he recited the immortal lines of Homer—or round Demosthenes, as he poured upon a rival, worthy of himself, the burning torrent of his more than human eloquence.

In their hearing the mightiest interests were discussed—the subtle questions of the Academy propounded—the snares of the sophist exposed—the sublime thoughts and actions of heroes and demigods, embodied in the most glorious poetry, were daily exhibited to their view; while the wife, occupied solely with petty cares and trifling objects, without charms to win the love, or dignity to command the esteem, of her husband, was condemned, within the narrow walls of the Gynæceum, (of which the drawings of Herculaneum and Pompeii may enable us to form some notion,) to drag out the insipid round of her monotonous existence.

True the Hetairai were stigmatized by law—but, as opinion was on their side, they might well submit to legal condemnation and formal censure, when they saw every day the youth, the intellect, the eloquence, the philosophy, and the dignity of Athens crowding round their feet. At Rome, the wife was not subject to the same rigorous seclusion, she was not cut off from all possibility of improvement; her influence was gradually felt, her rights were tacitly extended, and long after the letter of the law reduced her to the condition of a slave, she held and exercised the privileges of a citizen. At Rome, domestic virtues were more considered, domestic ties were held in great esteem. The family was the basis of the state. The existence of the Roman was not altogether public, it was not merely intellectual; in what Grecian poet after Homer shall we find lines that convey such an idea of domestic happiness as these?—

“Præterea neque jam domus accipiet
te læta, neque uxor
Optima, nec dulces occurrent oscula
nati
Præripere—et tacitâ pectus dulcedine
tanget.”

There is no event to which women are more indebted for the improved situation they hold among us than the propagation of Christianity. It was reserved for religion to urge the weakness of woman as a reason for treat-

ing her, not with tenderness only, but with respect; it was reserved for religion to bring the charities that are lovely in private life into public service; to break down the barriers which had so long separated the husband from the citizen, and to pour around the private hearth the light which, up to the time of its revelation, had been reflected almost exclusively from the school of the philosopher or the forum of the republic, unless in a few rare and favoured instances when it had shed its radiance over the cell of the captive and the deathbed of the patriot. It was for religion to inculcate that purity of heart, without which mere forbearance from sensuality is a virtue which may be prized in the precincts of the seraglio, but to which true honour is almost indifferent. Nothing less powerful than such an influence prescribing a new life, and commanding its votaries to be new creatures, could have wrenched from their holdings prejudices as old as the society in which they flourished. Our limits will not allow us to descant at any length on the condition of women during the early ages of Christianity; but we transcribe on this subject, from a recent work, a passage which we are sure our readers will peruse with pleasure.

“Ce qui rendit les mœurs des familles Chrétiennes si graves, ce qui les conserva si chastes, c'est ce qui a toujours exercé sur les mœurs en général l'influence la plus profonde, l'exemple des femmes. Douées d'une délicatesse d'organes, qui rend, pour ainsi dire, leur intelligence plus accessible à la voix d'un monde supérieur, leur cœur plus sensible à toutes ces émotions qui enfantent les vertus, et qui élèvent l'homme terrestre au-dessus de la sphère étroite de la vie présente, les femmes, étrangères à l'histoire des travaux spéculatifs du genre humain, sont toujours, dans les révolutions morales et religieuses, les premières à saisir, et à propager ce qui est grand, beau, et céleste. Avec une chaleur entraînant elles embrassèrent la cause Chrétienne, et s'y dévouèrent en héroïnes, depuis l'annonciation du Sauveur jusqu'à sa mort; en effet, elles furent les premières aux pieds de sa croix, les premières à son sépulcre. Présentant avec leur tact si prompt et si fin, tout ce que cette cause leur déferait d'élévation morale et d'avantages sociaux, elles s'y attachèrent avec un intérêt toujours

croissant. Depuis les saintes femmes de l'évangile et la marchande de pourpre de Thyatire jusqu'à l'impératrice Héléne, elles furent les protectrices les plus zélées des idées Chrétiennes. Leur zèle ne fut point sans sacrifices, mais avec empressement elles renoncèrent à leurs goûts les plus chers, à la parure et aux élégances du luxe, pour rivaliser avec les hommes les plus sages de la société Chrétienne. Quelques rares exceptions ne se font remarquer que pour relever tant de mérite."—Matter, *Hist. du Christianisme*; Vol. I.

"The tendency of this creed," to use the words of our author, "is to direct the aim and purposes of mankind to whatever can exalt human nature and improve human happiness. It represents us as gardeners in a vineyard, or servants entrusted with a variety of means, who are not 'to keep their talent in a napkin,' but to exert their skill and ingenuity to employ it to the best advantage. The moral principles themselves are fixed and unchangeable; but their application to the circumstances by which we are surrounded, must depend very much on the degree in which reason has been exercised. By no imaginable instruction could the mind be so tutored, as to see through all the errors and prejudices of its times at once; but the principles possess in themselves a power of progression. The generosity of one time will be but justice in another; the temperance that brings respect and distinction in one age, will be but decorum in one more civilized; yet the principles are at all times the same."

It is difficult to read without a smile some of the passages in which the dress and manners of the first ages are described by the Fathers of the Church; the fair hair, (our classical readers will recollect the

"Nigrum flavo crinem abscondente galero"

of the Roman satirist,) which the daughters of the South borrowed from their Celtic and German neighbours, seems especially to have excited their indignation. Tertullian, in his treatise "De Cultu Fœminarum," declaims with his usual fiery rhetoric against this habit. "I see some women," says the African, "who dye their hair with yellow; they are ashamed of their very nation, that they are not the natives of Gaul or Germany. Evil and most disastrous to them is the omen which their fiery head portends, while they consider such abomination

graceful." This charitable hint of future reprobation, savage as it appears, seems to have been much admired by the Fathers; it is repeated by St Jerome and St Cyprian with equal triumph. Well, indeed, might Theophilus of Antioch, in his letter to Autolycus, place the Christian opinions concerning women in startling contrast with the revolting scheme proposed in relation to them by the most refined philosopher of antiquity. Well might the matrons of Antioch refuse to gratify Julian by a sacrifice to gods whose votaries had steeped their sex in impurity and degradation. The death of Hypatia is indeed a blot in Christian annals, but she fell the victim of an infuriated multitude; and how often had the Proconsul and the Emperor beheld, unmoved, the arena wet with the blood of Christian virgins, and the earth blackened with their ashes! Indeed, the deference paid to weakness is the grand maxim, the practical application of which, in spite of some fantastic notions, and some most pernicious errors that accompanied it, entitles chivalry to our veneration, and prevented the dark ages from being one scene of unmixed violence and oppression. The flashes of generosity that gild with a momentary splendour the dreadful scenes of feudal tyranny, were struck out by the force of this principle acting upon the most rugged nature in the most superstitious ages. While the fire that had consumed the surprised city was slaked in the blood of its miserable inhabitants, the distress of high-born beauty, or the remonstrances of the defenceless priest, often arrested the career of the warrior, who viewed the slaughter of unoffending peasants and of simple burghers with as much indifference as that of the wild-boar or the red-deer which it was his pastime and his privilege to destroy. Who does not remember the beautiful passage in Tasso, where the crusaders burst into tears at the sight of the holy sepulchre?—

"Nudo ciascuno il pie calca il sentiero,
Ch' l' esempio de duci ogn' altro muove
Serico fregio d'or, piuma e criniero
Superbo dal suo capo ognun rimuove,
E d'insieme del cor l'abito altero
Depone, e calde e pie logrime piove."

We now enter into the main object of the work, the condition of women

in modern times; and the passage which introduces the subject is so luminous and eloquent, that we cannot resist the pleasure of laying it before our readers without mutilation.

"To pursue the history of woman through the ages of misrule and violence that corrupted the spirit of chivalry, would be useless. It is sufficiently evident, that in proportion as the vices of barbarism renewed their dominion, the condition of women would be more or less affected by their evils. But, on the whole, society was improving: two great events were preparing to engage the attention of Europe—the struggles for religious freedom and the revival of learning. These produced effects on the human mind very different from those of any revolutions that had taken place during the ages of barbarism.

"While the opinion reigned absolute, that war was the most important affair of life and the most honourable pursuit, the tendency of society was towards destruction. All the virtue consistent with so false a principle was, perhaps, brought forth by chivalry; but in the long run, the false principle overruled the force of the generous spirit, and chivalry sank like a meteor that owed its splendour to surrounding darkness. Its spirit gave an impulse to opinion and sentiment, but its errors and ignorance disabled it from supplying any corrective to the bad institutions and mistaken policy which fostered barbarism. It was not every mind that was capable of imbibing the generous sentiments of chivalry; but ferocious passions could rarely fail to be stimulated by the idolatry of war, and the contempt for civil employments it produced. Among men, poor, restless, and to a great degree irresponsible, the craving for distinction excited by chivalry was a dangerous passion. No very general change over the face of society could be reasonably expected, from the attempts to engraft a spirit of gentleness and beneficence upon a principle of war and destruction. The spirit was right, but the principle was wrong. It was just the reverse in the next enthusiasm which seized the minds of mankind. In the struggles for religious freedom which followed, the principle was right, but it was pursued in the horrible spirit of persecution. Men, ready to die for the right of professing the truth, could not divest themselves of that persecuting spirit towards others, which was leading themselves to the stake. But there is a vigour in a

right principle which gradually clears men's eyes of their prejudices. The dire and mistaken means by which successive reformers defended each his own opinion, were abandoned, and men began to perceive that civil and religious liberty were of more use to society than martial feats or extended conquests; and that it is still more important to learn how to reason than how to fight.

"The tendency of this principle was towards social improvement, and civilization began to make progress.

"Before the extinction of chivalry, the airy throne on which women had been raised was broken down; but the effects of her elevation were never obliterated. There remained on the surface of society a tone of gallantry which tended to preserve some recollection of the station she had once held. As civilization advanced, the idea that women might be disposed of like property, seemed to be nearly abandoned all over Europe; but their subsequent condition partook (as might be expected in the case of dependent beings) of the character prevailing in each country. The grave temper and morbid jealousy of the Spaniards reduced them almost to Eastern seclusion."

We entreat the attention of our readers to the following remark, which explains, in some degree, the mediocrity that characterizes the present day:—

"In the first ages after the rise of literature, the very want of that multitude of second-rate books we now possess, had the effect of compelling those who learned any thing to betake themselves to studies of a solid nature; and there was consequently less difference then, between the education of the two sexes, than now. The reader will immediately recollect the instances of Lady Jane Grey, Mrs Hutchinson, and others of the same class, and will feel that it is quite fair to assume, that many such existed when a few came to be known."

It was during the reign of the last princes of the House of Valois, that the women of the French court began to exercise that malignant and almost universal influence, which, for a while, poisoned the well-springs of refinement and civility. Eclipsed for a while by the mighty luminaries which, during the life of Louis XIII., and the early part of Louis XIV.'s reign, were lords of the ascendant when they had sunk beneath the horizon, their con-

stellation again blazed forth with greater force and more disastrous splendour. Hence the Dragonnades, the destruction of Port-Royal, the persecution of the Jansenists, the death of Racine, the disgrace of Fénelon. Hence, in the reign of Louis XV., orgies that Messalina would have blushed to share; while cruelties of which Suwarrow would hardly have been the instrument, were employed to lash into a momentary paroxysm nerves withered by debauchery. Here let us pause for a moment, to remark upon the effect which false opinions may produce upon the happiness and well-being of distant generations. Nothing is so common as for trivial, superficial men—the class to which the management of empires is for the most part entrusted—to ridicule theories, and, by a mode of reasoning which would place any cabin-boy far above Sir Isaac Newton, to insist upon the mechanical parts of government, and the routine of ordinary business, as the sole objects entitled to notice and consideration—

“O curvæ in terris animæ, et cœlestium inanes!”

We would fain ask these practical people—for such is the eminently inappropriate metaphor by which they rejoice to be distinguished—we would fain ask them (if it be consistent with their profound respect for practice to pay some attention to experience) to cast their eyes upon the proceedings and manners of the French court (wild and chimerical as such an appeal will no doubt appear to them) during the dominion of Catharine of Medicis and her offspring, those execrable deceivers, corrupters, and executioners of their people. To what are the almost incredible abominations, familiar as household words to the French court of that day, to be ascribed? To what are the persecutions, perjuries, the massacres that pollute the annals of France during that period, to be attributed? To a false theory. Catharine of Medicis brought into France the practical atheism of Machiavel's prince—the Bible, as she blasphemously called it, of her class. The maxims which, when confined to the petty courts of Italy, did not un-

determine the prosperity of any considerable portion of the human race, when disseminated among a valiant, politic, and powerful nation, brought hordes of desolation in their train. We subjoin Jeanne d'Allep's account of the private manners of the court of Charles IX:—

“J'ai trouvé votre lettre fort à mon gré—je la montrerai à madame, si je puis; quant à la peinture, je l'enverrai querir à Paris; elle est belle et bien avisée, et de bonne grâce, mais nourrie en la plus maudite et corrompue compagnie qui fut jamais, car je n'en vois point qui ne s'en sente. Votre cousine la marquise (l'épouse du jeune Prince de Condé) en est tellement changée qu'il n'y a apparence de religion en elle; si non d'autant qu'elle ne va point à la messe; car au reste de sa façon de vivre, hormis l'idolâtrie, elle fait comme les Papistes; et ma sœur la Princesse (de Condé) encore pis. Je vous l'écris privément, le porteur vous dira comme le roi s'émancipe—c'est pitié; je ne voudrois pour chose du monde que vous y fussiez pour y demeurer. Voilà pourquoi je désire vous marier, et que vous et votre femme vous vous retiriez de cette corruption; car encore que je la croyois bien grande, je la trouve encore davantage. Ce ne sont pas les hommes ici qui prient les femmes—ce sont les femmes qui prient les hommes; si vous y étiez, vous n'en échapperiez jamais sans une grande grâce de Dieu.”

Thus women were alternately tools and plotters, idols and slaves. The ornaments of a court became the scourges of a nation; their influence was an influence made up of falsehood, made up of cruelty, made up of intrigue, of passions the most unbridled, and of vices the most detestable; and it seems to the student of history, in this wild and dreadful era, as if all that was generous, upright, noble, and benevolent—as if faith and honour, and humanity and justice, were foreign and unnatural to the heart of man. But let us turn to our author.

“But the times were about to change. The great and stirring contests in religion and politics, which had given such scope to the deep fervour of the British character, subsided, as if the actors were breathless from their past exertions. The struggle for freedom

* This does not apply to Louis XV. personally.

sank into acquiescence in the dominion of the most worthless of mankind; and zeal for religion fled before the spirit of banter and sneer. The enthusiasm of 'fierce wars and faithful loves,' of piety and of freedom, were succeeded by the reign of profligacy and levity.

"During that disastrous period, the sordid and servile vices seem to have kept pace with the wildest licentiousness; and the dark and stern persecutions in Scotland form a fearful contrast with the bacchanalian revels of the court. The effects on the character and estimation of the female sex, sustain all that has been said upon the connexion of their interests with the elevation of morals. It became the habit to satirize and despise them, and from this they have never entirely recovered. The demoralization which led to it was, indeed, too much opposed to the temper of the English to be permanent; but women, for a long time after, ceased to keep pace with their age. Notwithstanding the numerous exceptions which must always have existed in a free and populous country like England, where literature had made progress, it is certain, that in the days of Pope and Addison, the women, in general, were grossly ignorant.

"The tone of gallantry and deference which had arisen from chivalry, still remained on the surface, but its language was that of cold, unmeaning flattery; and, from being the arbiters of honour, they became the mere ministers of amusement. They were again consigned to that frivolity, into which they *relapse as easily as men* do into ferocity. The respect they inspired, was felt individually or occasionally, but not for their sex. Any thing serious addressed to them, was introduced with an apology, or in the manner we now address children whom we desire to flatter. They were treated and considered as grown children. In the writings addressed to them expressly for their instruction in morals, or the conduct of life, though with the sincerest desire for their welfare, nothing is proposed to them that can either exalt their sentiments, invigorate their judgment, or give them any desire to leave the world better than they found it. They inculcated little beyond the views and the duties of a decent servant. Views and duties, indeed, very commendable as far as they go, but lamentable when offered as the standard of morals and thought for half the human species;

that half too, on whom chiefly depends the first, the often unalterable, bent given to the character of the whole."

The dignity of character which rivets our attention on the "high dames and gartered knights" of the days of Elizabeth, the simplicity and earnestness and lofty feeling, which lent grace to prejudice and chastened error into virtue, were exchanged, in the days of Charles II., for undisguised corruption and insatiable venality, for license without generosity, persecution without faith, and luxury without refinement. Grammont's animated *Mémoires* are a complete, and, from the happy unconsciousness of the writer to the vices he portrays, a faithful picture of the court, to which the description Polydore Virgil gives of a particular family, "*nece vir fortis nec fœmina casta,*" was almost literally applicable.

Various as are the beauties of style with which this work abounds—beauties which, to borrow the phrase of Cicero, rise as naturally from the subject as a flower from its stem—we doubt whether it contains a more felicitous illustration than that which we are about to quote. The reader must bear in mind that the object of the writer is to establish the proposition, that there is an average inferiority of women to men in certain qualities, which, slight as it may appear, or altogether as it may vanish, in particular instances, is, on the whole, incontestable, and according to which the transactions of daily life are distributed.

"All inconvenience is avoided by a slight inferiority of strength and abilities in one of the sexes. This gradually develops a particular turn of character, a new class of affections and sentiments that humanize and embellish the species more than any others. These lead at once, without art or hesitation, to a division of duties, needed alike in all situations, and produce that order without which there can be no social progression. In the treatise of *The Hand*, by Sir Charles Bell, we learn that the left hand and foot are naturally a little weaker than the right; the effect of this is, to make us more prompt and dexterous than we should otherwise be. If there were no difference at all between the right and left limbs, the slight degree of hesitation which hand to use

or which foot to put forward, would create an awkwardness that would operate more or less every moment of our lives, and the provision to prevent it seems analogous to the difference nature has made between the strength of the sexes."

The domain of woman is the horizon where heaven and earth meet—a sort of land debatable between the confines where positive institutions end and intellectual supremacy begins. It includes the whole region over which politeness should extend, as well as a large portion of the territories over which the fine arts hold their sway.

Those lighter and more shifting features which elude the grasp of the moralist, and escape the pencil of the historian, though they impress upon every age a countenance and expression of its own, it is her undoubted province to survey. Consequently, if not for the

"Troublous storms that toss
The private state, and render life unsweet,"

yet for whatever of elegance or simplicity is wanting in the intercourse of society, for all that is cumbrous in its proceedings, for any bad taste, and much for any coarseness that it tolerates, woman, as European manners are constituted, is exclusively responsible. The habits of daily intercourse represent her faults and virtues as naturally as a shadow is cast by the sun, or the image of the tree that overhangs the lake is reflected from its undisturbed and silent waters. Where the desire of wealth and respect for rank engross an excessive share of her thoughts, conversation will be insipid; and instead of that, "nature *ondoyante*," that disposition to please and be pleased, which is the essence of good nature and the foundation of good taste—instead of frankness and urbanity, youth will engraft on its real ignorance the dulness of affected stupidity—will assume an air of selfish calculation—of arrogance at one time and servility at another—debased itself, and debasing all around it. When, on the contrary, whatever may be their real sentiments, the external demeanour of men to each other is such as benevolence, gratitude, and equity would dictate—and we do mean this phrase to include Russian

manners—where, whatever may be the principles that ferment within, the surface of society is brilliant and harmonious—where, if the better politeness which dwells in the heart be wanting, the imitation of it which springs from the head is habitual—women are entitled to the praise of exact taste and skilful discrimination. There are women whom the world elevates, only afterwards the more effectually to humble. For a time the best and wisest submit to their caprices, study their humour, are governed by their wishes—every one avoids as a crime the slightest appearance of collision with any motive that, for the moment, it may suit their purpose to entertain—a smile upon their face is hailed with rapture, any faint proof that humanity is not dead within their breasts draws down the most enthusiastic applause. During their hour of empire, people are grateful to them for not being absolutely intolerable—when they deviate into the least appearance of courtesy or good nature, they are angels. Their sun sets, and they soon learn what it is to be a fallen tyrant. The woman who pleases at first, and as your acquaintance advances gains the more in your esteem, is the most charming of all companions; the countenance of such a person is the most agreeable of all sights, and her voice the most musical of all sounds. "Une belle femme qui a les qualités d'un honnête homme ts c eequ'il y a au monde d'un commerce plus délicieux; l'on trouve en elle tout le mérite des deux sexes."

"In the heart of the best woman," says a German writer, "there glows a shovelful, at least, of infernal embers; in that of the worst, there is a little corner of Paradise."

The real benefits which depend on the influence of the softer sex are thus described:—

"One of the peculiar offices of women is to refine society. They are very much shielded by their sex from the stern duties of men, and from that intercourse with the basest part of mankind which is opposed to the humanizing influence of mental cultivation. On them, the improvement of society in these respects chiefly depends; and they who consider the subject with the views here offered, will become more and more convinced of the service they might

render. Manners are, in truth, of great importance. If real refinement be a merit, it is surely desirable that it should show itself in the general deportment. Real vulgarity is the expression of something mean or coarse in sentiments or habits. It betrays the want of fine moral perceptions. The peculiarities in manner and deportment, which proceed from the selfishness of the great world, when stripped of the illusory influence of their apparent refinement, become grossly offensive. A cold repulsive manner, such as is commonly assumed by persons in high life, is sometimes a necessary shield against the pushing familiarity of underbred persons. Their tasteless imitations of habits and manners which do not belong to their station or character, deserve the ridicule they meet with. The most offensive form vulgarity can take, is an affectation of the follies and vices of high life. It is true that the notion of vulgarity is affixed, in the fine world, to many trifling modes of dress and deportment, which in themselves have no demerit whatever, except that something opposed to them has acquired an ephemeral propriety from the fancy of the great. But in real good breeding there is always a reason. It is far too little attended to in England in any class, though, from acting as a continual corrective to selfish and unsocial affections, it is peculiarly requisite in all. Good manners consist in a constant maintenance of self-respect, accompanied by attention and deference to others; in correct language, gentle tones of voice, ease, and quietness in movements and action. They repress no gaiety or animation which keeps free of offence; they divest seriousness of an air of severity or pride. In conversation, good manners restrain the vehemence of personal or party feelings, and promote that versatility which enables people to converse readily with strangers, and take a passing interest in any subject that may be addressed to them.

The writer takes occasion to regret the narrow spirit which prevents our nobility, or, to speak more properly, our fashionable coteries, from acquiring a healthier tone, by mixing with societies in which habits of more vigorous thought predominate. In France, to whatever degree frivolity may be carried, a French lady would be ashamed not to affect an interest in the great writers by whom her country has been ennobled; and to betray an ignorance of their works, or an in-

difference to their renown, would be considered a proof not only of the greatest stupidity, but of bad taste and unrefined habits. Here we are distinguished unfavourably from our neighbours—exceptions, of course, there must always be—but in general to betray an acquaintance with any literature beyond the last novel, or the current trash and gossip of the day, might provoke the charge of pedantry, but at any rate would fail in exciting the slightest sympathy. Hence men of letters, and women of letters, form a caste by themselves much to their own disadvantage, and still more to the injury of those to the improvement of whom they might imperceptibly contribute; hence the statesman, or the lawyer, or the writer, generally keeps aloof from the great world, which he leaves to idle young men and aged coxcombs; or, if he enters it, takes care to abstain from those topics on which his conversation would be most natural, instructing, and entertaining. Instances, indeed, may be found, where men, eminent for science and literature, or of high professional reputation, inflamed with a distempered appetite for fashionable society, “drag their slow lengths along” among the guardsmen and dowagers who frequent such scenes; but they are rather tolerated than encouraged, and the sacrifices by which they purchase their admission into the dullest society of Europe are so numerous, their appearance is so mortifying, and the effect produced upon themselves so pernicious, that hitherto such instances have served not as models to imitate, but as bywords to deter. Instead of improving others, they degrade themselves; instead of inspiring the frivolous with nobler aims and better principles, they condescend to be the echoes of imbecility; instead of raising the standard of conversation, they yield implicitly to any signal, however corrupt, worthless, or utterly unreasonable may be the quarter from which it proceeds, that the most submissive votaries of fashion watch for and obey. The system is denounced by our author in the following vigorous and eloquent passage:—

“The assembly-room or dinner-table is the very focus of care and anxiety, so that a funereal dulness often overhangs it; and there, where there is the great-

est amount of money, time, and contrivance expended on pleasure—there is least animation of spirits. For one who is pleased, a dozen are chewing the cud of some petty annoyance, and *the flow of spirits excited and animated by rapid interchange of ideas is scarcely known*. When it occurs, it is seldom owing to those who live for dissipation, but to men whom the duties of office compel to work very hard. Notwithstanding their wealth, the pursuits of ambition compel them to become men of business, and the elasticity of their minds is preserved. That languid and depressed condition which cankers the very heart of social enjoyment, loses its solemn character on occasions of disappointment and vexation. Its pleasures are not cheerful, but its distresses are ludicrous, and are felt to be so. Each laughs at his neighbour's mortifications, and the consciousness he is supplying the same malicious amusement in his turn, does not take the sting from his own griefs when they arise.

“Nor is it merely as destructive of social enjoyment, that the habits of the great world are unfriendly to happiness. It is not the place for those who have warm imaginations and tender hearts. There is scarcely any circumstance in which that sphere differs more from others, than in the deficiency of strong affections. The chances are many against their existence; and if a woman be born to move in the haunts of the worldly, it were almost cruel to snatch her from that immersion in their follies which may serve to stifle the pangs of disappointed affection. For after all that can be said of the misery of its empty pursuits and corrupted tastes, the disappointments that end its petty passions, and the mortifications that cling to its apparent splendours, sorrows like those bear no comparison with tears of anguish shed by the grave of love. Surrounding pleasures, even the tranquil and elevating beauty of external nature, seem but a mockery when offered in place of the one thing needful—perfect and overflowing affection. The exterior decorum and attention on the part of an altered husband, which betrays to the world no dereliction of morals but what its easy code passes over as a right, is no substitute for love. Not unfrequently there is something almost appalling in the sense of solitude, which on occasions of sickness or retirement oppresses a young woman, who to all appearance is overwhelmed with attendance. The hand is, not there that would render every other superfluous. A voice is

wanting, whose absence leaves the silence and horror of death. The eyes are missed, whose glances first called forth the fervour of her affections from their peaceful sleep; or, if looking on her for a moment, they express nothing but indifference. These are the occasions that dispel the laboured illusion, wherewith, under the garb of business, or cares, or natural manner, she had sought to disguise from herself the marks of an estranged heart. In these sad and desolate hours her memory retraces her early years, her mother's tender watchfulness, and the soft voices of sisters contending for their place by her bedside. The contrast with her present stately solitude bursts resistless through every effort to repel it; and life and youth, with their long futurity, present her with nothing but a frightful chasm.”

“Alas! alas! my song is sad;
How should it not be so,
When he, who used to make me glad,
Now leaves me in my woe?
With him my love, my graciousness,
My beauty, all are vain;
I feel as if some guiltiness
Had mark'd me with its stain.

“One sweet thought still has power
O'er me,
In this my heart's great need;
'Tis, that I ne'er was false to thee,
Dear friend, in word or deed:
I own that nobler virtues fill
Thy heart, love only mine;
Yet why are all thy looks so chill
Till they on others shine?

“Oh! long-loved friend, I marvel much
Thy heart is so severe,
That it will yield not to the touch
Of love and sorrow's tear.
No, no! it cannot be, that thou
Should seek another's love;
Oh! think upon our early vow,
And thou wilt faithful prove.

“Thy virtues—pride, thy lofty fame,
Assures me thou art true,
Though fairer ones than I may claim
Thy hand, and deign to sue.
But think, beloved one, that, to bless
With perfect blessing, thou
Must seek for trusting tenderness:
Remember then our vow!”

“Collectively,” says our author, “women might do much to remove the national stigma of leaving men of science and letters neglected. But their education is seldom such as enables them to know the great importance of science

and literature to human improvement; and they are rarely brought up to regard it as any part of their duty to promote the interests of society. They would not, indeed, be able directly to reward men of talent by employment or honours, but they might make them acquainted with those who could; at all events, mere social distinction, the attention and approbation of our fellow-creatures, is in itself an advantage to men who seldom possess that passport to English respect—wealth. Though learning is tacitly discouraged in women, yet the access to every species of knowledge requisite to direct their efforts wisely and well, is as open to them as to men. With this power of forming the mind of the rising generation, this influence over the opinions, the morals, and the tastes of society, this direct power in promoting objects both of private benevolence and national importance—with so many advantages, how is it that women are still exposed to so many sufferings, from dependence, oppression, mortification, and contempt? why are their opinions yet sneered at? why is their influence rather deprecated than sought? Is it not that they have never learnt even the selfish policy of connecting themselves with the spirit of moral and intellectual advancement? is it not because their liberty, their privileges, their power, have proceeded in many respects, less from a spirit of justice in the other sex, or a sense of moral fitness, than from the love of pleasure and luxury, of which women are the best promoters?

In England, these evils are peculiarly great; for in England they are without compensation. It is possible to imagine such brilliant conversation, such varied wit, such graceful manners, such apparent gentleness, that would stifle the complaints of the moralist, and cause the half uttered expostulation to die away upon his lips. So we can conceive that Arnaud and Nicole may have listened to the enchanting discourse of Madame de Sevigné, and under an influence so irresistible, have forborne to scan with severity the faults, glaring as they were, of the system to which she belonged. But with us the case is different—compare the English lady in her country-house, hospitable to her guests, benevolent to her dependents, as a wife spotless, as a mother most devoted, caring for all around her, dispensing education, relieving

distress, encouraging merit, the guard of innocence, the shame of guilt, active, contented, gracious, exemplary: and see the same person in London—her frame worn out with fatigue, her mind ulcerated with petty mortifications, her brow clouded, her look hardened, her eye averted from unprofitable friends, her tone harsh, her demeanour restless, her whole being changed: and were there no higher motive, were it a question of advantage and convenience only, were dignity, and the good opinion of others, and consideration in the world, alone at stake, can any one hesitate as to which situation a wife or daughter should prefer? We should, indeed, be sorry if our demeanour in those vast crowds where English people flock together, rather, as it would seem, to assert a right than to gratify an inclination, were to be taken as an index of our national character—the want of all ease and simplicity, those essential ingredients of agreeable society, which distinguish these dreary meetings, have been long unfortunately notorious. No nation is so careful of the great, or so indifferent to the lesser, moralities of life as the English; and in no country is society, indebted, perhaps, to polished idleness for its greatest charms, more completely misunderstood. Too busy to watch the feelings of others, and too earnest to moderate our own, that true politeness which pays respect to age, which strives to put the most insignificant person in company on a level with the most considerable—virtues which our neighbours possess in an eminent degree—are, except in a few favoured instances, unknown among us; while affectation, in other countries the badge of ignorance and vulgarity, is in ours, even in its worst shape, when it borrows the mien of rudeness, and impertinence, and effrontery, the appanage of those whose station is most conspicuous, and whose dignity is best ascertained. There is more good breeding in the cottage of a French peasant than in all the boudoirs of Grosvenor Square.

But God forbid that a word should escape from us which should seem to place the amusements of society, or the charms of conversation, in competition with those stern virtues which are the guardians of an English hearth! The austere fanaticism of the

Puritans, tainted with hypocrisy as it was, was preferable a thousand times to the orgies of the Regent and the *Parc aux-Cerfs*. If purity and refined society be, indeed, incompatible—if the love of freedom and active enterprise necessarily exclude the grace and softness which lessen, or at least teach us to forget, the burden of existence, let us be what we are; and, indeed, it is the opinion of many, that the want of social pleasure is the price we pay for the excellence of our political institutions. It is because before the law all men are equal, that in the world so much care is taken to show that they are different. If to this we add the mercantile habits of our countrymen, the enormous wealth which their pursuits enable them to accumulate—the great honours which are the reward of successful industry and ambition—the absurd value annexed to technical distinctions—the manner in which, in our as in all free countries, those distinctions are conferred—and a certain disposition to sneer at any chivalrous or elevated feeling, from which few of our ladies are exempt—we shall find it easy to account for the cold, stiff, ungraceful, harsh, and mercenary habits which disfigure, to the astonishment of all foreigners, the patrician class of English society. Nothing, indeed, can be less graceful than the frivolity of an Englishman. Naturally grave, serious, contemplative, if his angry stars have endowed him with enormous wealth, he carries into the pursuit of trifles the same solemnity and perseverance which, had he been more fortunately situated, would have been employed in a professional career—he carries a certain degree of gravity into his follies and his vices; as Pope, no less keen an observer than finished a poet, observed, he

“Judicious sups, and greatly daring
dines”—

he devotes himself to an eternal round of puerile follies, with a pompous self-importance that would be ludicrous were it exhibited in the discharge of the noblest and most sacred duties. Plate and wine seem his religion, and a well-furnished room his morality—his dinners engross his thoughts—his field sports are a nation's care. He

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writes books on arm-chairs, hunts with the most ineffable self-sufficiency, and talks of his dogs and horses as Howard or Clarkson might speak of the jails they had visited, and the mourners they had set free. He commits errors with a stolid air of deliberation, which the reckless passions of boiling youth could hardly palliate, but which, when perpetrated as a title to fashion, and as a passport to society, no epithets that contempt can suggest are vehement enough to stigmatize. The Englishman's vice has a business-like air with it that is intolerable—there is no illusion, no refinement—it is coarse, direct, groveling brutality—it wears its own hideous aspect with no garnish or disguise; and how seldom, even among that sex which these volumes are intended to instruct, does the brow wreathed with roses, amid the haunts of dissipation, wear a gay, a serene, or even a contented aspect! Where all the treasures that inanimate nature can furnish are scattered in profusion—where the air is fragrant with perfume, and vocal with melody, how vainly do we look for the freshness and animation, and the simplicity and single-mindedness of buoyant and delighted youth! We feel inclined, amid this gloomy dissipation and depressing pleasure, to reverse the most beautiful passage in Euripides, and to say, that the banquet and the festival do require all the heightening of art, all the embellishments of luxury, all the illusions of song, to conceal the struggles of corroding interest, and the pangs of constant mortification.

“There” (but we quote one of the most remarkable passages in the book) “is a general aversion from the labour of thought, in all who have not had the faculties exercised while they were pliant, nor been supplied with a certain stock of elementary knowledge, essential alike to any subject of science that may be presented to their maturer years. By means of the press, many broken and ill-sustained rays pierce across the neglect or indifference of parents, to the minds of the young. Gleams of a rational spirit and enlarged feeling may often be found among the daughters of country gentlemen, whose sons are still solely devoted to sporting and party politics.

“When we think of those mighty

resources we have just been adverting to, the strength all such tastes acquire by sympathy, and the observation of nature and of human life they tend to excite, we might expect they would furnish society with everlasting sources of excitement and mutual interest, that they would create a universal sympathy with genius and ability wherever it was found, and soften the repulsive austerity with which it is the nature of rank and wealth to look on humble fortunes.

"Little or nothing of all this takes place. Frivolity and insipidity are the prevailing characters of conversation; and nowhere in Europe, perhaps, does difference of fortune or station produce more unsocial and illiberal separation. Very few of those whom fortune has released from the necessity of following some laborious profession, are capable of passing their time agreeably without the assistance of company; not from a spirit of gaiety which calls on society for indulgence—not from any pleasure they take in conversation, where they are frequently languid and taciturn, but to rival each other in the luxury of the table, or, by a great variety of *indescribable airs*, to make others feel the pain of mortification. They meet as if '*to fight the boundaries*' of their rank and fashion, and the less definite and perceptible is the line which divides them, the more punctilious is their pride. It is a great mistake to suppose that this low-minded folly is peculiar to people of rank: it is an English disease. But the higher we go in society, the wider the circle of the excluded becomes; consequently, the greater the range of human beings cast forth from the pale of sympathy; and the more contracted do the judgment, experience, and feelings of its inmates become. The lofty walls, the iron spikes that surround our villas, and the notices every where affixed, 'that trespassers will be prosecuted with the utmost rigour of the law,' are meet emblems of the social spirit that connects the different orders of society in England. The effect of this is to produce narrow minds, or, what is worse, narrow hearts on one side, and a host of dissocial, irritable passions on the other. In each step of the scale, those beneath see chiefly the unamiable qualities of their superiors."

The disproportion of the happiness of society with its means, is a subject which calls forth all the eloquence and sagacity of this writer. Nor is this surprising; for it might startle

the most sluggish indifference—the most incurious stupidity. How does it come to pass, that with us misery is the fruit of successful labour, that with us experience does not teach caution, that with us the most munificent charity is unable to check the accumulation of evil, moral and physical, with which it vainly endeavours to contend? How is it, that while the wealth of England is a proverb among nations, the distress of her labourers is a byword no less universal; that while her commerce encircles the globe, while her colonies are spread through both hemispheres, while regions hitherto unknown are but the resting-place of her never-ceasing enterprise, the producers of all this wealth, the causes of all this luxury, the instruments of all this civilization, lie down in despair to perish by hundreds, amid the miracles of triumphant industry by which they are surrounded? How happens it, that as our empire extends abroad, security diminishes at home? that as our reputation becomes more splendid, and our attitude more commanding, the fabric of our strength decays, and our social bulwarks rock from their foundations? Who can say that the skill and valour of the general who has added a province to our Indian empire—who, triumphing over obstacles hitherto insurmountable, has caused the tide of victory to flow from East to West, and made the Sepoy invincible—may not ere long be called upon to fulfil the thankless task of suppressing insurrection, and to control the kindling fury of a mistaken, it is true, but of a kindred population? Shall the day indeed come when in our streets there shall be solitude, and in our harbours be heard no sound of oars, neither shall gallant ship pass thereby? Is the vaunted splendour of this country to furnish a melancholy lesson of the instability of earthly power, and its fate to conclude a tale more glorious, to point a moral more affecting, than any which Tyre, or Sidon, or Carthage have furnished, to curb the insolence of prosperity, and to show the insignificance of man?

"Quamvis Pontica pinus,

Sylvæ filia nobilis,

Jactes et genus et nomen inutile."

After dwelling on the supply of

information which the present age enjoys, and which is quite without parallel in any former period, and pointing out the inconsistencies among us, of which, nevertheless, every day affords perpetual examples, the writer asks—

“Do these evils proceed from some moral perversity in the people? Is there some natural barrier in England against the effects of capital, industry, science, and religion; or is it not that ignorance of the laws that regulate and harmonize social existence, and of those that govern the human mind, has hitherto been extensively prevalent, and is still resisting the remedies of riper experience?”

“But the poor and ignorant cannot educate themselves; it must be the upper classes who give them the means of improvement. In the natural laws of society, the use of a class who are independent of labour for subsistence, is, that a certain part of the community should have leisure to acquire that general knowledge which is the parent of wise institutions and pure morals. That they should have such affluence as to give weight to their example and authority, is also desirable. Government, as has already been observed, cannot act effectively against a very great preponderance of error and prejudice, but must legislate in the spirit of truths that are generally known, and in the service of interests that excite general sympathy.

“The object of this work is not to advocate particular measures, nor even to assume that every thing that is wrong is so through culpable neglect; but it is to call attention to the grievous evils, that neither legislation nor zeal and charity can counteract with effect, till the increased education of all classes assists their efforts. Something must be wanting, when such unrivalled knowledge and wealth are accompanied by such various and wide-spread evils. It is not benevolence that is deficient, for nowhere can we turn without meeting it in private, struggling against miseries too great for its power, and in public devoting abilities of the first order to the cause of humanity.

“It is the wider diffusion of knowledge we require: more heads and hands still are wanted, qualified for acting in concert, or at least acting generally on right principles. Too many persons capable of generous feeling are absorbed and corrupted by luxury and frivolity; too many waste their efforts

from shallow, mistaken, and contradictory views.”

Then follows a splendid description of scientific energy, the gratification which it affords, and the noble objects to which it points the way.

“In examining the prodigious resources at the command of the upper classes of English society, it is finely remarked, that ‘the fine arts are the materials by which our physical and animal sensations are converted into moral perceptions.’

“Every thing in the form of matter, however coarse—the refuse and dross of more valuable materials—is resolvable, by science, into elements too subtle for our vision, and yet possessed of such potency that they effect transmutations more surprising than the fables of magic. The points that spangle the still blue vault, and make night lovely to the untaught peasant, interpreted by science, expand into worlds and systems of worlds: some so remote, that even the character of light, in which their existence is declared to us, can scarcely give full assurance of their reality—some, kindred planets which science has measured, and has told their movements, their seasons, and the length of their days. Such resemblances to our own globe are ascertained in their general laws, and such diversity in their peculiar ones, that we are led irresistibly to believe they all teem with beings, sentient and intelligent as we are, yet whose senses, and powers, and modes of existence, must be very dissimilar, and indefinitely varied. The regions of space, within the field of our vision, present us with phenomena the most incomprehensibly mysterious, and with knowledge the most accurate and demonstrable. Light, motion, form, and magnitude—the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms—have their several sciences, and each would exhaust a life to master it completely. No uneasy passion follows him who engages in such speculations, where continual pursuit is made happy by the sense of continual progress. He leaves his cares at the threshold; for when his attention is fixed, so great is the pleasure of contemplation, that it seems good to have been born for this alone.

“If we return to the moral world, where, strange as it seems, we meet with less clearness and grandeur, yet there our deep interest in its truths supplies a different, perhaps a more powerful attraction. While we wonder and hope,

the general laws of sentient existence give us glimpses of their harmony with those of inanimate nature. The latter seems assuredly made for the use of the former. The identity of benevolence with wisdom presents itself to our minds as a necessary truth, and, notwithstanding our perplexities, brings peace to our hearts. Social distinctions sink to insignificance when contemplating our place in existence; and the privilege of reading the book of nature, and sharing the thoughts and the sentiments of the distinguished among men, atones for obscurity and neglect; neither would the troubled power of a throne nor the flushing of victory repay us for the sacrifice of those pleasures."

The second volume opens with a dissertation on luxury, in which the subject is treated with the depth and perspicuity that the extracts we have already made will have prepared our readers to anticipate. Luxury is a word of relative, and therefore of ambiguous signification; it may be the test of prosperity—it may be the harbinger of decay: according to the state of society in which it prevails, its signification will, of course, be different. The effect of civilization is to increase the number of our wants. The same degree of education which, during the last century, was considered, even by the upper classes, a superfluity, is now a necessary for the middling class, and will soon become a necessary for the lowest, or all but the lowest, members of society. Most of our readers are acquainted with the story of the Highland chief who rebuked his son indignantly for making a pillow of a snowball. Sumptuary laws have always been inefficient, or efficient only for the purposes of oppression. Public morality has been their pretext—the private gratification of jealousy their aim. In republics they were intended to allay the envy of the poor—in monarchies to flatter the arrogance of the great. The first of these motives produced, as Say observes, the law *Orchia* at Rome, which prohibited the invitation of more than a certain number of guests. The second was the cause of an edict passed in the reign of Henry II. of France, by which the use of silken shoes and garments was confined to princes and bishops. States are ruined by the extravagance, not of their subjects, but of their rulers.

Luxury is pernicious when it is purchased at an excessive price, or when it stands in the way of advantages greater and more attainable. The worse a government is, the more effect does it produce upon the manners and habits of its subjects. The influence of a government of favourites and minions over the community, is as prodigious as it is baneful. Every innocent pleasure is a blessing. Luxury is innocent, nay, it is desirable, as far as it can contribute to health and cleanliness—to rational enjoyment; as far as it serves to prevent gross debauchery; and, as one of our poets has expressed it,

"When sensual pleasures cloy,
To fill the languid pause with finer joy,"

it should be encouraged. It does not follow, because the materials for luxury are wanted, that the bad passions, and selfishness, which are its usual companions, will be wanted also. A Greenlander may display as much gluttony over his train oil and whale blubber as the most refined epicure can exhibit with the *Physiologie du Goût* in his hand, and with all Monsieur Ude's science at his disposal. When the gratification of our taste and senses interferes with our duty to our country, or our neighbours, or our friends—when, for the sake of their indulgence, we sacrifice our independence—or when, rather than abandon it, we neglect our duties, sacred and imperative as they may be—the most favourable casuists on the side of luxury allow that it is criminal. But even when it stops far short of this scandalous excess, the habit of immoderate self-indulgence can hardly long associate in the same breast with generous, manly, and enlightened sentiments: its inevitable effect is to stifle all vigorous energy, as well as to eradicate every softer virtue. It is the parent of that satiety which is the most unspeakable of all miseries—a short satisfaction is purchased by long suffering, and the result is an addition to our stock, not of pleasure, but of pain.

The next topic to which our attention is directed is the influence of habit. Habit is thus defined:—

"Habit is the aptitude for any actions or impressions produced by frequent repetition of them."

The word impressions is used to designate affections of mind and body that are involuntary, in contradistinction to those which we can originate and control. For instance, we may choose whether or not we will enter into any particular enquiry; but when we have entered upon it, we cannot prevent the result that the evidence concerning it will produce upon our minds. A person conversant with mathematical studies can no more help believing that the diagonal of a square is incommensurable with its side, than, if his hand had been thrust in the fire, he could help feeling heat. The remarks which follow are ingenious and profound:—

“The more amusements,” continues the writer, “partake of an useful character, the more lasting they are. This is never the case with trifles; when the enjoyment is over, they leave little or nothing in the mind. They are not steps to something else; they have no connexion with other and further results, to be brought out by further endeavours. *The attempt to make life a series of quickly succeeding emotions, will ever prove a miserable failure*; whereas, when the chief part of our time is spent in labour, active power increases—the exertion of it becomes habit—the mind gathers strength; and emotion being husbanded, retains its freshness, and the spirits preserve their alacrity through life. It follows that the most agreeable labours are those which superadd to an object of important and lasting interest a due mixture of intermediate and somewhat diversified results. To a mechanic, making a set of chairs and tables, for example, is more agreeable than working daily at a sawpit. But nothing can deprive the industrious man (however undiversified his employment) of the advantage of having a constant and important pursuit—viz. earning the necessities and comforts of life; and when we consider the uneasiness of a life without any steady pursuit, and how slight is the influence that such as one merely voluntary has over most men, it seems certain that, as a general rule, we do not err in representing the necessity of labour as a safeguard of happiness.”

Active habits are such as action gives: passive habits are such as our condition qualifies us to receive. In emotion, however violent, we may be passive; the forgiving and the vindictive man are for a time equally

passive in their emotions. It is when the vindictive man proceeds to retaliation upon an adversary that he becomes a voluntary agent. It is often difficult to analyse the ingredients of our thought, and to determine how far they are involuntary and how far they are spontaneous. Nor is this an enquiry the solution of which can ever affect the majority of mankind: it is not with such subtleties that the practice of the moralist is concerned. It is a psychological fact, which never can be repeated too often, that habit deadens impression and fortifies activity. It gives energy to that power which depends on the sanction of the will—it renders the sensations which are nearly passive every day more languid and insignificant.

“*Mon sachet de fleurs,*” says Montaigne, “sert d’abord à mon nez; mais, après que je m’en suis servi huit jours, il ne sert plus qu’au nez des assistants.” So the taste becomes accustomed to the most irritating stimulants, and is finally palsied by their continued application, yet the necessity of having recourse to these provocatives becomes daily more imperious.

“*Crescit indulgens sibi dirus hydrops, Nec sitim pellit.*”

The tanner who lives among his hides till he is insensible to his exhalations—the surgeon who has conquered the disgust with which the objects around him must fill an ordinary individual—the sensualist, on whose jaded appetite all the resources of art and all the loveliness of nature are employed in vain—may serve as common instances of the first part of the proposition; and the astonishing facility acquired by particular men in the business with which they are conversant, are proofs no less irrefragable of the second. Can any argument be conceived which is more decisive in favour of the moral economy to which even this lower world is subject, than the undeniable fact, that virtue is fortified by exercise, and pain conquered by endurance; while vice, like the bearer of the sibyl’s books, extorts every hour a greater sacrifice for less enjoyment? The passage in Mammon’s speech is no less philosophical—accurate than it is poetically beautiful—

"Our torments also may in length of time
 Become our elements, these piercing fires
 As soft as now severe, our temper changed
 Into their temper, which must needs remove
 The sensible of pain."

So does man pass on his way, from youth to manhood, from manhood till the shadow of death falls upon him; and while his moral and physical structure adapts itself to the incessant vicissitudes of his being, he imagines himself the same. The same in sunshine and in tempest—in the temperate and the torrid zone—in sickness and in health—in joy and sorrow—at school and in the camp or senate—still, still he is the same. His passions change, his pleasures alter; what once filled him with rapture, is now indifferent, it may be loathsome. The friends of his youth are his friends no longer—other faces are around him—other voices echo in his ears. Still he is the same—the same, when chilling experience has taught him its bitter lesson, and when life in all its glowing freshness first dawned upon his view. The same, when "vanity of vanities" is graven upon his heart—as when his youthful fancy revelled in scenes of love, of friendship, and of renown. The same, when cold, cautious, interested, suspicious, guilty—as when daring, reckless, frank, confiding, innocent. Still the dream continues, still the vision lasts, until some warning yet unknown—the tortures of disease, or the loss of the very object round which his heartstrings were entwined, anguish within, and desolation without—stir him into consciousness, and remind him of that fast approaching change which no illusion can conceal. Such is the pliability of our nature, so varied are the modes of our being; and thus, through the benevolence of Him who made us, the cause which renders our keenest pleasures transient, makes pain less acute, and death less terrible.

It follows from this, that in youth positive attainment is a matter of little moment, compared with the habits which our instructors encourage us to acquire. The fatal error which is casting a blight over our plans of

education, is to look merely to the immediate result, totally disregarding the motive which has led to it, and the qualities of which it is the indication; yet, would those to whom the delicate and most responsible task of education is confided, but consider that habits of mind are formed by inward principle, and not external action, they would adopt a more rational system than that to which mediocrity owes its present triumph over us; and which bids fair to wither up, during another generation, the youth and hopes of England. Such infatuation is equal to that of the husbandman who should wish to deprive the year of its spring, and the plants of their blossoms, in hopes of a more nutritious and abundant harvest.

"The inward principle required to give habits of industry, temperance, good temper, and so forth, is the express intention of being industrious, temperate, and gentle, and regulating one's actions accordingly. But the inward principle exercised by a routine of irksome restraints, submitted to passively on no other grounds but the laws of authority, or the influence of fashion, or imposed merely as the necessary condition of childhood, may be only that of yielding to present impression. He who, in youth, yields passively to fear or force, in after life may be found to yield equally to pleasure or temper; the habit of yielding to present impressions, in the first case, prepares the mind for yielding to them in the second, without any attempt at self-control.

"The necessity of reducing the young, in the first instance, to implicit obedience, and the utility of a strict routine of duties, is not hereby disputed. The impressions arising from every species of restraint and coercion, whether from the command of another or our own reason, being almost invariably unpleasant at first, it is necessary (on the theory of habit) to weaken their force by repetition, before the principle of self-government can be expected to act. But the point insisted on is, that weakening the pain of restraint and of submission to rules, will not necessarily create an intention of adhering to the rules, when coercion ceases. An intention is a mental action, and even when excited, it is neither impossible nor uncommon that the practice of forming intentions may be accompanied by the practice of breaking them; and as the shame and remorse of so doing wear

out through frequency, a character of weakness is formed."

Although we regret the omission of some observations on waste and prodigality—remarks in which the most profound knowledge of the best authorities on this subject is tempered with a strict attention to practical interest, and a minute acquaintance with the affairs of ordinary life—we proceed to the chapters on "Frivolity and Ignorance," with which, and an admirable dissertation on the authority of reason, the volume terminates. These chapters yield to none in this admirable work for utility and importance; there are three subjects on which the influence of frivolity, baneful as it always is, is most peculiarly dangerous and destructive—education, politics, and religion. On all these great points, inseparably connected as they are with human happiness and virtue, the frivolity of women may give a bias to the character of the individual, which will be traced in his career to the last moment of his existence. The author well observes that frivolity and ignorance, rather than deliberate guilt, are the causes of political error and tergiversation. If there are few persons ready to devote themselves to the good of their species, and carrying their attention beyond kindred and acquaintance, to comprise the most distant posterity and regions the most remote within the scope of their benevolence; so there are few of those monsters in selfishness, who would pursue their own petty interests when the happiness of millions is an obstacle to its gratification; but as a leaf before the eye will hide a universe, self-love limits the intellectual horizon to a compass inconceivably narrow; and the prosperity of nations, when placed in the balance with a riband or a pension, has too often kicked the beam. Professional business, and the love of detail, which is so deeply rooted in most English natures, tends also to contract the thoughts, to erect a false standard of merit, and to fill the mind with petty objects. As an instance of this, it may be remarked that Lord Somers is the only great man who, in England, has ever filled a judicial situation. So wide is the difference between present success and future reputation—so weak on all sides but

one, are those who have limited themselves to one side only—so technical and engrossing are the avocations of an English lawyer. The best, if not the only remedy for this evil, is, in the words of our author, the "study of well-chosen books."

"Life must often consist of acts or concerns which, taken individually, are trivial; but the speculations of great minds relate to important objects. By their eloquence they draw forth the best emotions of which we are capable; they fill our minds with the knowledge of great and general truths, which, if they relate to the works of creation, exalt our nature and almost give us a new existence; or if they unfold the conditions and duties of human life, they kindle our desire for worthy ends, and teach us how to promote them. We learn to consider ourselves not as single and detached beings, with separate interests from others, but as parts of that great class who are the support of society—that is, the upright, the intelligent, and the industrious. Hence we cease to be absorbed by one set of narrow ideas; and the least duties are dignified by being viewed as parts of a general system. The bulk of mankind must and ought to confine their attention principally to their own immediate business. But if they who belong to the higher orders, do not avail themselves of their command of time, to enlarge their minds and acquire knowledge, one of the great uses of an upper class will be lost."

The trite and ridiculous axiom, the common refuge of imbecility, that women should take no interest in politics, is then sifted and exposed; it would be as wise to say, that women should take no interest in the blood that circulates through their bodies because they are not physicians, or in the air they breathe because they are not chemists. The people who are most fond of repeating this absurdity, are, it may be observed, the very people who are most furious with women for not acquiescing at once in any absurdity which they may think proper to promulgate as an incontrovertible truth. Ill temper, and rash opinions, and crude notions, are always mischievous; but it is not in politics alone that they are exhibited, and the women most applauded for not *meddling* with politics, (an expression which, as our author properly observes, assumes the whole matter in dispute,) are generally those who adhere to the most

obsolete doctrines with the greatest tenacity, and pursue those who differ with them in opinion with the most unmitigated rancour. In short, it is not till enquiry supersedes implicit belief, till violence gives place to reflection, till the study of sound and useful writers takes the place of sweeping and indiscriminate condemnation, that this aphorism is brought forward by those who would have listened with delight to the wildest effusions of bigotry and ignorance. But in the work before us, the author (convincing as her reasons are) has furnished the most complete practical refutation of this ridiculous error.

Infinitely worse, however, than any evil which can arise from this or any other source, is that which the opinions and ideas of a frivolous woman must entail upon those unhappy beings of whom she superintends the education.

"Turpe est difficiles habere nugas,
Et stultus labor est ineptiarum,"

is a text on which, even in this great and free country, many comments may be found.

The pursuit of eminence in trifles, the common sign of a bad heart, is an infallible proof of a feeble understanding. A man may dishonour his birth, ruin his estate, lose his reputation, and destroy his health, for the sake of being the first jockey or the favourite courtier of his day. And how should it be otherwise, when from the lips whence other lessons should have proceeded, selfishness has been inculcated as a duty, a desire for vain distinctions and the love of self encouraged as virtues, and a splendid equipage, or it may be some bodily advantage, pointed out as the highest object of human ambition? To set the just value on every enjoyment, to choose noble and becoming objects of pursuit, are the first lessons a child should learn; and if he does not learn their rudiments on his mother's knees, he will hardly acquire the knowledge of them elsewhere. The least disparagement of virtue, the slightest admiration for trifling and merely extrinsic objects, may produce an indelible effect on the tender mind of youth; and the mother who has taught her son to bow down to success, to pay homage to wealth and station, which virtue and genius should alone appropriate, is the person to whom the meanness of the crouching

syccophant, the treachery of the trading politician, the brutality of the selfish tyrant, and the avarice of the sordid miser, in after life must be attributed.

This argument is closed by some very judicious remarks on the degree in which the perusal of works of imagination is beneficial.

"It is not easy to explain to a person whose mind is trifling, the consequences of the over-indulgence in passive impressions produced by light reading, or to make them understand the different effect produced by the highest order of works of imagination, and the trivial compositions which inundate the press, with no merit but some commonplace moral. Both are classed together as works of amusement; but the first enrich the mind with great and beautiful ideas, and, provided they be not indulged in to an extravagant excess, refine the feelings to generosity and tenderness. They counteract the sordid or the petty turn, which we are liable to contract from being wholly immersed in mere worldly business, or given up to the follies of the great world; in either case confined too much to intercourse with barren hearts and narrow minds. It is of great use to the 'dull, sullen, prisoner in the body's cage' sometimes 'to peep out,' and be made to feel that it has aspirations for somewhat more excellent than it has ever known; and that its own ideas can stretch forth into a grandeur beyond what this real existence provides for it. It is good for us to feel that the vices into which we are beguiled are hateful to our own minds in contemplation, and that it is our unconquerable nature to love and adore that virtue we do not, or cannot, attain to."

The remarks on the influence of frivolity on religion, on the mistaken name and worldly spirit introduced amongst its most solemn ordinances, are no less excellent. After pointing out the danger of mistaking excitement for devotion, and of separating the duties of man from the will of God, the sanctions of religion from the lessons of morality, the writer observes—

"The weak and ignorant are peculiarly liable to be infected with these doctrines, and to them they are peculiarly hurtful. Unable to take a just view of their particular duties, or of the uses and purposes of our natural faculties, creatures of impulse, slaves of cir-

cumstances, the pleasures of this hour fill them with vanity, the devotion of the next with enthusiasm, or perhaps terror. Charmed by worldly follies because they are ignorant or idle, and without resistance to vice because they have never learned self-command, they seek to extirpate all the natural emotions and desires which they do not know how to regulate, and so give up the world. But they deceive themselves; their moral defects are not lessened; they have only changed their objects. The frivolity which formerly made trifles absorb them, now spends itself on religion, which it degrades. Whatever the former defects of their character, whether selfishness, vanity, pride, ill-temper, indolence, or any other, it remains unconquered, though the manner in which it exhibits itself is different. In one respect they are much worse; formerly they were less blind to their own imperfections; they sometimes suspected they were wrong; now they are quite satisfied they are right; nor can they easily be undeceived, because, when about to examine their hearts and their conduct, the error in their views directs their efforts to a false standard."

We think we cannot more appropriately close the faint outline, in which we have endeavoured, however feebly, to shadow forth the merit of these volumes, than by placing before our readers the tribute to departed excellence, which this touching and finished picture is intended to convey.

"Leaving the contemplation of feverish excitement, fantastic and complicated subtleties, angry zeal, and dissocial passions, I turn to the records of memory, where are graven for ever the lineaments of one who was indeed a disciple of Christ, and whose character seemed the earthly reflection of his. Wherever there was existence her benevolence flowed forth, never enfeebled by the distance of its object, yet flushing the least of daily pleasures with its warmth. Her views rose to the most comprehensive moral grandeur, while her calm, uncompromising energy against sin, was combined with an ever-flowing sympathy for weakness and woe. She spent her life in one continued system of active beneficence, in which her business, her projects, her pleasures, were but so many varied forms of serving her fellow-creatures. Never for a moment did a reflection for herself cross the current

of her purposes for them. Her whole heart so went with their distresses and their joys, that she scarcely seemed to have an interest apart from theirs. The simplicity of her character was peculiarly striking, in the unhesitating readiness with which she received—I might even say, with which she grasped at—the correction of her errors, and listened to the suggestions of other persons. One undivided desire possessed her mind—it was not to seem right, but to do right.

What heightened the resemblance between her and the model she followed, was, that her counsels came not from a bosom that had never been shaken with the passions she admonished, or the sorrows she endeavoured to soothe. Her character was one of deep sensibility, and passions strong even to violence; but they were controlled and directed by such vivid faith as has never been surpassed. Her long life had tried her with almost every pang that attends the attachment of such beings to the mortal and the suffering, the erring and perverse; and when those sorrows came, that reached her heart through its deepest and most sacred affections, the passion burst forth, that showed what the energy of that principle must have been, that could have brought such a mind to a tenor of habitual calmness and serenity. When every element of anguish had been mingled together in one dreadful cup, and reason for a week or two was tottering in its seat, she was seen to resume the struggle against the passions that for a moment had conquered. The bonds that attached her to life were indeed broken for ever, but she recovered her heart-felt submission to God, and she learned by degrees again to be happy in the happiness she gave.

"It was this depth and strength of feeling that gave her a power over others, seldom surpassed, I believe, by any other mortal. In her the erring and the wretched found a sure refuge from themselves. The weakness that shrunk from the censure or the scorn of others, could be poured out to her as to one whose mission upon earth was to pity and to heal; for she knew the whole range of human infirmity, and that the wisest have the roots of those frailties that conquer the weak. But in restoring the fallen to their connexion with the honoured, she never held out a hope that they might parley with their temptations, or lower their standard of virtue: a confession to her cut off all self-delusion as to culpable conduct or passions. While she inspired the most uncompromising con-

denmation of the thing that was wrong, she never advised what was too hard for the "bruised reed;" she chose not the moment of excitement to rebuke the misguidings of passion, nor of weakness to point out the rigour of duty. But strength came in her presence: she seemed to bring with her irresistible evidence that any thing could be done which she said ought to be done. The truths of religion, stripped of fantastic disguises, appeared at her call with a living reality, and for a time, at least, the troubles of life sank down to their just level. When our sorrows are too big for our own bosoms, if others receive them with stoicism, it repels all desire to seek relief at their hands; but the calmness with which she attended to the effusions and perturbations of grief, seemed the earnest of safety from one who had passed through the storm. The deep and tender expression of her noble countenance suggested that feeling with which a superior being might be supposed to look down from heaven on the anguish of those who are still in the toils, but know not the reward that awaits them.

"Every thing petty seemed to drop off from her mind; but she imbibed the spirit of essentials so perfectly, she followed it throughout with such singleness of heart, that its influence affected her minutest actions, not by an effort of studied attention, but with the steadiness of a natural law. Nature and revelation she regarded as the two parts of one great connected system; she always contemplated the one with reference to the other; her views were therefore all practical and free from confusion, and nothing that promoted the welfare of this world could cease to be a part of her duty to God. It was her maxim that the motive dignified the action, however trivial in itself; and all the actions of her life were ennobled by the motive of obedience to an all-powerful Being, because he is the pure essence of wisdom and goodness. In the virtue of those who had not the consoling belief of the Christian, she still saw the handwriting of God, that cannot be effaced from a generous mind; and she used to dwell with delight on the idea that the good man, from whose eyes the light of faith was withheld in this life, would arise with rapture in the next, to the knowledge that a happiness was in store for him which he had not dared to believe.

"It was not the extent of her intellectual endowments that made her the object of veneration to all who knew

her; it was her extraordinary moral energy. The clear and vigorous view she took of every subject arose chiefly from her habit of looking directly for its bearing on virtue or happiness; she saw the essential at a glance, or could not be diverted from the truth by a passion or a prejudice. Hence, also, her lofty undeviating justice; her regard to the rights of others was so scrupulous, that every one within reach of her influence reposed on her decisions with unhesitating trust; nor would the certainty that the interests of those she loved best were involved, have cast a shadow of doubt over her stainless impartiality.

"She could be deceived, for she was too simple and lofty always to conceive the objects of base minds:—

"And oft, though wisdom wake, suspicion sleeps
At wisdom's gate, and to simplicity
Reigns her charge, while goodness thinks no ill,
Where no ill seems."

Paradise Lost.

"Nevertheless, she generally read the characters of artifice and insincerity with intuitive quickness, though it was often believed she was duped by those whom she saw through completely. Of this she was aware, but she was so exempt from all desire to prove her sagacity, that she never cared to correct the misconception; and she held that it was neither useful nor quite justifiable to expose all the pretences we may discover, till it became necessary to set the unwary on their guard.

"She never renounced the innocent pleasures or pursuits of life, nor the proprieties of a distinguished station; though she partook so little of its luxuries, that she could pass from the splendour of her own establishment to one the most confined, apparently without sensibility to the change. Wherever she moved, she inspired joy and cheerfulness; yet she was by no means unreserved, except to those she tenderly loved; and it was surprising how any manner so gentle, could at the same time oppose a barrier so impassable to the advances of the unworthy. She enjoyed the beauty of nature with passion. Her mind, at an advanced age, had all the elasticity and animation of the prime of life; and she could be led to forget half the night in the excitement of conversation. Happy were the hours spent with her in the discussion of every subject that could call forth her opinions, and her wide knowledge of the eventful times in which she had lived!—hours that exalted the feelings, informed the

understandings, and animated the playfulness of younger minds, who found that forty years of difference between their age and hers, took nothing from their sympathies, but added a new and rare delight to their intercourse.

"But she is gone! To those who knew her, her counsels are silent and her place void; but there remains the distinct consciousness, that to them had been given a living evidence of the true Christian spirit, for if hers were not true, than many errors be more excellent than truth! Far distant, and with unequal steps, they endeavour to follow her course; and perhaps the distaste with which they turn from the defective and ill-proportioned models that are forced on their admiration, is scarcely consistent with the charity she always taught."

Great, indeed, is the task assigned to woman. Who can elevate its dignity? who can exaggerate its importance? Not to make laws, not to lead armies, not to govern empires, but to form those by whom laws are made, and armies led, and empires governed; to guard from the slightest taint of possible infirmity the frail, and as yet spotless creature whose moral, no less than his physical, being must be derived from her; to inspire those principles, to inculcate those doctrines, to animate those sentiments, which generations yet unborn, and nations yet uncivilized, shall learn to

bless; to soften firmness into mercy, to chasten honour into refinement, to exalt generosity into virtue; by her soothing cares to allay the anguish of the body, and the far worse anguish of the mind; by her tenderness to disarm passion; by her purity to triumph over sense; to cheer the scholar sinking under his toil; to console the statesman for the ingratitude of a mistaken people; to be the compensation for hopes that are blighted, for friends that are perfidious, for happiness that has passed away. Such is her vocation—the couch of the tortured sufferer, the prison of the deserted friend, the scaffold of the god-like patriot, the cross of a rejected Saviour; these are the scenes of woman's excellence, these are the theatres on which her greatest triumphs have been achieved. Such is her destiny—to visit the forsaken, to attend to the neglected; amid the forgetfulness of myriads to remember—amid the execrations of multitudes to bless; when monarchs abandon, when counsellors betray, when justice persecutes, when brethren and disciples fly, to remain unshaken and unchanged; and to exhibit, on this lower world, a type of that love—pure, constant, and ineffable—which in another world we are taught to believe the best reward of virtue.

A PLEA FOR ANCIENT TOWNS AGAINST RAILWAYS.

It is impossible to look, without surprise, to the progress of the railway system since the first experiment in 1830. The Liverpool and Manchester line was opened in the September of that year, at an expense of L.1,200,000; and in the thirteen years since that period, line after line has been laid down and opened for traffic, till the completed railways amount to many hundred miles in length, and the expenditure of capital has been many millions of money.

The advantages of a line between Manchester and Liverpool were obvious. It connected the two towns—the importing and the manufacturing—which needed connexion the most; and, in fact, the harbour gained an enormous manufacturing population, and the population gained a harbour. The outlay, prodigious as it was, was found a profitable investment; but the benefits of the improvement were so great, that the mere profits on the undertaking, as a pecuniary speculation, were lost sight of in the higher view of the impetus given to the trade of these two main seats of our commercial enterprise. It became a national undertaking; Birmingham and the other wealthy towns were determined to have the same advantage; London became, of course, the great centre to which every new line tended; and in an incredibly short space of time, at an incredible expenditure of money, the iron and cotton emporiums of the north, the packet stations of the south and south-west, the agricultural and manufacturing districts of the north-east, all were moved into the actual neighbourhood of the capital. The beautiful Southampton water flowed within three hours of the Bank. Ipswich was not much further off than Hammersmith; and Bath and Bristol were but a morning's drive from Buckingham palace or Windsor.

What has been the effect of all these improvements, and to what do they all tend?

If the whole prosperity of a nation depended on rapidity of conveyance, there could be but one answer to the enquiry—but even in that case the prosperity must depend on rapidity of conveyance between the particular

places which the railway unites—Manchester and Liverpool, Birmingham and London, and generally the great towns at the *termini*, and some throughout all of the intermediate stations, have cause to rejoice in the improvement. And land and houses in the neighbourhood have increased in value, their correspondence is conducted in half the time, and money is of course distributed in fertilizing rills by the crowds of travellers who pass through them on their way to join the train. But these advantages are local, and an opinion is now gaining ground that they are obtained at the expense of other places. What possible benefit can accrue to a town or neighbourhood near which the railway passes, but where there is no station? Can it encourage the trade of such a town as Dangleley or Standon to know, that the five or six thousand beings who are whirled past them, with almost invisible rapidity, every day, arrive in Liverpool in ten hours after leaving London? On the contrary, is it not found to be directly injurious to them by the encouragement it gives to towns and villages more favourably situated; while their inns become deserted, their tradespeople are drifted out of the great stream of business, their turnpikes are ruined, and grass grows in their streets. Let us take any one of the great lines, and see the number of towns whose ancient prosperity it has destroyed. From London to York a few years ago, ten or twelve coaches gave life and animation to all the places they passed through. Their hotels and commercial rooms were filled at every blowing of the guard's horn; tradespeople looked out from behind their counters with a smile, as, with a dart and rattle, the four thoroughbred greys pulled the well-known fast coach up the street, loaded inside and out. They became proud of their Tallyho, or Phenomenon; they got their newspapers and parcels “with accuracy and despatch,” and enjoyed the natural advantages of their situation. Now the case is altered; a two-horse coach, or perhaps an omnibus, jumbles occasionally to the railway station, and the traveller complains that it takes him longer time to go the ten or twelve

miles across the country than all the rest of the journey. Then he grumbles at the inconvenience of changing his mode of conveyance, and only revisits the out-of-the-way place when he cannot avoid it.

A person settling in one of these towns twenty years ago, establishing a trade, buying or building premises, in the belief that, however business may alter from other causes, his geographical position must, at all events, continue unchanged, must be as much astonished as was Macbeth at the migratory propensities of Birnam forest, when he perceives that towns a hundred miles down the road have actually walked between him and London; get their town parcels much earlier, and have digested and nearly forgotten their newspaper, while he is waiting in a fever of expectation to know whether rum is much riz or sugars is greatly fell. He calls for a branch railway to put him on equal terms; but a vast hill, perhaps, rises between him and the main line—it would cost forty thousands pounds a mile—he must bore an enormous tunnel, and fill up a prodigious valley, and the united wealth of all the shopkeepers in the town would fall far short of the required half million. He sinks down in sheer despair, or takes to drinking with the innkeeper, who has already had an attack of *delirium tremens*, gives up the *Times* newspaper for the *Weekly Despatch*, and thinks Mr Frost a much injured character, and Rebecca a Welsh Hampden. The railway has touched his pocket, and the iron has entered into his soul. He feels as if he lived at the Land's-End, or had emigrated to the back woods of America. All the world goes at a gallop, and he creeps. Finally, he is removed to Hanwell, and endeavours to persuade Dr Conolly that he is one of Stephenson's engines, and goes hissing and spurting in fierce imitation of Rapid or Infernal. And all this is the natural consequence of having settled in an ancient city inaccessible to rails. A list could easily be made out that would astonish any one who had not reflected on the subject before, of cities and towns which must yield up their relative rank to more aspiring neighbourhoods on whom the gods of steam and iron have smiled. It will be sufficient to point out a few instances in some of the main lines of mail-coach

travelling, and see what their position is now.

Let us go to Lincoln, region of fens and enterprize, of fat land and jolly yeomen. The mail is just ready to start; we pay our fare, and, after seeing our luggage carefully deposited in the recesses of the boot, we mount beside the red-faced, much-becoated individual who is flickering his whip in idle listlessness on the box; the guard gives a triumphal shout on his short tin horn, the flickering of the whip ceases, the horses snort and paw, and finally, in a tempest of sound and a whirlwind of dust, we career onward from the Saracen's head, and watch the stepping of the stately team with pride and exultation—a hundred and forty miles before us, and thirteen hours on the road.

In fifty-five minutes we are at Bar-net—pick up a stout gentleman and plethoric portmanteau in the green shades of Little Heath lane; and dashing through Hatfield, as if we were announcing Waterloo, change horses again at Stanborough. Away, away, the coach and we, with two very jolly fellows on the roof, and cross in due time the beautiful river Lea, scattering letter-bags at every gentleman's lodge as we pass, with a due proportion of fish-baskets and other diminutive parcels. Hedges, row after row, dance past us with all their leaves and blossoms—milestone after milestone is merrily left behind—we have crossed the Maran, the Joel, the sluggish Ouse, trotted gaily on under the shadow of the episcopal towers of Buckden, and perform wonders with a knife and fork, in the short space of twenty minutes, in the comfortable hotel at Stamford. Refreshed and invigorated with a couple of ducks and a vast goblet of homebrewed—for it is well known we and all other good subjects are rigid anti-Mathewsians—we continue our course through unnumbered villages and market towns, Coltersworth, Spittlegate, Ponton, Grantham, till Newark opens her hospitable gates; and finally, as “the shades of eve begin to fall,” we descend from our proud eminence and commit ourselves to the tender attentions of a civil landlord, two waiters, and a stout chambermaid, in the chief inn of the good town of Lincoln.

Many coaches followed our track. Like the waves of the summer, as one rolled away, another as bright and as

shining, came on. Every lane formed a "terminus," where a motion of the hand gave notice to the coachman that a passenger wished to get in; and it is impossible to doubt that the traffic along that smooth and wide highway was a source of prosperity to the whole neighbourhood.

The coaches are now off the road—the letters are carried by a mail train, and forwarded across in a high gig with red wheels, and the liveliness and bustle of all the villages and country towns are gone—a few more years, and the ruin of every turnpike trust in England will be another proof of the irresistible power of steam.

It is not contended that rapid intercommunication is an evil, or even that the towns we have mentioned, and hundreds of others, in all parts of the country, do not participate in the advantage, to the extent of being within a shorter distance of London than they were before; for it is evident, that to go to Lincoln would occupy less time if you went to Leicester by the railroad, and travelled the remaining miles by coach. But this is what we maintain—that towns or lines of road through which the railway runs, have an undue advantage—and that the prosperity so acquired, is at the expense of the towns which are not only at a distance from the new mode of communication, but are deprived of the old. Twelve years ago, upwards of a hundred coaches passed through Oxford in the four-and-twenty hours. We will be bound to say, not half a dozen pass through it now; and whatever the *University* may think upon the subject, it is certain that the alteration is of great detriment to the town, and makes little less difference to the Corn-market and High Street, than the turning the course of the Thames would do to Westminster and Wapping. Who is to keep the beautiful roads by Henley and High Wickham in repair? And who is to restore a value to the inns at the tidy comfortable towns along the line? Will the prosperity of Steventon bring back the gaieties of Tetsworth or Beaconsfield, and the numerous villages within an easy distance of the road? We repeat it—the towns which formerly enjoyed the natural advantages of their geographical position, are now deprived of them; they become subordinates instead of principals, and will sink

more and more, as new competitors arise in the towns which will infallibly gather round every railway station.

In every county there are numbers of towns whose fate is sealed, unless some great effort is made to preserve their existence: Marlborough, Devizes, Hindon, Guildford, Farnham, Petersfield, the whole counties of Rutland and Dorset, and the greater part of Lincoln, besides hundreds, or probably thousands, of other places of inferior note.

But what is the effort that should be made, and how are the parties interested to bring their powers to bear in staving off the destruction that threatens them? It is to these points we are now about to address ourselves; and we trust, in spite of the lightness of some parts of this paper, the real weight of the subject will command the notice of all who feel anxious to benefit any neighbourhood in the position of some of those we have mentioned. And the attention of the trustees of high-roads throughout the kingdom is solicited to the following suggestions.

It is conceded on all hands, that where speed is required in draught, the horse cannot compete with mechanical power. At three miles an hour, the horse is the most perfect locomotive machine; but if his velocity be increased to ten, most of his power is consumed in moving himself. The average exertion in each horse in a four-horse heavy coach, is calculated by the author of the excellent Treatise on Draught, appended to the work published on the Horse by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, not to be equal to a strain of more than 62½ lbs.; and at twelve miles an hour to be barely 40 lbs. It is therefore useless to rely on horse-power to enable a neighbourhood to retain its advantages in competition with a railway. To meet this difficulty many ingenious men turned their attention to the possibility of inventing a steam-engine applicable to common roads; and although, in several instances, their experiments succeeded, and many of the difficulties were overcome, still it is not to be denied that, on the whole, macadamized roads are not adapted to locomotive machines. Even when the road is in the best possible condition, the concussion is found so great as materially to interfere with

the action of the machinery; and if the road be slightly muddy, or sandy, or newly gravelled, the draught will be double, or even treble what it is on the same road when free from dirt or dust. The author of the *Treatise on Draught*, accordingly, concludes against the use of steam-carriages on common roads, chiefly on account of their want of uniform hardness and smoothness, and the consequent wear and tear of the coach. "Perfection in a road," he says, "would be a plain, level, hard surface;" and in another passage—"Hardness, therefore, and consequently the absence of dust and dirt, which is easily crushed or displaced, is the grand desideratum in roads."

These opinions were published in 1831, and since that period the desideratum has been supplied. A method of preparing a road has been discovered, uniting all the qualities required for the perfection of a highway. We allude to the system recently introduced of paving a road with wood. On this smooth and hard surface a steam coach goes more easily than on iron rails, and the expense of laying it down is trifling in comparison.

At a meeting of the South-eastern Railway Company in July 1843, a branch line to Maidstone, ten miles in length, was proposed; and as the directors were satisfied it would be beneficial to the parent line, they determined to raise L.149,300, on loan notes or mortgage, to complete it. This gives an expenditure of L.15,000 a mile, and, judging from the estimate of other lines, the estimate is exceedingly low. For less than a third of the sum, the distance could have been laid down in wood without interfering with the traffic of the present road; for one great advantage of the proposed method consists in this, that by setting aside a portion of the present highway where it is wide enough, or widening it a few feet where it is too narrow, the turnpike would derive a considerable income from the steam-coaches, and the traffic would continue in its accustomed channels. Where a portion of the road was set apart for the sole use of the steam-coaches, they could travel at a very considerable rate, and at a third of the expense of horse-power. And even if the wooden lines were laid down on the common road, with no exclusive barriers between them

and other vehicles, a speed of fifteen or sixteen miles an hour could be maintained with perfect safety to themselves and the public. On the 27th of April last year, Mr Squire tried his steam-carriage in the streets of London, and ran along the macadamized part, then in fine condition, at the rate of fifteen miles an hour. On coming to the wooden pavement the difference was at once perceptible; and he pronounced that on such roads he should have no difficulty in keeping up a velocity of thirty miles an hour. In other respects, his carriage appeared to be perfect, and was guided with much greater facility than an ordinary coach.

This gentleman had run his carriage on common roads with great success; and the experiments made in 1831 had attracted so much notice, that a Parliamentary Committee was appointed in that year, and another in 1834, to examine into the subject. As the decision of these committees was eminently favourable, in spite of the difficulties, at that time generally thought insurmountable, arising from the nature of the highways to be travelled on, we shall quote some portion of their reports, from which it will be seen that all other difficulties were overcome.

Mr Goldsworthy Gurney, the first inventor of steam-coaches adapted for common roads, says in his evidence—"I have always found the most perfect command in guiding these carriages. Suppose we were going at the rate of eight miles an hour, we could stop immediately. In case of emergency, we could instantly throw the steam on the reverse side of the piston, and stop within a few yards. The stop of the carriage is singular; it would be supposed that the momentum would carry it far forward, but it is not so; the steam brings it up gradually and safely, though rather suddenly—I would say within six or seven yards. On a declivity, we are well stored with apparatus: we have three different modes of dragging the carriage."

"You stated in your former evidence, that you anticipated that passengers would be carried at one-half the rate by your steam-carriages that they are by the common carriages; what difference in the ordinary expenses of carriage would it make, if

you had a paved road for this purpose?"

"I think it would reduce the expense to one-half again."

"To what velocity could you increase your present rate of travelling with your engine?"

"I have stated that the velocity is limited by practical experience only; theoretically it is limited only by quantity of steam. Twelve miles, I think, we could keep up steadily, and run with great safety. The extreme rate that we have run, is between twenty and thirty miles an hour."

"What is the greatest number of passengers you have taken on that carriage?"

"Thirty-six passengers and their luggage. The greatest weight we could draw by that carriage, at the rate of ten miles an hour, is from forty to fifty hundred-weight. The greatest weight we ever drew on the common road, at a rate of from five to six miles an hour, was eleven tons. We made the experiment on the Bristol road. The weight of the drawing carriage was upwards of two tons; it drew five times its own weight. The eleven tons included the weight of the drawing carriage, and I did not consider that its maximum power."

In a very scientific and interesting Treatise on Locomotion, by Mr Alexander Gordon, a civil engineer of eminence, we find an account given of the trial of power alluded to by Mr Gurney. A pair of three feet wheels were used on the hind axle, and the engine drew with ease a large waggon loaded with cast-iron. After going about a mile and a quarter, a cart also loaded with cast-iron was attached to the waggon. The engine started with these loaded carriages, and returned to Gloucester. The additional weight made so little apparent difference to the engine, that on the way back several persons among the spectators got up and rode; the number altogether amounted to twenty-six. The united weight amounted to ten tons. Going into Gloucester, there is a rise of one foot in twenty, or twenty-five.

Two great objections were advanced by the opponents of the proposed innovation, which are most emphatically answered by the Report of the Committee of 1834. Even in 1831, the Committee reported as follows:—

"It has frequently been urged

against these carriages, that wherever they may be introduced, they must effectually prevent all other travelling on the road, as no horse will bear the noise and smoke of the engine. The Committee believe that these statements are unfounded. Whatever noise may be complained of, arises from the present defective construction of the machinery, and will be corrected as the makers of such carriages gain greater experience. Admitting even that the present engines do work with some degree of noise, the effect on horses has been greatly exaggerated. All the witnesses accustomed to travel in these carriages, even in the crowded roads adjacent to the metropolis, have stated, that horses are very seldom frightened in passing."

But in 1834, the report is still more conclusive on this point. Mr Macneil, a distinguished civil engineer, gives the following evidence:—

"At the time the Committee sat in 1831, I could speak as to having seen only one steam-carriage on a turnpike road, and as to the effect on horses that passed it on the road. From considerable experience since that time, *I am quite certain, that in a very short period there will be no complaint of horses being frightened by steam-carriages.* I do not know that I have seen more than two or three horses in all my experience, that were at all frightened by any of the carriages. I travelled with, and I have passed many times through some of the most crowded streets in London and in Birmingham, in steam-carriages. I have also seen horses out in the morning, led by grooms, which would in all probability be startled by any object at all likely to frighten a horse, and they did not take the least notice of the engine. At another time, several ladies passed on horseback without the least alarm, and some of them rode close after the carriage, and alongside of it, as long as they could keep up with it."

This evidence is corroborated by all the other witnesses; and great as the noise, and fearful as the horrid gasping of the engine may be, we are not prepared to say that terror may not as naturally be excited in the heart of the most gallant of Houyeneans by the thunder and glitter of a fast coach, rushing downhill at the rate of sixteen miles an hour. In fact, the horse that has ceased—like a young lady

after her second season—to be shy, will care no more for a steam-engine than a tilted waggon. And it is decidedly our private and confidential opinion, from a long experience of vivacious roadsters, that a quadruped which maintains its equanimity on encountering a baker's cart with an awning, will face the noisiest and most vociferous of boilers. But granting that the committee is right in coming to this conclusion as far as regards the danger arising to horses, the other objection we alluded to was a poser, from which we shall be glad to see how they extricate themselves—we mean the injury done to the turnpike road. Why, it turns out that a steam-coach does no injury at all; but, from the necessity it is under to sport the widest and strongest of wheels, it acts as a sort of roller, and might pass for a deputy Macadam. Mr Macneil, who has had great experience in road surveying, says that, even in 1831, he had stated that, from the examination he had made as to the wear of iron in the shoes of horses, compared with the wear on the tire of the wheels of carriages, the injury done to the turnpike roads would be much less by steam-carriages than that done by mail and stage coaches drawn by horses. Since then, "I have had practical experience on this point, and have carefully examined the roads in different parts of the country where steam-carriages have been running, and I have every reason to believe the opinion I then gave was correct; indeed, I have not the least doubt in my mind, that if steam-carriages ran generally on the turnpike roads of the kingdom, *one-half of the annual expense of the repairs of these roads would be saved.*"

It is supposed that the tolls throughout England are let for more than a million and a half a-year! A saving of one half in this enormous amount would fructify in the pockets (now remarkably in need of some process of the kind) of the public, to the entire satisfaction of Rebecca and all her daughters. And yet with this evidence, of perhaps the best practical authority on the subject, before their eyes, let us see what the wisacres of certain rural districts did to encourage economy and inland transit. By means of a tremendous instrument of tyranny called a local act, (for which the Grand Sultan would be very glad to exchange

his firman,) the road trustees of various neighbourhoods have laid an embargo on all steam carriages, by enacting *intolerable* payments. Thus on the Liverpool and Prescott road, a steam-carriage would be charged L.2, 8s.; while a loaded stage-coach would pay only four shillings! On the Bathgate road the same carriage would be charged L.1, 7s. 1d.; while a coach drawn by four horses would pay five shillings. On the Ashburnham and Totness road, steam would pay L.2; and a four-horse coach three shillings. And how did these sages settle the rates of payment? The reader would never guess, so we will tell him at once—they charged for each horse power as if the boiler contained a whole stud, all trampling the road to atoms with iron shoes; whereas they ought have let the broad-wheeled carriage go free, if, indeed, they were not called on to pay it a certain sum each journey for the benefit it did the highway.

Such was the evidence that led the committee to decide, in 1834, on the practicability, the safety, and economy of running steam-carriages on common roads. It will be sufficient to give a list of the witnesses examined, to show that the highest authorities were consulted before the report was framed. They were—

Mr Goldsworthy Gurney.

Walter Hancock.

John Farey, civil engineer.

Richard Trevethick.

Davies Gilbert, M.P., president of the Royal Society.

Nathanael Ogle.

Alexander Gordon, civil engineer.

Joseph Gibbs.

Thomas Telford, president of the Institution of Civil Engineers.

William A. Summers.

James Stone.

James Macadam, road surveyor.

John Macneil, civil engineer, and

Colonel Torrens, M.P.

Since the date of the last Report railways have run their titanic course; and whether from the opposition of wise road trustees, or a want of enterprise in steam-carriage proprietors, or from some other cause, steam locomotion on common roads has not

made any progress. But, in spite of the powerful evidence we have quoted, we cannot conceal from ourselves that there was always an *if* or a *but* attached to the complete triumph of the new system. The *if* and the *but*, it will be seen, had reference to the nature of the road. Mr Macneil and the other able and scientific gentlemen examined, all concurred in calling for a vast improvement on the highways to be travelled on—"a smooth and well-dressed pavement"—"a hard pavement"—"a smooth pavement on a solid foundation"—they all agree in thinking indispensable to the complete triumph of steam. "If on the road," says Mr Macneil, "from London to Birmingham, there were a portion laid off on the side of the road for steam carriages, and if it be made in a solid manner, with pitching and well-broken granite, it would fall very little short of a railroad. It would be easy to fence it off from fifteen to twenty feet without injury to property." And a statement to the same effect was made in November 1833, to which the following names are appended:—

Thomas Telford, P.I.C.E.

John Rickman, commissioner for Highland roads and bridges.

C. W. Pasley, colonel royal engineers.

Bryan Donkin, manufacturing engineer.

T. Bramah, civil engineer.

James Simpson, manufacturing engineer.

John Thomas, civil engineer.

Joshua Field, manufacturing engineer.

John Macneil, civil engineer.

Alexander Gordon, civil engineer.

William Carpmael, civil engineer.

"There can be no doubt," say they, "that with a well-constructed engine, a steam-carriage conveyance between London and Birmingham, at a velocity unattainable by horses, and limited only by safety, may be maintained; and it is our conviction that such a project might be undertaken with great advantage to the public, more particularly if, as might obviously be the case, without interfering with the general use of the road, a portion of it were to be prepared and kept in a state most suitable for travelling in locomotive steam-carriages."

But in this is the whole difficulty as far as regards the best granite road; for, supposing for a moment that all

the other conditions were fulfilled—that it was hard and smooth—one great element is to be taken into consideration, from which no skill and science can exempt the best and firmest Macadam; and that is the effect of atmospheric changes on the surface of the road. The difference of tractive power in summer and winter must be immense, and the great disadvantage of mechanical, as compared with animal draught, is its want of adaptability to the exigencies of an ordinary road. A steam-carriage of ten horse power cannot under any circumstances, when it encounters a newly mended part of the road, or a softer soil, put forth an additional power for a minute or two, as a team of horses can do; so that equality of exertion is nearly indispensable for the full advantage of an engine. We accordingly find that the opponents of steam-travelling on common roads, gained their object by covering the highway with a coating of broken stones fourteen inches deep. Through this it was impossible to force the coach without such a strain as to displace or otherwise injure the machinery. But when a system of locomotion, containing so many advantages, has so nearly been brought to perfection, in spite of the many difficulties presented by the common modes of making a road, it would be inconceivable blindness in the parties interested in the subject to overlook the certain mode of success offered to them, by merely laying down a portion of the road in wood. Who those parties are we have already pointed out. They are the inhabitants and owners of property in towns and neighbourhoods at some distance from railway traffic; and if the proprietors of great lines of railway saw their own interest, they would be foremost in adopting the new method as an auxiliary, and not view it as a rival or an enemy. For it is very evident that nothing can be so beneficial to a railway already in operation as a branch line, by which a hitherto unopened district can be united to their stations. And the difference of expense between the two systems—namely, between an iron railway and a wooden pavement—is so great, that the latter is scarcely beyond the power of the poorest neighbourhood. An iron branch was at one time proposed between Steventon and Oxford. The same sum which would have been required for this purpose,

according to the estimates, would have laid down an excellent road in wood from Stevenston through Oxford to Rugby; thus connecting the three great arteries of the country—the Great Western, the Birmingham, and the Midland Counties Railways. It will be found that the great lines of railway have been forced, at an unavoidable and foreseen loss, to spread out minor or tributary lines, which, if the system of wood-paving had been in existence, might have been laid down at less than a third of the expense, and producing a proportionate profit. This view of the case has not been altogether neglected, for it has been dwelt on at some length in an able pamphlet on “the Use of Mechanical Power in Draught on Turnpike Roads, with reference to the new system of Wood Paving.” It is evidently the work of a practical man, who has deeply studied the subject. “No part of the community,” he says, “are likely to benefit so largely by the introduction of the new system as the holders of railway shares. For though, in all probability, the railroads would not have been constructed to their present extent had the virtues of wood paving been earlier known, yet it would be absurd to contend that the wooden road will ever be able to compete with the existing iron lines. The new principle, however, may be most usefully adopted by the railway companies themselves, in the formation of branches or tributary roads, the completion of which has hitherto entailed on them enormous expense unattended by corresponding benefits. The proposed system, at all events, is worth a trial by many other towns besides the one chosen for illustration by the author of the pamphlet.” He fixes on Shrewsbury, a place already on the decline, and not likely to recover its former prosperity, unless it can establish steam communication with the great lines of railway at Wolverhampton. “But capitalists,” he adds, “who see the small amount of dividend paid to their shareholders by the minor railways, can no longer be induced to embark their money in similar undertakings. Let a portion, however, of the noble, but now half-deserted, Holyhead road be paved with wood, and for a comparatively trifling cost of less than £50,000, in six months from the present time, steamers could be enabled to run along the

entire line with safety, infinitely greater than, and speed almost equal to, that on the Birmingham Railway.”

We feel sure that these considerations need only to be stated to have their due weight, and we shall be greatly surprised if an effort is not soon made to avoid the ruin impending over so many towns. Among others, the beautiful town of Salisbury should take an interest in this matter; for what can be more evident than she will fall rapidly to decay, if she cannot establish a steam communication with Southampton on one side, and Bath and Bristol on the other. Salisbury, above all other places, ought to know the value of a good road; for she has the fate of her elder sister Sarum before her eyes. Decay—disfranchisement—contempt will assuredly be her lot, if she allows herself to be treated in the same way as the venerable Sarum was in the days of her youth—for do not the antiquaries tell us what was the cause of Sarum's fall? It has, in fact, become so notorious, that it has even got into Topographical Dictionaries. “About this time,” the reign of Edward the First, “Bishop Bridport built a bridge at Harnham, and thus changing the direction of the Great Western Road, which formerly passed through Old Sarum, that place was completely deserted, and Salisbury became one of the most flourishing cities of the kingdom.”

The same will be recorded of her by future chroniclers, if she do not seize this opportunity of retrieving her possession of “the Great Western Road.” “In the reign of Queen Victoria, a railroad being established at some distance from Salisbury, and the traffic being thus diverted from it, which once formed the great source of its prosperity, it became completely deserted; Shaftesbury, Sturminster, and Sherborne, shared in her ruin; and Swindon became one of the most flourishing places in the kingdom.” We cannot think so meanly of our countrymen, as to suppose that they will yield like white-livered cravens, and die without a struggle; and in thus raising the voice of Maga to warn them of their danger, and instruct them how to avoid it, we consider that we are doing the state some service, and pointing out new means of profitable employment for the capital of the rich, and the labour of the poor.

COMMERCIAL POLICY—SHIPS, COLONIES, AND COMMERCE.

Who, standing on the shore, has not seen, as the gale freshened into storm and swelled into the hurricane, the waves of the clear green sea gradually lose their brightness, until raking up from the lowest depths, convulsed with the mighty strife of the elements, the very obscene dregs and refuse of all matter terrene, or instinct of life, the mounting billows become one thick and unsightly mass of turbid waters, chafing with all the foam and froth of the unclean scourgings of the deep, rioting in the ascendant? As in the world physical, so is it with the order of nature in the world moral and political. As the social horizon becomes troubled, as reform careers on to revolution, the empire of mind is overwhelmed—the brute matter and fiercer spirits of the masses ascend, and ride the tempest political more triumphantly as incipient confusion thickens into confirmed chaos.

The bad eminence popularly of men so devoid of all principle and integrity, so strangely uncouth and assorted, as the Daniel O'Connells, the John M'Hales, and the Feargus O'Connors; of men so unlearned in all principle, political and economical—so wanting, moreover, in the presence of the higher order of moral sentiments, as the Cobdens, the Brights, the Rory O'Mores, the Aucklands, and Sydney (he of the League) Smiths, is among the worst symptoms of the diseased times upon which the country has fallen. It recalls forcibly to mind, it reproduces the opening scenes and the progress, the men and the machinery, of the first French Revolution, the precursor of so many more, upon the last act of the last fashioned melodrama of which the curtain has not yet probably descended. How then the meaner spirits succeeded in the whirlwind of change, to the mightier minds which first conjured and hoped to control it; how the Mirabeaux, the Lally Tolland, the Mouniers of the Assembly, were replaced and popularly displaced by the sophists and intriguers of the Gironde and the Constituent; how, in

the Convention and the hall of the Jacobins, the coarser men of the whole movement—the Dantons, the Robespierres, the Marats, the facetious as ferocious Bareres, the stupid Anacharsis Clootzes—trampled under foot, or finished with the guillotine, the *phraseurs* and *meneurs* of the Gironde, your orators of set speech, glittering abstractions, and hair-splitting definitions; the Brissots, Vergniauds, Condorcets, and Rolands, who could degrade, dethrone, and condemn a king to perpetual imprisonment, but were just too dainty of conscience to go the whole hog of murder. As history, like an old almanack, does but repeat itself within a given cycle of years, so the same round, cast, and change of characters and characteristics, with all the other paraphernalia of the great drama, Reform and Revolution, as performed in France, have been, and are in due order enacting and exhibiting in this country. We have already seen, however, the Greys, Hollands, and Broughams, the fathers and most eloquent apostles of Reform, dethroned by a clique of large talkers about great principles, with a comparatively small stock of ideas to do business on, such as Mr appropriation Ward, the Tom Duncombes, Villierses, &c., men vastly inferior in talents and attainments, after all, to the Gironde, of whom they are the *imitatores servum pecus*; whilst these again “give place” on the pressure from without of the one-idea endowed tribe of Repealers of Unions and Corn-Laws—the practical men of the Mountain genus—the O'Connells, Cobdens, and Brights, who, not yet so fierce as their predecessors of the Robespierre and Clootz dynasty, are so far content with patronising the “strap and billy roller” in factories, instead of carting aristocrats to the guillotine, which may come hereafter, if, as they say, appetites grow with what they feed on. For it is a fact recorded in history, that Robespierre himself was naturally a man of mild temperament and humane disposition, converted into a sanguinary monster, as some wild beasts are, with the first taste of hu-

man blood. Anacharsis Clootz, his coadjutor, the celebrated "orator of the human race," in his day, was at least a free trader as thorough-going, as eminently eloquent and popular a leader, as Mr Cobden himself.

On the present occasion, our business chiefly lies with the gentleman known as Mr Alderman Richard Cobden, M.P. for the borough of Stockport, one of the first samples sent up of municipal and representative reform achievement. Mr Cobden is an example of successful industry when translated to a proper sphere of action. Fortunate in the maternal relationship of a Manchester warehouseman, domiciliated in the classic regions of cotton and Cheapside, he was taken as an "odd lad" into the establishment. In process of time he was advanced to the more honourable grade of traveller, in days of yore styled "bagman," to the concern. Somewhere about 1825 or 1826, we find him transplanted to Manchester, in partnership with two other persons of the same craft and trading position, where they enjoyed the patronage of the late Mr Richard Fort, an extensive calico-printer, at, and in his latter years member for, the borough of Clitheroe in the north of Lancashire. He leased to them one of his print-works near Chorley, and such, it is understood, was the success of the trio, that when, after a partnership of some thirteen or fourteen years, they separated, the division of fairly won spoil accruing to each was not less than L.30,000. Within the space of fourteen years say, industry had created out of nothing the incredible sum of L.90,000. During his travels, like Jemmy the sandman, for orders, Mr Cobden became initiated into the science of "spouting;" he became the oracle and orator of bars and travellers' rooms; the observed of all observers, from the gentlemen of the road down to waiters, barmaids, and boots. The roadsters of his, as of these days, were no longer, however, of the same high-toned class as that of the "bagmen" in times gone by. Tradition tells now only of the splendid turns-out, the dinner-table luxury, the educated commercial polish, the "feast of reason and the flow of soul" enjoyment, of a race defunct; the degenerate crew of Cobden's association, with wages

cut down to short common commissions, dined not at home; tea and turn-in, with a sleeping draught of whisky toddy, were the staples of mine host's bill. Such is briefly the report of the rise and progress of Mr Cobden in the world, as we have it from quarters entitled to regard; various exaggerated statements about his hundreds of thousands acquired, are afloat as usual in cases where men spring from nothing; his trading career has been sufficiently prosperous and extraordinary, not to be rendered incredible by ridiculous inventions of friends or foes. About the locale of his birth and residence, of his origin and antecedents, Mr Cobden himself ever maintains a guarded silence, as if, with aristocratic airs growing with his fortunes, he were ashamed, and would cast the slough of family poverty and plebeianism; or perhaps he calculates on leaving the world, Sussex at least, hereafter to dispute the honours of his paternity like another Homer.

Mr Cobden is but a type, not of the highest cast either, of the manufacturing operatives of Lancashire. You will find his equal in one at least out of every ten of the adult factory workmen of Lancashire, whose wits are sharpened by everyday conflict and debate in clubs and public; you will often meet his superior in those self-educated classes. We have not unfrequently read speeches at public meetings by intelligent operatives in Lancashire, which showed a more profound acquaintance with, and greater powers of development of the *rationale* of political and economical philosophy, in single instances, than can be discovered in the mass of harangues poured forth by Mr Cobden, were the flowers ever so carefully culled and separated from the loads of trashy weed. His forte consists in a coarse but dauntless intrepidity, with which respectability and intellect shrink from encounter. The country squire, educated and intelligent, but retiring and truth-loving, retreats naturally from contest with a bold, abusive, and unscrupulous demagogue; even the party he serves, holds off from contact and communion with him. He never quails, therefore, because never matched,

unless before Mr Ferrand, the fearless member for Knaresborough—a man most ill-used, even abandoned by the very party he so signally serves; yet who is never slow, as occasion offers, to chastise the cur which snarls whilst it crouches before him. The eloquence of Mr Cobden is of that vulgarly-exciting sort, well adapted to the level of the audiences, the scum of town populations, to which it is habitually addressed. Without the education of the late Henry Hunt, he has quite as much capacity and more tact, with the single exception, that when attempting to soar to the metaphorical he is apt to enact the ludicrous blunders of Astley's clown aping the affected pomposity of the master; as *v. g.* in the “demon rising from the Thames with an Act of Parliament in his hands.” Mr Alderman Cobden is, withal, a very ostentatious declaimer about “great first principles;” but into the nature and the definition of those principles he is the most abstemious of all men from entering. The subtlety of a principle escapes the grasp of his intellect; he can deal with it only as a material substance clear to sight and to touch, like a common calico. Hence he talks about principles and cotton prints as if they were convertible terms.

Such as he is, Mr Cobden, it cannot be denied, fills for the present a large space in the public eye; and so he will continue to fill until occult party supports are withdrawn, and, having served the turn, he is left to the natural operation of the principles of gravitation, and to sink to the nothingness from which he has been forced up by the political accidents and agitation of the day. Lamentably astern in economical lore and political knowledge as he is, and as the want of that educational preparation upon which alone the foundation of knowledge and of principles can be raised, has left him, Mr Cobden, it must be conceded, turns the old rags, the cast-off clothes, of other people's crotchets to good account popularly; he succeeds where others fail, not because he is less ignorant but because he is more fearless. But newly come into the world, as it may be said, with little learning from books, with understanding little enlarged by study, and furnished only with those clap-trap generalities, that

declamatory trash, which may be gleaned from reading diligently the Radical weekly papers, Mr Cobden boldly takes for granted that all which is new to himself must be unknown to the older world about him. Thus he appropriates, without scruple, because in sheer ignorance, the ideas and discoveries, such as they are and as they seem to him, of others, his more experienced Radical contemporaries. He plunders Daniel Hardcastle, in open day, of his banking and currency dogmas; he fleeces Bowring before his eyes of his one-sided Free Trade and Anti-corn-Law stock in business; nay, he mounts Joseph Hume's well-known stalking-horse against “ships, colonies, and commerce,” (colonial,) and forthwith on to the foray. Yet he alone remains unconscious of the spoliation patent to all the world besides—

“Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise.”

He retails the worn-out conceits of others as new and wondrous discoveries of his own genius and profound meditation; and all with such a simplicity and complacency of self-satisfied conviction, that you never dream of impugning the good faith with which

———“His undoubting mind
Believed the magic wonders which he
sung.”

Thus has it been with him specially in the last new case of poaching on the manor of Mr Joseph Hume, whose game he unhesitatingly appropriates, disguising it only in a sauce of his own flavouring. After sundry mystical heraldings forth, at various public meetings, of a mighty state secret for the cure of all state ills, which was labouring for vent in the swelling breast of Mr Alderman Cobden, M.P.; the hour of parturition at length arrived; he was—after the one or two hours' agonies of a speech delivered in the for ever memorable day of June 22, 1843—delivered of the mare's nest so miraculously conceived. Here is the bantling bodily, stripped of all the swaddling-clothes of surplus verbiage in which it was enveloped on entering the world of Westminster—resolved, “That, in the opinion of this house, it is not expedient that, in addition to the great

expense to which the people of this country are subjected for the civil, military, and naval establishments of the colonies, they should be compelled to pay a higher price for the productions of those colonies than that at which similar commodities could be procured from other countries, and that therefore all protective duties in favour of colonial produce ought to be abolished." Our "colonial system" was denounced by this colonial Draco as "one of unmixed evil; . . . there was no subject upon which there was greater misapprehension than this . . . the *new* facts he should lay before the house would, no doubt, prove his position." Happy the legislature illumined with the infusion of Cobden's Bude light; thrice blest the people, both inside and outside of the house, amongst whom, all alike, "a great deal of misapprehension upon this point prevailed," whose darkness was about to be discharged by the same master mind which was, and anon is, busied in the discharge of Turkey reds from cotton chintzes at Chorley print-works.

We need not remind the public, that the peculiar phases of that disease with which the mind of Cobden is so profoundly impregnated, essentially resolve themselves into the *monëymanïa*; the leading characteristic of the mental hallucinations with which the patient is tormented, consists in the inveterate habit of reducing all argument into arithmetical quantities; of calculating the value of all truth at some standard rate per pound sterling, of what it might possibly produce as a matter of trade; of confounding syllogisms with ciphers, and lumbering all logic into pounds, shillings, and pence. With diagnostics of disease so unmistakably developed, it would only be exasperation of the symptoms to exhibit remedially in other than the peculiar form which the patient fancies for the kill-or-cure-all draught; and since he has raised the suit, of which he is the self-constituted judge, in which Cocker is pitted against the colonies, we shall even humour the conceit, and try the question with him according to the principles of law and logic, as laid down and reduced by himself into the substantial shape of a *Dr. and Cr.* account, balances struck in hard cash, and no mistake.

Firstly, to begin with the beginning, which Mr Cobden, with customary confusion of intellect and arrangement, shoots into the midst of his arithmetic. The worthlessness of the colonies is argued upon the figures, which show that, of the total exports of the United Kingdom, but one-third is absorbed by them, whilst two-thirds are taken by foreign markets; therefore it follows, not that the colonial trade is by 50 per cent less important than foreign, but that, relatively, it is not only of no importance at all, but, by all the amount, an absolute prejudice: such, at least, is the rule-of-three logic of the Cobden school, as, viz. :—

"They should, however, consider what the extent of their trade with the colonies was. The whole amount of their trade in 1840 was, exports L.51,000,000; out of that L.16,000,000 was exported to the colonies, including the East Indies; but not one-third of their export trade went to the colonies. Take away L.6,000,000 of this export trade that went to the East Indies, and they had L.10,000,000 of exports to set against the L.5,000,000 or L.6,000,000 annually which was voted from the pockets of the people of this country to support these colonies."

We shall come in season meet to the five or six millions sterling said to be voted annually "to support these colonies." Now, admitting that the sixteen millions, as stated, of exports colonial do contrast unfavourably with the thirty-five millions of foreign, and that by all the difference, by more than the difference, colonial trade is disparaged in its importance, what becomes of this arithmetical illustration of the superiority of foreign trade, when by the same standard we come to measure it against the home trade, scarcely less a subject of depreciation and vituperation than the colonial, with thinkers of the same impenetrable, if not profound class as the member for Stockport? Here, for his edification, we consign the resulting figures from the standard set up by himself, as they may be found calculated and resolved from minute detail into grand totals in the "General Statistics of the British Empire," by Mr James Macqueen, an authority, perhaps, who will not be questioned by competent judges any where without the pale of the Draconian legislators of the Anti-corn Law League.

“The yearly consumption of the population of Great Britain and Ireland for food, clothing, and lodging, (we give the round numbers only):—

Agricultural produce for food,	L.295,479,000
Produce of manufactures,	262,085,000
Imports, (raw produce, &c.) value as landed,	55,000,000

	612,564,000
Deduct exports,	51,000,000

L.561,564,000”

It follows, then, that whilst foreign trade simply consumes something more than double that of colonial trade, the home trade alone amounts to eleven times over both foreign and colonial together, and by sixteen times as much the amount of foreign trade alone. Upon the hypothesis of Mr Cobden, therefore, foreign trade should be treated as of no value at all in the national sense.

Having disposed of Mr Cobden according to Cocker, in reference to his arithmetical demonstrations of the superiority in point of pounds, shillings, and pence value of one sort of trade over another, we may notice some petty trickery, cunningly intended on his part, consisting in the suppression of figures and facts on the one side, and their aggregation on the other, &c., by way of bolstering up unfairly a rotten case. He states the whole colonial trade at L.16,000,000 only, inclusive of British India, whereas Porter's Tables, which he must have consulted, give the *total* exports of Great Britain to all the world for 1840, at L.51,406,430
Of which colonial, 17,378,550

Remaining for foreign trade, L.34,027,880

Mr Cobden knew well, however, that Gibraltar, Malta, and the Ionian Isles are not, and cannot be considered as, colonies. They are in fact military stations held for political and commercial objects. It would be ridiculous to suppose that the rock of Gibraltar, with a population of 15,000 souls, should consume of British imports alone L.1,111,176, the value actually entered for that port in 1840. That amount should be accounted as to the credit of foreign export trade, and so Mr Cobden reckoned it, without, however, drawing the distinction, as he should have done. But that would have exposed the miserable chicanery of the double dealing he

had in hand; for whilst taking credit for the exports to Gibraltar as part and parcel of foreign trade, he proceeded, by way of doubly weighing the balance, to charge all the civil and military expenditure of the garrison and fortress against colonial trade, so that he treated Gibraltar as a colony in respect of its cost, and as a foreign country in respect of its trade. Cunning Isaac! here we have his military arithmetic:—“Upon the 1st of January in this year, their army numbered 88,000 rank and file. They had abroad, exclusive of India, 44,589. So that more than one half of that army was stationed in their colonies; and as it was stated by the noble lord the member for Tiverton in his evidence, for every 10,000 of these soldiers that they had in the colonies, 5000 were wanted in England for the purpose of exchange and recruiting. So that not only one-half, but actually three-fourths of the army were devoted to the colonies. The army estimates this year amounted to L.6,225,000, the portion of which sum for the colonies amounted to L.4,500,000.” Now, as the garrison of Gibraltar alone consists of about 4000 men, to which add 2000 as the proportion for the reserve in England for recruiting and exchanges, it follows that of the 44,500 men on colonial duty, to which add the reserve in England, 22,250, one-eleventh are stationed in and wanted for Gibraltar alone, the charge of which to be ratably deducted from the whole sum of L.4,500,000, falsely set down as incurred for the colonies, would be about L.410,000. If to this sum be added L.275,000 for “new works in Gibraltar,” as stated by Mr Cobden himself from the estimates—ordnance expenditure, (1000 guns,) L.25,000 only—share of navy estimates, L.50,000 only—we have a gross sum of above three quarters of a million sterling as the cost of a fortress whose sole utility, in peace or in war, is the favour and

protection of foreign trade—of the trade of the Mediterranean, of which it is the key; and the nation is saddled with this cost for, among others, the special behoof of that economical and disinterested patriot Mr Cobden himself, who trades to the shores laved by the waters of that sea, the Levant and the Dardanelles, if not the Black Sea. Why, Gibraltar alone, with its 15,000 of population, is more than double the charge of Canada with its million of people, one-half just emerged out of a state of rebellion, if not *quasi* rebellious yet. So with Malta, its garrison of about 3000 men; and, besides, a naval squadron for protection, that island being the headquarters of the Mediterranean fleet—a fleet and a station exclusively kept up for the protection of foreign trade, if for any purpose at all. And so also with the Ionian Islands, garrisoned with 3300 troops. Taking the garrison forces of Malta and these islands at 6000 men only, with the reserve in England of 3000 more, making altogether 9000, the rateable share of expense, according to the calculation of Mr Cobden, for the whole army, would be about £640,000. Add to this sum the estimate of £410,000 for the garrison alone of Gibraltar, and we have the gross sum of £1,050,000 for the three dependencies of Gibraltar, Malta, and the Ionian Islands, under the head of those army estimates, amounting to £4,500,000, which Mr Cobden veraciously charges to the account of the colonies. We purposely leave out of question for the present the consideration of the other heavy charges in naval armaments, ordnance, &c., to which this country is subjected for the same possessions, because we have still to deduct other portions of the army expenditure set down as for colonial account—that is, as the penalty paid for keeping colonies; whereas a foreign trade of thirty-four or thirty-five millions, costs the country nothing at all, according to the numeration tables of Mr Cobden, and therefore should be all profit.

Passing from Europe, we come to Austral-Asia, where Great Britain, among others, possesses no less than three penal colonies. It will not be contended that New South Wales, Van Diemen's Land, and Norfolk Island, were established either with

economically trading or political objects; that, in point of fact, they were established in any other sense than as metropolitan prisons, for the safe keeping, punishment, and moral reclamation and reform of those *quasi* incorrigible offenders, those criminal pests, by which the health of society was distempered, and its safety endangered in the parent state. Therefore, whatever the military or other expenditure incurred, it must be as much an obligation in its supreme or corporate capacities upon the state benefited, as the support of the criminal jurisdiction at home in all its ramifications, from the chief judges of the land down to the lowest turnkey at Newgate. We need not stop to enquire in what proportion the manufacturing system, with the immoral schools of radicalism, irreligionism, and Anti-corn-Law Cobdenism, have contributed to people the penal settlements, and, *pro tanto*, to aggrieve the national treasury. Certain it is, and a truth which will not be questioned, that by far the largest share of that criminal refuse has been cast off by and from the manufacturing districts; and of which, therefore, the colonial trade portion indirectly contributed should be rateably the minimum, as compared with foreign trade. In his *Statistics of the Colonies of the British Empire*, Mr Montgomery Martin remarks of New South Wales, that “it should be observed that a large part of the military force is required to guard the prisoners.” Let us take the number of troops so employed at 2600, which will not be far from the mark, the corresponding home reserve of which will be 1300 more, and we then arrive, with the help of Mr Cobden's arithmetic, and starting from his own fixed datum of total charge, at a sum, in round numbers, of £265,000 army expenditure for the three penal colonies; the more considerable proportion of which must at least be set down as arising indirectly from foreign trade, and certainly far the least from colonial, so far as chargeable upon either.

We have next, taking Mr Cobden's rule of practice, about L.50,000 actual military expenditure in St Helena, to which add reserve in England, and a total of about L.70,000 is arrived at; which cannot be placed to colonial account as for colonial pur-

poses, since the island is purely a military and refreshment station for vessels *en route* for China, India, and the seas circumflowing; and foreign trade, therefore, as much concerned in the guilt of its expense as colonial traffic. The amount of charge, therefore, although remaining to be deducted from the colonial head, may be left as a neutral indeterminate item. But the military expenses for Singapore, Penang, and Malacca, about L.80,000, cannot be for colonial account at all, because stations merely for carrying on foreign trade, against which chargeable, with the civil establishments as well, whether in whole or in part, paid by the East India Company or not.

Returning westward, we have the Bay of Honduras with a military establishment, including reserve as *per* Cobden, expending about L.50,000, which ranges for the far greater part within the category of the cost attending foreign trade. Then, on the West African slave-trading coast, we have Sierra Leone, with a military expenditure, actual and contingent, of about L.25,000. There are the Cape Coast Castle, Accra, Fernando Po, and other small African settlements besides, which cannot cost less, in military occupation, than some few thousands a-year, say only L.10,000, all for foreign trade, since colonization and production are *nil*; and with Sierra Leone, they are only kept, or were established, for the purpose of suppressing the trade in slaves, and pro-

moting a foreign trade in that quarter of Africa. Coming to Europe we have Heligoland, a rock in the North Sea, which, as only costing something more than L.1000 per annum on foreign trade account, we may leave out of question. Now, without pretending on the present occasion to make up and offer an approximate estimate of the proportion of army expenditure charged against the colonies by Mr Cobden, which should be set down either to political account, as arising from the possession and maintenance of outposts necessary for defensive or defensively aggressive purposes, in case of, or for the prevention of foreign war, or for the protection and encouragement of foreign trade, in which a right large portion of the military expenditure for Jamaica, Nova Scotia, the Bahamas, Bermuda, &c., may be regarded, we shall content ourselves with reducing his wholesale estimate of colonial army charge by the materials antecedently furnished. The reductions will stand thus, premising that in respect of Singapore, Penang, and Malacca, we have not the means of ascertaining what proportion of the charge falls upon the national treasury, as part is borne by the East India Company. Of one fact there can, however, be no doubt; namely, that nearly the whole of that charge is incurred for the support and maintenance of foreign trade, just in or about the same degree as the charges for Gibraltar.

Gibraltar, army estimate,	L.410,000
Malta, Ionian Islands,	640,000
New South Wales, Van Dieman's Land, Norfolk Island,	265,000
St Helena,	70,000
Singapore, Penang, &c.,	80,000
Honduras,	50,000
Sierra Leone, Cape Coast, &c.,	35,000

£1,550,000

Deducting this amount from Mr Cobden's colonial estimates of 4,500,000

We remain with £2,950,000

This discount of about 35 per cent at one "fell swoop" from an audaciously mendacious account-current, would be deemed sufficiently liberal if dealing with other than the "measureless liars" of the League; it is far, however, from the whole sum which will be charged upon, and proved against them, on occasion hereafter when the

general question shall be progressed with. The rogues that fleeced the simple stripling, Lord Huntingtower, out of 95 per cent for his bills, were not, as shall be proved, more unscrupulous cheats and abusers of individual, than the League are of public faith.

But the discount of Cobden's Cocker

veracity here established, with which for the present we shall conclude, is far (enormous, almost incredible though it be) from the full measure of his intrepidity in the "art of misrepresentation;" crediting him, as upon fair consideration we are bound, with misrepresenting to some extent from sheer ignorance, from want of that early mental training, or maturer discipline, which alone can qualify for the severe labour of researches into, and the analysis of truth. For, unfortunately for the question he has raised, although not so far entertained by the legislature, the very figures discounted from his colonial fictions tell against, and must be carried over to the debit of, his highly cherished foreign trade account, the cost of which to the country will be approximately verified on another occasion in Blackwood. It is the distinctive mishap of the family of the Wrongheads, the illiterate, one-idea'd class of which he is a member, that they never can contemplate a friendly act without perpetrating mischief, nor intend mischief without unconsciously achieving discomfiture and disgrace. For of the L.1,550,000 colonial overcharge in military expenditure *alone* of this shallow, unreflecting, and superficial person, not less certainly than £1,200,000 must be charged to the account of foreign trade, the special trade he delights to honour. It will constitute, as he will find, a material item in the general balance-sheet which we purpose to draw hereafter between the advantages of foreign and colonial trade.

Sir Robert Peel is not more correct in his so bitterly-reproached "do-nothing" policy about Irish repeal, than in his "do-nothing" emphatic policy about Corn-law repeal. No man better knows how, left to themselves, the Brights and Cobdens will turn out to be Marplots. The dolts cannot see, that however hard the Villierses, and such as them, bid for popularity against them, in apparently the same cause—they have an interest diametrically adverse in the general sense, and on the fitting opportunity will throw them overboard. The most influential part of the liberal press, both metropolitan and provincial, it is well understood, concur with the League to some extent in its avowed objects, without at all liking

its leaders, or the means pursued for the end sought, and wait only for the occasion, which will come, for damaging and finally overthrowing them in popular estimation. In Manchester, Leeds, and Birmingham, that is, in the privately known sentiments of the leading press and other liberal leaders of opinion in each, it is notorious that this feeling and occult determination prevails. Mr Cobden himself, and some of his colleagues, are not unaware of the fact, and have, in the factious and political sense, latterly trimmed their course accordingly. But, notwithstanding, confidence they have recovered not—never will, because apostacy or trimming cannot inspire confidence; they are endured—to be used, and to be laid aside, "steeped in Lethe" and forgotten, as in time they will be.

In this brief article we have treated only of the salient points of the colonial slanders of Mr Cobden and the League. We have challenged them only with carrying to colonial account above one million and a half sterling, with which the colonies, so understood in the true sense, have nothing to do; and we have shown that one million and a quarter nearly of the charge made against colonial trade, legitimately appertains to foreign trade. Hereafter we purpose to investigate the respective charges entailed upon the country by foreign and colonial trade, to apportion to each its share, and to strike the balance of profit and loss relatively upon each. Let it suffice for the present that we have shown Mr Cobden and his figures to be utterly undeserving of credit in a partial point of view only; we could, as we shall, prove them to be, either through idiotical ignorance or stupidly malicious intent, more worthless of credit still in the general and rational sense—in the relative proportions of the totality of national expenditure. The blunderer, ignorant or malignant, classed the expenditure for Guernsey and Jersey, and the Channel islands, under the head of colonial military expenditure, as well as a considerable portion of the cost of the Chinese war, partly repaid or in course of being repaid. He took the exports to the colonies for 1840, when the Chinese war was only in its origin, and expense scarcely incurred; and he adopted

the estimates for 1843, when the expenses of the Chinese war had to be provided for, a portion of which was charged under colonial heads. He omitted, as we have said, any account of permanent charge for conducting and protecting the trade with China, amounting to a considerable sum yearly under the old system, and which hereafter will be more—all to the account of "foreign trade." He omitted besides, at the least, half a million for the war with China—all for "foreign trade." We shall have

other occasions, however, for exposing his dishonesty, and vindicating the colonies from his calumnies. The only words of something like truth he spoke, were against that bastard and discreditable system, purporting to be a "self-supporting system," concocted by adventurers and land-jobbers for achieving fortunes at the cost, and to the ruin, of the unsuspecting emigrating public, and to the signal detriment and dishonour of the state.

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MILL'S LOGIC.

THESE are *not* degenerate days. We have still strong thinkers amongst us; men of untiring perseverance, who flinch before no difficulties, who never hide the knot which their readers are only too willing that they should let alone; men who dare write what the ninety-nine out of every hundred will pronounce a *dry* book; who pledge themselves, not to the public, but to their subject, and will not desert it till their task is completed. One of this order is Mr John Stuart Mill. The work he has now presented to the public, we deem to be, after its kind, of the very highest character, every where displaying powers of clear, patient, indefatigable thinking. Abstract enough it must be allowed to be, calling for an unremitted attention, and yielding but little, even in the shape of illustration, of lighter and more amusing matter; he has taken no pains to bestow upon it any other interest than what searching thought and lucid views, aptly expressed, ought of themselves to create. His subject, indeed—the laws by which human belief and the inquisition of truth are to be governed and directed—is both of that extensive and fundamental character, that it would be treated with success only by one who knew how to resist the temptations to digress, as well as how to apply himself with vigour to the solution of the various questions that must rise before him.

“This book,” the author says in his preface, “makes no pretence of giving to the world a new theory of our intellectual operations. Its claim to attention, if it possess any, is grounded on the fact, that it is an attempt not to supersede, but to embody and systematize, the best ideas which have been either promulgated on its subject by speculative writers, or conformed to by accurate thinkers in their scientific enquiries.”

“To cement together the detached fragments of a subject, never yet treated as a whole; to harmonize the true portions of discordant theories, by supplying the links of thought necessary to connect them, and by disentangling them from the errors with which they are always more or less interwoven—must necessarily require a considerable amount of original speculation. To other originality than this, the present work lays no claim. In the existing state of the cultivation of the sciences, there would be a very strong presumption against any one who should imagine that he had effected a revolution in the theory of the investigation of truth, or added any fundamentally new process to the practice of it. The improvement which remains to be effected in the methods of philosophizing, [and the author believes that they have much need of improvement,] can only consist in performing, more systematically and accurately, operations with which, at least in their elementary form, the human intellect, in some one or other of its employments, is already familiar.”

A System of Logic, Ratiocinative and Inductive; being a connected view of the Principles of Evidence, and the Methods of Scientific Investigation. By John Stuart Mill. In two volumes. London: Parker.

Such is the manly and modest estimate which the author makes of his own labours, and the work fully bears out the character here given of it. No one capable of receiving pleasure from the disentanglement of intricacies, or the clear exposition of an abstruse subject; no one seeking assistance in the acquisition of distinct and accurate views on the various and difficult topics which these volumes embrace—can fail to read them with satisfaction and with benefit.

To give a full account—to give any account—of a work which traverses so wide a field of subject, would be here a futile attempt; we should, after all our efforts, merely produce a laboured and imperfect synopsis, which would in vain solicit the perusal of our readers. What we purpose doing, is to take up, in the order in which they occur, some of the topics on which Mr Mill has thrown a new light, or which he has at least invested with a novel interest by the view he has given of them. And as, in this selection of topics, we are not bound to choose those which are most austere and repulsive, we hope that such of our readers as are not deterred by the very name of logic, will follow us with some interest through the several points of view, and the various extracts we shall present to them.

The Syllogism.—The logic of *Induction*, as that to which attention has been least devoted, which has been least reduced to systematic form, and which lies at the basis of all other modes of reasoning, constitutes the prominent subject of these volumes. Nevertheless, the old topic of logic proper, or deductive reasoning, is not omitted, and the first passage to which we feel bound, on many accounts, to give our attention, is the disquisition on the syllogism.

Fortunately for us it is not necessary, in order to convey the point of our author's observations upon this head, to afflict our readers with any dissertation upon *mode* or *figure*, or other logical technicalities. The first form or *figure* of the syllogism (to which those who have not utterly forgotten their scholastic discipline will remember that all others may be reduced) is familiar to every one, and to this alone we shall have occasion to refer.

"All men are mortal.

A king is a man;

Therefore a king is mortal."

Who has not met—what young lady even, though but in her teens, has not encountered some such charming triplet as this, which looks so like verse at a distance, but, like some other compositions, approximates nothing the more on this account to poetry? Who has not learnt from such examples what is a *major*, what a *middle term*, and what the *minor* or conclusion?

As no one, in the present day, advises the adoption, in our controversies, of the syllogistic forms of reasoning, it is evident that the value of the syllogism must consist, not in its practical use, but in the accurate type which it affords of the process of reasoning, and in the analysis of that process which a full understanding of it renders necessary. Such an analysis supplies, it is said, an excellent discipline to the mind, whilst an occasional reference to the form of the syllogism, as a type or model of reasoning, insures a steadiness and pertinency of argument. But is the syllogism, it has been asked, this veritable type of our reasoning? Has the analysis which would explain it to be such, been accurately conducted?

Several of our northern metaphysicians, it is well known—as, for example, Dr Campbell and Dugald Stewart—have laid rude hands upon the syllogism. They have pronounced it to be a vain invention. They have argued that no addition of knowledge, no advancement in the acquisition of truth, no new conviction, can possibly be obtained through its means, inasmuch as no syllogism can contain any thing in the conclusion which was not admitted, at the outset, in the first or major proposition. The syllogism always, say they, involves a *petitio principii*. Admit the major, and the business is palpably at an end; the rest is a mere circle, in which one cannot advance, but may get giddy by the revolution. According to the exposition of logicians themselves, we simply obtain by our syllogism, the privilege of saying that, in the *minor*, of some individual of a class, which we had said, in the *major*, already of the whole class.

Archbishop Whately, our most distinguished expositor and defender of the Aristotelian logic, meets these antagonists with the resolute assertion, that their objection to the syllogism is equally valid against *all reasoning*

whatever. He does not deny, but, on the contrary, in common with every logician, distinctly states, that whatever is concluded in the minor, must have been previously admitted in the major, for in this lies the very force and compulsion of the argument; but he maintains that the syllogism is the true type of all our reasoning, and that therefore to all our reasoning, the very same vice, the very same *petitio principii*, may be imputed. The syllogism, he contends, (and apparently with complete success,) is but a statement in full of what takes place mentally even in the most rapid acts of reasoning. We often suppress the major for the sake of brevity, but it is understood though not expressed; just as in the same manner as we sometimes content ourselves with merely implying the conclusion itself, because it is sufficiently evident without further words. If any one should so far depart from common sense as to question the mortality of some great king, we should think it sufficient to say for all argument—the king is a man!—virtually implying the whole triplet above mentioned:—

“All men are mortal.

The king is a man;

Therefore the king is mortal.”

“In pursuing the supposed investigation, (into the operation of reasoning,)” says Archbishop Whately, “it will be found that every conclusion is deduced, in reality, from two other propositions, (thence called *Premisses*;) for though one of these may be and commonly is suppressed, it must nevertheless be understood as admitted, as may easily be made evident by supposing the *denial* of the suppressed premiss, which will at once invalidate the argument; e.g. if any one, from perceiving that ‘the world exhibits marks of design,’ infers that ‘it must have had an intelligent author,’ though he may not be aware in his own mind of the existence of any other premiss, he will readily understand, if it be *denied* that ‘whatever exhibits marks of design must have had an intelligent author,’ that the affirmative of that proposition is necessary to the solidity of the argument. An argument thus stated regularly and at full length, is called a syllogism; which, therefore, is evidently not a peculiar *kind of argument*, but only a peculiar *form of expression*,

in which every argument may be stated.”—*Whately's Logic*, p. 27.

“It will be found,” he continues, “that all valid arguments whatever may be easily reduced to such a form as that of the foregoing syllogisms; and that consequently the principle on which they are constructed is the UNIVERSAL PRINCIPLE of reasoning. So elliptical, indeed, is the ordinary mode of expression, even of those who are considered as prolix writers,—i.e. so much is implied and left to be understood in the course of argument, in comparison of what is actually stated, (most men being impatient, even to excess, of any appearance of unnecessary and tedious formality of statement,) that a single sentence will often be found, though perhaps considered as a single argument, to contain, compressed into a short compass, a chain of several distinct arguments. But if each of these be fully developed, and the whole of what the author intended to imply be stated expressly, it will be found that all the steps, even of the longest and most complex train of reasoning, may be reduced into the above form.”—P. 32.

That it is not the office of the syllogism to discover *new* truths, our logician fully admits, and takes some pains to establish. This is the office of “other operations of mind,” not unaccompanied, however, with acts of reasoning. Reasoning, argument, inference, (words which he uses as synonymous,) have not for their object our advancement in knowledge, or the acquisition of new truths.

“Much has been said,” says Archbishop Whately, in another portion of his work, “by some writers, of the superiority of the inductive to the syllogistic methods of seeking truth, as if the two stood opposed to each other; and of the advantage of substituting the *Organon* of Bacon for that of Aristotle, &c. &c., which indicates a total misconception of the nature of both. There is, however, the more excuse for the confusion of thought which prevails on this subject, because eminent logical writers have treated, or at least have appeared to treat, of induction as a kind of argument distinct from the syllogism; which, if it were, it certainly might be contrasted with the syllogism: or rather the whole syllogistic theory would fall to the ground, since one of the very first

principles it establishes, is that *all* reasoning, on whatever subject, is one and the same process, which may be clearly exhibited in the form of syllogisms.

"This inaccuracy seems chiefly to have arisen from a vagueness in the use of the word induction; which is sometimes employed to designate the process of *investigation* and of collecting facts; sometimes the deducing an inference *from* those facts. The former of these processes (*viz.* that of observation and experiment) is undoubtedly *distinct* from that which takes place in the syllogism; but then it is not a process of *argumentation*: the latter again is an argumentative process; but then it is, like all other arguments, capable of being syllogistically expressed."—P. 263.

"To prove, then, this point demonstratively, (namely, that it is not by a process of reasoning that new truths are brought to light,) becomes on these data perfectly easy; for since all reasoning (in the sense above defined) may be resolved into syllogisms; and since even the objectors to logic make it a subject of complaint, that in a syllogism the premises do virtually assert the conclusion, it follows at once that no new truth (as above defined) can be elicited by any process of reasoning.

"It is on this ground, indeed, that the justly celebrated author of the *Philosophy of Rhetoric* objects to the syllogism altogether, as necessarily involving a *petitio principii*; an objection which, of course, he would not have been disposed to bring forward, had he perceived that, whether well or ill founded, it *lies against all arguments whatever*. Had he been aware that the syllogism is no distinct kind of argument otherwise than in form, but is, in fact, *any* argument whatever stated regularly and at full length, he would have obtained a more correct view of the object of all reasoning; which is merely to expand and unfold the assertions wrapt up, as it were, and implied in those with which we set out, and to bring a person to perceive and acknowledge the full force of that which he has admitted; to contemplate it in various points of view; to admit in one shape what he has already admitted in another, and to give up and disallow whatever is inconsistent with it."—P. 473.

Now, what the Archbishop here ad-

vances appears convincing; his position looks impregnable. The syllogism is not a peculiar mode of reasoning, (how could it be?)—if any thing at all, it must be a general formula for expressing the ordinary act of reasoning—and he shows that the objections made by those who would impugn it, may be levelled with equal justice against all ratiocination whatever. But then this method of defending the syllogism, (to those of us who have stood beside, in the character of modest enquirers, watching the encounter of keen wits,) does but aggravate the difficulty. Is it true, then, that in every act of reasoning, we do but conclude in one form, what, the moment before, we had stated in another? Are we to understand that such is the final result of the debate? If so, this act of reasoning appears very little deserving of that estimation in which it has been generally held. The great prerogative of intelligent beings (as it has been deemed,) grants them this only—to "admit in one shape what they had already admitted in another."

From the dilemma in which we are here placed, the Archbishop by no means releases, or attempts to release us: he seems (something too much after the manner and disposition generally attributed to masters in logicence,) to have rested satisfied with foiling his opponents in their attack upon the exact position he had bound himself to defend. He saves the syllogism; what becomes, in the controversy, of poor human reason itself, is not his especial concern—it is as much their business as his. You do not, more than I, he virtually says to his opponents, intend to resign all reasoning whatever as a mere inanity; I prove, for my part, that all reasoning is capable of being put into a syllogistic form, and that your objection, if valid against the syllogism, is equally valid against all ratiocination. You must therefore either withdraw your objection altogether, or advance it at your peril; the difficulty is of your making, you must solve it as you can. Gentlemen, you must muzzle your own dog.

In this posture of affairs the author of the present work comes to the rescue. He shall speak in his own words. But we must premise, that although we do not intend to stint him in our

quotation—though we wish to give him all the sea-room possible; yet, for a full development of his views, we must refer the reader to his volumes themselves. There are some disquisitions which precede the part we are about to quote from, which, in order to do complete justice to the subject, ought to find a place here, as well as in the author's work—but it is impossible.

“It is universally allowed, that a syllogism is vicious, if there be any thing more in the conclusion than was assumed in the premisses. But this is, in fact, to say, that nothing ever was, or can be, proved by syllogism, which was not known, or assumed to be known, before. Is ratiocination, then, not a process of inference? And is the syllogism, to which the word reasoning has so often been represented to be exclusively appropriate, not really entitled to be called reasoning at all? This seems an inevitable consequence of the doctrine, admitted by all writers on the subject, that a syllogism can prove no more than is involved in the premisses. Yet the acknowledgment so explicitly made, has not prevented one set of writers from continuing to represent the syllogism as the correct analysis of what the mind actually performs in discovering and proving the larger half of the truths, whether of science or of daily life, which we believe; while those who have avoided this inconsistency, and followed out the general theorem respecting the logical value of the syllogism to its legitimate corollary, have been led to impute uselessness and frivolity to the syllogistic theory itself, on the ground of the *petitio principii* which they allege to be inherent in every syllogism. As I believe both these opinions to be fundamentally erroneous, I must request the attention of the reader to certain considerations, without which any just appreciation of the true character of the syllogism, and the functions it performs in philosophy, appears to me impossible; but which seem to me to have been overlooked or insufficiently adverted to, both by the defenders of the syllogistic theory, and by its assailants.

“It must be granted, that in every syllogism, considered as an argument to prove the conclusion, there is a *petitio principii*. When we say—

‘All men are mortal.
Socrates is a man;
THEREFORE
Socrates is mortal’—

it is unanswerably urged by the adver-

saries of the syllogistic theory, that the proposition, Socrates is mortal, is presupposed in the more general assumption, All men are mortal; that we cannot be assured of the mortality of all men, unless we were previously certain of the mortality of every individual man; that if it be still doubtful whether Socrates, or any other individual you choose to name, be mortal or not, the same degree of uncertainty must hang over the assertion, All men are mortal; that the general principle, instead of being given as evidence of the particular case, cannot itself be taken for true without exception, until every shadow of doubt which could affect any case comprised with it, is dispelled by evidence *aliundè*, and then what remains for the syllogism to prove? that, in short, no reasoning from generals to particulars can, as such, prove any thing; since from a general principle you cannot infer any particulars, but those which the principle itself assumes as foreknown.

“This doctrine is irrefragable; and if logicians, though unable to dispute it, have usually exhibited a strong disposition to explain it away, this was not because they could discover any flaw in the argument itself, but because the contrary opinion seemed to rest upon arguments equally indisputable. In the syllogism last referred to, for example, or in any of those which we previously constructed, is it not evident that the conclusion may, to the person to whom the syllogism is presented, be actually and *bona fide* a new truth? Is it not matter of daily experience that truth previously undreamt of, facts which have not been, and cannot be, directly observed, are arrived at by way of general reasoning? We believe that the Duke of Wellington is mortal. We do not know this by direct observation, since he is not yet dead. If we were asked how, this being the case, we know the Duke to be mortal, we should probably answer, because all men are so. Here, therefore, we arrive at the knowledge of a truth not (as yet) susceptible of observation, by a reasoning which admits of being exhibited in the following syllogism—

‘All men are mortal.
The Duke of Wellington is a man;
THEREFORE
The Duke of Wellington is mortal.’

“And since a large portion of our knowledge is thus acquired, logicians have persisted in representing the syllogism as a process of inference or

proof; although none of them has cleared up the difficulty which arises from the inconsistency between that assertion and the principle, that if there be any thing in the conclusion which was not already asserted in the premisses, the argument is vicious. For it is impossible to attach any serious scientific value to such a mere salvo, as the distinction drawn between being involved *by implication* in the premisses, and being directly asserted in them. When Archbishop Whately, for example, says that the object of reasoning is 'merely to expand and unfold the assertions wrapt up, as it were, and implied in those with which we set out, and to bring a person to perceive and acknowledge the full force of that which he has admitted,' he does not, I think, meet the real difficulty requiring to be explained; namely, how it happens that a science like geometry can be all 'wrapt up' in a few definitions and axioms. Nor does this defence of the syllogism differ much from what its assailants urge against it as an accusation, when they charge it with being of no use except to those who seek to press the consequence of an admission into which a man has been entrapped, without having considered and understood its full force. When you admitted the major premiss, you asserted the conclusion; 'but,' says Archbishop Whately, 'you asserted it by implication merely;' this, however, can here only mean that you asserted it unconsciously—that you did not know you were asserting it; but, if so, the difficulty revives in this shape, Ought you not to have known? Were you warranted in asserting the general proposition without having satisfied yourself of the truth of every thing which it fairly includes? And if not, what, then, is the syllogistic art but a contrivance for catching you in a trap, and holding you fast in it?

"From this difficulty there appears to be but one issue. The proposition, that the Duke of Wellington is mortal, is evidently an inference; it is got at as a conclusion from something else; but do we, in reality, conclude it from the proposition—All men are mortal? I answer, No.

"The error committed is, I conceive, that of overlooking the distinction between the two parts of the process of philosophizing—the inferring part and the registering part; and ascribing to the latter the functions of the former. The mistake is that of referring a man to his own notes for the *origin* of his knowledge. If a man is asked a question, and is at the moment unable to

answer it, he may refresh his memory by turning to a memorandum which he carries about with him. But if he were asked how the fact came to his knowledge, he would scarcely answer, because it was set down in his note-book.

"Assuming that the proposition, The Duke of Wellington is mortal, is immediately an inference from the proposition, All men are mortal, whence do we derive our knowledge of that general truth? No supernatural aid being supposed, the answer must be, from observation. Now, all which men can observe are individual cases. From these all general truths must be drawn, and into these they may be again resolved; for a general truth is but an aggregate of particular truths—a comprehensive expression, by which an indefinite number of individual facts are affirmed or denied at once. But a general proposition is not merely a compendious form for recording and preserving in the memory a number of particular facts, all of which have been observed. Generalization is not a process of mere naming, it is also a process of inference. From instances which we have observed, we feel warranted in concluding, that what we found true in those instances holds in all similar ones—past, present, and future, however numerous they may be. We, then, by that valuable contrivance of language, which enables us to speak of many as if they were one, record all that we have observed, together with all that we infer from our observations, in one concise expression; and have thus only one proposition, instead of an endless number, to remember or to communicate. The results of many observations and inferences, and instructions for making innumerable inferences in unforeseen cases, are compressed into one short sentence.

"When, therefore, we conclude, from the death of John and Thomas, and every other person we ever heard of in whose case the experiment had been fairly tried, that the Duke of Wellington is mortal like the rest, we may, indeed, pass through the generalization, All men are mortal, as an intermediate stage; but it is not in the latter half of the process—the descent from all men to the Duke of Wellington—that the *inference* resides. The inference is finished when we have asserted that all men are mortal. What remains to be performed afterwards is merely deciphering our own notes.

"Archbishop Whately has contended, that syllogizing, or reasoning from

generals to particulars, is not, agreeably to the vulgar idea, a peculiar mode of reasoning, but the philosophical analysis of the mode in which all men reason, and must do so if they reason at all. With the deference due to so high an authority, I cannot help thinking that the vulgar notion is, in this case, the more correct. If, from our experience of John, Thomas, &c. who once were living, but are now dead, we are entitled to conclude that all human beings are mortal, we might surely, without any logical inconsequence, have concluded at once, from those instances, that the Duke Wellington is mortal. The mortality of John, Thomas, and Company, is, after all, the whole evidence we have for the mortality of the Duke of Wellington. Not one iota is added to the proof by interpolating a general proposition. Since the individual cases are all the evidence we can possess; evidence which no logical form into which we choose to throw it can make greater than it is; and since that evidence is either sufficient in itself, or, if insufficient for one purpose, cannot be sufficient for the other; I am unable to see why we should be forbidden to take the shortest cut from these sufficient premisses to the conclusion, and constrained to travel the 'high *priori* road' by the arbitrary fiat of logicians. I cannot perceive why it should be impossible to journey from one place to another, unless 'we march up a hill and then march down again.' It may be the safest road, and there may be a resting-place at the top of the hill, affording a commanding view of the surrounding country; but for the mere purpose of arriving at our journey's end, our taking that road is perfectly optional: it is a question of time, trouble, and danger.

"Not only *may* we reason from particulars to particulars, without passing through generals, but we perpetually do so reason. All our earliest inferences are of this nature. From the first dawn of intelligence we draw inferences; but years elapse before we learn the use of general language. The child who, having burnt his fingers, avoids to thrust them again into the fire, has reasoned or inferred, though he has never thought of the general maxim—fire burns. He knows from memory that he has been burnt, and on this evidence believes, when he sees a candle, that if he puts his finger into the flame of it, he will be burnt again. He believes this in every case which happens to arise; but without looking, in each instance, beyond

the present case. He is not generalizing; he is inferring a particular from particulars.—Vol. I. p. 244.

"From the considerations now adduced, the following conclusions seem to be established:—All inferences from particulars to particulars: General propositions are merely registers of such inferences already made, and short formulæ for making more: The major premiss of a syllogism, consequently, is a formula of this description; and the conclusion is not an inference drawn from the formula, but an inference drawn according to the formula: the real logical antecedent, or premisses, being, *the particular facts from which the general proposition was collected by induction.* * * *

"In the above observations, it has, I think, been clearly shown, that although there is always a process of reasoning or inference where a syllogism is used, the syllogism is not a correct analysis of that process of reasoning or inference; which is, on the contrary, (when not a mere inference from testimony,) an inference from particulars to particulars; authorized by a previous inference from particulars to generals, and substantially the same with it: of the nature, therefore, of Induction. But while these conclusions appear to me undeniable, I must yet enter a protest, as strong as that of Archbishop Whately himself, against the doctrine that the syllogistic art is useless for the purposes of reasoning. The reasoning lies in the act of generalisation, not in interpreting the record of that act; but the syllogistic form is an indispensable collateral security for the correctness of the generalisation itself."—P. 259.

By this explanation we are released from the dilemma into which the syllogistic and non-syllogistic party had together thrown us. We can acknowledge that the process of reason can be always exhibited in the form of a syllogism, and yet not be driven to the strange and perplexing conclusion that our reasoning can never conduct us to a new truth, never lead us further than to admit in one shape what we had already admitted in another. We have, or may have, it is true, a *major* in all our ratiocination, implied, if not expressed, and are so far syllogistic; but then the real premiss from which we reason is the amount of experience on which that major was founded, to which amount of experience we, in fact, made an addition in our *minor*, or conclusion.

But while we accept this explanation, and are grateful for the deliverance it works for us, we must also admit, (and we are not aware that Mr Mill would controvert this admission,) that there is a large class of cases in which our reasoning betrays no reference to this anterior experience, and where the usual explanation given by teachers of logic is perfectly applicable; cases where our object is, not the discovery of truth for ourselves, but to convince another of his error, by showing him that the proposition, which in his blindness or prejudice he has chosen to contradict, is part and parcel of some other proposition to which he has given, and is at all times ready to give, his acquiescence. In such cases, we frequently content ourselves with throwing before him this alternative—refuse your *major*, to which you have again and again assented, or accept, as involved in it, our *minor* proposition, which you have persisted in controverting.

It will have been gathered from the foregoing train of observation, that, in direct contradistinction to Archbishop Whately, who had represented induction (so far as it consisted of an act of ratiocination) as resolvable into deductive and syllogistic reasoning, our author has resolved the syllogism, and indeed all deductive reasoning whatever, ultimately into examples of induction. In doing this, he is encountered by a metaphysical notion very prevalent in the present day, which lies across his path, and which he has to remove. We allude to the distinction between contingent and necessary truths; it being held by many philosophical writers that all necessary and universal truths owe their origin, not to experience (except as *occasion* of their development,) and not, consequently, to the ordinary process of induction, but flow from higher sources—flow immediately from some supreme faculty to which the name of reason has by some been exclusively appropriated, in order to distinguish it from the understanding, the faculty judging according to sense. We will pause a while upon this topic.

Contingent and Necessary Truths.—Those who have read Mr Whewell's treatise on the *Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences*, will remember that there is no topic which that author labours

more sedulously to inculcate than this same distinction between contingent and necessary truths; and it is against his statement of the doctrine in question, that Mr Mill directs his observations. Perhaps the controverted tenets would have sustained a more equal combat under the auspices of a more practised and more complete metaphysician than Mr Whewell; but a difficulty was probably experienced in finding a statement in any other well-known English author full and explicit. Referring ourselves to Mr Whewell's volumes for an extract, in order to give the distinction here contended against the advantage of an exposition in the words of one who upholds it, we are embarrassed by the number which offer themselves. From many we select the following statement:—

"Experience," says Mr Whewell, "must always consist of a limited number of observations. And, however numerous these may be, they can show nothing with regard to the infinite number of cases in which the experiment has not been made. Experience, being thus unable to prove a fact to be universal, is, as will readily be seen, still more incapable of proving a fact to be necessary. Experience cannot, indeed, offer the smallest ground for the necessity of a proposition. She can observe and record what has happened; but she cannot find, in any case, or in any accumulation of cases, any reason for what *must* happen. She may see objects side by side, but she cannot see a reason why they must be ever side by side. She finds certain events to occur in succession; but the succession supplies, in its occurrence, no reason for its recurrence. She contemplates external objects; but she cannot detect any internal bond which indissolubly connects the future with the past, the possible with the real. To learn a proposition by experience, and to see it to be necessarily true, are two altogether different processes of thought.

"But it may be said, that we do learn, by means of observation and experience, many universal truths; indeed, all the general truths of which science consists. Is not the doctrine of universal gravitation learned by experience? Are not the laws of motion, the properties of light, the general properties of chemistry, so

learned? How, with these examples before us, can we say that experience teaches no universal truths?

"To this we reply, that these truths can only be known to be *general*, not universal, if they depend upon experience alone. Experience cannot bestow that universality which she herself cannot have, and that necessity of which she has no comprehension. If these doctrines are universally true, this universality flows from the *ideas* which we apply to our experience, and which are, as we have seen, the real sources of necessary truth. How far these ideas can communicate their universality and necessity to the results of experience, it will hereafter be our business to consider. It will then appear, that when the mind collects from observation truths of a wide and comprehensive kind, which approach to the simplicity and universality of the truths of pure science; she gives them this character by throwing upon them the light of her own fundamental ideas."—*Whewell*, Vol. I. p. 60.

Accordingly, Mr Whewell no sooner arrives at any truth which admits of an unconditional positive statement—a statement defying all rational contradiction—than he abstracts it from amongst the acquisitions of experience, and throwing over it, we suppose, the light of these fundamental ideas, pronounces it enrolled in the higher class of universal and necessary truths. The first laws of motion, though established through great difficulties against the most obstinate preconceptions, and by the aid of repeated experiments, are, when sur-

voyed in their present perfect form, proclaimed to be, not acquisitions of experience, but truths emanating from a higher and more mysterious origin.*

This distinction, which assigns a different mental origin to truths, simply because (from the nature of the subject-matter, as it seems to us) there is a difference with regard to the sort of certainty we feel of them, has always appeared to us most unphilosophical. It is admitted that we arrive at a general proposition through experience; there is no room, therefore, for quibbling as to the meaning of the term *experience*—it is understood that when we speak of a truth being derived from experience, we imply the usual exercise of our mental faculties; it is the step from a general to a universal proposition which alone occasions this perplexing distinction. The dogma is this—that experience can only teach us by a limited number of examples, and therefore can never establish a universal proposition. But if *all* experience is in favour of a proposition—if no experience has occurred even to enable the imagination to conceive its opposite, what more can be required to convert the general into a universal proposition?

Strange to say, the attribution of these characteristics of universality and necessity, becomes, amongst those who loudly insist upon the palpable nature of the distinction we are now examining, a matter of controversy; and there are a class of scientific truths, of which it is debated whether they are contingent or necessary.

* Necessary truths multiply on us very fast. "We maintain," says Mr Whewell, "that this equality of *mechanical action and reaction* is one of the principles which do not flow from, but regulate, our experience. A mechanical pressure, not accompanied by an equal and opposite pressure, can no more be given by experience than two unequal right angles. With the supposition of such inequalities, space ceases to be space, form ceases to be form, matter ceases to be matter." And again he says, "*That the parallelogram of forces is a necessary truth*;" a law of motion of which we surely can *conceive* its opposite to be true. In some of these instances Mr Whewell appears, by a confusion of thought, to have given to the *physical fact* the character of necessity which resides in the mathematical formula employed for its expression. Whether a moving body would communicate motion to another body—whether it would lose its own motion by so doing—or what would be the result if a body were struck by two other bodies moving in different directions—are questions which, if they could be asked us prior to experience, we could give no answer whatever to—which we can easily conceive to admit of a quite different answer to that which experience has taught us to give.

The only test that they belong to the latter order is, the impossibility of conceiving their opposites to be the truth; and it seems that men find a great difference in their powers of conception, and that what is impossible with one is possible with another. But (wisely, too) passing this over, and admitting that there is a distinction (though a very ill-defined one) between the several truths we entertain of this nature; namely, that some we find it impossible, even in imagination, to contradict, whilst of others we can suppose it possible that they should cease to be truths—does it follow that different faculties of the mind are engaged in the acquisition of them? Does nothing depend on the nature of the subject itself? “That two sides of a triangle,” says Mr Whewell, “are greater than the third, is a universal and necessary geometrical truth; it is true of all triangles; it is true in such a way that the contrary cannot be conceived. *Experience could not prove such a proposition.*” Experience is allowed to prove it of this or that triangle, but not as an inseparable property of a triangle. We are at a loss to perceive why the same faculties of the mind that can judge, say of the properties of animal life, of organized beings, cannot judge of the properties of a figure—properties which must immediately be conceived to exist the moment the figure is presented to the imagination. We say, for instance, of any animal, not because it is this or that animal, a sheep or an ox, but simply as animal, that it must sustain itself by food, by the process of assimilation. This, however, is merely a contingent truth, because it is in our power to conceive of organized beings whose substance shall not wear away, and consequently shall not need perpetual restoration. But what faculty of the mind is unemployed here that is engaged in perceiving the property of a triangle, that as triangle, it must have two sides greater than the third? The truths elicited in the two cases have a difference, inasmuch as a triangle differs from an animal in this, that it is impossible to conceive other triangles than those to which your truth is applicable, and therefore the proposition relating to the triangle is called a necessary truth. But surely this difference lies in the subject-matter,

not in the nature of our mental faculties.

But we had not intended to interpose our own lucubrations in the place of those of Mr Mill.

“Although Mr Whewell,” says our author, “has naturally and properly employed a variety of phrases to bring his meaning more forcibly home, he will, I presume, allow that they are all equivalent; and that what he means by a necessary truth, would be sufficiently defined, a proposition the negation of which is not only false, but inconceivable. I am unable to find in any of Mr Whewell’s expressions, turn them what way you will, a meaning beyond this, and I do not believe he would contend that they mean any thing more.

“This, therefore, is the principle asserted: that propositions, the negation of which is inconceivable, or in other words, which we cannot figure to ourselves as being false, must rest upon evidence of a higher and more cogent description than any which experience can afford. And we have next to consider whether there is any ground for this assertion.

“Now, I cannot but wonder that so much stress should be laid upon the circumstance of inconceivableness, when there is such ample experience to show, that our capacity or incapacity for conceiving a thing has very little to do with the possibility of the thing in itself; but is in truth very much an affair of accident, and depends upon the past habits and history of our own minds. There is no more generally acknowledged fact in human nature, than the extreme difficulty at first felt in conceiving any thing as possible, which is in contradiction to long-established and familiar experience, or even to old and familiar habits of thought. And this difficulty is a necessary result of the fundamental laws of the human mind. When we have often seen and thought of two things together, and have never, in any one instance, either seen or thought of them separately, there is by the primary law of association an increasing difficulty, which in the end becomes insuperable, of conceiving the two things apart. This is most of all conspicuous in uneducated persons, who are, in general, utterly unable to separate any two ideas which have once become firmly associated in their minds; and, if persons of cultivated intellect have any advantage on the point, it is only because, having seen and heard and read more, and being more accustomed to

exercise their imagination, they have experienced their sensations and thoughts in more varied combinations, and have been prevented from forming many of these inseparable associations. But this advantage has necessarily its limits. The man of the most practised intellect is not exempt from the universal laws of our conceptive faculty. If daily habit presents to him for a long period two facts in combination, and if he is not led, during that period, either by accident or intention, to think of them apart, he will in time become incapable of doing so, even by the strongest effort; and the supposition, that the two facts can be separated in nature, will at last present itself to his mind with all the characters of an inconceivable phenomenon. There are remarkable instances of this in the history of science; instances in which the wisest men rejected as impossible, because inconceivable, things which their posterity, by earlier practice, and longer perseverance in the attempt, found it quite easy to conceive, and which every body now knows to be true. There was a time when men of the most cultivated intellects, and the most emancipated from the dominion of early prejudice, could not credit the existence of antipodes; were unable to conceive, in opposition to old association, the force of gravity acting upwards instead of downwards. The Cartesians long rejected the Newtonian doctrine of the gravitation of all bodies towards one another, on the faith of a general proposition, the reverse of which seemed to them to be inconceivable—the proposition, that a body cannot act where it is not. All the cumbersome machinery of imaginary vortices, assumed without the smallest particle of evidence, appeared to these philosophers a more rational mode of explaining the heavenly motions, than one which involved what appeared to them so great an absurdity. And they, no doubt, found it as impossible to conceive that a body should act upon the earth at the distance of the sun or moon, as we find it to conceive an end to space or time, or two straight lines inclosing a space. Newton himself had not been able to realize the conception, or we should not have had his hypothesis of a subtle ether, the occult cause of gravitation; and his writings prove, that although he deemed the particular nature of the intermediate agency a matter of conjecture, the necessity of *some* such agency appeared to him indubitable. It would seem that, even now, the majority of scientific men have not com-

pletely got over this very difficulty; for though they have at last learned to conceive the sun *attracting* the earth without any intervening fluid, they cannot yet conceive the sun *illuminating* the earth without some such medium.

“ If, then, it be so natural to the human mind, even in its highest state of culture, to be incapable of conceiving, and on that ground to believe impossible, what is afterwards not only found to be conceivable, but proved to be true; what wonder if, in cases where the association is still older, more confirmed, and more familiar, and in which nothing even occurs to shake our conviction, or even to suggest to us any conception at variance with the association, the acquired incapacity should continue, and be mistaken for a natural incapacity? It is true our experience of the varieties in nature enables us, within certain limits, to conceive other varieties analogous to them. We can conceive the sun or moon falling; for although we never saw them fall, nor ever perhaps imagined them falling, we have seen so many other things fall, that we have innumerable familiar analogies to assist the conception; which, after all, we should probably have some difficulty in framing, were we not well accustomed to see the sun and moon move, (or appear to move,) so that we are only called upon to conceive a slight change in the direction of motion, a circumstance familiar to our experience. But when experience affords no model on which to shape the new conception, how is it possible for us to form it? How, for example, can we imagine an end to space and time? We never saw any object without something beyond it, nor experienced any feeling without something following it. When, therefore, we attempt to conceive the last point of space, we have the idea irresistibly raised of other points beyond it. When we try to imagine the last instant of time, we cannot help conceiving another instant after it. Nor is there any necessity to assume, as is done by the school to which Mr Whewell belongs, a peculiar fundamental law of the mind to account for the feeling of infinity inherent in our conception of space and time; that apparent infinity is sufficiently accounted for by simple and universally acknowledged laws.”—Vol. I. p. 313.

Mr Mill does not deny that there exists a distinction, as regards ourselves, between certain truths (namely, that of some, we cannot conceive

them to be other than truths,) but he sets no value on this distinction, inasmuch as there is no proof that it has its counterpart in things themselves; the impossibility of a thing being by no means measured by our inability to conceive it. And we may observe, that Mr Whewell, in consistency with the metaphysical doctrine upon space and time which he has borrowed from Kant, ought, under another shape, to entertain a similar doubt as to whether this distinction represent any real distinction in the nature of things. He considers, with Kant, that space is only that *form* with which the human mind invests things—that it has no other than this merely mental existence—is purely subjective. Presuming, therefore, that the mind is, from its constitution, utterly and for ever unable to conceive the opposite of certain truths, (those, for instance, of geometry;) yet as the existence of space itself is but a subjective truth, it must follow that all other truths relating to it are subjective also. The mind is not conversant with things in themselves, in the truths even of geometry; nor is there any positive objective truth in one department of science more than another. Mr Whewell, therefore, though he advocates this distinction between necessary and contingent truth with a zeal which would seem to imply that something momentous, or of peculiar interest, was connected with it, can advocate it only as a matter of abstract metaphysical science. He cannot participate in that feeling of exaltation and mystery which has led many to expatiate upon a necessary and absolute truth which the Divine Power itself cannot alter, which is equally irresistible, equally binding and compulsory, with God as with man. Of this spirit of philosophical enthusiasm Mr Whewell cannot partake. Space and Time, with all their properties and phenomena, are but recognized as the modes of thought of a human intelligence.

We have marked a number of passages for annotation and extract—a far greater number than we can possibly find place for alluding to. One subject, however, which lies at the very basis of all our science, and which has received a proportionate attention from Mr Mill, must not be amongst those which are passed over.

We mean the law of *Causation*. What should be described as the complete and adequate notion of a cause, we need not say is one of the moot points of philosophy. According to one school of metaphysicians, there is in our notion of cause an element not derived from experience, which, it is confessed on all hands, can teach us only the *succession* of events. Cause, with them, is that invisible power, that mysterious bond, which this succession does but signify: with other philosophers this succession constitutes the whole of any intelligible notion we have of cause. The latter opinion is that of Mr Mill; at the same time the question is one which lies beyond or beside the scope of his volumes. He is concerned only with phenomena, not with the knowledge (if such there be) of “things in themselves;” that part, therefore, of our idea of cause which, according to all systems of philosophy, is won from experience, and concerns phenomena alone, is sufficient for his purpose. That every event has a cause, that is, a previous and uniformly previous event, and that whatever has happened will, in the like circumstances, happen again—these are the assumptions necessary to science, and these no one will dispute.

Mr Mill has made a happy addition to the usual definition of cause given by that class of metaphysicians to which he himself belongs, and which obviates a plausible objection urged against it by Dr Reid and others. These have argued, that if cause be nothing more than invariable antecedence, then night may be said to be the cause of day, for the one invariably precedes the other. Day does succeed to night, but only on certain conditions—namely, that the sun rise. “The succession,” observes Mr Mill, “which is equivalent and synonymous to cause, must be not only invariable but unconditional. We may define, therefore,” says our author, “the cause of a phenomenon to be the antecedent, or the concurrence of antecedents, upon which it is invariably and *unconditionally* consequent.”—Vol. I. p. 411.

A dilemma may be raised of this kind. The universality of the law of causation—in other words, the uniform course of nature—is the fundamental principle on which all induction pro-

ceeds, the great premiss on which all our science is founded. But if this law itself be the result only of experience, itself only a great instance of induction, so long as nature presents cases requiring investigation, where the causes are unknown to us, so long the law itself is imperfectly established. How, then, can this law be a guide and a premiss in the investigations of science, when those investigations are necessary to complete the proof of the law itself? How can this principle accompany and authorise every step we take in science, which itself needs confirmation so long as a process of induction remains to be performed? Or how can this law be established by a series of inductions, in making which it has been taken for granted?

Objections which wear the air of a quibble have often this advantage—they put our knowledge to the test. The obligation to find a complete answer clears up our own conceptions. The observations which Mr Mill makes on this point, we shall quote at length. They are taken from his chapter on the *Evidence of the Law of Universal Causation*; the views in which are as much distinguished for boldness as for precision.

After having said, that in all the several methods of induction the universality of the law of causation is assumed, he continues:—

“But is this assumption warranted? Doubtless (it may be said) most phenomena are connected as effects with some antecedent or cause—that is, are never produced unless some assignable fact has preceded them; but the very circumstance, that complicated processes of induction are sometimes necessary, shows that cases exist in which this regular order of succession is not apparent to our first and simplest apprehension. If, then, the processes which bring these cases within the same category with the rest, require that we should assume the universality of the very law which they do not at first sight appear to exemplify, is not this a real *petitio principii*? Can we prove a proposition by an argument which takes it for granted? And, if not so proved, on what evidence does it rest?

“For this difficulty, which I have purposely stated in the strongest terms it would admit of, the school of metaphysicians, who have long predominated in this country, find a ready salvo. They affirm that the universality of causation

is a truth which we cannot help believing; that the belief in it is an instinct, one of the laws of our believing faculty. As the proof of this they say, and they have nothing else to say, that every body *does* believe it; and they number it among the propositions, rather numerous in their catalogue, which may be logically argued against, and perhaps cannot be logically proved, but which are of higher authority than logic, and which even he who denies in speculation, shows by his habitual practice that his arguments make no impression on himself.

“I have no intention of entering into the merits of this question, as a problem of transcendental metaphysics. But I must renew my protest against adducing, as evidence of the truth of a fact in external nature, any necessity which the human mind may be conceived to be under of believing it. It is the business of human intellect to adapt itself to the realities of things, and not to measure those realities by its own capacities of comprehension. The same quality which fits mankind for the offices and purposes of their own little life, the tendency of their belief to follow their experience, incapacitates them for judging of what lies beyond. Not only what man can know, but what he can conceive, depends upon what he has experienced. Whatever forms a part of all his experience, forms a part also of all his conceptions, and appears to him universal and necessary, though really, for aught he knows, having no existence beyond certain narrow limits. The habit, however, of philosophical analysis, of which it is the surest effect to enable the mind to command, instead of being commanded by, the laws of the merely passive part of its own nature, and which, by showing to us that things are not necessarily connected in fact because their ideas are connected in our minds, is able to loosen innumerable associations which reign despotically over the undisciplined mind; this habit is not without power even over those associations which the philosophical school, of which I have been speaking, regard as connate and instinctive. I am convinced that any one accustomed to abstraction and analysis, who will fairly exert his faculties for the purpose, will, when his imagination has once learned to entertain the notion, find no difficulty in conceiving that in some one, for instance, of the many firmaments into which sidereal astronomy now divides the universe, events may succeed one another at random, without any fixed law; nor can any thing in our ex-

perience, or in our mental nature, constitute a sufficient, or indeed any, reason for believing that this is nowhere the case. The grounds, therefore, which warrant us in rejecting such a supposition with respect to any of the phenomena of which we have experience, must be sought elsewhere than in any supposed necessity of our intellectual faculties.

"As was observed in a former place, the belief we entertain in the universality, throughout nature, of the law of cause and effect, is itself an instance of induction; and by no means one of the earliest which any of us, or which mankind in general, can have made. We arrive at this universal law by generalisation from many laws of inferior generality. The generalising propensity which, instinctive or not, is one of the most powerful principles of our nature, does not indeed wait for the period when such a generalisation becomes strictly legitimate. The mere unreasoning propensity to expect what has been often experienced, doubtless led men to believe that every thing had a cause, before they could have conclusive evidence of that truth. But even this cannot be supposed to have happened until many cases of causation, or, in other words, many partial uniformities of sequence, had become familiar. The more obvious of the particular uniformities suggest and prove the general uniformity; and that general uniformity, once established, enables us to prove the remainder of the particular uniformities of which it is made up. * * *

"With respect to the general law of causation, it does appear that there must have been a time when the universal prevalence of that law throughout nature could not have been affirmed in the same confident and unqualified manner as at present. There was a time when many of the phenomena of nature must have appeared altogether capricious and irregular, not governed by any laws, nor steadily consequent upon any causes. Such phenomena, indeed, were commonly, in that early stage of human knowledge, ascribed to the direct intervention of the will of some supernatural being, and therefore still to a cause. This shows the strong tendency of the human mind to ascribe every phenomenon to some cause or other; but it shows also that experience had not, at that time, pointed out any regular order in the occurrence of those particular phenomena, nor proved them to be, as we now know that they are, dependent upon prior phenomena as their proximate causes. There have been sects of

philosophers who have admitted what they termed Chance as one of the agents in the order of nature by which certain classes of events were entirely regulated; which could only mean that those events did not occur in any fixed order, or depend upon uniform laws of causation. * * *

"The progress of experience, therefore, has dissipated the doubt which must have rested upon the universality of the law of causation, while there were phenomena which seemed to be *sui generis*; not subject to the same laws with any other class of phenomena, and not as yet ascertained to have peculiar laws of their own. This great generalisation, however, might reasonably have been, as it in fact was by all great thinkers, acted upon as a probability of the highest order, before there were sufficient grounds for receiving it as a certainty. For, whatever has been found true in innumerable instances, and never found to be false after due examination in any, we are safe in acting upon as universal provisionally, until an undoubted exception appears; provided the nature of the case be such that a real exception could scarcely have escaped our notice. When every phenomenon that we ever knew sufficiently well to be able to answer the question, had a cause on which it was invariably consequent, it was more rational to suppose that our inability to assign the causes of other phenomena arose from our ignorance, than that there were phenomena which were uncaused, and which happened accidentally to be exactly those which we had hitherto had no sufficient opportunity of studying."—Vol. II. p. 108.

Hypotheses.—Mr Mill's observations on the use of hypotheses in scientific investigation, except that they are characterized by his peculiar distinctness and accuracy of thought, do not differ from the views generally entertained by writers on the subject. We are induced to refer to the topic, to point out what seems to us a harsh measure dealt out to the undulatory theory of light—harsh when compared with the reception given to a theory of Laplace, having for its object to account for the origin of the planetary system.

We had occasion to quote a passage from Mr Mill, in which he remarks that the majority of scientific men seem not yet to have completely got over the difficulty of conceiving matter to act (contrary to the old maxim)

where it is not; "for though," he says, "they have at last learned to conceive the sun *attracting* the earth without any intervening fluid, they cannot yet conceive the sun *illuminating* the earth without some such medium." But it is not only this difficulty (which doubtless, however, is felt) of conceiving the sun illuminating the earth without any medium by which to communicate its influence, which leads to the construction of the hypothesis, either of an undulating ether, or of emitted particles. The analogy of the other senses conducts us almost irresistibly to the imagination of some such medium. The nerves of sense are, apparently, in all cases that we can satisfactorily investigate, affected by contact, by impulse. The nerve of sight itself, we know, when touched or pressed upon, gives out the sensation of light. These reasons, in the first place, conduct us to the supposition of some medium, having immediate communication with the eye; which medium, though we are far from saying that its existence is established, is rendered probable by the explanation it affords of optical phenomena. At the same time it is evident that the hypothesis of an undulating ether, assumes a fluid or some medium, the existence of which cannot be directly ascertained. Thus stands the hypothesis of a luminiferous ether—in what must be allowed to be a very unsatisfactory condition. But a condition, we think, very superior to the astronomical speculation of Laplace, which Mr Mill, after scrutinizing the preceding hypothesis with the utmost strictness, is disposed to treat with singular indulgence.

"The speculation is," we may as well quote throughout Mr Mill's words, "that the atmosphere of the sun originally extended to the present limits of the solar system: from which, by the process of cooling, it has contracted to its present dimensions; and since, by the general principles of mechanics, the rotation of the sun and its accompanying atmosphere must increase as rapidly as its volume diminishes, the increased centrifugal force generated by the more rapid rotation, overbalancing the action of gravitation, would cause the sun to abandon successive rings of vaporous matter, which are supposed to have condensed by cooling, and to have become our planets.

"There is in this theory," Mr Mill proceeds, "no unknown substance introduced upon supposition, nor any unknown property or law ascribed to a known substance. The known laws of matter authorize us to suppose, that a body which is constantly giving out so large an amount of heat as the sun is, must be progressively cooling, and that by the process of cooling it must contract; if, therefore, we endeavour, from the present state of that luminary, to infer its state in a time long past, we must necessarily suppose that its atmosphere extended much further than at present, and we are entitled to suppose that it extended as far as we can trace those effects which it would naturally leave behind it on retiring; and such the planets are. These suppositions being made, it follows from known laws that successive zones of the solar atmosphere would be abandoned; that these would continue to revolve round the sun with the same velocity as when they formed part of his substance, and that they would cool down, long before the sun himself, to any given temperature, and consequently to that at which the greater part of the vaporous matter of which they consisted would become liquid or solid. The known law of gravitation would then cause them to agglomerate in masses, which would assume the shape our planets actually exhibit; would acquire, each round its own axis, a rotatory movement; and would in that state revolve, as the planets actually do, about the sun, in the same direction with the sun's rotation, but with less velocity, and each of them in the same periodic time which the sun's rotation occupied when his atmosphere extended to that point; and this also M. Comte has, by the necessary calculations, ascertained to be true, within certain small limits of error. There is thus in Laplace's theory nothing hypothetical; it is an example of legitimate reasoning from a present effect to its past cause, according to the known laws of that cause; it assumes nothing more than that objects which really exist, obey the laws which are known to be obeyed by all terrestrial objects resembling them."—Vol. II. p. 27.

Now, it seems to us that there is quite as much of hypothesis in this speculation of Laplace as in the undulatory theory of light. This atmosphere of the sun extending to the utmost limits of our planetary system! What proof have we that it ever exist-

ed? what possible grounds have we for believing, what motive even for imagining such a thing, but the very same description of proof given and rejected for the existence of a luminiferous ether—namely, that it enables us to explain certain events supposed to result from it? Nor is the thing here imagined any the less a novelty, because it bears the old name of an atmosphere. An atmosphere containing in itself all the various materials which compose our earth, and whatever else may enter into the composition of the other planets, is as violent a supposition as an ether, not perceptible to the senses except by its influence on the nerves of sight. And this cooling down of the sun! What fact in our experience enables us to advance such a supposition? We might as well say that the sun was getting hotter every year, or harder or softer, or larger or smaller. Surely Mr Mill could not have been serious when he says, that “the known laws of matter authorize us to suppose, that a body which is constantly *giving out so large an amount of heat as the sun is, must be progressively cooling*”—knowing, as we do, as little how the sun occasions heat as how it produces light. Neither can it be contended that because no absolutely new substance, or new property of matter, is introduced, but a fantastic conception is framed out of known substances and known properties, that therefore there is less of rash conjecture in the supposition. In fine, it must be felt by every one who reads the account of this speculation of Laplace, that the only evidence which produces the

least effect upon his mind, is the corroboration which it receives from the calculations of the mathematician—a species of proof which Mr Mill himself would not estimate very highly.

Many are the topics which are made to reflect a new light as Mr Mill passes along his lengthened course; we might quote as instances, his chapters on *Analogy* and the *Calculation of Chances*: and many are the grave and severe discussions that would await us were we to proceed to the close of his volumes, especially to that portion of his work where he applies the canons of science to investigations which relate to human nature and the characters of men. But enough for the present. We repeat, in concluding, the same sentiment that we expressed at the commencement, that such a work as this goes far to redeem the literature of our age from the charge of frivolity and superficiality. Those who have been trained in a different school of thinking, those who have adopted the metaphysics of the transcendental philosophy, will find much in these volumes to dissent from; but no man, be his pretensions or his tenets what they may, who has been accustomed to the study of philosophy, can fail to recognize and admire in this author that acute, patient, enlarged, and persevering thought, which gives to him who possesses it the claim and right to the title of philosopher. There are few men who—applying it to his own species of excellence—might more safely repeat the *Io sono anche!* of the celebrated Florentine.

MY COUNTRY NEIGHBOURS.

PEOPLE are fond of talking of the hereditary feuds of Italy—the factions of the Capulets and Montagues, the Orsini and Colonne—and, more especially, of the memorable *Vendette* of Corsica—as if hatred and revenge were solely endemic in the regions of

“The Pyrenean and the river Po!”

Mere prejudice! There is as good hating going on in England as elsewhere. Independent of the personal antipathies generated by politics, the envy, hatred, and malice arising out of every election contest, not a country neighbourhood but has its raging factions; and Browns and Smiths often cherish and maintain an antagonism every whit as bitter as that of the sanguinary progenitors of Romeo and Juliet.

I, for instance, who am but a country gentleman in a small way—an obscure bachelor, abiding from year's end to year's end on my insignificant farm—have witnessed things in my time, which, had they been said and done nearer the tropics, would have been cited far and near in evidence of the turbulence of human passions, and that “the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked.” Seeing that they chanced in a homely parish in Cheshire, no one has been at the trouble to note their strangeness; though, to own the truth, none but the actors in the drama (besides myself, a solitary spectator) are cognizant of its incidents and catastrophe. I might boast, indeed, that I alone am thoroughly in the secret; for it is the spectator only who competently judges the effects of a scene; and merely changing the names, for reasons easily conceivable, I ask leave to relate in the simplest manner a few facts in evidence of my assertion, that England has its Capuletti e Montecchi as well as Verona.

In the first place, let me premise that I am neither of a condition of life, nor condition of mind, to mingle as a friend with those of whose affairs I am about to treat so familiarly, being far too crotchety a fellow not to prefer a saunter with my fishing-

tackle on my back, or an evening tête-à-tête with my library of quaint old books, to all the good men's feasts ever eaten at the cost of a formal country visit. Nevertheless, I am not so cold of heart as to be utterly devoid of interest in the destinies of those whose turrets I see peering over the woods that encircle my corn-fields; and as the good old housekeeper, who for these thirty years past has presided over my household, happens to have grandchildren high in service in what are called the two great families in the neighbourhood, scarcely an event or incident passes within their walls that does not find an echo in mine. So much in attestation of my authority. But for such an introduction behind the scenes, much of the stage business of this curious drama would have escaped my notice, or remained incomprehensible.

I am wrong to say the two great “families;” I should have said the two great “houses.” At the close of the last century, indeed, our parish of Lexley contained but one; one which had stood there since the days of the first James, nay, even earlier—a fine old manorial hall of grand dimensions and stately architecture, of the species of mixed Gothic so false in taste, but so ornamental in effect, which is considered as betraying the first symptoms of Italian innovation.

The gardens extending in the rear of the house were still more decidedly in the Italian taste, having clipped evergreens and avenues of pyramidal yews, which, combined with the intervening statues, imparted to them something of the air of a cemetery. There were fountains, too, which, in the memory of man, had been never known to play, the marble basins being, if possible, still greener than the grim visages of the fauns and dryads standing forlorn on their dilapidated pedestals amid the neglected alleys.

The first thing I can remember of Lexley Hall, was peeping as a child through the stately iron gratings of the garden, that skirted a by-road leading from my grandfather's farm,

The desolateness of the place over-awed my young heart. In summer time the parterres were overgrown into a wilderness. The plants threw up their straggling arms so high, that the sunshine could hardly find its way to the quaint old dial that stood there telling its tale of time, though no man regarded; and the cordial fragrance of the strawberry-beds, mingling with entangled masses of honeysuckle in their exuberance of midsummer blossom, seemed to mock me, as I loitered in the dusk near the old gateway, with the tantalizing illusions of a fairy-tale—the Barmecide's feast, or Prince Desire surveying his princess through the impermeable walls of her crystal palace.

But if the enjoyment of the melancholy old gardens of Lexley Hall were withheld from *me*, no one else seemed to find pleasure or profit therein. Sir Laurence Altham, the lord of the manor and manor-house, was seldom resident in the country. Though a man of mature years, (I speak of the close of the last century,) he was still a man of pleasure—the ruined hulk of the gallant vessel which, early in the reign of George III., had launched itself with unequalled brilliancy on the sparkling current of London life.

At that time, I have heard my grandfather say there was not a mortgage on the Lexley estate! The timber was notoriously the finest in the county. A whole navy was comprised in one of its coppices; and the arching avenues were imposing as the aisles of our Gothic minsters. Alas! it needed the lapse of only half a dozen years to lay bare to the eye of every casual traveller the ancient mansion, so long

“Bosom'd high in tufted trees,”

and only guessed at till you approached the confines of the court-yard.

It was hazard that effected this. The dice-box swept those noble avenues from the face of the estate. Soon after Sir Laurence's coming of age, almost before the church-bells had ceased to announce the joyous event of the attainment of his majority, he was off to the Continent—Paris—Italy—I know not where, and was thenceforward only occasionally heard of in Cheshire as the ornament of the Sardinian or Austrian courts. But these

tidings were usually accompanied by a shaking of the head from the old family steward. The timber was to be thinned anew—the tenants to be again amerced. Sir Laurence evidently looked upon the Lexley property as a mere hotbed for his vices. At last the old steward turned surly to our enquiries, and would answer no further questions concerning his master. My grandfather's small farm was the only plot of ground in the parish that did not belong to the estate; and from him the faithful old servant was as careful to conceal the family disgraces, as to maintain the honour of Sir Laurence's name in the ears of his grumbling tenants.

The truth, however, could not long be withheld. Chaisefuls of suspicious-looking men in black arrived at the hall; loungers, surveyors, auctioneers—I know not what. There was talk in the parish about foreclosing a mortgage, no one exactly understood why, or by whom. But it was soon clear that Wightman, the old steward, was no longer the great man at Lexley. These strangers bade him come here and go there exactly as they chose, and, unhappily, they saw fit to make his comings and goings so frequent and so humiliating, that before the close of the summer the old servitor betook himself to his rest in a spot where all men cease from troubling. The leaves that dreary autumn fell upon his grave.

According to my grandfather's account, however, few even of his village contemporaries grieved for old Wightman. They felt that Providence knew best; that the old man was happily spared the mortification of all that was likely to ensue. For before another year was out the ring fence, which had hitherto encircled the Lexley property, was divided within itself; a paltry distribution of about a hundred acres alone remaining attached to the old hall. The rest was gone! The rest was the property of the foreclosee of that hateful mortgage.

Within view of the battlements of the old manor-house, nearly a hundred workmen were soon employed in digging the foundations of a modern mansion of the noblest proportions. The new owner of the estate, though only a manufacturer from Congleton, chose to dwell in a palace; and by

the time his splendid Doric temple was complete, under the name of Lexley Park, the vain-glorious proprietor, Mr Sparks, had taken his seat in Parliament for a neighbouring borough.

Little was known of him in the neighbourhood beyond his name and calling; yet already his new tenants were prepared to oppose and dislike him. Though they knew quite as little personally of the young baronet by whom they had been sold into bondage to the unpopular clothier—him, with the caprice of ignorance, they chose to prefer. They were proud of the old family—proud of the hereditary lords of the soil—proud of a name connecting itself with the glories of the reign of Elizabeth, and the loyalty shining, like a sepulchral lamp, through the gloomy records of the House of Stuart. The banners and escutcheons of the Althams were appended in their parish church. The family vault sounded hollow under their head whenever they approached its altar. Where was the burial-place of the manufacturer? In what obscure churchyard existed the mouldering heap that covered the remains of the sires of Mr Jonas Sparks? Certainly not at Lexley! Lexley knew not, and cared not to know, either him or his. It was no fault of the parish that its young baronet had proved a spendthrift and alienated the inheritance of his fathers; and, but that he had preserved the manor-house from desecration, they would perhaps have ostracized him altogether, as having lent his aid to disgrace their manor with so noble a structure as the porticoed facade of Lexley Park!

Meanwhile the shrewd Jonas was fully aware of his unpopularity and its origin; and, during a period of three years, he allowed his ill-advised subjects to chew, unmolested, the cud of their discontent. Having a comfortable residence at the further extremity of the county, he visited Lexley only to overlook the works, or notice the placing of the costly new furniture; and the grumblers began to fancy they were to profit as little by their new masters as by their old. The steward who replaced the trusty Wightman, and had been instructed to legislate among the cottages with a lighter hand, and distribute Christmas benefaction in a double proportion, was careful to circulate in the

parish an impression that Mr Sparks and his family did not care to inhabit the new house till the gardens were in perfect order, the succession houses in full bearing, and the mansion thoroughly seasoned. But the Lexleyans guessed the truth, that he had no mind to confront the first outbreak of their ill-will.

Nearly four years elapsed before he took possession of the place; four years, during which Sir Laurence Altham had never set foot in the hall, and was heard of only through his follies and excesses; and when Mr Sparks at length made his appearance, with his handsome train of equipages, and surrounded by his still handsomer family, so far from meeting him with sullen silence, the tenantry began to regret that they had not erected a triumphal arch of evergreens for his entrance into the park, as had been proposed by the less eager of the Althamites.

After all, their former prejudice in favour of the young baronet was based on very shallow foundations. What had he ever done for them except raise their rents, and prosecute their trespasses? It was nothing that his forefathers had endowed almshouses for their support, or served up banquets for their delectation—Sir Laurence was an absentee—Sir Laurence was as the son of the stranger. The fine old kennel stood cold and empty, reminding them that to preserve their foxes was no longer an article of Lexley religion; and if any of the old October, brewed at the birth of the present baronet, still filled the oaken hogsheds in the cellars of the hall, what mattered it to them? No chance of their being broached, unless to grace the funeral feast of the lord of the manor.

To Jonas Sparks, Esq. M.P., accordingly, they dedicated their allegiance. A few additional chaldrons of coals and pairs of blankets, the first frosty winter, bound them his slaves for ever. Food, physic, and wine, were liberally distributed to the sick and aged whenever they repaired for relief to the Doric portico; and, with the usual convenient memory of the vulgar, the Lexleyans soon began to remember of the Altham family only their recent backslidings and ancient feudal oppressions: while of the Sparkses they chose to know only

what was evident to all eyes—viz, that their hands were open and faces comely.

Into their hearts—more especially into that of Jonas, the head of the house—they examined not at all; and were ill-qualified to surmise the intensity of bitterness with which, while contemplating the beauty and richness of his new domain, he beheld the turrets of the old hall rising like a statue of scorn above the intervening woods. There stood the everlasting monument of the ancient family—there the emblem of their pride, throwing its shadow, as it were, over his dawning prosperity! But for that force of contrast thus afforded, he would scarcely have perceived the newness of all the objects around him—the glare of the fresh freestone—the nakedness of the whited walls. A few stately old oaks and elms, apparently coeval with the ancient structure, which a sort of religious feeling had preserved from the axe, that they might afford congenial shade to the successor of its founder, seemed to impart meanness and vulgarity to the tapering verdure of *his* plantations, his modern trees—his pert poplars and mean larches—his sycamores and planes. Even the incongruity between his solid new paling and the decayed and sun-bleached wood of the venerable fence to which it adjoined, with its hoary beard of silvery lichen, was an eyesore to him. Every passer-by might note the limit and circumscription dividing the new place from the ancient seat of the lords of the manor.

Yet was the landscape of Lexley Park one of almost unequalled beauty. The Dee formed a noble ornament to its sweeping valleys; while the noble acclivities were clothed with promising woods, opening by rich vistas to a wide extent of champaign country. A fine bridge of granite, erected by the late Sir Windsor Altham, formed a noble object from the windows of the new mansion; and but for the evidence of the venerable pile, that stood like an abdicated monarch surveying its lost dominions, there existed no external demonstration that Lexley Park had not from the beginning of time formed the estated seat of the Sparkses.

The neighbouring families, if “neighbouring” could be called cer-

tain of the nobility and gentry who resided at ten miles’ distance, were courteously careful to inspire the new settler with a belief that they at least had forgotten any antecedent state of things at Lexley; for they had even reason to congratulate themselves on the change. Jonas had long been strenuously active in the House of Commons in promoting county improvements. Jonas was useful as a magistrate, and invaluable as a liberal contributor to the local charities. During the first five years of his occupancy, he did more for Lexley and its inhabitants than the half-dozen previous baronets of the House of Altham.

Of the man he had superseded, meanwhile, it was observed that Mr Sparks was judiciously careful to forbear all mention. It might have been supposed that he had purchased the estate of the Crown or the Court of Chancery, so utterly ignorant did he appear of the age, habits, and whereabouts of his predecessor; and when informed by Sir John Wargrane, one of his wealthy neighbours, that young Altham was disgracing himself again—that at the public gaming-tables at Toplitz he had been a loser of thirty thousand pounds—the cunning *parvenu* listened with an air of as vague indifference as if he were not waiting with breathless anxiety the gradual dissipation of the funds, secured to the young spendthrift by the transfer of his estate, to grasp at the small remaining portion of his property. Unconsciously, when the tale of Sir Laurence’s profligacy met his ear, he clenched his griping hand, as though it already recognized its hold upon the destined spoil, but not a word did he utter.

Meanwhile, the family of the new squire of Lexley were winning golden opinions on all sides. “The boys were brave—the girls were fair,” the mother virtuous, pious, and unpretending. It would have been scandalous, indeed, to sneer to shame the modest cheerfulness of such people, because their ancestors had not fought at the Crusades. By degrees, they assumed an honourable and even eminent position in the county; and the first time Sir Laurence Altham condescended to visit the county-palatine, he heard nothing but commendations and admiration of the charming family at Lexley Park.

"Charming family!—a Jonas Sparks, and charming!" was his supercilious reply. "I rejoice to find that the *fumier* I have been forced to fling on my worn-out ancestral estate is fertilizing its barrenness. The village is probably the better for the change. But, as regards the society, I must be permitted to mistrust the attractions of the brood of a Congleton manufacturer."

The young baronet, who now, though still entitled to be called young, was disfigured by the premature defeatures of a vicious life, mistrusted it all the more, when, on visiting the old hall, he was forced to recognize the improvements effected in the neighbouring property (that he should be forced to call it "*neighbouring*!") by the judicious administration of the new owner. It was impossible to deny that Mr Sparks had doubled its value, while enhancing its beauties. The low grounds were drained, the high lands planted, the river widened, the forestry systematically organized. The estate appeared to have attained new strength and vigour when dis-severed from the old manor-house; whose shadow might be supposed to have exercised a baleful influence on the lands wherever it presided.

But it was not his recognition of this that was likely to animate the esteem of Sir Laurence Altham for Mr Jonas Sparks. On the contrary, he felt every accession of value to the Lexley property as so much subtracted from his belongings; and his detestation of the upstarts, whose fine mansion was perceptible from his lordly towers—like a blot upon the fairness of the landscape—increased with the increase of their prosperity.

Without having expected to take delight in a sojourn at Lexley Hall—a spot where he had only resided for a few weeks now and then, from the period of his early boyhood—he was not prepared for the excess of irritation that arose in his heart on witnessing the total estrangement of the retainers of his family. For the mortification of seeing a fine new house, with gorgeous furniture, and a pompous establishment, he came armed to the teeth. But no presentiments had forwarned him, that at Lexley the living Althams were already as much forgotten as those who were sleeping in the family vault. The sudden glow

that pervaded his whole frame when he chanced to encounter on the high-road the rich equipage of the Sparkses; or the imprecation that burst from his lips, when, on going to the window of a morning to examine the state of the weather for the day, the first objects that struck him was the fair mansion in the plain below, laughing as it were in the sunshine, the deer grouped under its fine old trees, and the river rippling past its lawns as if delighting in their verdure—Yes! there was decided animosity betwixt the hill and the valley.

Every successive season served to quicken the pulses of this growing hatred. Whether on the spot or at a distance, a thousand aggravations sprang up betwixt the parties: disputes between gamekeepers, quarrels between labourers, encroachments by tenants. Every thing and nothing was made the groundwork of ill-will. To Sir Laurence Altham's embittered feelings, the very rooks of Lexley Park seemed evermore to infringe upon the privileges of the rookery at Lexley Hall; and when, in the parish church, the new squire (or rather his workmen, for he was absent at the time attending his duties in Parliament) inadvertently broke off the foot of a marble cherub, weeping its alabaster tears, at the angle of a monument to the memory of a certain Sir Wilfred Altham, of the time of James II., in raising the woodwork of a pew occupied by Mr Sparks's family, the rage of Sir Laurence was so excessive as to be almost deserving of a strait-waistcoat.

The enmity of the baronet was all the more painful to himself that he felt it to be harmless against its object. In every way, Lexley Park had the best of it. Jonas Sparks was not only rich in a noble income, but in a charming wife and promising family. Every thing prospered with him; and, as to mere inferiority of precedence, it was well known that he had refused a baronetcy; and many people even surmised that, so soon as he was able to purchase another borough, and give a seat in Parliament to his second son, as well as resign his own to the eldest, he would be promoted to the Upper House.

The only means of vengeance, therefore, possessed by the vindictive man whose follies and vices had been

the means of creating this perpetual scourge to his pride, was withholding from him the purchase of the remaining lands indispensable to the completion of his estate, more especially as regarded the water-courses, which, at Lexley Park, were commanded by the sluices of the higher grounds of the Hall; and mighty was the oath sworn by Sir Laurence, that come what might, however great his exigencies or threatening his poverty, nothing should induce him to dispose of another acre to Jonas Sparks. He was even at the trouble of executing a will, in order to introduce a clause imposing the same reservation upon the man to whom he devised his small remaining property—the heir-at-law, to whom, had he died intestate, it would have descended without conditions.

“The Congleton shopkeepers,” muttered he, (whenever, in his solitary evening rides, he caught sight of the rich plate-glass windows of the new mansion, burnished by the setting sun,) “shall never, never lord it under the roof of my forefathers! Wherever else he may set his plebeian foot, Lexley Hall shall be sacred. Rather see the old place burned to the ground—rather set fire to it with my own hands—than conceive that, when I am in my grave, it could possibly be subjected to the rule of such a barbarian!”

For it had reached the ears of Sir Laurence—of course, with all the exaggeration derived from passing through the medium of village gossip—that a thousand local legends concerning the venerable mansion, sanctified by their antiquity in the ears of the family, afforded a fertile source of jesting to Jonas Sparks. The Hall abounded in concealed staircases and iron hiding-places, connected with a variety of marvellous traditions of the civil wars; besides a walled-up suite of chambers, haunted, as becomes a walled-up suite of chambers; and justice-rooms and tapes-tried-rooms, to which the long abandonment of the house, and the heated imaginations of the few menials left in charge of its desolate vastness, attributed romances likely enough to have provoked the laughter of a matter-of-fact man like the owner of Lexley Park. But neither Sir Laurence nor his old servants were likely to

forgive this insult offered to the family legends of a house which had little else left to boast of. Even the neighbouring families were displeased to hear them derided; and my grandfather never liked to hear a joke on the subject of the coach-and-four which was said to have driven into the court-yard of the Hall on the eve of the execution of the rebel lords in 1745, having four headless inmates, who were duly welcomed as guests by old Sir Robert Altham. Nay, as a child, I had so often thrilled on my nurse’s knees during the relation of this spectral visitation, that I own I felt indignant if any one presumed to laugh at a tale which had made me quake for fear.

Among those who were known to resent the familiar tone in which Mr Sparks had been heard to criticise the pomps and vanities exhibited at Lexley Hall by the Althams of the olden time, was a certain General Stanley, who, inhabiting a fine seat of his own at about ten miles’ distance, was fond of bringing over his visitors to visit the old Hall, as an interesting specimen of county antiquity. *He* knew the peculiarities of the place, and could repeat the traditions connected with the hiding-places better than the housekeeper herself; and I have heard her say it was a pleasure to hear him relating these historical anecdotes with all the fire of an old soldier, and see his venerable grey hair blown about as he stood with his party on the battlements, pointing out to the ladies the fine range of territory formerly belonging to the Althams. The old lady protested that the general was nearly as much grieved as herself to behold the old mansion so shorn of its beams; and certain it is, that once when, on visiting the hall after Sir Laurence had been some years an absentee, he found the grass growing among the disjointed stones of the cloisters and justice-hall, he made a handsome present to one of the housekeeper’s nephews, on condition of his keeping the purlieus of the venerable mansion free from such disgraceful evidences of neglect.

All this eventually reached the ears of the baronet; but instead of making him angry, as might have been expected, from one so tetchy and susceptible, he never encountered Gene-

ral Stanley, either in town or country, without demonstrations of respect. Though too reserved and morose for conversation, Sir Laurence was observed to take off his hat to him with a respect he was never seen to show towards the king or queen.

About this time I began to take personal interest in the affairs of the neighbourhood, though my own were now of a nature to engross my attention. By my grandfather's death, I had recently come into the enjoyment of the small inheritance which has sufficed to the happiness of my life; and, renouncing the profession for which I was educated, settled myself permanently at Lexley.

Well do I remember the melancholy face with which the good old rector, the very first evening we spent together, related to me in confidence that he had three years' dues in arrear to him from Lexley Hall; but that so wretched was said to be the state of Sir Laurence's embarrassments, that, for more than a year, his dread of arrest had kept him a close prisoner in his house in London.

"We have not seen him here these six years!" observed Dr Whittingham; "and I doubt whether he will ever again set foot in the county. Since an execution was put into the Hall, he has never crossed the threshold, and I suspect never will. Far better were he to dispose of the property at once! Dismembered as it is, what pleasure can it afford him? And, since he is unlikely to marry and have heirs, there is less call upon him to retain this remaining relic of family pride; yet I am assured—nay, have good reason to know, that he has refused a very liberal offer on the part of Mr Sparks. Malicious people do say, by the way, that it was by the advice of Sparks's favourite attorneys the execution was enforced, and that no means have been left unattempted to disgust him with the place. Yet he is firm, you see, and persists in disappointing his creditors, and depriving himself of the comforts of life, merely in order that he may die, as his fathers did before him—the lord of Lexley Hall!"

"I don't wonder!" said I, with the dawning sentiments of a landed proprietor—" 'Tis a splendid old house, even in its present state of degradation; and, by Jove! I honour his pertinacity."

Thus put upon the scent, I sometimes fancied I could detect wistful looks on the part of my prosperous neighbour of the Park, when, in the course of Dr Whittingham's somewhat lengthy sermons, he directed his eyes towards the carved old Gothic tribune, containing the family-pew of the Althams, in the parish church; and, whenever I happened to encounter him in the neighbourhood of the Hall, his face was so pointedly averted from the house, as if the mere object were an offence. I could not but wonder at his vexation; being satisfied in my own mind, that sooner or later the remaining heritage of the spendthrift must fall to his share.

Judge, therefore, of my surprise, when one fine morning, as I sauntered into the village, I found the whole population gathered in groups on the little market-place, and discovered from the incoherent exclamations of the crowd, that "the new proprietor of the Hall had just driven through in a chaise-and-four!"

Yes—"the new proprietor!" The place was sold! The good doctor's prediction was verified. Sir Laurence was never more to return to Lexley Hall!

The satisfaction of the villagers almost equalled their surprise on finding that General Stanley was their new landlord. It suited them much better that there should be two families settled on the property than one; and as it was pretty generally reported, that, in the event of Sparks becoming the purchaser, he intended to demolish the old house, and reconsolidate the estate around his own more commodious mansion, they were right glad to find it rescued from such a sentence—General Stanley, who was the father of a family, would probably settle the hall on one of his daughters, after placing it in the state of repair so much needed.

When the chaise-and-four returned, therefore, a few hours afterwards, through the village, the General was loudly cheered by his subjects. His partiality for the place was so well known at Lexley, that already these people seemed to behold in him the guardian of a monument so long the object of their pride.

For my own part, nothing surprised me so much in the business as that Sparks should have allowed the pur-

chase to slip through his fingers. It was worth thrice as much to *him* as to any body else. It was the keystone of his property. It was the one thing needful to render Lexley Park the most perfect seat in the county. But I was not slow in learning (for every thing transpires in a small country neighbourhood) that whatever *my* surprise on finding that the old Hall had changed its master, that of Sparks was far more overwhelming; that he was literally frantic on finding himself frustrated in expectations which formed the leading interest of his declining years. For the progress of time which had made *me* a man and a landed proprietor, had converted the stout active squire into an infirm old man; and it was his absorbing wish to die sole owner of the whole property to which the baronets of the Altham family were born.

He even indulged in expressions of irritation, which nearly proved the means of commencing this new neighbourhood by a duel; accusing General Stanley of having possessed himself by unfair means of Sir Laurence's confidence, and employed agents, underhand, to effect the purchase. In consequence of these groundless representations, it transpired in the country that the decayed baronet had actually volunteered the offer of the estate to the veteran proprietor of Stanley Manor; that he had *solicited* him to become the proprietor, and even accommodated him with peculiar facilities of payment, on condition of his inserting in the title-deeds an express undertaking, never to dispose of the old Hall, or any portion of the property, to Jonas Sparks of Lexley Park, or his heirs for ever. The solicitor by whom, under Sir Laurence's direction, the deeds had been prepared, saw fit to divulge this singular specification, rather than that a hostile encounter should run the risk of embroiling in blood the hands of two grey-haired men.

Excepting as regarded the disappointment of our wealthy neighbour, all was now established on the happiest footing at Lexley. The reparation instantly commenced by the General, gave employment throughout the winter to our workmen; and the evils arising from an absentee landlord began gradually to disappear. It was a great joy to me to perceive

that the new proprietor of the Hall had the good taste to preserve the antique character of the place in the minutest portion of his alterations; and though the old gardens were no longer a wilderness, not a shrub was displaced—not a mutilated statue removed. The furniture had been sold off at the time of the execution; and that which came down in cart-loads from town to replace it, was rigidly in accordance with the semi-Gothic architecture of the lofty chambers. Poor Sparks must have been doubly mortified; for not only did he find his old eyesore converted into an irremediable evil by the restoration of the Hall, but the supremacy hitherto maintained in the neighbourhood by the modern elegance of his house and establishment, was thrown into the shade by the rich and tasteful arrangements of the Hall.

From the contracted look of his forehead, and sudden alteration of his appearance, I have reason to think he was beginning to undergo all the moral martyrdom sustained for thirty years past by the unfortunate Sir Laurence Altham; and were I not by nature the most contented of men, it would have sufficiently reconciled me to the mediocrity of my fortunes, to see that these two great people of my neighbourhood—the nobly-descended baronet and rich *parvenu*—were miserable men; that, so long as I could remember, one or other of them had been given over to surliness and discontent.

Before the close of the year the grand old Hall had become one of the noblest seats in the county. There was talk about it in all the country round, and even the newspapers took notice of its renovation, and of General Stanley's removal thither from Stanley Manor. Many people, of the species who love to detect spots in the sun, were careful to point out the insufficiency of the estate, as at present constituted, to maintain so fine a house. But, after all, what mattered this to General Stanley, who had a fine rent-roll elsewhere?

The first thing he did, on taking possession, was to give a grand ball to the neighbourhood; nor was it till the whole house was lighted up for this festive occasion, that people were fully aware of the grandeur of its proportions. He was good enough to

send me an invitation on so especial an occasion. But already I had imbibed the distaste which has pursued me through life for what is called society; and I accordingly contented myself with surveying from a distance the fine effect produced by the light streaming from the multitude of windows, and exhibiting to the whole country round the gorgeous nature of the decorations within. To own the truth, I could scarcely forbear regretting, as I surveyed them, the gloomy dilapidation of the venerable mansion. This modernized antiquity was a very different thing from the massy grandeur of its neglected years; and I am afraid I loved the old house better with the weeds springing from its crevices, than with all this carving and gilding, this ebony, and iron, and light.

The people of Lexley imagined that nothing would induce the Sparks's family to be seen under General Stanley's roof. But we were mistaken. So much the contrary, that the squire of Lexley Park made a particular point of being the first and latest of the guests—not only because his reconciliation with his new neighbour was so recent, but from not choosing to authenticate, by his absence, the rumours of his grievous disappointment.

For all the good he was likely to derive from his visit, the poor man had better have stayed away; for that unlucky night laid foundations of evil for him and his, far greater than any he had incurred from the animosity of Sir Laurence. Nay, when in the sequel these results became matter of public commentation, superstitious people were not wanting to hint that the evil spirit, traditionally said to haunt one of the wings of the old manor, and to have manifested itself on more than one occasion to members of the Altham family, (and more especially to the late worthless proprietor of the Hall,) had acquired a fatal power over the two supplanners of the ruined family the moment they crossed the threshold.

General Stanley, after marrying late in life, had been some years a widower—a widower with two daughters, his co-heiresses. The elder of these young ladies was a hopeless invalid, slightly deformed, and so little attractive in person, or desirous to

attract, that there was every prospect of the noble fortunes of the General centring in her sister. Yet this sister, this girl, had little need of such an accession to her charms; for she was one of those fortunate beings endowed not only with beauty and excellence, but with a power of pleasing not always united with even a combination of merit and loveliness.

Every body agreed that Mary Stanley was charming. Old and young, rich and poor, all loved her, all delighted in her. It is true, the good rector's maiden sisters privately hinted to me their horror of the recklessness with which—sometimes with her sister, oftener without, but wholly unattended—she drove her little pony-chaise through the village, laughing like a madcap at pranks of a huge Newfoundland dog named Sergeant, the favourite of General Stanley, which, while escorting the young ladies, used to gambol into the cottages, overset furniture and children, and scamper out again amid a general uproar. For though Miss Mary was but sixteen, the starched spinsters decided that she was much too old for such folly; and that, if the General intended to present her at court, it was high time for her to lay aside the hoyden manners of childhood.

But, as every one argued against them, why should this joyous, bright, and beautiful creature lay aside what became her so strangely? Mary Stanley was not made for the formalities of what is called high-breeding. Her light, easy, sinuous figure, did not lend itself to the rigid deportment of a prude; and her gay laughing eyes, and dimpled mouth, were ill calculated to grace a dignified position. The long ringlets of her profuse auburn hair were always out of order—either streaming in the wind, or straying over her white shoulders—her long lashes and beautifully defined eyebrows of the same rich tint, alone preserving any thing like uniformity—a uniformity which, combined with her almost Grecian regularity of features, gave her, on the rare occasions when her countenance and figure were at rest, the air of some nymph or dryad of ancient sculpture. But to compare Mary Stanley to any thing of marble is strangely out of place; for her real beauty consisted in the ever-varying play of her features, and a certain

impetuosity of movement, that would have been a little characteristic of the romp, but that it was restrained by the spell of feminine sensibility. Heart was evidently the impulse of every look and every gesture.

For a man of my years, methinks I am writing like a lover. And so I was! From the first moment I saw that girl, at an humble and unassuming distance, I could dream of nothing else. Every thing and every body seemed fascinated by Mary Stanley. When she walked out into the fields with the General, her two hands clasping, like those of a child, her father's arm, his favourite colts used to come neighing playfully towards them; and not the fiercest dog of his extensive kennel but, even when unmanageable by the keeper, would creep fawning to her feet.

It was strange enough, but still more fortunate, that all the adoration lavished upon this lovely creature by gentle and simple, Christian and brute, provoked no apparent jealousy on the part of her elder sister. Selina Stanley was afflicted with a cold, reserved, unhappy countenance, only too completely in unison with her disastrous position. But her heart was perhaps as genuine as her face was forbidding; for she loved the merry, laughing, handsome Mary, more as a mother her child, than as a sister nearly of her own years—that is, exultingly, but anxiously. Every one else foresaw nothing but prosperity, and joy, and love, in store for Mary. Selina prayed that it might prove so;—but she prayed with tears in her eyes, and trembling in her soul! For where are the destinies of persons thus exquisitely organized—thus full of love and loveliness—thus readily swayed to joy or sorrow, by the trivial incidents of life—characterised by what the world calls happiness—such happiness, I mean, as is enjoyed by the serene and the prudent, the unexcitable, the unassuming! Miss Stanley foresaw only too truly, that the best days likely to be enjoyed by her sister, were those she was spending under her father's roof—a general idol—an object of deference and delight to all around.

At the General's housewarming, though not previously introduced into society, Mary was the queen of the ball; and all present agreed, that one

of the most pleasing circumstances of the evening was to watch the animated cordiality with which she flew from one to the other of those old neighbours of Stanley Manor, (whom she alone had managed to persuade that a dozen miles was no distance to prevent their accepting her father's invitation;) and not the most brilliant of her young friends received a more eager welcome, or more sustained attention throughout the evening, than the few homely elderly people, (such as my friends the Whittinghams,) who happened to share the hospitality of General Stanley. I daresay that even I, had I found courage to accept his invitation, should have received from the young beauty some gentle word, in addition to the kindly smiles with which she was sure to return my respectful obeisance whenever we met accidentally in the village.

Mary was dressed in white, with a few natural flowers in her hair, which, owing to the impetuosity of her movements, soon fell out, leaving only a stray leaf or two, that would have looked ridiculous any where but among her rich, but dishevelled locks; and the pleasant anxieties of the evening imparted such a glow to her usually somewhat pale complexion, that her beauty is said to have been, that night, almost supernatural. She was more like the creature of a dream than one of those wooden puppets, who move mechanically through the world under the name of well-brought-up young ladies.

It will easily be conceived how much this ball, so rare an event in our quiet neighbourhood, was discussed, not only the following day, but for days and weeks to come. Even at the rectory I heard of nothing else; while by my good old housekeeper, who had a son in service at General Stanley's, and a daughter waiting-maid to Miss Sparks, I was let in to secrets concerning it of which even the rectory knew nothing.

In the first place, though Mr Sparks had peremptorily signified from the first to his family, his desire that all should accompany him to Lexley Hall on this trying occasion, (and it was only natural he should wish to solace his wounded pride, by appearing before his noble neighbour surrounded by his handsome progeny,) two of his

children had risen up in rebellion against the decree—and for the first time—for Sparks was happy in a dutiful and well-ordered family. But the youngest daughter, Kezia, a girl of high spirits and intelligence, who fancied she had been pointedly slighted by the Misses Stanley, when, in one of Mary's harum-scarum expeditions on her Shetland pony, she had passed without recognition the better-mounted young lady of Lexley Park; and the eldest son, who so positively refused to accompany his father to the house of a man by whom Mr Sparks had inconsiderately represented himself as aggrieved, that, for once, the kind parent was forced to play the tyrant, and insist on his obedience.

It was, accordingly, with a very ill grace that these two, the prettiest of the daughters, and by far the handsomest of his three handsome sons, made their appearance at the *fête*. But no sooner were they welcomed by General Stanley and his daughters, than the brother and sister, who had mutually encouraged each other's disputes, hastened to recant their opinions.

"How could you, dearest father, describe this courteous, high-bred old gentleman, as insolent and overbearing?"—whispered Kezia.

"How could you possibly suppose that yonder lovely, gracious creature, intended to treat you with impertinence?"—was the rejoinder of her brother; and already the Stanleys had two enemies the less among their neighbours at Lexley Park.

On the other hand, the General had been forced to have recourse to severe schooling to bring his daughters to a sense of what was due to *his guests*, as regarded the family of a man who was known to have spoken disparagingly of them all. Moreover, if the truth must be owned, Mary was not altogether free from the prejudices of her caste; and, proud of her father's noble extraction, was apt to pout her pretty lip on mention of "the people at Lexley Park;" for the General, who had no secrets from his girls, had foolishly permitted them to see certain letters addressed to him by the eccentric Sir Laurence Altham, justifying himself concerning the peculiar clause introduced into his deeds of conveyance of his Hall estate, on the grounds of the degraded origin of "the up-

start" he was so malignantly intent on discomposing.

"They will spoil our ball, dear papa—I *know* these vulgar people will completely spoil our ball!" said she. "I think I hear them announced:—'Mr Jonas Sparks, Miss Basiliza and Miss Kezia Sparks!'—What names?"

"The parents of Mr Sparks were dissenters," observed the General, trying to look severe. "Dissenters are apt to hold to scriptural names. But *name* is not *nature*, Mary; and, to judge by appearances, this man's—this gentleman's—this Mr Sparks's daughters, have every qualification to be an ornament to society."

"With all my heart, papa; but I wish it were not ours!" cried the wayward girl. "On the present occasion, especially, I could spare such an accession to our circle; for I know that Mr Sparks has presumed to speak of——"

She was interrupted by a sterner reproof on the part of the General than he had ever before administered to his favourite daughter; and the consequence of this unusual severity was the distinguished reception bestowed, both by Selina and her sister, on the family from Lexley Park.

Next day, however, General Stanley found a totally different cause for rebuke in the conduct of his dear Mary.

"You talked to nobody last night, but those Sparks's!" said he. Lord Dudley informed me he had asked you to dance three times in vain; and Lord Robert Stanley assured me *he* could scarcely get a civil answer from you!—Yet you found time, Mary, to dance twice in the course of the evening with that son of Sparks's!"

"That son of Sparks's, as you so despisingly call him, dearest papa, is a most charming partner; while Lord Dudley, and my cousin Robert, are little better than boors. Everard Sparks can talk and dance, as well as they ride across a country. Not but what he, too, passes for a tolerable sportsman; and do you know, papa, Mr Sparks is thinking seriously of setting up a pack of harriers at Lexley?"

"At Lexley Park!" insisted her father, who chose to enforce the distinction instituted by Sir Laurence Altham. "I fancy he will have to

ask my permission first. My land lies somewhat inconveniently, in case I choose to oppose his intentions."

"But you won't oppose them!—No, no, dear papa, you sha'n't oppose them!"—cried Mary Stanley, throwing her arms coaxingly round her father's neck, and imprinting a kiss on his venerable forehead. "Why should we go on opposing and opposing, when it would be so much happier for all of us to live together as friends and neighbours?"

The General surveyed her in silence for some moments as she looked up lovingly into his face; then gravely, and in silence, unclasped her arms from his neck. For the first time, he had gazed upon his favourite child without discerning beauty in her countenance, or finding favour for her supplications.

"My opinion of Mr Sparks and his family is not altered since yesterday," said he coldly, perceiving that she was about to renew her overtures for a pacification. "Your father's prejudices, Mary, are seldom so slightly grounded, that the adulation of a few gross compliments, such as were paid you last night by Mr Everard Sparks, may suffice for their obliteration. For the future, remember the less I hear of Lexley Park the better. In a few weeks we shall be in London, where our sphere is sufficiently removed, I am happy to say, from that of Mr Jonas Sparks, to secure me against the annoyance of familiarity with him or his."

The partiality of his darling Mary for the handsomest and most agreeable young man who had ever sought to make himself agreeable to her, had sufficed to turn the arguments of General Stanley as decidedly *against* his *parvenu* neighbours, as, two days before, his eloquence had been exercised in their defence.

And now commenced between the young people and their parents, one of those covert warfares certain to arise from similar interdictions. Mr Sparks—satisfied that he should have further insults to endure on the part of General Stanley, in the event of his son pretending to the hand of the proud old man's daughter—sought a serious explanation with Everard, on finding that he neglected no opportunity of meeting Mary Stanley in her drives, and walks, and errands of vil-

lage benevolence; and by the remonstrances of one father, and peremptoriness of the other, the young couple were soon tempted to seek comforts in mutual confidences. Residing almost within view of each other, there was no great difficulty in finding occasion for an interview. They met, moreover, naturally, and without effort, in all the country houses in the neighbourhood; and so frequently, that I often wondered they should consider it worth while to hazard the General's displeasure by partaking a few moments' conversation, every now and then, among the old thorns by the water-side, just where the bend of the river secured them from observation; or in the green lane leading from Lexley Park to my farm, while Miss Stanley took charge of the pony-chaise during the hasty explanations of the imprudent couple. Having little to occupy my leisure during the intervals of my agricultural pursuits, I was constantly running against them, with my gun on my shoulder or my fishing-rod in my hand. I almost feared young Sparks might imagine that I was employed by the General as a spy upon their movements, so fierce a glance did he direct towards me one day when I was unlucky enough to vault over a hedge within a few yards of the spot where they were standing together—Miss Mary sobbing like a child. But, God knows! he was mistaken if he thought I was taking unfair heed of their proceedings, or likely to gossip indiscreetly concerning what fell accidentally under my notice.

Not that a single soul in the neighbourhood approved General Stanley's opposition to the attachment. On the contrary, from the moment of the liking between the young people becoming apparent, the whole country decided that there could not be a more propitious mode of reuniting the dismembered Lexley estates; for though the General was expressly debarred from selling Lexley Hall to Sparks or his heirs, he could not be prevented bequeathing it to his daughters—the heirs of Jonas Sparks being the children of her body. And thus all objections would have been remedied.

But such was not the proud old man's view of the case. He had set his heart on perpetuating his own name in his family. He had set his

heart on the union of his dear Mary with her cousin Lord Robert Stanley; and Everard Sparks might have been twice the handsome, manly young fellow he was—twice the gentleman, and twice the scholar—it would have pleaded little in his favour against the predetermined projects of the positive General. There was certainly some excuse for his ambition on Miss Mary's account. Beauty, merit, fortune, connexion, every advantage was hers calculated to do honour to a noble alliance; and as her father often exclaimed, with a bitter sneer, in answer to the mild pleadings of Selina—"Such a girl as that—a girl born to be a duchess—to sacrifice herself to the son of a Congleton manufacturer!"

Two years did the struggle continue—during the greater part of which I was a constant eyewitness of the sorrows which so sobered the impetuous deportment of the light-hearted Mary Stanley. Her father took her to London, with the project of separation he had haughtily announced; but only to find, to his amazement, that Eton and Oxford had placed the son of Mr Sparks of Lexley Park, a member of Parliament, on as good a footing as himself in nearly all the circles he frequented. Even when, in the desperation of his fears, he removed his family to the Continent, the young lover (as became the lover of so endearing and attractive a creature) followed her, at a distance, from place to place. At length, one angry day, the General provoked him to a duel. But Everard would not lift his hand against the father of his beloved Mary. An insult from General Stanley was not as an offence from any other man. The only revenge taken by the high-spirited young man, was to urge the ungenerous conduct of the father as an argument with the daughter to put an end, by an elopement, to a state of things too painful to be borne. After much hesitation, it seems, she most unhappily complied. They were married—at Naples I think, or Turin, or some other city of Italy, where we have a diplomatic resident; and after their marriage—poor, foolish young people!—they went touring it about gaily in the Archipelago and Levant, waiting a favourable moment to propose a reconciliation with their re-

spective fathers—as if the wrath and malediction of parents was so mere a trifle to deal with.

The first step taken by General Stanley, on learning the ungrateful rebellion of his favourite child, was to return to England. He seemed to want to be at home again, the better to enjoy and cultivate his abhorrence of every thing bearing the despised name of Sparks; for now began the genuine hatred between the families. Nothing would satisfy the obstinate old soldier, but that the elder Sparks had, from the first, secretly encouraged the views of his son upon the heiress of Lexley Hall; while Mr Sparks naturally resented with enraged spirit the overbearing tone assumed by his aristocratic neighbour towards those so nearly his equals. Every day produced some new grounds for offence; and never had Sir Laurence Altham, in the extremity of his poverty, regarded the thriving mansion in the valley with half the loathing which the view of Lexley Park produced in the mind of General Stanley. He was even at the trouble of trenching a plantation on the brow of the hill, with the intention of shutting out the detested object. But trees do not grow so hastily as antipathies; and the General had to endure the certainty, that, for the remainder of *his* life at least, that beautiful domain must be unrolled, map-like, at his feet. Nor is it to be supposed that the battlements of the old hall found greater favour in the sight of the *parvenu* squire, than when in Sir Laurence's time the very sight of them was wormwood to his soul.

Unhappily, while the Congleton manufacturer contented himself with angry words, the gentleman of thirty descents betook himself to action. General Stanley swore to be mightily revenged—and he was so.

On the very day following his return to England, before he even visited his desolate country-house, he sent for Lord Robert Stanley, and made him the confidant of his indignation—avowed his former good intentions in his favour—betrayed all Mary's—all *Mr Everard Sparks's* disparaging opposition; and ended by enquiring whether, since whichever of his daughters became Lady Robert Stanley would become sole heiress to his property, his lordship could make

up his mind to accept Selina as a wife? Proud as he was, the General almost condescended to plead the cause of his deformed daughter: enlarging upon her excellences of character, and, still more, upon her aversion to society, which would secure the self-love of her husband against any public remarks on her want of personal attractions.

Alas! all these arguments were thoroughly thrown away. Lord Robert was, as his cousin Mary had truly described him, little better than a boor. But he was also a spendthrift and a libertine; and had Miss Stanley been as deformed in mind as she was in person, he would have joyfully taken to wife the heiress of ten thousand a-year, and two of the finest seats in the county of Chester.

To herself, meanwhile, no hint of these family negotiations was vouchsafed; and Selina Stanley had every reason to suppose—when her cousin became on a sudden an assiduous visitor at the house, and very shortly a declared lover—that their intimacy from childhood had accustomed his eye to her want of personal charms—she had become endeared to him by her mild and submissive temper. So little was she aware of her father's testamentary dispositions in her favour, that the interested nature of Lord Robert's views did not occur to her mind; and, little accustomed to protestations of attachment, Selina's heart was not *very* difficult to soften towards the only man who had ever pretended to love her, and whose apparent attachment promised some consolation for the loss of her sister's society, as well as the chance of reunion with one whom her father had sworn should never, under any possible circumstances, again cross his threshold.

Six months after General Stanley's pride had been wounded to the quick by the newspaper account of a marriage between his favourite child and "a man of the name of Sparks," balm was poured into the wound by another and more pompous paragraph, announcing the union, by special license, of the Right Hon. Lord Robert Stanley and the eldest daughter and heiress of Lieut.-Gen. Stanley, of Stanley Manor, only son of the late Lord Henry Stanley, followed by the usual list of noble relatives gracing the ceremony with their presence,

and a flourishing account of the departure of the happy couple, in a travelling carriage and four, for their seat in Cheshire.

This announcement, by the way, probably served to convey the intelligence to Mr and Mrs Everard Sparks; for the General having carefully intercepted every letter addressed by Mary to her sister, Lady Robert had not the slightest idea in what direction to communicate with one who possessed an undiminished share in her affections.

On General Stanley's arrival in Cheshire, at the close of the honeymoon, the most casual observer might have noticed the alteration which had taken place in his appearance. Instead of the sadness I had expected to find in his countenance after so severe a stroke as the disobedience of his darling girl, I never saw him so exulting. Yet his smiles were not smiles of good-humour. There was bitterness at the bottom of every word he uttered; and a terrible sound of menace rung in his unnatural laughter. Consciousness never seemed a moment absent from his mind, that he had defeated the calculations of the designing family; that he had distanced them; that he was triumphing over them. Alas! none at present entertained the smallest suspicion to what extent!

Preparatory to the settlements made by the General on Lord and Lady Robert Stanley, it had been found necessary to place in the hands of his lordship's solicitors the deeds of the Lexley Hall estate; when, lo! to the consternation of all parties, it appeared that the General's title was an unsound one; that by the general terms of this ancient property, rights of heirship could only be evaded by the payment of a certain fine, after intimation of sale in a certain form to the nearest-of-kin of the heir in possession, which form had been overlooked or wantonly neglected by Sir Laurence Altham!

The discovery was indeed embarrassing. Fortunately, however, the sum of ten thousand pounds only had been paid by the General to satisfy the immediate funds of the unthrifty baronet; the remainder of the purchase-money having been left in the form of mortgage on the property. There was consequently the less difficulty, though considerable expense,

in cancelling the existing deeds, going through the necessary forms, and, after paying the forfeiture to the heir, (to whom the very existence of his claims was unknown,) renewing the contract with Sir Laurence; to whom, so considerable a sum being still owing, it was as essential as to General Stanley that the covenant should be completed without delay. But all this occurred at so critical a moment, that the General had ample cause to be thankful for the promptitude with which he decided Selina's marriage; for only four days after the signature of the new deeds, Sir Laurence concluded his ill-spent life—his death being, it was thought, accelerated by the excitement consequent on this strange discovery, and the investigations on the part of the heir to which it was giving rise.

For the clause in the original grant of the Lexley estate (which dated from the Reformation) affected the property purchased by Jonas Sparks as fully as that which had been assigned to the General; and the baronet being now deceased, there was no possibility of co-operation in rectifying the fatal error. It was more than probable, therefore, that Lexley Park, with all its improvements, was now the property of John Julius Altham, Esq.!—the only dilemma still to be decided by the law, being the extent to which, his kinsman having died insolvent and intestate, he was liable to the suit of Jonas Sparks for the return of the purchase money, amounting to L.145,000.

Already the fatal intelligence had been communicated by the attorneys of John Julius Altham to those of the astonished man, who, though still convinced of the goodness of his cause, (which, on the strength of certain various statutes affecting such a case, he was advised to contest to the utmost,) foresaw a long, vexatious, and expensive lawsuit, that would certainly last his life, and prevent the possibility of one moment's enjoyment of the estate, from which he had received the usual notice of ejection. Fortunately for him, the present Mr Altham was not only a gentleman, and disposed to exercise his rights in the most decorous manner; but, of course, unbiassed by the personal prejudices so strongly felt by Sir Laurence, and so unfairly communicated by him to

the General. Still, the question was proceeding at the snail's pace rate of Chancery suits at the commencement of the present century, and the unfortunate Congleton manufacturer had every reason to curse the day when he had become enamoured of the grassy glades and rich woodlands of Lexley; seeing that, at the close of an honourable and well-spent life, he was uncertain whether the sons and daughters to whom he had laboured to bequeath a handsome independence, might not be reduced to utter destitution.

Such was the intelligence that saluted the ill-starred Mary and her husband on their return to England! Instead of the brilliant prospects in which she had been nurtured—disinheritance met her on the one side, and ruin on the other!

Her vindictive father had even made it a condition of his bounties to Lord and Lady Robert, that all intercourse should cease between them and their sister; a condition which the former, in revenge for the early slights of his fairer cousin, took care should be punctually obeyed by his wife.

Till the event of the trial, Mr Sparks retained, of course, possession of the Park; but so bitter was the mortification of the family, on discovering in the village precisely the same ungrateful feeling which had so embittered the soul of Sir Laurence, that they preferred remaining in London—where no one has leisure to dwell upon the mischances of his neighbours, and where sympathy is as little expected as conceded. But when Mary arrived—*poor* Mary! who had now the prospect of becoming a mother—and who, though affectionately beloved by her husband's family, saw they regarded her as the innocent origin of their present reverses—she soon persuaded her husband to accompany her to her old haunts.

"Do not imagine, dearest," said she, "that I have any project of debasing you and myself, by intruding into my father's presence. Had we been still prosperous, Everard, I would have gone to him—knelt to him—prayed to him—wept to him—*so* earnestly, that his forgiveness could not have been long withheld from the child he loved so dearly. I would have described to him all you are to me—all your indulgences—all your devotion

— and *you*, too, my own husband, would have been forgiven. But as it is, believe me, I have too proud a sense of what is due to ourselves, to combat the unnatural hostility in which my sister and her husband appear to take their share. O Everard! to think of Selina becoming the wife of that coarse and heartless man, of whom, in former times, she thought even more contemptuously than I; and who, with his dissolute habits, can only have made my poor afflicted sister his wife from the most mercenary motives! I dread to think of what may be her fate hereafter, when, having obtained at my father's death all the advantages to which he looks forward, he will show himself in his true colours."

Thus, even with such terrible prospects awaiting herself, the good, generous Mary trembled only to contemplate those of her regardless sister; and it was chiefly for the delight of revisiting the spots where they had played together in childhood—the fondly-remembered environs of Stanley Manor—that she persuaded her husband to take up his abode in the deserted mansion at the Park, where, from prudential motives, Mr Sparks had broken up his establishment, and sold off his horses.

Attended by a single servant, in addition to the old porter and his wife who were in charge of the house, Mary trusted that their arrival at Lexley would be unnoticed in the neighbourhood. Confining herself strictly within the boundaries of the Park, which neither her father nor the bride and bridegroom were likely to enter, she conceived that she might enjoy, on her husband's arm, those solitary rambles of which every day circumscribed the extent; without affording reason to the General to suppose, when, discerning every morning from his lofty terraces the mansion of his falling enemy, that, in place of the man he loathed, it contained his discarded child.

The dispirited young woman, on the other hand, delighted in contemplating from the windows of her dressing-room the towers beneath, whose shelter she had abided in such perfect happiness with her doating father and apparently attached sister. They loved her no longer, it is true. Perhaps it was her fault—(she would not

allow herself to conceive it could be a fault of *theirs*)—but at all events she loved *them* dearly as ever; and it was comforting to her poor heart to catch a glimpse of their habitation, and know herself within reach, should sickness or evil betide.

"If I should not survive my approaching time," thought Mary, often surveying for hours, through her tears, the heights of Lexley Hall, and fancying she could discern human figures moving from window to window, or from terrace to terrace; "if I should be fated never to behold this child, already loved—this child which is to be so dear a blessing to us both—in my last hours my father would not surely refuse to give me his blessing; nor would Selina persist in her present cruel alienation. It is, indeed, a comfort to be here."

Her husband thought otherwise. To him nothing was more trying than this compulsory sojourn at Lexley; not that he required other society than that of his engaging and attached wife. At any other moment it would have been delightful to him to enjoy the country pleasures around them, with no officious intrusive world to interpose between their affection. But in his present uncertainty as to his future prospects, to be mocked by this empty show of proprietorship, and have constantly before his eyes the residence of the man who had heaped such contumely on his head, and inflicted such pain on the gentlest and sweetest of human hearts, was a state of moral torment.

In the course of my fishing excursions—(for, thanks to Mr Sparks's neighbourly liberality, I had a card of general access to his parks)—I frequently met the young couple; and having no clue to their secret sentiments, noticed, with deep regret, the sadness of Mary's countenance and sinister looks of her husband. I feared—I greatly feared—that they were not happy together. The General's daughter repined, perhaps, after her former fortunes. The young husband sighed, doubtless, over the liberty he had renounced.

It was spring time, and Lord Robert having satisfied his cravings after the pleasures of London, by occasional bachelor visits on pretence of business, the family were to remain at the Hall till after the Easter holidays, so that

Mary had every expectation of the accomplishment of her hopes previous to their departure. Perhaps, in the bottom of her heart, she flattered herself that, on hearing of her safety, her obdurate relations might be moved, by a sudden burst of pity and kindness, to make overtures of reconciliation—at all events to dispatch words of courteous enquiry; for she was ever dwelling on her good fortune that her father should, on this particular year, have so retarded the usual period of his departure. Yet when the report of these exulting exclamations on her part reached my ear, I was ungenerous enough to attribute them to a very different origin, fancying that the poor submissive creature was thankful for being within reach of protection from conjugal misuse.

Meanwhile, she was so far justified in one portion of her premises, that no tidings of her residence at Lexley Park had as yet reached the ear of her father. The fact was, that not a soul had courage to do so much as mention, in his presence, the name of his once idolized child; and Lord Robert, having been apprized of the circumstance, instantly exacted a promise from his wife, that nothing should induce her to hazard her father's displeasure by communication with her sister, or by acquainting the General of the arrival of the offending pair. The consequence was, that in the dread of encountering her sister, (whom she felt ashamed to meet as the wife of the man they had so often decried together,) Lady Robert rarely quitted the house; and these two sisters, so long the affectionate inmates of the same chamber—the sisters who had wept together over their mother's deathbed—abided within sight of each other's windows, yet estranged as with the estrangement of strangers.

And then, we pretend to walk with horror of the family feuds of southern nations; and, priding ourselves on our calm and passionless nature, feel convinced that all the domestic virtues extant on earth, have taken refuge in the British empire!

Every day, meanwhile, I noticed that the handsome countenance of Everard Sparks grew gloomier and gloomier; and how was I to know that every day he received letters from his father, announcing the unfavourable aspect of their suit; and that

(owing, as was supposed, to the suggestions of General Stanley's solicitors) even the conduct of the adverse party was becoming offensive. The elder Sparks wrote like a man overwhelmed with mortification, and stung by a sense of undeserved injury; and his appeals to the sympathy and support of his son, were such as to place the spirited young man in a most painful predicament as regarded the family of his wife.

Unwilling to utter in her presence an injurious word concerning those who, persecute her as they might, were still her nearest and dearest by the indissoluble ties of nature, all he could do, in relief to his overcharged feelings, was to rush forth into the Park, and curse the day that he was born to behold all he loved in the world overwhelmed in one common ruin.

On such occasions, while pretending to fix my attention on my float upon the river, I often watched him from afar, till I was terrified by the frantic vehemence of his gestures. There was almost reason to fancy that the evil influences of the old Hall were extending their power over the valley; and that this distracted young man was falling into the eccentricities of Sir Laurence Altham.

After viewing with anxiety the wild deportment of poor Mary's husband, I happened one day to pass along the lane I have described as skirting the garden of the manor-house, on my way homewards to my farm; and on plunging my eyes, as usual, into the verdant depths of the clipped yew-walks, visible through the iron-palisades, was struck by the contrast afforded to the scene I had just witnessed, not only by its aristocratic tranquillity, but by the grave and subdued deportment of Lady Robert Stanley, who was sauntering in one of the alleys, accompanied by a favourite dog I had often seen following her sister in former days, and looking the very picture of contented egotism.

I almost longed to call aloud to her, and confide all I knew and all that I supposed. But what right had I to create alarms in her sister's behalf? What right had I to incite her to disobedience against the father on whom she and her husband were dependent? Better leave things as they were—the common philosophy of selfish, timid

people, afraid of exposing their own heads to a portion of the storm their interference may chance to bring down, while assisting the cause of the weak against the strong.

I used often to go home and think of poor Mary till my heart ached. That young and beautiful creature—that creature till lately so beloved—to be thus cruelly abandoned, thus helpless, thus unhappy! Perhaps not a soul sympathizing with her but myself—an obscure, low-born, unimportant man, of no more value as a protector than a willow-wand shivered from the Lexley plantations! Not so much as the merest trifle in which I could demonstrate my good-will. I thought and thought it over, and there was nothing I could do—nothing I could offer. When I *did* hit upon some pretext of kindness, I only did amiss. The fruit season was not begun—nay, the orchards were only in blossom—and times were over for forcing-houses at Lexley Park! Thinking, therefore, that the invalid might be pleased with a basket of Jersey pears, of which a very fine kind grew in my orchard, I ventured to send some to her address. But the very next time I encountered Everard in the village, he cast a look at me as if he would have killed me for my officiousness, or, perhaps, for taking the liberty to suppose that Lexley Park was less luxuriously provisioned than in former years. Nor was it till long afterwards I discovered that my old housekeeper (who had taken upon herself to carry my humble offering to the park) had not only seen the poor young lady, but been foolish enough to talk of Lady Robert in a tone which appears to have exercised a cruel influence over her gentle heart; so that, when her husband returned home from rabbit-shooting, an hour afterwards, he found her recovering from a fainting fit, he visited upon *me* the folly of my servant; and such was the cause of his angry looks.

A few days afterwards, however, he had far more to reproach his conscience withal than poor Barbara. Having no concealments from his wife, to whom he was in the habit of avowing every emotion of his heart, he was rash enough to mention of having met the travelling carriage of Lord and Lady Robert on the London road. They had quitted the Hall ten

days previous to the epoch originally fixed for their departure.

“Gone—exactly gone!—already at two hundred miles’ distance from me!” cried poor Mary, nothing doubting that her father had, as usual, accompanied them, and feeling herself now, for the first time, alone in the dreary seclusion to which she had condemned herself, only that she might breathe the same atmosphere with those she loved. “Yet they had certainly decided to remain at the Hall till after Easter! Perhaps they discovered my being here, and the discovery hastened their journey. Unhappy creature that I am, to have become thus hateful to those in whose veins my blood is flowing! Everard, Everard! O, what have I done that God should thus abandon me?”

The soothing and affectionate remonstrances now addressed to her by her husband, had so far a good effect, that they softened her despair to tears. Long and unrestrainedly did she weep upon his shoulder; tried to comfort him by the assurance that *she* was comforted; or at least that she would endeavour to *seek* comfort from the protection and goodness whence it had been so often derived.

A few minutes afterwards, having been persuaded by Everard to rest herself on the sofa, to recover the effects of the agitation his indiscreet communication had excited, she suddenly complained of cold, and begged him to close the windows. It was a balmy April day, with a genial sun shining fresh into the room. The air was as the air of midsummer—one of those days on which you almost see the small green leaves of spring bursting from their shelly covering, and the resinous buds of the chestnut trees expanding into maturity. Poor Everard saw at once that the chilliness of which his wife complained must be the effect of illness. More cautious, however, on this occasion than before, he enquired, as her shivering increased, what preparations she had made for the events which still left her some weeks for execution. “None. His sisters had kindly undertaken to supply her with all she might require; and the services of the nurse accustomed to attend his married sister, were engaged on her behalf. At the end of the month this woman was to arrive at Lexley, bringing with her

the wardrobe of the little treasure who was to afford renewed peace and happiness to its mother."

Though careful to conceal his anxiety from his wife, Everard Sparks, disappointed and distressed, quitted the room in haste to send for the medical man who had long been the attendant of his family. But before he arrived, the shivering fit of the poor sufferer had increased to an alarming degree. A calming potion was administered, and orders issued that she was to be kept quiet; but in the consternation created in the little household by the communication Dr R. thought it necessary to make of the possibility of a premature confinement, poor Mrs Sparks's maid, a young inexperienced woman, dispatched a messenger to my house for her old kinswoman, and it was through Barbara I became acquainted with the melancholy incidents I am about to relate.

The sedatives administered failed in their effect. A fatal shock had been already given; and while struggling through that direful night with the increasing pangs that verified the doctor's prognostications, the sympathizing women around the sufferer could scarcely restrain their tears at the courage with which she supported her anguish, rejoicing in it, as it were, in the prospect of embracing her child—when all present were aware that the compensation was about to be denied her, that the child was already dead. Just as the day dawned, her anxious husband was congratulated on her safety, and then the truth could no longer be concealed from Mary. She asked to see her babe. Her husband was employed to persuade her to defer seeing it for an hour or two, "till it was dressed—till she was more composed." But the truth rushed into her mind, and she uttered not another word, in the apprehension of increasing his disappointment and mortification.

So long did her silence continue, that, trusting she had fallen asleep, old Barbara's granddaughter entreated poor Everard to withdraw and leave her to her rest. But the moment he quitted the room, she spoke, spoke resolutely, and in a firmer voice than her previous sufferings had given them reason to suppose possible.

"Now, then, let me see my boy,"

said she. "I know that he is dead. But do not be afraid of shocking or distressing me. I have courage to look upon the poor little creature for whom I have suffered so much, and who, I trusted, would reward me for all."

The women remonstrated, as it was their duty to remonstrate. But when they saw that opposition on this point only excited her, dreading an accession of fever, they brought the poor babe and laid it on the pillow beside its mother. That first embrace, to which she had looked forward with such intensity of delight, folded to her burning bosom only a clay-cold child!

Even thus it was fair to look on—every promise in its little form, that its beauty would have equalled that of its handsome parents; and Mary, as she pressed her lips to its icy forehead, fancied she could trace on those tiny features a resemblance to its father. Old Barbara, perceiving how bitterly the tears of the sufferer were falling on the cheeks of her lost treasure, now interfered. But the mother had still a last request to make. A few downy curls were perceptible on the temples—in colour and fineness resembling her own. She wished to rescue from the grave this slight remembrance of her poor nameless offspring; and her wish having been complied with, she suffered the babe to be taken from her relaxed and moveless grasp.

"Leave me the hair," said she, in a faint voice. "Thanks—thanks! I am happy now—I will try to sleep—I am happy—happy now!"

She slept—and never woke again. At the close of an hour or two, her anxious husband, finding she had not stirred, gently and silently approached the bedside, and took into his own the fair hand lying on the coverlid, to ascertain whether fever had ensued. *Fever?* It was already cold with the damps of death!

Imagine, if you can, the agony and self-reproach of that bereaved man! Again and again did he revile himself as her murderer; accusing *himself*—her father—her *sister*—the whole world. At one moment, he fancied that her condition had not been properly treated by her attendants; at another, that the medical man ought not to have left the house. Nay, hours and

hours after she was gone for ever—after the undertakers had commenced their hideous preparations—even while she lay stretched before him, white and cold as marble, he persisted that life might be still recalled; and, but for the better discrimination of those around him, would have insisted on attempts at resuscitation, calculated only to disturb, almost sacrilegiously, the sound peace of the dead!

I was one of the first to learn the heart-rending news of this beloved being's untimely end; for my old woman having asked permission to remain with her through the night, (explaining the exigency of the case,) I could not forbear hurrying to the house as soon as it was day, in the hope of hearing she was a happy mother. Somehow or other, I had never contemplated an unfavourable result. The idea of death never presented itself to me in common with any thing so young and fair; and as I walked through the park, and crossed the bridge, with the white cheerful mansion before me, and the morning sun shining full upon its windows, I thought how gladsome it looked, but could not forbear feeling that, even with the prospect of losing it—even with the certainty of beggary, Everard, as a husband and father, was the fellow most to be envied upon earth!

I reached the house, and the old man who answered my ring at the office entrance, was speechless from tears. Though usually hard as iron, he sobbed as if his heart would break. I asked to speak with Barbara—with my housekeeper. He told me I could not—that she was “busy laying out the body.” I was answered. That dreadful word told me all—I had no more questions to ask. I cared not *who* survived, or what became of the survivors. And as I turned sickening away, to bend my steps homewards, I remember wondering how that fair spring morning could shine so bright and auspiciously, when *she* was gone from us. It seemed to triumph in our loss! Alas! it shone to welcome a new angel to the kingdom of our Father who is in heaven!

Suddenly it struck me, that I, too, had a duty to perform. In that scanty household there was no one to take thought of the common forms of life; so I hastened to the rectory, to sug-

gest to our good pastor a visit of consolation to the house of mourning, and acquaint his sisters with its forlorn condition. Like myself, they began exclaiming, “Alas! alas! It was but the other day that!”—reverting to all the acts of charity and girlish graces of that dear departed Mary Stanley, who had been among us as the shadow of a dream.

Before I left the rectory, Dr Whittingham had issued his orders; and lo! as I proceeded homewards, with a heavy step and a heavier heart, the sound of the passing bell from Lexley church pursued me with its measured toll, till I could scarcely refrain from sitting me down by the wayside, and weeping my very soul away.

On reaching the lane I have so often described as skirting the gardens of the old Hall, I noticed, through the palisades, a person, probably one of the gardeners, sauntering along Lady Robert's favourite yew-walk. No! on a nearer approach, I saw, and almost shuddered to see, that it was General Stanley himself (who, I fancied, had accompanied his son-in-law to town) taking an early walk, to enjoy the sweetness of that delicious morning.

As I drew nearer, I averted my head. At that moment I had not courage to look him in the face. I could scarcely suppose him ignorant of what had occurred; and, if aware of the sad event, his obduracy was unmanly to a degree that filled me with disgust. But just as I came opposite the iron gates, he hailed me by name—more familiarly and courteously than he was wont—to ask whether I came from the village, and for *whose* death they were tolling?”

If worlds had depended on my answer, I could not have uttered a word! But I conclude that, catching sight of my troubled face and swollen eyelids, the General supposed I had lost some near and dear friend; for, instead of renewing his question, he merely touched his hat, and passed on, leaving me to proceed in my turn. But the spectacle of my profound affliction probably excited his curiosity; for I found afterwards, that, instead of pursuing his walk, he returned straight to the house, and addressed the enquiry which had so distressed *me*, to others having more courage to reveal the fatal truth. I believe it was the old

family butler, who abruptly answered—"For my poor young lady, General—for the sweetest angel that ever trod the earth!"

For my part, I wonder the announcement did not strike him to the earth! But he heard it without apparent emotion; like a man who, having already sustained the worst affliction this world can afford, has no sensibility for further trials. Still the intelligence was not ineffective. Without pausing an instant for reflection, or the indulgence of his feelings, he set forth on foot to Lexley Park. With his hat pulled over his eyes, and a determined air, rather as if about to execute an act of vengeance than offer a tardy tribute of tenderness to his victim, he hurried to the house—commanded the startled old servant to show him the way to *her* room—entered it—and knelt down beside the bed on which she lay, with her dead infant on her arm, asking her forgiveness, and the forgiveness of God, as humbly as though he were not the General Stanley proverbial for implacability and pride.

Old Barbara, who had not quitted the room, assured me it was a heart-breaking sight to behold that white head bowed down in agony upon the cold feet of his child. For he felt himself unworthy to press her helpless hand to his lips, or remove the cambric from her face, but called, in broken accents, upon the name of Mary! his child! his darling! addressing her rather with the fondling terms bestowed upon girlhood than as a woman—a wife—a mother!

"But a more affecting story still," said the old woman, "was to see that Mr Everard took no more heed of the General's sudden entrance than though it were a thing to be looked for. He seemed neither to hear his exclamations nor perceive his distress." Poor gentleman! His haggard eyes were fixed, his mind bewildered, his hopes blasted for ever, his life a blank. He neither answered when spoken to, nor even spoke, when the good rector, according to his promise, came to announce that he had dispatched the fatal intelligence by express to his family, beseeching his instructions concerning the steps to be taken for the burial of the dead.

But why afflict you and myself by recurring to these melancholy details!

Suffice it, that this dreadful blow effected what nothing else on earth could have effected in the mind of General Stanley. Humbled to the dust, even the arrival of the once despised owner of Lexley Park did not drive him from the house. He asked his pity—he asked his pardon. Beside the coffin of his daughter he expressed all the compunction a generous-hearted and broken-hearted man could express; and all he asked in return, was leave to lay her poor head in the grave of her ancestors.

No one opposed his desire. The young widower had not as much consciousness left as would have enabled him to utter the negative General Stanley seemed prepared to expect; and as to his father, about to abandon Lexley for ever, to what purpose erect a family vault in a church which neither he nor his were ever likely to see again?

To the chapel at Stanley Manor, accordingly, were the mother and child removed. The General wrote expressly to forbid his son-in-law and Selina returning to the Hall, on pretence of sustaining him in his affliction. He *chose* to give way to it; he *chose* to be alone with his despair.

Never shall I forget the day that mournful funeral procession passed through the village! Young and old came forth weeping to their doors to bid her a last farewell; even as they used to come and exchange smiles with her, in those happy days when life lay before her, bright—hopeful—without a care—without a responsibility. I had intended to pay him the same respect. I meant, indeed, to have followed the hearse, at an humble distance, to its final destination. But when I rose that morning a sudden weakness came upon me, and I was unable to quit my room. I, so strong, so hardy, who have passed through life without sickness or doctor, was as powerless that day as an infant.

It was from the good rector, therefore, I heard how the General (on whom, in consequence of the precarious condition of the afflicted husband, devolved the task of chief mourner) sustained his carriage to perform with dignity and propriety his duty to the dead. As he followed the coffin through the churchyard, crowded by his old pensioners—many of them praying on

their knees as it passed—his step was as firm and his brow as erect as though at the head of his regiment. It was not till all was over—the mournful ceremony done, the crowd dispersed, the funeral array departed—that having descended into the vault, ere the stone was rolled to the door of the sepulchre, in order to point out the exact spot where he wished her remains to be deposited, so that hereafter his own might rest by her side, he renounced all self-restraint, and throwing himself upon the ground, gave himself up to his anguish, and refused to be comforted!

That summer was as dreary a season at Lexley as the dreariest winter! Both the Park and the Hall were shut up; nor did General Stanley ever again resume his tenancy of the old manor. When the result of the Chancery suit left Mr Altham in possession of the former estate, the General literally preferred forfeiting the moiety of the purchase-money he had paid, and giving up the place to be re-united with the property, which the rigour of the law thus singularly restored to the last heirs of the Althams; and such was the cause of my neighbour, the present Sir Julius Altham, regaining possession of the Hall.

It was not for many years, however, that the cause was ultimately decided. There was an appeal against the Chancellor's decree; and even after the decree was confirmed, came an endless number of legal forms, which so procrastinated the settlement, that not only the original unfortunate purchaser, but poor Everard himself, was in his grave when the mansion, in which they had so prided themselves, was pulled down, and all trace of their occupancy effaced.

I sometimes ask myself, indeed, whether the whole of this "strange

eventful history," with which the earliest feelings of my heart were painfully interwoven, really occurred? whether the manor ever passed for a time out of the possession of the ancient house of Altham? whether the domain, now one and indivisible, were literally partitioned off—a park paling interposing only between the patrician and plebeian. Often, after spending hour after hour by the river side, when the fly is on the water and the old thorns in bloom, I recur to the first day I came back into Lexley Park after the funeral had passed through, and recollect the soreness of heart with which I lifted my eyes towards the house, of which every trace has since disappeared. At that moment there seemed to rise before me, sporting among the gnarled branches of the old thorn-trees, the graceful form of Mary Stanley, followed by old Sergeant, bounding and barking through the fern; and the General looking on from a distance, pretending to be angry, and desiring her to come out of the covert and not disturb the game. Exactly thus, and there, I beheld them for the first time. What would I not give to realize once more, if only for a day, that happy, happy vision!

Stanley Manor is let to strangers during the minority of Lord Robert's sickly son; the father being an absentee, the mother in an early grave. She lived long enough, however, to be a repining wife; and my neighbour, Sir Julius Altham, has more than once hinted to me, that, of the whole family, the portion of Selina most deserved compassion.

To me, however, her callous conduct towards that gentle sister, always rendered her the least interesting of my COUNTRY NEIGHBOURS.

TRAVELS OF KERIM KHAN.*

AMONG the various signs of the times which mark the changes of manners in these latter days of the world, not the least remarkable is the increasing frequency of the visits paid by the natives of the East to the regions of Europe. Time was, within the memory of most of the present generation, when the sight of a genuine Oriental in a London drawing-room, except in the angel visits, "few and far between," of a Persian or Moorish ambassador, was a rarity beyond the reach of even the most determined lion-hunters; and if by any fortunate chance a stray Persian khan, or a "very magnificent three-tailed bashaw," was brought within the circle of the quidnuncs of the day, the sayings and doings of the illustrious stranger were chronicled with as much minuteness as if he had been the denizen of another planet. Every hair of his beard, every jewel in the hilt of his khanjar, was enumerated and criticised; while all oriental etiquette was violated by the constant enquiries addressed to him relative to the number of his wives, and the economy of his domestic arrangements. "*Mais à present on a changé tout cela.*" The reforms of Sultan Mahmood, the invention of steam, and the re-opening of the overland route to India, have combined to effect a mighty revolution in all these points. Osmanlis, with shaven chins and tight trousers,† have long been as plenty as blackberries in the saloons of the West, eating the flesh of the unclean beast, quaffing champagne, and even (if we have been rightly informed) figuring in quadrilles with the moon-faced daughters of the Franks; and though the natives of the more distant

regions of the East have not yet appeared among us in such numbers, yet the lamb-skin cap of the Persian, the *pugree*, or small Indian turban, and even the queer head-dress of the Parsee, is far from being a stranger in our assemblies. We doubt whether the name of Akhbar Khan himself, proclaimed at the foot of a staircase, would excite the same *sensation* in the present day, as the announcement of the most undistinguished wearer of the turban some ten or twenty years ago; but of the "Tours" and "Narratives" which are usually the inevitable result of such an influx of pilgrims, our Oriental visitors have as yet produced hardly their due proportion. For many years, the travels of Mirza Abu-Talib Khan, a Hindustani‡ Moslem of rank and education, who visited Europe in the concluding years of the last century, stood alone as an example of the effect produced on an Asiatic by his observation of the manners and customs of the West; and even of late our stock has not been much increased. The journal of the Persian princes (a translation of which, by their Syrian mehmendar, Assaad Yakoub Khayat, has been printed in England for private circulation) is curious, as giving a picture of European ways and manners when viewed through a purely Asiatic medium; while the remarkably sensible and well-written narrative of the two Parsees who lately visited this country for the purpose of instruction in naval architecture,§ differs little from the description of the same objects which would be given by an intelligent and well-educated European, if they could be presented to him in the aspect of utter novelty. The latest

* Travels of Kerim Khan; being a narrative of his Journey from Delhi to Calcutta, and thence by Sea to England: containing his remarks upon the manners, customs, laws, constitutions, literature, arts, manufactures, &c., of the people of the British Isles. Translated from the original Oordu—(MS.)

† *Shalwarlek*—"tight trousers"—was a phrase used, under the old Turkish régime, as equivalent to a blackguard.

‡ The Moslems, and other natives of India descended from foreign races, are properly called *Hindustanis*, while the aborigines are the *Hindus*—a distinction not well understood in Europe. The former take their name from the country, as *natives of Hindustan*, which has derived its own name from the latter, as being the *country of the Hindus*.

§ Journal of a Residence of Two Years and a Half in Great Britain, by Jehangeer Nowrojee and Hirjeebhoy Merwanjee of Bombay, Naval Architects. London: 1841.

of these Oriental wanderers in the ungenial climes of Franguestan, is the one whose name appears at the head of this article, and who, with a rare and commendable modesty, has preferred introducing himself to the public under the protecting guidance of Maga, to venturing, alone and without a pilot, among the perilous rocks and shoals of the critics of *the Row*; him therefore we shall now introduce, without further comment, to the favourable notice of our readers.

Of Kerim Khan himself, the writer of his narrative, and of his motives for daring the perils of the *kala-pani*, (or black water, the Hindi name for the ocean,) on a visit to Franguestan, we have little information beyond what can be gathered from the MS. itself. There can be no doubt, however, that he was a Mussulman gentleman of rank and consideration, and of information far superior to that of his countrymen in general; nor does it appear that he was driven, like Mirza Abu-Talib, by political misfortune, to seek in strange climes the security which his native land denied him. His narrative commences abruptly:—"On the 21st of Ramazan, in the year of the Hejra 1255," (Dec. 1, A.D. 1839,) "between four and five in the afternoon, I took leave of the imperial city of Delhi, and proceeded to our boat, which was at anchor near the Derya Ganj." The voyage down the Jumna, to its junction with the Ganges at Allahabad, a distance of not more than 550 miles by land, but which the endless windings of the stream increase to 2010 by water, presents few incidents worthy of notice: but our traveller observes *parenthèse*, that "though it is said that the sources of this river have not been discovered, I have heard from those who have crossed the Himalaya from China, that it rises in that country on the other side of the mountains, and, forcing its way through them, arrives at Bighamber. They say that gold is found there in large quantities, and

the reason they assign is this—the philosopher's stone is found in that country, and whatever touches it becomes gold, but the stone itself can never be found!" Near Muttra he encountered the splendid cortège of Lord Auckland, then returning to Calcutta after his famous interview with Runjeet Singh at Lahore, with such a *suwarree* as must have recalled the pomp and *sultanut* for which the memory of Warren Hastings is even yet celebrated among the natives of India: "his staff and escort, with the civil and military officers of government in attendance on him, amounted to about 4000 persons, besides 300 elephants and 800 camels." The noble buildings of Akbarabad or Agra, the capital and residence of Akbar and Shalijehan, the mightiest and most magnificent of the Mogul emperors, detained the traveller for a day; and he notices with deserved eulogium the splendid mausoleum of Shalijehan and his queen, known as the Taj-Mahal. There is nothing that can be compared with it, and those who have visited the farthest parts of the globe, have seen nothing like it.* At Allahabad he launched on the broad stream of the Ganges; and after passing through part of the territory of *Awadh* or Oude, the insecurity of life and property in which is strongly contrasted with the rigid police in the Company's dominions, arrived in due time at the holy city of Benares, the centre of Hindoo and Brahminical sanctity.

The shrines of Benares, with their swarms of sacred monkeys and Brahminy bulls, were objects of little interest to our Moslem wayfarer, who on the contrary recounts with visible satisfaction the destruction of several of these *But Khanas*, or idol-temples, by the intolerable bigotry of Aurungzib, and the erection of mosques on their sites. Among the objects of attraction in the environs of the city, he particularly notices a famous footprint† upon stone, called the *Kadm-sherif*, or holy mark, deposited in a

* Many of our readers must have seen the beautiful ivory model of this far-famed edifice, lately exhibited in Regent Street, and now, we believe, in the Cambridge University museum. It is fortunate that so faithful a miniature transcript of the beauties of the Taj is in existence, since the original is doomed, as we are informed, to inevitable ruin at no distant period, from the ravages of the white ants on the wood-work.

† These sacred footmarks are more numerous among the Buddhists than the Moslems—the most celebrated is that on the summit of Adam's Peak, in Ceylon.

mosque near the serai of Aurungabad, and said to have been brought from Mekka by Sheik Mohammed Ali Hazin, whom the translator of his interesting autobiography (published in 1830 by the Oriental Society) has made known to the British public, up to the period when the tyranny of Nadir Shah drove him from Persia. "Here, during his lifetime, he used to go sometimes on a Thursday, and give alms to the poor in the name of God. He was a very learned and accomplished man; and his writings, both in prose and verse, were equal to those of Zahiri and Naziri. When he first came to India, he resided for some years at Delhi; but having had some dispute with the poet-laureate of the Emperor Mohammed Shah, he found himself under the necessity of retiring to Benares, where he lived in great privacy. As he was a stranger in the country, was engaged in no calling or profession, and received no allowance from the Emperor, it was never known whence, or how, he was supplied with the means of keeping up the establishment he did, which consisted of some hundred servants, palanquins, horses, &c. It is said that when the Nawab Shujah-ed-dowlah projected his attack on the English in Bengal, he consulted the Sheik on the subject, who strongly dissuaded him from the undertaking. He died shortly after the battle of Buxar in 1180," (A.D. 1766.) The battle of Buxar was fought Oct. 23, 1764; but that Sheik Ali Hazin died somewhere about this time, seems more probable than that his life was extended (as stated by Sir Gore Ouseley) till 1779; since he describes himself at the conclusion of his memoirs in 1742, when only in his 53d year, as "leading the dullest course of existence in the dullest of all dull countries, and disabled by his increasing infirmities from any active exertion of either body or mind"—a state of things scarcely promising a prolongation of life to the age of ninety.

Resuming his voyage from Benares, the Khan notices with wonder the

apparition of the steamers plying between Calcutta and Allahabad, several of which he met on his course, and regarded with the astonishment natural in one who had never before seen a ship impelled, apparently by smoke, against wind and tide:—"I need hardly say how intensely I watched every movement of this extraordinary, and to me incomprehensible machine, which in its passage created such a vast commotion in the waters, that my poor little *budjrow* (pinnace) felt its effects for the space of full two *hos*," (nearly four miles.) The picturesque situation of the city of Azimabad or Patna,* extending for several miles along the right bank of the Ganges, with the villas and beautiful gardens of the resident English interspersed among the houses, is described in terms of high admiration; and the mosques, some of which were as old as the time of the Patan emperors, are not forgotten by our Moslem traveller in his enumeration of the marvels of the city. A few days' more boating brought him to Rajmahal; "on one side of which," says he, "the country is called Bengal, and on the other *Poorb*, or the East"—a name from which the independent dynasty of Moslem kings, who once ruled in Bengal, assumed the appellation of *Poorby-Shaby*. He was now among the rice-fields, the extent and luxuriance of which surprised him: "There are a great variety of sorts, and if a man were to take a grain of each sort he might soon fill a *lota* (water-pot) with them—so innumerable are the different kinds. The cultivators who have measured the largest species, have declared them to exceed the length of fifty cubits; but I have never seen any of this length, though others may have." He now entered the Bhagirutti, or branch of the Ganges leading to Calcutta, and which bears in the lower part of its course the better known name of the Hoogly—while the main stream to the left is again subdivided into innumerable ramifications, the greater part of which lose themselves among the vast marshes

* Most of the principal cities of India, in addition to the ancient name by which they are popularly known, have another imposed by the Moslems:—thus Agra is Akbarabad, the residence of Akbar—Delhi, Shahjehanabad; and Patna, Azimabad. In some instances, as Dowlutabad in the Dekkan, the Hindu name of which is Deogiri, the Mohammedan appellation has superseded the ancient name; but, generally speaking, the latter is that in common use.

of the Sunderbunds; but he complains, that "though by this branch large vessels and steamers pass up and down to and from the Presidency, the route is very bad, from the extensive jungles on both banks, which are haunted by Thugs and *Decoits*, (river pirates:)—indeed I have heard and read, that the shores of the Ganges have been infested by freebooters, pirates, and thieves of all sorts, from time immemorial." He escaped unharmed, however, through these manifold perils; and passing Murshidabad, the ancient capital of Bengal, and other places of less note, his remarks upon which we shall not stay to quote, reached the ghauts of Calcutta in safety.

A place so often described as the "City of Palaces," presents little that is novel in the narrative of the khan; but he does full justice to the splendour of the architecture, which he says "exceeds that of *China* or *Ispahan*—a superiority which arises from the immense sums which every governor-general has laid out upon public works, and in improving and adorning the city: the Marquis Wellesley, in particular, expended lakhs of rupees in this way." The account which he gives, however, from a Mahommedan writer, of the disputes with the Mogul government which led to the transference of the British factory and commerce from its original seat at Hoogly to *Kali-kata*,* or Calcutta, differs considerably from that given by the British historians, if we are to suppose the events here alluded to (the date of which the khan does not mention) to be those which occurred in 1686 and 1687, when Charnock defended the factory at Hoogly against the Imperial deputy, Shaista Khan. Our traveller's version of these occurrences is, that the factories of the English, which were then established on the Ghol Ghaut at Hoogly, having been overthrown by an earthquake, "Mr Charnock, the head officer of the factory, purchasing a garden called Banarasi, had the trees cut down, and

commenced a new building. But while it was in progress, the principal Mogul merchants and inhabitants laid a complaint before Meer Nasir, the *foujdur*, (chief of police,) that their houses and harems would be overlooked, and great scandal occasioned, if the strangers should be allowed to erect such lofty buildings in the midst of the city.† The complaint was referred by the *foujdur* to the nawab, who forthwith issued orders for the discontinuance of the works, which were accordingly abandoned. The Company's agent, though highly offended at this arbitrary proceeding, was unable to resist it, having only one ship and a few sepoys; and, in spite of the efforts of the *foujdur* to dissuade him, he embarked with all his goods, and set sail for the peninsula," (qu. Indjeli?) "having first set fire to such houses as were near the river. At this time, however, the Emperor Aurungzib was in the Carnatic, beleaguered by the Mahrattas, who had cut off all supplies from his camp; and the Company's agent in that country, hearing of this, sent a large quantity of grain, which had been recently imported for their own use, for the relief of the army. Having thus gained the favour and protection of the Asylum of the World, the English were not only permitted to build factories in various parts of the country, but were exempted from the duties formerly laid on their goods. Charnock returned to Bengal with the emperor's firman; and the nawab, seeing how matters stood, withdrew his opposition to the erection of the factory at Hoogly. The English, however, preferred another situation, and chose Calcutta, where a building was soon erected, the same which is now called the old fort." This account, which is in fact more favourable to the English than that given by their own writers, is the only notice of these transactions we have ever found from a Mahommedan author; for so small was the importance attached by the Moguls to these ob-

* "So called from *Kali*, the Hindu goddess, and *kata*, laughter; because human victims were formerly here sacrificed to her."

† From the sanctity attached by Oriental ideas to the privacy of the harem, it is a high crime and misdemeanour, punishable by law in all Moslem countries, to erect buildings overlooking the residence of a neighbour. At Constantinople, there is an officer called the Minar Aga, or superintendent of edifices, whose especial duty it is to prevent this.

scure squabbles with a few Frank merchants, that even the historian Khafi-Khan, who acted as the emperor's representative for settling the differences which broke out about the same time in Bombay, makes no allusion to the simultaneous rupture in Bengal.

Our author, like Bishop Heber,* and other travellers on the same route, is struck by the contrast between the robust and well-fed peasantry of Hindustan Proper, and the puny rice-eaters of Bengal; "who eat fish, boiled rice, bitter oil, and an infinite variety of vegetables; but of wheaten or barley bread, and of pulse, they know not the taste, nor of mutton, fowl, or *ghee*, (clarified butter.) The author of the *Riaz-es-Selatin*, is indeed of opinion that such food does not suit their constitutions, and would make them ill if they were to eat it"—an invaluable doctrine to establish in dieting a pauper population! "As to their dress, they have barely enough to cover them—only a piece of cloth, called a *dhoti*, wrapped round their loins, while their head-dress consists of a dirty rag rolled two or three times round the temples, and leaving the crown bare. But the natives of Hindustan, and even their descendants to the second and third generation, always wear the *jamah*, or long muslin robe, out of doors, though in the house they adopt the Bengali custom. The author of the *Kholasat-al Towārikh*, (an historical work,) says that both men and women formerly went naked; and no doubt he is right,

for they can hardly be said to do otherwise now." Such are the peasants of Bengal—a race differing from the natives of Hindustan in language, manners, food, dress, and personal appearance; but who, from their vicinity to the seat of the English Supreme Government, have served as models for the descriptions given by many superficial travellers, as applying to all the natives of British India, without distinction! The horrible Hindu custom of immersing the sick, when considered past recovery, in the Ganges, and holding their lower limbs under water till they expire,† excites, as may be expected, the disgust of the khan; but the reason which he assigns for it, "the belief of these people, that if a man die in his own house, he would cause the death of every member of the family by assuming the form of a *bhut* or evil spirit," is new to us, and appears to be analogous to the superstitious dread entertained by the Greeks and Slavonians, of a corpse reanimated into a *Vroucolochas*, or vampire. "But if a man escapes from their hands, and recovers after this treatment, he is shunned by every one; and there are many villages in Bengal, called *villages of the dead*, inhabited by men who have thus escaped death; they are considered dead to society, and no other persons will dwell in the same villages."

The stay of the khan in Calcutta was prolonged for more than a month, during which time he rented a house from a native proprietor in the quarter of Kolutolla. While removing his

* "Almost immediately on leaving Allahabad," (on his way from Calcutta to the Upper Provinces,) "I was struck with the appearance of the men, as tall and muscular as the largest stature of Europeans; and with the fields of *wheat*, almost the only cultivation."—Heber's Journal, vol. iii. "Some of our boatmen passing through a field of Indian corn, plucked two or three ears, certainly not enough to constitute a theft, or even a trespass. Two of the men, however, who were watching, ran after them, not as the Bengalis would have done, to complain with joined hands, but with stout bamboos, prepared to do themselves justice *par voye de fait*. The men saved themselves by swimming off to the boat; but my servants called out to them—'Ah! dandee folk, beware, you are now in Hindustan; the people here know well how to fight, and are not afraid.'"

† "I told his (Pertab Chund's) father, that it was wrong to keep him where he then was, and he told me to take him down to the river. He was lifted up on his bed-ding; his speech was not very distinct at that time, but sufficiently so to call on the name of his T'hakoor, (spiritual guide,) which he did as desired; he then began to shiver, and complained of being very cold. I was one of those who went with the rajah to the river side. Jago Mohun Dobee pressed his legs under the water, and kept them so; and about 10 p. m. his soul quitted the body. When he died, his knees were under water, but the rest of his body above." Evidence of Radha Sircar and Sham Chum Baboo, before the Mofussil Court of Hoogly, September 1838, in the enquiry on the impostor Kistololl, who personated the deceased Pertab.

effects from his boat to this residence, he became involved in a dispute with the police, in consequence of the violation by his servants, through ignorance, of the regulation which forbids persons from the Upper Provinces to enter the city armed; but this unintentional infringement of orders was easily explained and arranged by the intervention of an European friend, and the arms, of which the police had taken possession, were restored. While engaged in preparing for his voyage, the khan made the best use of his time in visiting the public buildings, and other objects of interest, among which he particularly notices the *minar* or column erected in the *maidan*, (square,) near the viceregal palace of the Nawab Governor-General Bahadur, by a subscription among the officers of the army, native as well as English, to the memory of the late Sir David Ochterlony; but rates it, with truth, as greatly inferior, both in dimensions and beauty, to the famous pillar of the Kootb-Minar near Delhi. The colossal fortifications of Fort-William are also duly commemorated; "they resemble an embankment externally, but when viewed from within are exceedingly high—no foe could penetrate within them, much less reach the treasures and magazines in the interior." Our traveller also visited the English courts of justice, in the proceedings of which he seems to have taken great interest, and was apparently treated with much hospitality by many of the European functionaries and other residents, by whom he was furnished with numerous letters of introduction, as well as receiving much information respecting the manners and customs of *Inglistan*, or England. The choice of a ship, and the selection of sea-stock, were of course matters of grave consideration, and the more so from the peculiar unfitness of the habits and religious scruples of an Indian Moslem for the privations unavoidable at sea; but a passage was at last taken for the khan and his two servants on board the Edinburgh of 1400 tons,

and it being agreed that he should find his own provisions, to obviate all mistakes on the score of forbidden food, and the captain promising moreover that his comforts should be carefully attended to, this weighty negotiation was at length concluded. It is due to the khan to say, that whether from being better equipped, or from being endued with more philosophy and forbearance than his compatriot, Mirza Abu-Talib Khan, (to whom we have above referred,) he seems to have reconciled himself to the hardships of the *kala-pani*, or ocean, with an exceedingly good grace; and we find none of the complaints which fill the pages of the Mirza against the impurity of his food, the impossibility of performing his ablutions in appointed time and manner, and sundry other abominations by which he was so grievously afflicted, that at a time of danger to the vessel, "though many of the passengers were much alarmed, I, for my own part, was so weary of life that I was perfectly indifferent to my fate." Abu-Talib, however, sailed in an ill-regulated Danish ship; and in summing up the horrors of the sea, he strongly recommends his countrymen, if compelled to brave its miseries, to embark in none but an English vessel.

During the last days of the khan's sojourn in Calcutta, he witnessed the splendid celebration of the rites of the Mohurram, when the slaughter of the brother Imams, Hassan and Hussein, the martyred grandsons of the Prophet, is lamented by all sects of the faithful, but more especially by the *Rafedhis* or Sheahs, the followers of Ali, "of whom there are many in Calcutta, though they are less numerous than the orthodox sect or Sunnis, from whom they are distinguished, at this season, by wearing black as mourning. At the *Baitak-Khana* (a quarter of Calcutta) we witnessed the splendid procession of the *Taziya*,* with the banners and flags flying, and the wailers beating their breasts."... "It is the custom here, at this season, for all the natch-girls (dancers) to sit in the streets of the Chandnibazar, under

* *Taziya*, literally *grief*, is an ornamental shrine erected in Moslem houses during the Mohurram, and intended to represent the mausoleum of Hassan and Hussein, at Kerbelah in Persia. On the 10th and last day of the mourning, the *taziyas* are carried in procession to the outside of the city, and finally deposited with funeral rites in the burying-grounds.—See *Mrs Meer Hassan Ali's* Observations on the Mussulmans of India. Letter I.

canopies decorated with wreaths and flowers in the most fantastic manner, and sell sweetmeats, cardamums, betelnuts, &c., upon stalls, displaying their charms to the passers-by. I took a turn here one evening with five others, and found crowds of people collected, both strangers and residents: nor do they ordinarily disperse till long after midnight." On the second day after his visit to this scene of gaiety, he received notice that the ship was ready for sea; and on the 8th of Mohurru 1256, (March 13, 1840,) he accordingly embarked with his baggage and servants on board the *Edinburgh*, which was towed in seven days, by a steamer, down the river to Saugor; and the pilot quitting her the next day at the floating light. "I now found myself," (says the khan,) "for the first time in my life, in the great ocean, where nothing was to be seen around but sky and water."

The account of a voyage at sea, as given by an Oriental, is usually the most deplorable of narratives—filled with exaggerated fears, the horrors of sea-sickness, and endless lamentations of the evil fate of the writer, in being exposed to such a complication of miseries. Of the wailings of Mirza Abu-Talib we have already given a specimen: and the Persian princes, even in the luxurious comfort of an English Mediterranean steamer, seem to have fared but little better, in their own estimation at least, than the Mirza in his dirty and disorderly Danish merchantman. "Our bones cried, 'Alas! for this evil there is no remedy.' We were vomiting all the time, and thus afflicted with incurable evils, in the midst of a sea which appears without end, the state of my health bad, the sufferings of my brothers very great, and no hope of being saved, we became most miserable." Such is the naïve exposition of his woes, by H. R. H. Najaf Kooli Mirza; but Kerim Khan appears, both physically and morally, to have been made of different metal. Ere he had been two days on board we find him remarking—"I had by this time made some acquaintance among the passengers, and began to find my situation less irksome and lonely;" shortly afterwards adding—"The annoyances inseparable from this situation were relieved, in some measure, by the music and dancing going on every day except

Sundays, owing to the numerous party of passengers, both gentlemen and ladies, whom we had on board—seeing which, a man forgets his griefs and troubles in the general mirth around him." So popular, indeed, does the khan appear already to have become, that the captain, finding that he had hitherto abstained from the use of his pipe, that great ingredient in Oriental comfort, from an idea that smoking was prohibited on board, "instantly sent for my hookah, had it properly prepared for me, and insisted on my not relinquishing this luxury, the privation of which he knew would occasion me considerable inconvenience." In other respects, also, he seems to have been not less happily constituted; for though he says that "the rolling and rocking of the ship, when it entered the *dark waters* or open sea, completely upset my two companions, who became extremely sick"—his remarks on the incidents of the voyage, and the novel phenomena which presented themselves to his view, are never interrupted by any of those pathetic lamentations on the instability of the human stomach, which form so important and doleful an episode in the relations of most landmen, of whatever creed or nation.

The commencement of the voyage was prosperous; and the ship ran to the south before a fair wind, interrupted only by a few days of partial calm, till it reached the latitude of Ceylon, where the appearance of the flying fish excited the special wonder of the khan, who was by this time beginning, under the tuition of his fellow passengers, to make some progress in the English language, and had even attempted to fathom some of the mysteries of the science of navigation; "but though I took the sextant which the captain handed me, and held it precisely as he had done, I could make nothing of it." The regular performance of the Church service on Sundays, and the cessation on that day from the ordinary amusements, is specially noticed on several occasions, and probably made a deeper impression on the mind of our Moslem friend, from the popular belief current in India that the *Feringhis* are men of *no caste*, without religious faith or ceremonies—a belief which the conduct and demeanour of the Anglo-Indians in past times tended, in too many in-

stances, to confirm. Off the southern extremity of Ceylon, the ship was again becalmed for several days; but the tedium of this interval was relieved, not only by the ordinary sea incidents of the capture of a shark and the appearance of a whale, (the zoological distinctions between which and the true fishes are stated by the khan with great correctness,) but by the occurrence of a mutiny on board an English vessel in company, which was fortunately quelled by the exertions of the captain of the Edinburgh.

"The spicy gales of Ceylon," blowing off the coast to the distance, as stated, of fifty miles, (an extremely moderate range when compared with the accounts of some other travellers,) at last brought on their wings the grateful announcement of the termination of the calm; but before quitting the vicinity of this famous island, (more celebrated in eastern story under the name of Serendib,) the khan gives some notices of the legends connected with its history, which show a more extended acquaintance with Hindu literature than the Moslems in India in general take the trouble of acquiring. Among the rest he alludes to the epic of the Ramayuna, and the bridge built by Rama (or as he calls him, Rajah Ram Chunder) for the passage of the monkey army and their redoubted general, Huniman, from the Indian continent into the island, in order to deliver from captivity Seeta, the wife of the hero. The wind still continuing favourable, the ship quickly passed the equator, and the pole-star was no longer visible—"a proof of the earth's sphericity which I was glad to have had an opportunity of seeing;" and they left, at a short distance to the right, the islands of Mauritius and Bourbon, "which are not far from the great island of Madagascar, where the faithful turn their faces to the north when they pray, as they turn them to the west in India," the *kiblah*, or point of direction, being in both cases the kaaba, or temple of Mekka. They were now approaching the latitude of the Cape; and our voyager was astonished by the countless multitudes of sea-birds which surrounded the ship, and particularly by the giant bulk of the albatrosses, "which I was told remained day and night on the ocean, repairing to the coast of Africa only at the period of

incubation." The Cape of Storms, however, as it was originally named by Vasco de Gama, did not fail on this occasion to keep up its established character for bad weather. A severe gale set in from the east, which speedily increased to a storm. A sailor fell from "the third stage of the mainmast," (the maintopgallant yard,) and was killed on the deck; and as the inhospitable shores of Africa were close under their lee, the ship appears for some time to have been in considerable danger. But in this (to him) novel scene of peril, the khan manifests a degree of self-possession, strongly contrasting with the timidity of the royal grandsons of Futteh Ali Shah, the expression of whose fears during a gale is absolutely ludicrous. "We were so miserable that we gave up all hope; we gave up our souls, and began to beseech God for forgiveness; while the wind continued increasing, and all the waves of the western sea rose up in mountains, with never-ceasing noise, till they reached the planets." Even after the violence of the hurricane had in some measure abated, the sea continued to run so high that the ports were kept closed for several days. "At last, however, they were opened for the purpose of ventilating the interior; and the band, which had been silent for some days, began to play again." The appearance of a water-spout on the same afternoon is thus described:—"An object became visible in the distance, in the form of a minaret, and every one on board crowded on deck to look at it. On asking what it was, I was told that what appeared to be a minaret was only water, which was drawn up towards the heavens by the force of the wind, and when this ceased would fall again into the sea, and was what we should call a whirlwind. This is sometimes extremely dangerous to vessels, since, if it reaches them, it is so powerful as to draw them out of the sea in the same manner as it draws up the water; in consequence of which many ships have been lost when they have been overtaken by this wonderful phenomenon."

The storm was succeeded by a calm, which detained the ship for two days within sight of the lofty mountains near the Cape. "It was bitterly cold, for the seasons are here reversed, and instead of summer, as we should

have expected, it was now the depth of winter. At length, however, (on the 69th day after our leaving Calcutta,) a strong breeze sprung up, which enabled us to set all sail, and carried us away from this table-land." The run from the Cape to St Helena seems to have been barren of incident, except an accidental encounter with a vessel in distress, which proved to be a slaver which had been captured by an English cruiser, and had sustained serious damage in the late storm while proceeding to the Cape with a prize crew. On approaching St Helena, the captain "gave orders for the ship to be painted, both inside and out, that the people of the island might not say we came in a dirty ship; and as we neared the land, a white flag was hoisted to apprise those on shore that there was no one ill on board. In cases of sickness a yellow flag is displayed, and then no one is permitted to land from the ship for fear of contagion. The island is about twenty-six miles in circuit, and is constantly enveloped in fog and mist. It is said to have been formerly a volcano, but has now ceased to smoke. The vegetation is luxuriant, but few of the flowers are fragrant. I recognised some, however, both flowers and fruits, which seemed similar to those of India. I took the opportunity of landing with the captain to see the town, which is small, but extremely well fortified, the cannon being so numerous that one might suppose the whole island one immense iron-foundry. It is populous, the inhabitants being chiefly Jews and English; but as it was Sunday, and all the shops were shut, it had a dull appearance. After surveying the town, I ascended a hill in the country, leading to the tomb of Napoleon Bonaparte, which is on an elevated spot, four miles from the town.

"This celebrated personage was a native of Corsica; and enjoying a fortunate horoscope, he entered the French army, and speedily rose to the rank of general; and afterwards, with the consent of the people and the soldiery, made himself emperor. After this he conquered several kingdoms, and the fame of his prowess and his victories filled all the European world. When he invaded Russia, he defeated the Muscovites in several great battles, and took their capital; but, in

consequence of the intensity of the cold, several thousands of his army, both men and horses, perished miserably. This catastrophe obliged him to return to France, where he undertook the conquest of another country. At this time George III. reigned in England; and having collected all the disposable forces of his kingdom, appointed Lord Wellington (the same general who was employed in the war against Tippoo Sultan in Mysore) to command them, and sent him to combat the French Emperor. He entered Spain, and forced the Emperor's brother, Yusuf, (Joseph,) who was king of that country, to fly—till after a variety of battles and incidents, too numerous to particularize, the two hostile armies met at a place called by the English Waterloo, where a bloody battle was fought, as famous as that of Pāshān, between Sohrab and the hero Rustan: and Napoleon was overthrown and made prisoner. He was then sent, though in a manner suitable to his rank, to this island of St Helena, where, after a few years, he finished his earthly career. His tomb is much visited by all who touch at the island, and has become a *durgah* (shrine) for innumerable visitors from Europe. There are persons appointed to take care of it, who give to strangers, in consideration of a small present, the leaves and flowers of the trees which grow round the tomb. No other Emperor of the Europeans was ever so honoured as to have had his tomb made a shrine and place of pilgrimage: nor was ever one so great a conqueror, or so renowned for his valour and victories."

The remainder of the voyage from St Helena to England was apparently marked by no incident worthy of mention, as the khan notices only the reappearance of the pole-star on their crossing the line, and re-entering the northern hemisphere, and their reaching once more the latitude of Delhi, "which we now passed many thousand miles to our right; after which nothing of importance occurred till we reached the British Channel, when we saw the Scilly Isles in the distance, and about noon caught a glimpse of the Lizard Point, and the south coast of England, together with the lighthouse: the country of the French lay on our right, at the dis-

tance of about eighty miles. I was given to understand that the whole distance from St Helena to London, by the ship's reckoning, was 6328 miles, and 16,528 from Calcutta." In the Downs the pilot came on board, from whom they received the news of the attempt recently made by Oxford on the life of the Queen; and here the captain, anxious to lose no time in reaching London, quitted the vessel as it entered the Thames, "the sources of which famous river, I was informed, were near a place called Cirencester, eighty-eight miles from London, in the *zillah* (county) of Gloucester." The ship was now taken in tow by a couple of steam-tugs, and passing Woolwich, "where are the war-ships and *top-khana* (arsenal) of the English Padishah, at length reached Blackwall, where we anchored."

"I now (continues the khan) returned thanks to God for having brought me safe through the wide ocean to this extraordinary country—bethinking myself of the answer once made by a man who had undertaken a voyage, on being asked by his friends what he had seen most wonderful—'The greatest wonder I have seen is seeing myself alive on land!'" The troubles of the khan, however, were far from being ended by his arrival on *terra firma*: for apparently from some mistake or inadvertence, (the cause of which does not very clearly appear,) on the part of the friends whom he had expected to meet him, he found himself, on landing at Blackwall and proceeding by the railway to London, left alone by the person who had thus far been his guide, in apartments near Cornhill, almost wholly unacquainted with the English language, separated from his baggage and servants, who were still on board the Edinburgh, and with no one in his company but another Hindustani, as little versed as himself in the ways and speech of Franguestan. In this "considerable unhandsome fix," as it would be called on the other side of the Atlantic, the perplexities of the khan are related with such inimitable naïveté and good-humour, that we cannot do better than give the account of them in his own words. "As I could neither ask for any thing, nor answer any question put to me, I passed the whole night without

a morsel of food or a drop of water: till in the morning, feeling hungry, I requested my companion to go to some bazar and buy some fruit. He replied that it would be impossible for him either to find his way to a bazar through the crowds of people, or to find his way back again—as all the houses were so much alike. I then told him to go straight on in the street we were in, turning neither to the right nor the left till he met with some shop where we might get what we wanted: and, in order to direct him to the place on his return, I agreed to lean half out of the window, so that he could not fail to see me. No sooner, however, did he sally forth, than the people, men, women, and children, began to stare at him on all sides, as if he had dropped from the moon; some stopped and gazed, and numbers followed him as if he had been a criminal about being led to execution. Nor was I in a more enviable position: the people soon caught sight of me with my head and shoulders out of the window; and in a few minutes a mob had collected opposite the door. What was I to do? If I withdrew myself, my friend on returning would have no mark to find the house, while, if I remained where I was, the curiosity of the crowd would certainly increase. I kept my post, however, while every one that passed stopped and gazed like the rest, till there was actually no room for vehicles to pass; and in this unpleasant situation I remained fully an hour, when seeing my friend returning, I went down and opened the door for him. He told me he had gone straight on, till he came to a fruit-shop, at the corner of another street, when he went in, and laying two shillings on the counter, said in Oordu, (the polished dialect of Hindustani,) 'Give me some fruit.' The shopman, not understanding him, spoke to him in English; to which he replied again in Oordu, 'I want some fruit!' pointing at the same time to the money, to signify that he wanted two shillings' worth of fruit. The man, however, continued confounded; and my friend at last, not knowing of what sort the fruits were, whether sour or sweet, bitter or otherwise, ventured, after much hesitation and fruitless attempts to communicate with the shopman by signs and ges-

tures, to take up four apples, and then made his retreat in the best manner he could, followed, as before, by the rabble. I at last caught a glimpse of him, as I have mentioned, and let him in; and we sat down together, and breakfasted on these four apples, my friend taking two of them, and I the others."

It must be admitted that our khan's first meal in England, and the concomitant circumstances, were not calculated to impress him with a very high idea, either of the comforts of the country or the politeness of the inhabitants; but the unruffled philosophy with which he submitted to these untoward privations was, ere-long, rewarded by the arrival of the East India agent to whose care he had been recommended, and who, after putting him in the way of getting his servants and luggage on shore from the vessel, took him out in a carriage to show him the metropolis. "It was, indeed, wonderful in every point of view, whether I regarded the immense population, the dresses and faces of the men and women, the multitudes of houses, churches, &c., and the innumerable carriages running in streets paved with stone and wood, (the width and openness of which seem to expand the heart,) and confining themselves to the middle of the road, without overturning any of the foot-passengers." The cathedral of St Paul's is described with great minuteness of detail, and the expense of its erection stated at seventy-three lakhs of rupees, (about L.750,000;) "but I have heard that if a similar edifice were erected in the present day, it would cost four times as much, as the cost of every thing has increased in at least that proportion."

The difficulties of the khan, from his ignorance of the language, and Moslem scruples at partaking of food not dressed by his own people, were not yet, however, at an end. For though, on returning to his lodging in the evening, he found that his friend had succeeded in procuring from the ship a dish of *kichiri*, (an Indian mess, composed of rice and *ghee*, or clarified butter,) his inability to communicate with his landlady still occasioned him considerable perplexity. "Having ventured to take some pickles, which I saw on the sideboard, and finding them palatable, I sent for

the landlady, and tried to explain to her by signs, pointing to the bottles, that I wanted something like what they contained. Alas, for my ignorance! She thought I wished them taken out of the room, and so walked off with them, leaving me in the utmost astonishment. How was I to get it back again? it was the only thing I had to relish my *kichiri*. I had, therefore, recourse to this expedient—I got an apple and pared it, putting the parings in a bottle with water; and showing this to the landlady, intimated, by signs, that I wanted something like it to eat with my rice. She asked many questions in English, and talked a great deal, from which I inferred that she had at last discovered my meaning; but five minutes had hardly elapsed when she re-appeared, bearing in her hand a bottle of water, filled with apple-parings cut in the nicest manner imaginable! This she placed on the table in the most respectful manner, and then retired!"

The good lady, however, conceiving that her guest was in danger of perishing with hunger, was benevolently importunate with him to partake of some nourishment, or at least of some tea and toast, "since it is the custom in this country for every one to eat five times a-day, and some among the wealthy are not satisfied even with this!" The arrival of an English acquaintance, who explained to the landlady the religious prejudices of her lodger, in some measure relieved him from his embarrassment; but he was again totally disconcerted, by finding it impossible, after a long search, to procure any *ghee*—an ingredient indispensable in the composition of every national dish of India, whether Moslem or Hindu. "How shall I express my astonishment at this extraordinary ignorance? What! do they not know what *ghee* is? Wonderful! This was a piece of news I never expected—that what abounds in every little wretched village in India, could not be purchased in this great city!" How this unforeseen deficiency was supplied does not appear; but probably the khan's never-failing philosophy enabled him to bear even this unparalleled privation with equanimity, as we hear no further complaints on the subject. He did not remain, however, many days in those

quarters, finding that the incessant noise of the vehicles passing day and night deprived him of sleep; and, by the advice of his friends, he took a small house in St John's Wood, where he was at once at a distance from the intolerable clamour of the streets, and at liberty to live after the fashion of his own country.

The first place of public resort to which he directed his steps, appears to have been the Pantheon bazar in Oxford Street, whither the familiar name perhaps attracted him—"for the term *bazar* is in use also among the people of this country;" but he does not appear to have been particularly struck by any thing he saw there, except the richness and variety of the wares. On the contrary, he complains of the want of fragrance in the flowers in the conservatory, particularly the roses, as compared with those of his native land—"there was *one* plantain-tree which seemed to be regarded as a sort of wonder, though thousands grow in our gardens without any sort of culture." The presence of the female attendants at the stalls, a sight completely at variance with Asiatic ideas, is also noticed with marked disapprobation—"Most of them were young and handsome, and seemed perfect adepts in the art of selling their various wares; but I could not help reflecting, on seeing so many fine young women engaged in this degrading occupation, on the ease and comfort enjoyed by our females, compared to the drudgery and servile employment to which the sex are subjected in this country. Notwithstanding all the English say of the superior condition of their women, it is quite evident, from all I have seen since my arrival, that their social state is far below that of our females." This sentiment is often repeated in the course of the narrative; and any one who has read, in the curious work of Mrs Meer Hassan Ali, quoted above, an account of the strict domestic seclusion in which Moslem females having any pretensions to rank, or even respectability, are constantly retained in India, will not be surprised at the frequent expression of repugnance, whenever the writer sees wo-

men engaged in any public or out-of-doors occupation—a custom so abhorrent to Oriental, and, above all, to Indian ideas.

We next find the khan in the Zoological Gardens, his matter-of-fact description of which affords an amusing contrast with that of those veracious scions of Persian royalty, who luxuriate in "elephant birds just like an elephant, but without the proboscis, and with wings fifteen yards long"—"an elephant twenty-four feet high, with a trunk forty feet long;" and who assure us that "the monkeys act like human beings, and play at chess with those who visit the gardens. On this day a Jew happened to be at this place, and went to play a game with the monkey. The monkey beat, and began to laugh loudly, all the people standing round him; and the Jew, exceedingly abashed, was obliged to leave the place." The khan, in common with ourselves, and the generality of visitors to the Regent's Park, was not fortunate enough to witness any of the wondrous feats which gladdened the royal eyes of the Shabzadehs—though he saw some of the apes, meaning the orang-outan, "drink tea and coffee, sit on chairs, and eat their food like human beings." * * * * *

"There is no island or kingdom," (he continues,) "which has not contributed its specimens of the animal kingdom to these gardens: from the elephant and rhinoceros, to the fly and the mosquito, all are to be seen here"—but not even the giraffes, strange as their appearance must have been to him, attract any particular notice; though the sight of the exotics in the garden draws from him a repetition of his old complaint, relative to the want of fragrance in the flowers as compared with those produced under the genial sun of India. The ceremony of the prorogation of Parliament by the Queen in person was now at hand, and the khan determined to be present at this imposing scene. But as he takes this opportunity to introduce his observations and opinions on the laws and customs of this country, we shall postpone to our next Number the discussion of these weighty subjects.

THE THIRTEENTH.

A TALE OF DOOM.

IT was on a sultry July evening that a joyous party of young men were assembled in the principal room of a wine house, outside the Potsdam gate of Berlin. One of their number, a Saxon painter, by name Carl Solling, was about to take his departure for Italy. His place was taken in the Halle mail, his luggage sent to the office, and the coach was to call for him at midnight at the tavern, whither a number of his most intimate friends had accompanied him, to drink a parting glass of Rhenish wine to his prosperous journey.

Supper was over, and some magnificent melons, and peaches, and plates of caviare, and other incentives to drinking, placed upon the table; a row of empty bottles already graced the side-board, while full ones of that venerable cobweb-mantle appearance, so dear to the toper, were forthcoming as rapidly as the thirstiest throats could desire. The conviviality was at its height, and numerous toasts had been given, among which the health of the traveller, the prosperity of the art which he cultivated, and of the land of poetry and song to which he was proceeding, had not been forgotten. Indeed, it was becoming difficult to find any thing to toast, but the thirst of the party was still unquenched, and apparently unquenchable.

Suddenly a young man started up, in dress and appearance the very model of a German student—in short frock coat and loose sacklike trousers, long curling hair hanging over his shoulders, pointed beard and mustache, and the scars of one or two sabre cuts on his handsome animated countenance.

"You want a toast, my friends!" cried he. "An excuse to drink, as though drinking needed an excuse when the wine is good. I will give you one, and a right worthy one too. Our noble selves here assembled; all, so many as we are!" And he glanced round the table, counting the number of the guests. "One, two, three, four—thirteen. We are Thirteen. *Es lebe die Dreizehn!*"

He raised his glass, in which the golden liquor flashed and sparkled, and set it down, drained to the last drop.

"*Thirteen!*" exclaimed a pale-faced, dark-eyed youth named Raphael, starting from his seat, and in his turn counting the company. "'Tis true. My friends, ill luck will attend us. We are Thirteen, seated at a round table."

There was evidently an unpleasant impression made upon the guests by this announcement. The toast-giver threw a scornful glance around him—

"What!" cried he, "are we believers in such nursery tales and old wives' superstitions? Pshaw! The charm shall soon be broken. Halls! Franz! Winebutt! Thieving inn-keeper! Rascally corkdrawer! where are you hidden? Come forth! Appear!"

Thus invoked, there toddled into the room the master of the tavern—a round-bellied, short-legged individual, whose rosy gills and Bacchus-like appearance proved his devotion to the jolly god whose high-priest he was.

"Sit down here!" cried the mad student, forcing him into a chair; "and now, Raphael and gentlemen all, be pleased to shorten your faces again, and drink your wine as if one with a three after it were an unknown combination of numerals."

The conversation now took a direction naturally given to it by what had just occurred, and the origin and causes of the popular prejudice against the number Thirteen were discussed.

"It cannot be denied that there is something mysterious in the connection and combination of numbers," observed a student in philosophy; "and Pythagoras was right enough when he sought the foundation of all human knowledge in the even and uneven. All over the world the idea of something complete and perfect is associated with even numbers, and of something imperfect and defective with uneven ones. The ancients, too, considered even numbers of good omen, and uneven ones as unpropitious."

"It is really a pity," cried the mad student, "that you philosophers should not be allowed to invert and re-arrange history in the manner you deem fitting. You would soon torture the crooked stream of time into a straight line. I should like to know from what authors you derive your very original ideas in favour of even numbers. As far as my reading goes, I find that number three was considered a sacred and a fortunate number by nearly all the sects of antiquity, not excepting the Pythagoreans. And the early Romans had such a respect for the uneven numbers, that they never allowed a flock of sheep to be of any number divisible by two."

The philosopher did not seem immediately prepared with a reply to this attack.

"You are all of you looking too far back for the origin of the curse that attends the number Thirteen," interposed Raphael. "Think only of the Lord's Supper, which is rather nearer to our time than Pythagoras and the Roman shepherds. It is since then that Thirteen has been a stigmatized and fatal number. Judas Iscariot was the Thirteenth at that sacred table, and believe me it is no childish superstition that makes men shun so unblest a number."

"Here is Solling, who has not given his opinion yet," cried another of the party, "and yet I am sure he has something to say on the subject. How now, Carl, what ails thee, man? Why so sad and silent?"

The painter who, at the commencement of the evening, had entered frankly and willingly into the joyous humour of his friends, had become totally changed since the commencement of this discussion on the number *Thirteen*. He sat silent and thoughtful in his chair, and left his glass untasted before him, while his thoughts were evidently occupied by some unpleasant subject. His companions pressed him for the cause of this change, and after for some time evading their questions, he at last confessed that the turn the conversation had taken had brought painful recollections to his mind.

"It is a matter I love not to speak about," said he; "but it is no secret, and least of all could I have any wish to conceal it from you, my good and kind friends. We have yet an hour

before the arrival of the mail, and if you are disposed to listen, I will relate to you the strange incidents, the recollection of which has saddened me."

The painter's offer was eagerly accepted; the young men drew their chairs round the table, and Solling commenced as follows:—

"I am a native of the small town of Geyer, in Saxony, of the tin mines of which place my father was inspector. I was the twelfth child of my parents and half an hour after I saw the light my mother gave birth to a Thirteenth, also a boy. Death, however, was busy in this numerous family. Several had died while yet infants, and there now survive only three besides myself, and perhaps my twin brother.

"The latter, who was christened Bernard, gave indications at a very early age of an eccentric and violent disposition. Precocious in growth and strength, wild as a young foal, headstrong and passionate, full of spiteful tricks and breakneck pranks, he was the terror of the family and the neighbours. In spite of his unamiable qualities, he was the pet of his father, who pardoned or laughed at all his mischief, and the consequence was, that he became an object of fear and hatred to his brothers and sisters. Our hatred, however, was unjust; for Bernard's heart was good, and he would have gone through fire and water for any of us. But he was rough and violent in whatever he did, and we dreaded the fits of affection he sometimes took for us, almost as much as his less amiable humours.

"As far back as I can remember, Bernard received not only from his brothers, but also from all our playfellows, the nickname of the Thirteenth, in allusion, of course, to his being my mother's thirteenth child. At first this offended him grievously, and many were the sound thrashings he inflicted in his endeavours to get rid of the obnoxious title. Finally he succeeded, but scarcely had he done so when, from some strange perversity of character, he adopted as an honourable distinction the very name he had taken such pains to suppress.

"We were playing one Sunday afternoon in the large court of our house; several of the neighbours' children were there, and it chanced that we were exactly twelve in number. We

had wooden swords, and were having a sort of tournament, from which, however, we had managed to exclude Bernard, who, in such games, was accustomed to hit rather too hard. Suddenly he bounded over a wall, and fell amongst us like a thunderbolt. He had painted his face in red and black stripes, and made himself a pair of wings out of an old leathern apron; and thus equipped and armed with the largest broomstick he had been able to find, he showered his blows around him, driving us right and left, and shouting out, 'Room, room for the mad Thirteenth!'

"Soon after this incident my father died. Bernard, who had been his favourite, was as violent in his grief as he had already shown himself to be in every thing else. He wept and screamed like a mad creature, tore his hair, bit his hands till they bled, and struck his head against the wall; raved and flew at every body who came near him, and was obliged to be shut up when his father's coffin was carried out of the house, or he would inevitably have done himself or somebody else a mischief.

"My mother had an unmarried brother in the town of Marienberg, a wealthy man, and who was Bernard's godfather. On learning my father's death he came to Geyer, and invited his sister and her children to go and take up their abode with him. But the worthy man little knew the plague he was receiving into his house in the person of his godson. Himself of a mild, quiet disposition, he was greatly scandalized by the wild pranks of his nephew, and made vain attempts to restrain him within some bounds; but by so doing he became the aversion of my brother, who showed his dislike in every possible way. He gave him nicknames, broke his china cups and saucers, by which the old gentleman set great store, splashed his white silk stockings with mud as he went to church, put the house clock an hour forward or back, and tormented his kind godfather in every way he could devise.

"Bernard had not forgotten his title of the Thirteenth; but it was probable he would soon have got tired of it, for it was not his custom to adhere long to any thing, had not my uncle, who was a little superstitious, strictly forbidden him to adopt it. This op-

position was all that was wanting to make my brother bring forward the unlucky number upon every possible occasion. When any body mentioned the number twelve before him, or called any thing the twelfth, Bernard would immediately cry out, 'And I am the Thirteenth!'

"No matter when it was, or before whom; time, place, and persons were to him alike indifferent. For instance, one Sunday in church, when the clergyman in the course of the service said, 'Let us sing a portion of such a psalm, beginning at the twelfth verse,' Bernard immediately screamed out, 'And I am the Thirteenth!'

"This was a grievous scandal to my uncle, and Bernard was called that evening before a tribunal, composed of his godfather, my mother, and the old clergyman whom he had so gracelessly interrupted, and who was also teacher of Latin and theology at the school to which Bernard and I went. But all their reproaches and remonstrances were lost upon my brother, who had evidently much difficulty to keep himself from laughing in their faces. My mother wept, my uncle paced the room in great perplexity, and the worthy old dominie clasped his hands together, and exclaimed, 'My child! I fear me, God's chastisement will be needed to amend you.' The event proved that he was right.

"It was on the Friday before Christmas-day, and we were assembled in school. The near approach of the holidays had made the boys somewhat turbulent, and the poor old dominie had had much to suffer during the whole day from their tricks and unruliness. My brother, of course, had contributed largely to the disorder, much to the delight of his bosom friend and companion, the only son of the master. This boy, whose name was Albert, was a blue-eyed, fair-haired lad, gentle as a girl. Bernard had conceived a violent friendship for him, and had taken him under his protection. Albert's father, as may be supposed, was little pleased at this intimacy, but yet, out of consideration for my uncle, he did not entirely forbid it; and the more so as he perceived that his son in no respect imitated his wild playmate, but contented himself with admiring him beyond all created beings, and repaying with the warmest

affection Bernard's watchful and jealous guardianship.

"On the afternoon in question, my brother surpassed himself in wayward conceits and mischievous tricks, to the infinite delight of Albert, who rocked with laughter at each new prank. The good dominie, who was indulgence itself, was instructing us in Bible history, and had to interrupt himself every moment to repress the unruliness of his pupils, and especially of Bernard.

"It seemed pre-ordained that the lesson should be an unlucky one. Every thing concurred to make it so. Our instructor had occasion to speak of the twelve tribes of Israel, of the twelve patriarchs, of the twelve gates of the holy city. Each of these served as a cue to my brother, who immediately shouted out, 'And I am the Thirteenth!' and each time Albert threw himself back shrieking with laughter, thus encouraging Bernard to give full scope to his mad humour. The poor dominie remonstrated, menaced, supplicated, but all in vain. I saw the blood rising into his pale face, and at last his bald head, in spite of the powder which sprinkled it, became red all over. He contained himself, however, and proceeded to the account of the Lord's Supper. He began, 'And when the hour was come, he sat down, and the twelve apostles with him.'

"'And I am the Thirteenth!' yelled Bernard.

"Scarcely were the words uttered, when a Bible flew across the school, the noise of a blow, and a cry of anguish followed, and the old man fell senseless to the ground. The heavy Bible, the corners of which were bound with silver, and that he had hurled in a moment of uncontrollable passion at my brother, had missed its mark, and struck his own son on the head. Albert lay bleeding on the floor, while Bernard hung over him like one beside himself, weeping, and kissing his wounds.

"The boys ran, one and all, out of the school-room, shrieking for assistance. Our cries soon brought the servants to the spot, who, on learning what had happened, hastened with us back to the school, and lifted up the old master, who was still lying on the ground near his desk. He had been struck with apoplexy, and survived

but a few hours. Albert was wounded in two places, one of the sharp corners of the Bible having cut open his forehead, while another had injured his left eye. After much suffering he recovered, but the sight of the eye was gone.

"Bernard, however, had disappeared. When we re-entered the school-room, a window which looked into the playground was open, and there were marks of footsteps on the snow without. A short distance further were traces of blood, where the fugitive had apparently washed his face and hands in the snow. We have never seen him since that day."

The painter paused, and his friends remained some moments silent, musing on the tragical history they had heard.

"And do you know nothing whatever of your brother's fate?" enquired Raphael at last.

"Next to nothing. My uncle caused enquiries to be made in every direction, but without success. Once only a neighbour at Marienberg, who had been travelling on the Bohemian frontier, told us that he had met at a village inn a wandering clarinet-player, who bore so strong a resemblance to my brother that he accosted him by his name. The musician seemed confused, and muttering some unintelligible reply, left the house in haste. What renders it probable that this was Bernard is, that he had a great natural talent for music, and at the time he left home, had already attained considerable proficiency on the clarinet."

"How old was your brother when he so strangely disappeared?" asked one of the party.

"Fifteen, but he looked at least two years older, for he was stout and manly in person beyond his age."

At this moment the rattling of wheels, and sound of a postilion's horn, was heard. The Halle mail drove up to the door, the guard bawling out for his passenger. The young painter took a hasty leave of his friends, and sprang into the vehicle, which the next instant disappeared in the darkness.

There was an overplus of travellers by the mail that night, and the carriage in which Solling had got, was not the mail itself, but a *calèche*, holding four persons, which was used as a

sort of supplement, and followed close to the other carriage. Two of the places were occupied by a Jew horse-dealer and a sergeant of hussars, who were engaged in an animated, and to them most interesting conversation, on the subject of horse-flesh, to which the painter paid little attention; but leaning back in his corner, remained absorbed in the painful reflections which the incidents he had been narrating had called up in his mind. In spite of his brother's eccentricities, he was truly attached to him; and although eight years had elapsed since his disappearance, he had not yet given up hopes of finding him, if still alive. The enquiries that he and his uncle had unceasingly made after their lost relative, had put them, about three years previous to this time, upon the trace of a clarinet-player who had been seen at Venice and Trieste, and went by the name of Voltojo. This might have been a name adopted by Bernard, as being nearly the Italian equivalent of Geyer, or hawk, the name of his native town; and Solling was not without a faint hope, that in the course of his journey to Rome he might obtain some tidings of his brother.

He was roused from his reverie by the postilion shouting out to the guard of the mail, which was just before them on the road, to know when they were to take up the passenger who was to occupy the remaining seat in the calèche.

"Where will the Thirteenth meet us?" asked the man.

"At the inn at Schoneber," replied the guard.

The Thirteenth! The word made the painter's blood run cold. The horse-dealer and the sergeant, who had begun to doze in their respective corners, were also disturbed by the ill-omened sound.

"The Thirteenth! The Thirteenth!" muttered the Jew in his beard, still half asleep. "God forbid! Let's have no thirteenth!"

A company of travelling comedians, who occupied the mail, took up the word. "The Thirteenth is coming," said one.

"Somebody will die," cried another.

"Or we shall be upset and break our necks," exclaimed a third.

"No Thirteenth!" cried they all in

chorus. Drive on! drive on! he sha'n't get in!"

This was addressed to the postilion, who just then pulled up at the door of a village inn, and giving a blast with his horn, shouted loudly for his remaining passenger to appear.

The door of the public-house opened, and a tall figure, with a small knapsack on his shoulder and a knotty stick in his hand, stepped out and approached the mail. But when he heard the cries of the comedians, who were still protesting against the admission of a Thirteenth traveller, he started suddenly back, swinging his cudgel in the air.

"To the devil with you all, vagabonds that ye are!" vociferated he. "Drive on, postilion, with your cage of monkeys. I shall walk."

At the sound of the stranger's voice, Solling sprang up in the carriage and seized the handle of the door. But as he did so, a strong arm grasped him by the collar, and pulled him back into his seat. At the same moment the carriage drove on.

"The man is drunk," said the sergeant, who had misinterpreted his fellow-passenger's intentions. "It is not worth while dirtying your hands, and perhaps getting an ugly blow, in a scuffle with such a fellow."

"Stop, postilion, stop!" shouted Solling. But the postilion either did not or would not hear, and some time elapsed before the painter could persuade his well-meaning companion of his peaceable intentions. At length he did so, and the carriage, which had meanwhile been going at full speed, was stopped.

"You will leave my luggage at the first post-house," said Solling, jumping out and beginning to retrace his steps to the village, which they had now left some distance behind them.

The night was pitch-dark, so dark that the painter was compelled to feel his way, and guide himself by the line of trees that bordered the road. He reached the village without meeting a living creature, and strode down the narrow street amid the baying of the dogs, disturbed by his footfall at that silent hour of the night. The inn door was shut, but there was a light glimmering in one of the casements. He knocked several times without any body answering. At length a woman's head was put out of an upper window.

"Go your ways," cried a shrill voice, "and don't come disturbing honest folk at this time o' night. Do you think we have nought to do but to open the door for such raff as you? Be off with you, you vagabond, and blow your clarinet elsewhere."

"You are mistaken, madam," said Solling; "I am no vagabond, but a passenger by the Halle mail, and"—

"What brings you here, then?" interrupted the virago; "the Halle mail is far enough off by this."

"My good madam," replied the painter in his softest tone, "for God's sake tell me who and where is the person who was waiting for the mail at your hotel."

"Ha! ha!" laughed the hostess, considerably mollified by the *madam* and the *hotel*. "The mad Italian musician, the clarinet fellow? Why, I took you for him at first, and wondered what brought him back, for he started as soon as the mail left the door. He'd have done better to have got into it, with a dark night and a long road before him. Ha! ha! He's mad, to be sure."

"His name! His name!" cried Solling, impatiently.

"His name? How can I recollect his outlandish name? Fol—Vol——"

"Voltojo!" cried the painter.

"Voltojo! yes, that's it. Ha! ha! What a name!"

"It is he!" cried Solling, and without another word dashed off full speed along the road he had just come. He kept in the middle of the causeway, straining his eyes to see into the darkness on either side of him, and wondering how it was he had not met the object of his search as he came to the village. He ran on, occasionally taking trees and fingerposts for men, and cursing his ill luck when he saw his mistake. The sweat poured down his face in streams, and his knees began to knock together with fatigue. Suddenly he struck his foot against a stone lying in the road, and fell, cutting his forehead severely upon some pebbles. The sharp pain drew a cry from him, and a man who had been lying on the grass at the roadside, sprang up and hastened to his assistance. At that moment a flash of summer lightning lit up the road.

"Bernard! Bernard!" cried the painter, throwing his arms round

the stranger's neck. It was his brother.

Bernard started back with a cry of horror.

"Albert!" he exclaimed in a hollow voice, "Cannot your spirit rest? Do you rise from the grave to persecute me?"

"In God's name, my dear brother, what mean you? I am Carl—Carl, your twin brother."

"Carl? No! Albert! I see that horrid wound on your brow. It still bleeds!"

The painter grasped his brother's hand.

"I am flesh and blood," said he, "and no spirit. Albert still lives."

"He lives!" exclaimed Bernard, and clasped his brother in his arms.

Explanations followed, and the brothers took the road to Berlin. When the painter had replied to Bernard's questions concerning their family, he in his turn begged his brother to relate his adventures since they parted, and above all to give his reasons for remaining so long severed from his friends and home.

"Although I fully believed Albert killed by the blow he received," replied Bernard, "it was no fear of punishment for my indirect share in his death, that induced me to fly. But when I saw the father senseless on the ground, and the son expiring before my eyes, I felt as if I was accursed, as if the brand of Cain were on my brow, and that it was my fate to roam through the world an isolated and wretched being. When you all ran out of the school to fetch assistance, it seemed to me as though each chair and bench and table in the room received the power of speech, and yelled and bellowed in my ears the fatal number which has been the cause of all my misfortunes—'Thirteen! Thirteen! Thou art the Thirteenth, the Accursed One!'

"I fled, and since that day no rest or peace has been mine. Like my shadow has this unholy number clung to me. Wherever I went, in all the many lands I have wandered through, I carried with me the curse of my birth. At every turn it met me, aggravating my numerous hardships, embittering my rare moments of joy. If I entered a room where a cheerful party was assembled, all rose and shrunk from me as from one plague-tainted. They were twelve

—I was the Thirteenth. If I sat down at a dinner-table, my neighbour left his chair, and the others would say, 'He fears to sit by you. You are the Thirteenth.' If I slept at an inn—there were sure to be twelve persons sleeping there; my bed was the Thirteenth, or my room would be number Thirteen, and I was told that the former landlord had shot or hung himself in it.

"At length I left Germany, in the vain hope that the spell would not extend beyond the land of my birth. I took ship at Trieste for Venice. Scarcely were we out of port when a violent storm arose, and we were driven rapidly towards a rocky and dangerous coast. The steersman counted the seamen and passengers, and crossed himself. We were *thirteen*.

"Lots were drawn who should be sacrificed for the salvation of the others. I drew number thirteen, and they put me ashore on a barren rock, where I passed a day and night half dead with cold and drenched with sea water. At length an Illyrian fisherman espied me, and took me off in his boat.

"It is unnecessary to relate to you in detail my wanderings during the last eight years, or if I do, it shall be at some future time. My clarinet enables me to live in the humble manner I have always done. You remember, probably, that I had some skill in it, which I have since much improved. When travelling, my music was generally taken as payment for my bed and supper at the petty hostleries at which I put up; and when I came to a large town, I remained a few days, and usually gained more than my expenses.

"About a year since, I made some stay at Copenhagen, and at last, getting wearied of that city, I put myself on board a ship, without enquiring whither it was bound. It took me to Stralsund.

"The day of my arrival, there was a shooting-match in the suburb beyond the Knieper, and I hastened thither with my clarinet. It was a sort of fair, and I wandered from one booth to the other, playing the joyous mountain melodies which I had not once played since my departure from Marienberg. God knows what brought them into my head again; but it did my heart good to play them, and a feeling came over me, that I should

like once more to have a home, and to leave the weary rambling life I had so long led.

"I had great success that day, and the people thronged to hear the wandering Italian musician. Many were the jugs of beer and glasses of wine offered to me, and my plate was soon full of shillings. As I left off playing, an old greyheaded man pressed through the crowd, and gazed earnestly at me. His eyes filled with tears, and he was evidently much moved.

"'What a likeness!' he exclaimed. 'He is the very picture of my Amadeus. I could fancy he had risen out of the sea. The same features, the same voice and manner.'

"He came up to me and took my hand. 'If you do not fear a high staircase,' said he with a kindly smile, 'come and visit me. I live on the tower of St Nicholas's Church. Your clarinet will sound well in the free fresh air, and you will find those there who will gladly listen.' So saying, he left me.

"The old man's name was Elias Kranhelm, better known in Stralsund as the old Swede; he was the town musician, and had the care of the bells of St Nicholas. The next day was Sunday, and I hastened to visit him. His kind manner had touched me, unaccustomed as I was to kindness or sympathy from the strangers amongst whom I always lived. When I was halfway up the stairs leading to the tower, the organ began to play below me, and I recognised a psalm tune which we used often to sing for our old schoolmaster at Marienberg. I stopped a moment to listen, and thoughts of rest and home again came over me.

"I was met at the tower door by old Kranhelm, in his Sunday suit of black; large silver buckles at his knees and shoes, and a round black velvet cap over his long white hair. His clear grey eyes smiled so kindly upon me, his voice was so mild, and his greeting so cordial, that I thought I had never seen a more pleasing old man. He welcomed me as though I had been an old friend, and without further preface, asked me if I should like to become his substitute, and perform the duties for which his great age had begun to unfit him. His only son, on whom he had reek-

oned to take his place, had left him some time previously, to become a sailor on board a Norwegian ship, and had been drowned in his very first voyage. It was my extraordinary likeness to this son that had made him notice me; and the good, simple-hearted old man seemed to think that resemblance a sufficient guarantee against any risk in admitting a perfect stranger into his house and intimacy.

"My post is a profitable one," said he; "and, in consideration of my long services, the worshipful burgomaster has given me leave to seek an assistant, now that I am getting too old for my office. Consider then, my son, if the offer suits you. You please me, and I mean you well. But here comes my Elizabeth, who will soon learn to like you if you are a good lad."

"As he spoke, a young girl entered the room, with a psalm-book in her hand, and attired in an old-fashioned dress, which was not able, however, to conceal the elegance of her figure, and the charms of her blooming countenance.

"How think you, Elizabeth?" said her father. "Is he not as like our poor Amadeus as one egg is to another?"

"I do not see the likeness, my dear father," replied Elizabeth, looking timidly at me, and then casting down her eyes, and blushing.

"I accepted the old man's offer with joy, and took up my dwelling in the other turret of the church tower. My occupation was to keep the clock wound up, to play the evening hymn on the balcony of the tower, and to strike the hours upon the great bell with a heavy hammer.

"I soon felt the good effect of repose, and of the happy, tranquil life I now led; my spirits improved, and I began to forget the curse which hung over me—to forget, in short, that I was the unlucky Thirteenth. Old Kranhelm's liking for me increased rapidly, and, in less than three months, I was Elizabeth's accepted lover. Time flew on; the wedding-day was fixed, and the bridal-chamber prepared.

"It was on Friday evening, exactly eight days ago, that I went out with Elizabeth, and walked down to the port to look at a large Swedish ship that had just arrived. The passen-

gers were landing, and one amongst them immediately attracted our attention.

"This was a tall, lean, raw-boned woman, apparently about forty years of age, who held in her hand a long, smooth staff, which she waved about her, nodding her head, and muttering, as she went, in some strange, unintelligible dialect. Her dress consisted of a huge black fur cloak, and a cape of the same colour fringed with red. Her whole manner and appearance were so strange, that a crowd assembled round her as soon as she set foot on shore.

"Hullo! comrade," cried one of the sailors of the vessel that had brought her, to a boatman who was passing. "Hullo! comrade, do you want a job? Here's a witch to take to Hiddensee."

"We asked the sailor what he meant; and he told us that this strange woman was a Lapland witch, who every year, in the dog-days, made a journey to the island of Hiddensee, to gather an herb which only grew there, and was essential in her incantations.

"Meantime, the witch was calling for a boat, but no one understood her language, or else they did not choose to come. My unfortunate propensity to all that is supernatural or fantastic impelled me, with irresistible force, towards her. In vain Elizabeth held me back. I pushed my way through the crowd, until we found ourselves close to the Lapland woman, who measured us from head to foot with her bright and glittering eyes. Slipping a florin into her hand, I gave her to understand, as well as I could, that we wished to have our fortunes told. She took my hand, and, after examining it, made a sign that she either could or would tell me nothing. She then took the hand of Elizabeth, who hung upon my arm, trembling like an aspen leaf, and gazing intently upon it, muttered a few words in broken Swedish. I did not understand them, but Elizabeth did, and, starting back, drew me hastily out of the crowd.

"What did she say?" enquired I, as soon as we were clear of the throng.

"Elizabeth seemed much agitated, and had evidently to make a strong effort before she could reply.

"Nothing," answered she, at last; "nothing, at least, worth repeating."

And yet 'tis strange; it tallies exactly with a prediction made to my mother when I was an infant, that I should one day be in peril from the number Thirteen. This strange woman cautioned me against the same number, and bade me beware of you, for that you were the Thirteenth!

"Had the earth opened under my feet, or the lightning from heaven fallen on my head, I could not have felt a greater shock than was communicated to me by these words. I know not what I said in reply, or how I got home. Elizabeth, doubtless, observed my agitation, but she made no remark on it. I felt her arm tremble upon mine as we walked along, and by a furtive glance at her face saw that she was pale as death. Not a word passed between us during our walk back to the tower, on reaching which she shut herself up in her room. I pleaded a severe headach and wish to lie down; and, begging the old man to strike the hours for me, retired to my chamber.

"It would be impossible to give an idea of the agony of mind I suffered during that evening. I thought at times I was going mad, and there were moments when I felt disposed to put an end to my existence by a leap from the tower window. Again, then, this curse that hung over me was in full force. Again had that fatal number raised itself before me like an iron wall, interposed between me and all earthly happiness. Wearied out at length by the storm within me, I fell asleep.

"As may be supposed, I was followed in my troubled slumbers by the recollection of my misery. Each hour that struck awoke me out of the most hideous dreams to a scarce less hideous reality. When midnight came, and the hammer clanged upon the great bell, a strange fancy took possession of my mind that it would this night strike Thirteen, and that at the thirteenth stroke the clock, the tower, the city, and the whole world, would crumble into atoms. Again I fell asleep and dreamt. I thought that my head was changed into a mighty bronze bell, and that I hung in the tower and heard the clock beside me strike Thirteen. Then came the old schoolmaster, who yet, at the same time, had the features of Elizabeth's father; and, as he drew near me, I saw that the hammer he held in his

hand was no hammer, but a large silver-bound Bible. In my despair I made frightful efforts to cry out and to tell him that I was no bell, but a man, and that he should not strike me; but my voice refused its service and my tongue clove to my palate. The greyhaired old man came up to me, and struck thirteen times on my forehead, till my brains gushed out at my eyes.

"By daybreak the next morning I was two leagues from Stralsund, having left a few hurried ill-written lines in my room, pleading I know not what urgent family affairs, and a dislike to leave-taking, as excuses for my sudden departure. Over field and meadow, through rivers and forests, on I went, as though hell were at my heels, flying from my destiny. But the further I got from Stralsund the more did I regret all I left there—my beautiful and affectionate mistress, her kind-hearted father, the peaceful happy life I led on the top of the old tower. The vow I had made to fly from the haunts of men, and seek in some desert the repose which my evil fate denied me among my fellows, that vow became daily more difficult to keep. And yet I went on, dreading to depart from my determination, lest I should encounter some of those bitter deceptions and cruel disappointments that had hitherto been my lot in life. Shame, too, at the manner in which I had left the tower, withheld me, or else I think I should already be on my road back to Stralsund. But now I have met you, brother, and that my mind is relieved by the knowledge that I have not, even indirectly, Albert's death to reproach myself with, I must hasten to my Elizabeth to relieve her anxiety, and dry the tears which I am well assured each moment of my absence causes her to shed. Come with me, dearest Carl, and you shall see her, my beautiful Elizabeth, and her good old father, and the tower and the bell. Ho! the bell, the jolly old bell!"

The painter looked kindly but anxiously in his brother's face. There was a mildness in his manner that startled him, accustomed as he had been to his eccentricities when a boy.

"You are tired, brother," said he. "You need repose after the emotions and fatigues of the last week. I, too, shall not be sorry to sleep. Let us to bed for a few hours, and then we will

have post-horses and be off to Stralsund."

"I have no need of rest," replied Bernard, "and each moment seems to me an eternity till I can again clasp my Elizabeth to my heart. Let us delay, then, as little as may be."

As he spoke they entered the gates of Berlin. The sun was risen, and the hotels and taverns were beginning to open their doors. Seeing Bernard's anxiety to depart, the painter abandoned his intention of taking some repose, and after a hasty breakfast, a post-chaise was brought to the door, and the brothers stepping in, were whirled off on their road northwards.

The sun was about to set when the travellers came in sight of the spires of Stralsund, among which the church of St Nicholas reared its double-headed tower. Bernard had enlivened the journey by his wild sallies, and merry but extravagant humour. Now, however, that the goal was almost reached, he became silent and anxious. The hours appeared to go too slowly for him, and his restlessness was extreme.

"Faster! postilion," cried Carl, observing his brother's impatience. "Faster! You shall be paid double."

The man flogged his horses till they flew rather than galloped over the broad level road. Suddenly, however, a strap broke, and the postilion got off his seat to tie it up. Through the stillness of the evening, no longer broken by the rattle of the wheels and clatter of the horses' feet, a clock was heard striking the hour. Another repeated it, and a third, of deeper tone than the two preceding ones, took up the chime. Bernard started to his feet, and leaned so far out of the carriage that his brother seized hold of him, expecting him to lose his balance and fall out.

"It is she!" exclaimed Bernard. "'Tis the bell of St Nicholas. Listen, Carl—my Elizabeth calls me. She strikes the bell. I come, dearest, I come!"

And with these words he sprang out of the carriage, and set off at full speed towards the town, leaving his brother thunderstruck at his mad impatience and vehemence.

Running at the top of his speed, Bernard soon reached the city gate, and proceeded rapidly through the

streets in the direction of St Nicholas's church. It seemed to him as though he had been absent for years instead of a few days, and he felt quite surprised at finding no change in the city since his departure. All was as he had left it; all conspired to lull him into security. An old fruitwoman, of whom he had bought cherries the very day of his last walk with Elizabeth, was in her usual place, and, as he passed, extolled the beauty of her fruit, and asked him to buy. A large rose-tree, at the door of a silversmith's shop, which Elizabeth had often admired, was still in full bloom; through the window of a house in the market-place, he saw a young girl, Elizabeth's dearest friend, dressing her hair at a looking-glass; and as he passed the churchyard, the old dumb sexton, who appeared to be hunting about for a place for a grave, nodded his head in mute recognition.

Bernard opened the tower door, and darted up the staircase. He was not far from the top when he heard the voices of two men above him. They were resting on one of the landing-places of the ladderlike stairs.

"It is a singular case, doctor," said one; "a strange and incomprehensible case. It is evidently a disease more of the mind than the body."

"Yes," replied the other, by his voice apparently an old man. "If we could only get a clue to the cause, any thing to go upon, something might be done, but at present it is a perfect riddle."

Bernard heard no more, for the men continued their ascent.

"The old father must be ill," said he to himself; but as he said it a feeling of dread and anxiety, a presentiment of evil, came over him, and he stood for a few moments unable to proceed. The door at the top of the stairs was now opened, and shut with evident care to avoid noise. "The old man must be very ill," said Bernard, as if trying to persuade himself of it. He reached the door, and his hand shook as he laid it upon the latch. At length he lifted it, and entered the room. It was empty; but, just then, the door of Elizabeth's chamber opened, and old Kranhelm stepped out. On beholding Bernard, he started back as though he had seen a ghost. He said a word or two in a low voice to somebody in the inner room, and then shutting the door,

bolted it, and placed his back against it, as if to prevent Bernard from going in.

"Begone!" cried he in a tremulous voice; "in the name of God, begone! thou evil spirit of my house;" and he stretched out his arms towards Bernard as though to prohibit his approach. No longer master of himself, the young man sprang towards him, and, grasping his arm, thundered in his ear the question—

"Where is my Elizabeth?"

The words rang through the old tower, and the confused murmuring of voices in the inner room was heard. Bernard listened, and thought he distinguished the voice of Elizabeth repeating, in tones of agony, the fatal number.

One of the physicians knocked, and begged to be let out. The old tower-keeper opened the door cautiously, and, when the doctor had passed through, carefully shut and barred it. But during the moment that it had remained open, Bernard heard too plainly what his ears had at first been unwilling to believe.

"Is that the man?" demanded the physician hastily. "In God's name, be silent. You will kill the patient. She recognized your voice, and fell immediately into the most fearful paroxysm. She has got back again to the infernal number with which her delirium began, and she shrieks it out perpetually. It is a frightful relapse. Begone! young man; yet stay—I will go with you. You can, doubtless, give us a key to this mystery."

The old physician took Bernard's arm to lead him away; but at that very moment there was a shrill scream from the next room, and Elizabeth's voice was heard calling upon Bernard by name. The unfortunate young man could not restrain himself. Shaking off the grasp of the physician, he pushed old Kranhelm aside, tore back the bolts, and flung open the door. There lay Elizabeth on her deathbed, her arms stretched out towards him, her mild countenance ashy pale and frightfully distorted, her soft blue eyes straining from their orbits. She made a violent effort to speak, but death was too near at hand; the sound died away upon her lips, and her uplifted arms dropped powerless upon the bed; her head fell back—a convulsive shudder came over her; she was dead.

Her unhappy lover fell senseless to the ground.

When Bernard awoke out of a long and deathlike swoon, it was night, and all around him was still and dark. He was lying on the stone floor outside Kranhelm's dwelling. The physicians had removed him thither; and, being occupied with the old tower-keeper and his daughter, they had thought no more about him. On first recovering sensation, he had but an indistinct idea of where he was, or what had happened. By degrees his senses returned to a certain extent—he knew that something horrible had occurred, but without remembering exactly what it was.

He felt about him, and touched a railing. It was the balustrade round the open turret where hung the great bell. He was lying under the bell itself, and, as he gazed up into its brazen throat, the recollection of the frightful dream which had persecuted him the night before his flight from Stralsund came vividly to his mind; he appeared to himself to be still dreaming, and yet his visions were mixed up with the realities of his everyday occupations.

He had just stepped out, he thought, to strike the hour on the bell, and rising with some difficulty from the hard couch which had stiffened his limbs, he sought about for the hammer. He made no effort to shake off the sort of dreaming semi-consciousness which seemed to prevent him from feeling the horror and anguish of reality.

"Thirteen strokes," thought he; "thirteen strokes, and at the Thirteenth the tower will fall, the city crumble to dust, the world be at an end." Such had been his dream, and the moment of its accomplishment was come.

He found the hammer, and struck with all his force upon the bell. He repeated the blow; twelve times he struck, and each stroke rang with deafening violence through his brain; but at the Thirteenth, as he raised his arms high above his head, and leaning back against the railing, threw his whole strength and energy into the blow, the frail balustrade gave way under his weight, and he fell headlong from the tower. The last stroke tolled out, sad and hollow as a funereal knell, and the sound mingled with the death-cry of the luckless Thirteenth!

REMINISCENCES OF SYRIA.

GALLOPING, gossiping, flirting and fighting, feasting and starving, but always in high spirits and the best possible humour, Colonel Napier might answer an advertisement for "A Pleasant Companion in a Post-chaise," without the slightest chance of rejection. But it is difficult to imagine so dashing a traveller, boxed up in a civilized conveyance, rolling quietly along a macadamized road, with a diversity of milestones and an occasional turnpike gate, the only incidents by the way—no wild Maronite glimpsing at him over the hedge; no black-eyed houri peeping over the balustrades of the caravanserai, (called by vulgar men the Bricklayers' Arms)—no Saïces to help John Hostler to change horses; but dullness, uniformity, and most tiresome and unromantic safety. England, we are sorry to confess it, is not the land of stirring adventures or hair-breadth 'scapes—a railway coach occasionally blows up; a blind leader occasionally bolts into a ditch; a wheel comes occasionally into dangerous collision with one of Pickford's vans; but these are the utmost that can be hoped for in the way of peril, and other excitement there is positively none. We have treated life as the mathematician did *Paradise Lost*—we have struck out all its similes—obliterated its flights—expunged its glorious visions—we have made it prose. But fortunately for us—for Colonel Napier—for the reading public—there is a land where mathematicians are unknown, and where poetry continues to flourish in the full vigour of cimeters and turbans—the region of the sun—

"The first of Eastern lands he shines upon."

It was in this very beautiful, but rather overdone portion of earth's surface, that the adventures occurred of which we are now to give some account; and as probably most of our readers have heard the name of Syria pretty often of late, we need not display much geographical erudition in pointing out where it lies. It would be pleasant to us if we could atone for

brevity in this respect, by illuminating the reader on the causes that have brought Syria so prominently forward; but on this point we confess, with shame and confusion of face, that we know no more than Lord Ponsonby or M. Thiers. The truth seems to be, that some time, about two or three years ago, five or six people in influential stations went mad, and our Secretary for Foreign Affairs took the infection. He showed his teeth and raised his "birse," and barked in a most audacious manner, till the French kennel answered the challenge; an old dog in Egypt cocked his tail at the same time, and the world began to be afraid that hydrophobia would be universal. All parties were delighted to let the rival yelpers fight it out on so distant a field as Syria; and in that country of heat and dryness, of poverty, anarchy, cruelty, and superstition, there was a skirmish that kept all Christendom on the tenter-hooks for half-a-year; and this we believe to be the policy of the Syrian campaign. Better for all parties concerned, that a few thousand turbaned and malignant Turks or Egyptians should bite the dust, than that there should be another Austerlitz or Waterloo. So the signal was accordingly given, and the work began.

Wherever there is any fighting it is not to be doubted that the English hurra will be heard—and an apparition had been seen in the smoke of battle, which had sorely puzzled the wisest of the soothsayers of Egypt to explain. It was of a being apparently human, but dressed as if to represent Mars and Neptune at the same time, charging along the tops of houses, with the jolly cocked-hat of a captain of a British man-of-war on the point of his sword, and a variety of exclamations in his mouth, more complimentary to the enemy's speed than his courage. The muftis, we have said, were sorely puzzled, and at last set it down as an infallible truth that he must be none other than Old Harry, whereas there was not a sailor in the fleet that did not know that it was none other than Old Charley. And

this identical Old Charley, in a style of communication almost as rapid as his military evolutions, had indited the following epistle to the author of the volumes before us:—

“Headquarters of the Army of Lebanon.—Djouni, Sept. 1840.

“My dear Edward—I have hoisted my broad pendant on Mount Lebanon, and mean to advance against the Egyptians with a considerable force under my command; you may be of use here; therefore go to Sir John McDonald, and ask him to get leave for you to join me without delay.

“Your affectionate father,
“CHARLES NAPIER.”

And the dutiful son, who seems to have no inconsiderable portion of the paternal penchant for broken heads and other similar divertisements, in three weeks from the receipt of the letter found himself on board the *Hydra*, and rapidly approaching the classic shores of Sidon, Tyre, Ptolemais; the scenes of scriptural records and deeds of chivalry—Palestine—the Holy Land. But the broad pendant in the mean time had been pulled down on Mount Lebanon, and once more fluttered to the sea breezes on board the *Powerful*. Sir Charles Smith had assumed the command of the land forces, and whether from ill-humour at finding half the work done during his absence by the amphibious commodore, or from some other cause, his reception of the author was, at first, far from cordial. Instead of being useful, as he had hoped, he found the sturdy old general blind to the value of his accession; and when the *Powerful* sailed he found himself without quarters appointed him, or even an invitation to join the officers' mess. But with the usual good-luck of people who bear disappointments well, all turned out for the best, as will be seen by the following extract:

“I had, on board the *Powerful*, a few days before, formed the acquaintance of a young Syrian of the name of Assaade el Khyat, who, brought up at one of our universities, was at heart a true Englishman, spoke fluently our own and several other European and Eastern languages, and whom I found, on the whole, a sensible, well-informed young man, and a most agreeable companion. As I was sitting alone, after a solitary dinner, (in the miserable hotel at Beyrout,) musing in a brown study over a bottle of red Cyprus wine, my new acquaintance was ushered

into the apartment; I made no secret to him of my extremely uncomfortable position, when he, with great kindness and liberality, overcoming the usual prejudices of his country, offered me an asylum in his own family, which offer I most gladly accepted, and was accordingly the next morning comfortably installed in my new quarters, whereof I will endeavour to give the reader a slight description.

“The house of which I had just so unexpectedly become an inmate, was situated in one of the most retired and out of the way parts of the town, (and it was not before considerable time had elapsed, and then with difficulty, that I became acquainted with the labyrinth of narrow lanes, alleys, and dark passages which it was requisite to thread in order to arrive at this desired haven,) the property of a young man of the name of Giorgio Habbit Jummal—brother-in-law of my friend Assaade, to whom one of his sisters was married, and whom, as he spoke Italian with fluency and ease, I at once engaged as my dragoman or interpreter.

“By a strange coincidence, I, under the roof of Giorgio, for the first time became acquainted with Mr Hunter, the author of the *Expedition to Syria*, who, placed in similar circumstances with myself, was likewise an inmate of the same house, and of whom, as we were subsequently much known together during our residence in this country, I shall after have occasion to mention: at present I will take the liberty of borrowing from his amusing narrative the following account of the inmates of our new domicile. ‘We lived in the house of a respectable Syrian family, that of Habbit Jummal, or interpreted, the esteemed camel-driver. Our landlord, Giorgius, the head of this family, was a young man hardly out of his teens; and having some competency, and being moreover *un beau garçon*, did not follow either his ancestral, or any other avocation. The harem, or woman's portion of the house, was composed of his mother, a fair widow of forty, and her two daughters, both Eastern beauties of their kind, Sarah and Nasarah, (meaning Victory or Victoria;) the first, a laughing black-eyed houri, with mischief in every dimple in her pretty face; the other, a more portly damsel, of a melancholy but not less pleasing expression. There were besides these, three younger children with equally poetic names, (Nassif, Iskunder, and Furkha,) and included in the *coterie* was a good-humoured negress, the general handmaid, whose original cognomen of Saade, was lost in the apposite soubriquet of Snowball.’ —Although the greater part of the inha-

bitants of Beyrout are Christians, generally speaking, of the Greek Church, to which persuasion likewise belonged the family of our host Giorgio; still in this land of bigotry and oppression—to such an extent is carried suspicion and jealousy, and so far have Mahommedan prejudices in this respect been adopted, that all the women (those of the peasantry alone excepted) lead nearly as secluded a life as the Osmanli ladies of Constantinople or Smyrna. On venturing abroad, which they seldom do, unless when the knessi or humaum (church or bath) are the limits of their excursions, they are so closely shrouded in the izar, or long white garment, which, coming over the head and hiding the face, falls in numerous folds to the ground, as to be scarcely recognizable by their nearest friends or relations. To allow, therefore, two unknown and friendless strangers to become familiar inmates of an Eastern family, exposing wives, daughters, and sisters, to their unhallowed gaze, was a favour and mark of confidence on the part of Assaade which we duly appreciated, nor ever abused; it was, however, a privilege to which no other stranger in the place was admitted, and affording, as it did, such opportunities of acquiring the Arabic language, I eagerly embraced it without any feeling of regret at the inhospitality to which I was originally indebted for my admission behind the scenes of Oriental life.

“The bare, gloomy, and massive stone walls of the exterior of our habitation, had not prepared us for the comforts we found inside; and as for the first time we followed Giorgio and his brother-in-law up the rude and narrow stone staircase, which appeared to be scarped out of the very thickness of the wall—an open sesame from the former causing a strong iron studded door to fly back on its hinges, disclosed a handsome patio or court paved with black and white marble, along the sides of which were luxuriantly growing, and imparting a cooling freshness to the scene, the perfumed orange-tree, bearing at the same time both fruit and blossoms, and flanked by green myrtles and flowering geraniums; whilst an apartment opening on this garden terrace, and which appeared from the carpets and cushions scattered around the still smoking narghills, (or water-pipe, in which is smoked the tumbic or Persian tobacco,) and other sundry traces of female industry, to be appropriated as the common sitting-room of the family, was on our entrance precipitately deserted by all its occupants, save one fine-looking matronly lady, whom Giorgio introduced as his mother; and while she was welcoming us with many

‘Faddalls,’ and politely repeating, *Anna mugsond shoufuk*, (be seated, I am delighted to see you,) with innumerable other euphonious phrases, as we afterwards found high-flown Eastern compliments, but which at the time were sadly wasted on our Frankish ignorance, he, following the fair fugitives, soon brought back in each hand the blushing deserters, who have already been introduced to the reader as Mesdemoiselles Sarah and Nasarah. Pipes, narghills, sherbet, and coffee followed in quick succession; the young negress, Saade, acting as Hebe on the occasion; and the ladies, at first timid as gazelles of the desert, soon, like those pretty creatures when reclaimed from the wilderness, became quite domesticated, acquired confidence, and freely joined in the conversation, which was with volubility carried on through the medium of Giorgio and Assaade; and ere an hour had elapsed, we were all on the friendly and easy footing of old acquaintances; when, taking leave for the time, we hastened to make the necessary arrangements for the conveyance of our goods and chattels to the capital billets we had had the good fortune to stumble on.”

The colonel made good use of his opportunity, and, by a diligent perusal of Miss Sarah's eyes, and an attentive study of Miss Nasarah's dimple, managed to acquire a smattering of Arabic in a far shorter time than would have been required in the most assiduous turning over of dictionaries and grammars. But our school-boy days can't last for ever—and, ere a fortnight elapsed, an order arrived from England for the hopeful scholar to be placed on the returns of the Syrian army, and to draw his field allowance, rations, and forage, as assistant adjutant-general of the British force. Dictionaries and eyes, grammars and dimples, were now exchanged for less pleasing pursuits. Fifteen thousand troops were by this time assembled at Beyrout, and rumour kept perpetually blowing the charge against Ibrahim Pasha, who was still encamped at Zachli, with an army much superior to that of the allies. Booted and spurred—with a long sword, saddle, bridle, and all the other paraphernalia so captivating to an ancient fair, as recorded in one of the lays of Old England by some forgotten Macaulay of former times—the colonel is intent on some doughty deed, and already in imagination sees captive Egyptians following his trium-

phal car. When all of a sudden, the sad news gets spread abroad that the old commodore has concluded a convention with Mehemet Ali, and that all the pomp and circumstance of glorious war is at an end. One only chance remained, and that was, that as all the big-wigs protested with all their might against the convention; and the fleet, in the midst of protestation and repudiations of all sorts and kinds, was forced by a severe gale to up anchor and run for Marmorice Bay, Ibrahim Pasha might perhaps be tempted to protest also in a still more unpleasant manner, and pay a visit to Beyrout in the absence of the navy. The very thoughts of it, however the English auxiliaries may have felt on the subject, gave an attack of fever to the unfortunate inhabitants, who devoutly prayed for a speedy fall of *tubbish*, (or snow,) by which his dreaded approach might be impeded. "Had such a movement on his part taken place at this critical moment, it is not improbable that it might have proved successful; as amid the variety of religious and conflicting interests, by which the people of Beyrout were influenced, Ibrahim had no doubt many friends in the town; and it is certain that he was moreover regularly made acquainted with every occurrence which took place, through the medium, as was supposed, of French agency and espionage."

Ibrahim, however, had had enough of red coats and blue jackets, and left the people of Beyrout to themselves—an example which was followed by the author, who, being foiled in his expectations of riding down the Egyptians on the noble Arab left to him by the commodore, determined to put that fiery animal (the Arab) to its paces in scouring the country in all directions. It is not often that an assistant adjutant-general sets out on a tour in search of the picturesque; but in this instance the search was completely successful. Rock, ravine, precipice, and dell—running waters and waving woods, come as naturally to his pen as returns of effective force and other professional details; and, whatever the writing of them may be, we are prepared to contend that the reading of them is infinitely pleasanter. But as travellers and poets have of late left few mountains or molehills unsung in Palestine, we prefer extracting a pictu-

resque account of a venerable abbess, who threw the light of Christian goodness over that benighted land about a century ago, and must have impressed the heathens in the neighbourhood with an exalted notion of the virtues of a nunnery:—

"Héndia was a Maronite girl, possessing extraordinary personal charms, who, in 1755, first brought herself into notice by her pretended piety and attention to her religious duties, till at last she was by this simple and credulous people considered almost in the light of a saint or prophetess. When she had thus established a reputation for sanctity, she next thought of becoming the head and chief of an extensive establishment of monks and nuns, to receive whom, with the aid of large contributions raised among her credulous admirers and followers, she erected two spacious stone buildings, which soon became filled with proselytes of both sexes. The patriarch of Lebanon was named the director of this establishment, and for twenty years Héndia reigned with unbounded sway over the little community—performing miracles, uttering prophecies, and giving other tokens of being in the performance of a divine mission; and though it was remarked that many deaths yearly occurred among the nuns, the circumstance was generally attributed to disease incident to the insalubrity of the situation. At last, chance brought to light the cause of this very great mortality, and disclosed all the secret horrors which had so long remained covered by the veil of mystery in this abode of monastic abominations. A traveller, on his way from Damascus to the coast, happened to arrive one fine summer night at a late hour before the convent gates, which he found closed; and not wishing to disturb its inmates, who had apparently retired to rest, he spread his travelling rug under some neighbouring trees, and laid himself down to sleep. His slumbers were, however, shortly disturbed by a number of persons, who, issuing from the convent, appeared to be clandestinely bearing away what seemed to be a heavy bundle. Prompted by curiosity, he cautiously followed the party, who, after going a short distance, deposited their burden, and commenced digging a deep hole, into which having placed and covered with earth what was evidently a dead body, they immediately took their departure. Astonished, and rather dismayed, at an occurrence of so mysterious a nature, the traveller lost no time in mounting his mule, and on arriving at Beyrout made known the extraordinary occurrence to

which he had been witness the night before. This account reached the ears of a merchant, who happened to have two daughters undergoing their noviciate at El Kourket, and reports had lately reached him of the illness of one of his children; this, together with the numerous deaths which had lately taken place at the convent, coupled with the traveller's narrative, excited in his mind the most serious apprehensions. He gave information on the subject, and laid a complaint before the Grand Prince at Dahr-el-Kamar, and, accompanied by his informant and a troop of horsemen furnished by the Emir, hastened to the spot of the alleged mysterious burial, when to his horror, on opening the newly made grave, he discovered it to contain the corpse of his youngest daughter! Frantic at this sight, he desired instant admission, in order to ascertain the safety of her sister. On this being refused, the gates were forced open, and the unfortunate girl was found closely confined in a dungeon, on the point of death, but retaining still strength enough to disclose horrors which led to an investigation, implicating the patriarch, the abbess, and several priests. This transaction, which happened in 1776, was submitted for the decision of the Papal See; when it appeared that the pretended prophetess had, by means of many ingenious mechanical devices, thus long imposed on public credulity, whilst in the retirement of the cloister the most licentious and profligate occurrences nightly took place; and that when any unfortunate nun gave offence, either by refusing to be sacrificed at the shrine of infamy, or that it became desirable to get rid of her, in order to appropriate for the convent the amount of her property, she was immured in a dungeon, left to perish by a lingering and miserable death, and then privately buried in the night. In consequence of these shocking discoveries, the patriarch was deposed—the priests, his accomplices, were severely punished, and the high priestess of this temple of cruelty and debauchery was immured in confinement, and survived for many years to repent of all the atrocities she had previously committed."

We should like to know the colonel's authority for this circumstantial account. It bears at present a startling resemblance to the confession of Maria Monk, and the villanies recorded of the nunnery at Montreal; and we will hope in the mean time, that the devil, even in the shape of a lady abbess, is not quite so black as he is painted. The present abbess of El Kourket is already as black as

need be, for we are told she is an Ethiopian negress.

The war carried on in Syria after the decisive battle of Boharsef, seems to have been on the model of those recorded by Major Sturgeon, and to have consisted of marching and counter-marching, without any definite object, except, perhaps, the somewhat Universal-Peace-Society one of getting out of the enemy's way. General Jochmus, we guess from his name, was a Scotch schoolmaster, with a Latin termination—there being no mistaking the Jock—and in his religious tenets we feel sure he was a Quaker. The English officers attached to the staff had immense difficulty in bringing the troops (if they deserve to be called so) to the scratch; and we trust that, in all future commentaries on the Art of War, the method adopted by Commodore Napier, of throwing stones at his gallant army to force them forward, will not be forgotten. The author before us had no sinecure, and after the news of Ibrahim's retreat, galloped hither and thither, like the wild huntsman of a German story, to discover by what route the vanquished lion was growling his way to his den. With a hundred irregular horse, furnished him by Osman Aga, he set out on a foray beyond Jordan; and we do not wonder his two friends, Captain Lane, a Prussian edition of Don Quixote, and Mr Hunter, who has written an excellent account of his expedition to Syria, besides his old Beyrout friend Giorgio, volunteered to accompany him.

"My motley troop, apparently composed of every tribe from the Caspian to the Red Sea, displayed no less variety in arms and accoutrements than in their personal appearance, varying from the sturdy-looking Kourds, mounted on his strong powerful steed, to the swarthy, spare, and sinewy Arab, with his long reed-like spear, his head encircled with the Kéfiah, or thick rope of twisted camels' hair; whilst the flowing 'abbage' waved gracefully down the shining flanks of the high-mettled steed of the desert. In short, such an assemblage of cut-throat looking ruffians was probably never before seen; and whilst the Prussian military eye of old Lane glanced down our wide-spread and irregular line, I could see a curl of contempt on his grey mustaches, though his weather-beaten countenance maintained all the gravity of Frederick the Great. The troop

appeared to be divided into two distinct parties—one Arab, the other Turkish; and, on directing the two chiefs to call the 'roll' of their respective forces, I found that many were absent without leave, and the party which should have amounted to a hundred cavaliers only mustered between seventy and eighty. However, on the assurance that the rest would speedily follow—as there was no time to spare, after making them a short harangue, in which I promised abundance of *nehub* (plunder) whenever we came across the enemy, to which they responded by a wild yell of approbation—I gave the signal to move off, which was instantly obeyed, amidst joyous shouts, the brandishing of spears, and promiscuous discharge of fire-arms. Having thus got them under weigh, the next difficulty I experienced was to keep them together. I tried to form a rear-guard to bring up the stragglers, but the guard would not remain behind, nor the stragglers keep up with the main body; and I soon, finding that something more persuasive than mere words was requisite to maintain them in order, took the first opportunity of getting a stout cudgel, with which I soundly belaboured all those whom I found guilty of thus disobeying my commands. The Eastern does not understand the *suaviter in modo*;—behave to him like a human being, he fancies you fear him, and he sets you at defiance—kick him and cuff him, treat him like a dog, and he crouches at your feet, the humble slave of your slightest wishes."

Discipline of so perfect a nature must have inspired the gallant colonel with the strongest hopes of success in case of an onslaught on the forces of Ibrahim Pasha, and in all probability his efforts, with those of Captain Lane, Hunter, and Giorgio, might have produced something like a skirmish when they came near the tents of the Egyptians; but it would seem that the cudgels wielded by the Musree commanders were either not so strong or not so well applied, for on the first appearance of the hostile squadron, the heroes of Nezib evaporated as if by magic, but not before a similar feat of legerdemain had been performed by the rabble rout of Turks and Arabs; and on looking round, to inspire his followers with a speech after the manner of Thucydides, the colonel discovered the last of his escort disappearing at full speed on the other side of the plain, and the Europeans were left alone in their glory. As they had nobody to attack, (the enemy

continuing still in a state of evaporation,) every thing ended well; and, if the trumpeter had not been among the fugitives, there might have been a triumphal blow performed although no blow had been struck. We do not believe in the courage of the Arabs. No amount of kicking and cuffing could cow a nation's spirit that had once been brave; and we therefore consider it the greatest marvel in history how the Arabians managed at one time to conquer half the world. They must have been very different fellows from the chicken-hearted children of the desert recorded in these volumes. One thing only is certain, that they have left their anti-fighting propensities to their mongrel descendants in Spain; for a series of *actions*—that is, jinking and skulking, and running up and down, hiding themselves as if they were the personages of a writ—more distinctly Arabian than the late campaign which ended in the overthrow of Espartero, could not have been performed under the shadows of Mount Ebal. All the nobility that we are so fond of picturing to ourselves in the deeds and thoughts of Saladin, has gone over to the horse. The wild steed retains its fire, though the miserable horseman would do for a Madrilenian *aide-de-camp*. And yet this is the way they are treated:—

"It was a matter of surprise to us, how our horses stood without injury all the exposure, severe work, and often short commons, to which they were constantly subjected. When we came to a place where barley was to be procured, the grooms carried away as much as they could; when none was to be had, we gave our nags peas and *tibbin*, (chopped straw, the only forage used in the East,) or any thing we could lay hands on; they had little or no grooming, and frequently the saddles were not even removed from their backs. But I believe that nothing save the high mettle of the desert blood would carry an animal through all this toil and privation; and as to the much-extolled kindness of the Arab towards his horse, although it may be the case in the far deserts of the Hedged and Hedjar, I can avow that I never saw these noble animals treated with more inhuman neglect than I witnessed in the whole of my wanderings through Syria."

The dreariness of a ride through the desolate plains and rugged rocks of Palestine, was diversified with start-

ling adventures; and the fact of several of the powers of Europe and many of the tribes of Asia having chosen that sterile region for their battle-place, gave rise to some very odd coincidences. People from all the ends of the earth, who were lounging away their existence some three or four months before, without any anticipation of treading in the footsteps of the crusaders—some smoking strong tobacco in the coffeehouses of Berlin, or leaning gracefully (like the Chinese Admiral Kwang) against the pillars of the Junior United Service Club in London—or driving a heavy curricule in the Prado at Vienna—or reading powerfully for honours at the Great Go at Oxford—or climbing Albanian hills—or reclining in the silken recesses of a harem at Constantinople—all were thrown together in such unexpected groups, and found themselves so curiously banded together, that the tame realities of an ordinary campaign were thrown completely into the shade. The following introduces us to another member of the foray, whose character seems to have been such a combination of the gallant soldier and light-hearted troubadour, that we read of his after fate, in dying of the plague at Damascus, with great regret:—

“My troop had not yet cleared a difficult pass close to the khan, running between an abrupt face of the hill and the river, when the advanced guard came back at full speed with the announcement that a body of the enemy’s infantry was near at hand. Closely jammed in a narrow defile, between inaccessible cliffs and the precipitous banks of the Jordan, with nothing but cavalry at my disposal, I was placed in rather a disagreeable position. There remained, however, no alternative but to put spurs to our horses, push forward through the pass, deploy on the level ground beyond it, and then trust to the chances of war. Having explained these intentions to the Sheikh and Aga, we lost no time in carrying them into effect; and on taking extended order after clearing the pass, saw immediately in front of us what we took to be an advanced guard of the enemy, consisting of some twenty or thirty soldiers, whom their white foustanelis” (the foustanelis is that part of the Albanian costume corresponding with the highland kilt) “and tall active forms immediately marked as Arnouts, or Albanians. Seeing, probably, that we had now the advantage of the ground, they hastily

retired, recrossing a ravine which intersected the path, and extending in capital light infantry style, were soon sheltered behind the stones and rocks on the opposite bank, over the brow of which nought was to be seen but the protruding muzzles and long shining barrels of their firelocks. All this was the work of a few seconds, and passed in a much briefer space of time than it has taken to relate. I had now the greatest difficulty in keeping Mahommed Aga and his men from charging up to enemies who, from their present position, could have picked them easily off with perfect safety to themselves; and riding rapidly forward with Captain Lane, to see if we could by some means turn their flank, a few horsemen at this moment suddenly appeared over the swell on the opposite side of the ravine, the foremost of whom, whilst making many friendly signals, galloped across the intervening space, hailing us a friend, and at the same time waving his hand, to prevent his own people from opening their fire. Lane and myself were not backward in returning this greeting; and on approaching we beheld a handsome young man, dressed in the showy Austrian uniform, with a black Tartar sheepskin cap on his head, who, coming up, accosted us in French, and with all the frankness of a soldier, introduced himself as Count Szechinge, a captain of Austrian dragoons, then on his way from Tiberias with a party composed of one or two Turkish lancers, about twenty-five Albanian deserters, his German servant, dragoon, and suite, to raise troops in the Adjelloun hills—a mission very similar to the one I was myself employed on at Naplouse.”

An acquaintance begun under such circumstances grows into friendship with amazing rapidity; and many are the joyous hours the foragers spend together, in spite of intolerable weather and storms of sleet and snow, which bear a far greater resemblance to the climate of Lochaber than to that of Syria, “land of roses.” Reinforced with the count and his companions, Colonel Napier pushes on—gets into the vicinity of Ibrahim—his rabble rout turn tail, in case of being swallowed alive by the ferocious pasha, whose reputation for cruelty and all manner of iniquities seems well deserved; and having ascertained the movements of that formidable ruffian, he returned to Naplouse to take the command of 1500 half-tamed, undisciplined savages, with whom to oppose his retreat. Luckily, the ratification of the convention comes in the nick

of time; for it is very evident that the best cudgels that were ever cut in "the classic woods of Hawthornden," could not have awakened a spark of military ardour in the wretched ruff-raff assemblage appointed for this service—and of all the abortive efforts at generalship we have ever read of, the attempt of the Turkish commanders was infinitely the worse—no foresight in providing for difficulties—no valour in fighting their way out of them; but, to compensate for these trifling deficiencies, a plentiful supply of pride and cruelty, with a due admixture of dishonesty. We heartily join, with Colonel Napier, in wondering where the deuce the "integrity of the Ottoman empire" is to be found, as, beyond all doubt, not a particle of it exists in any of its subjects. The

pashas of Egypt, bad as they undoubtedly are, have redeeming points about them, which the Hassans, and Izzets, and Reschids of the Turks have no conception of; and, lively and sparkling as the gallant colonel's narrative is, we confess it leaves a sadder impression on our minds of the hopelessness and the degeneracy of the Moslems, than any book we have met with. Turk and Egyptian should equally be whipped back into the desert, and the fairest portions of the world be won over to civilization, wealth, and happiness. The present volumes close at the end of January 1841, and perhaps they are among the best results of the campaign. We shall be glad to see the proceedings at Alexandria sketched off in the same pleasant style.

THE FATE OF POLYCRATES.—*Herod.* iii. 124–126.

"Oh! go not forth, my father dear—oh! go not forth to-day,
And trust not thou that Satrap dark, for he fawns but to betray;
His courteous smiles are treacherous wiles, his foul designs to hide;
Then go not forth, my father dear—in thy own fair towers abide."

"Now, say not so, dear daughter mine—I pray thee, say not so!
Where glory calls, a monarch's feet should never fear to go;
And safe to-day will be my way through proud Magnesia's halls,
As if I stood 'mid my bowmen good beneath my Samian walls.

"The Satrap is my friend, sweet child—my trusty friend is he—
The ruddy gold his coffers hold he shares it all with me;
No more amid these clustering isles alone shall be my sway,
But Hellas wide, from side to side, my empire shall obey!

"And of all the maids of Hellas, though they be rich and fair,
With the daughter of Polycrates, oh! who shall then compare?
Then dry thy tears—no idle fears should damp our joy to-day—
And let me see thee smile once more before I haste away!"

"Oh! false would be the smile, my sire, that I should wear this morn,
For of all my country's daughters I shall soon be most forlorn;
I know, I know,—ah, thought of woe!—I ne'er shall see again
My father's ship come sailing home across the Icarian main.

"Each gifted seer, with words of fear, forbids thee to depart,
And their warning strains an echo find in every faithful heart;
A maiden weak, e'en I must speak—ye gods, assist me now!
The characters of doom and death are graven on thy brow!

"Last night, my sire, a vision dire thy daughter's eyes did see,
Suspended in mid air there hung a form resembling thee;

Nay, frown not thus, my father dear; my tale will soon be done—
Methought that form was bathed by Jove, and anointed by the sun!”

“My child, my child, thy fancies wild I may not stay to hear.
A friend goes forth to meet a friend—then wherefore should'st thou fear?
Though moonstruck seers with idle fears beguile a maiden weak,
They cannot stay thy father's hand, or blanch thy father's cheek.

“Let cowards keep within their holds, and on peril fear to run!
Such shame,” quoth he, “is not for me, fair Fortune's favourite son!”
Yet still the maiden did repeat her melancholy strain—
“I ne'er shall see my father's fleet come sailing home again!”

The monarch call'd his seamen good, they muster'd on the shore,
Waved in the gale the snow-white sail, and dash'd the sparkling oar;
But by the flood that maiden stood—loud rose her piteous cry—
“Oh! go not forth, my dear, dear sire—oh, go not forth to die!”

A frown was on that monarch's brow, and he said as he turn'd away,
“Full soon shall Samos' lord return to Samos' lovely bay;
But thou shalt aye a maiden lone within my courts abide—
No chief of fame shall ever claim my daughter for his bride!

A long, long maidenhood to thee thy prophet tongue hath given—”
“Oh would, my sire,” that maid replied, “such were the will of Heaven!
Though I a loveless maiden lone must evermore remain,
Still let me hear that voice so dear in my native isle again!”

'Twas all in vain that warning strain—the king has crost the tide—
But never more off Samos shore his bark was seen to ride!
The Satrap false his life has ta'en, that monarch bold and free,
And his limbs are black'ning in the blast, nail'd to the gallows-tree!

That night the rain came down apace, and wash'd each gory stain,
But the sun's bright ray, the next noonday, glared fiercely on the slain;
And the oozing gore began once more from his wounded sides to run;
Good-sooth, that form was bathed by Jove, and anointed by the Sun!

MODERN PAINTERS.

WE read this title with some pain, not doubting but that our modern landscape painters were severely handled in an ironical satire; and we determined to defend them. "Their superiority to *all* the ancient masters"—that was too hard a hit to come from any but an enemy! We must measure our man—a graduate of Oxford! The "scholar armed," without doubt. He comes, too, vauntingly up to us, with his contempt for us and all critics that ever were, or will be; we are all little Davids in the eye of this Goliath. Nevertheless, we will put a pebble in our sling. We saw this contempt of us, in dipping at hap-hazard into the volume. But what was our astonishment to find, upon looking further, that we had altogether mistaken the intent of the author, and that we should probably have not one Goliath, but many, to encounter; while our own particular friends, to whom we might look for help, were, alas! all dead men. We found that there were not "giants" in those days, but in these days—that the author, in his most superlative praise, is not ironical at all, but a most serious panegyrist, who never laughs, but does sometimes make his readers laugh, when they see his very unbecoming, mocking grimaces against the "old masters"—not that it can be fairly asserted that it is a laughable book. It has much conceit, and but little merriment; there is nothing really funny after you have got over, (*vide* page 6,) that he "looks with contempt on Claude, Salvator, and Gaspar Poussin." This contempt, however, being too limited for the "graduate of Oxford," in the next page he enlarges the scope of his enmity; "speaking generally of the old masters, I refer only to Claude, Gaspar Poussin, Salvator Rosa, Cuyp, Berghem, Both, Ruysdael, Hobbima, Teniers (in his landscapes,) P. Potter, Canaletti, and the various Van Somethings and Back Somethings, more especially and

malignantly those who have libelled the sea." Self-convicted of malice, he has not the slightest suspicion of his ignorance; whereas he *knows* nothing of these masters whom he maligns. Still is he ready to be their general accuser—has not the slightest respect for the accumulated opinions of the best judges for these two or three hundred years—he puts them by with the wave of his hand, very like the unfortunate gentleman in an establishment of "unsound opinions," who gravely said—"The world and I differed in opinion—I was right, the world wrong; but they were too many for me, and put me here." We daresay that, in such establishments, may be found many similar opinions to those our author promulgates, though, as yet, none of our respectable publishers have been convicted of a congenial folly. We said, that he suspects not his ignorance of the masters he maligns. Let it not hence be inferred that it is the work of an ignorant man. He is only ignorant with a prejudice. We will not say that it is not the work of a man who thinks, who has been habituated to a sort of scholastic reasoning, which he brings to bear, with no little parade and display, upon technicalities and distinctions. He can tutor *secundum artem*, lacking only, in the first point, that he has not tutored himself. With all his arrangements and distinctions laid down, as the very grammar of art, he confuses himself with his "truths," forgetting that, in matters of art, truths of fact must be referable to truths of mind. It is not what things in all respects really are, but what they appear, and how they are convertible by the mind into what they are not in many ways, respects, and degrees, that we have to consider, before we can venture to draw rules from any truths whatever. For art is something besides nature; and taste and feeling are first—precede practical art; and though greatly enhanced by

that practical cultivation, might exist without it—nay, often do; and true taste always walks a step in advance of what has been done, and ever desires to do, and from itself, more than it sees. We discover, therefore, a fallacy in the very proposal of his undertaking, when he says that he is prepared “to advance nothing which does not, at least in his own conviction, *rest on surer ground than mere feeling or taste.*” Notwithstanding, however, that our graduate of Oxford puts his “demonstrations” upon an equality with “the demonstrations of Euclid,” and “thinks it proper for the public to know, that the writer is no mere theorist, but has been devoted from his youth to the laborious study of practical art,” and that he is “a graduate of Oxford;” we do not look upon him as a bit the better judge for all that, seeing that many have practised it too fondly and too ignorantly all their lives, and that Claude, and Salvator, and Gaspar Poussin must, according to him, have been in this predicament; and more especially do we decline from bowing down at his dictation, when we find him advocating any “*surer ground than feeling or taste.*” Now, considering that thus, *in initio*, he sets aside feeling and taste, the reader will not be astonished to find a very substantial reason given for his contempt of the afore-mentioned old masters; it is, he says, “because I look with the most devoted veneration upon Michael Angelo, Raffaele, and Da Vinci, that I do not distrust the principles which induce me to look with contempt,” &c. We do not exactly see how these great men, who were not landscape painters, can very well be compared with those who were, but from some general principles of art, in which the world have not as yet found any very extraordinary difference. But we do humbly suggest, that Michael Angelo, Raffaele, and Da Vinci, are in their practice, and principles, if you please, quite as unlike Messrs David Cox, Copley Fielding, J. D. Harding, Clarkson Stanfield, and Turner—the very men whom our author brings forward as the excellent of the earth, in opposition to all old masters whatever, excepting only Michael Angelo, Raffaele, and Da Vinci, to whom nevertheless, by a perverse pertinacity of their respective geniuses,

they bear no resemblance whatever—as they are to Claude, Salvator, and Gaspar Poussin. We do not by any means intend to speak disrespectfully of these our English artists; but we must either mistrust those principles which cause them to stand in opposition to the great Italians, or to conceive that our author has really discovered no such differing principles, and which possibly may not exist at all. Nor will we think so meanly of the taste, the good feeling, and the good sense of these men, as to believe that they think themselves at all flattered by any admiration founded on such an irrational contempt. They well know that Michael Angelo, Raffaele, and Da Vinci, have been admired, together with Claude, Salvator, and Gaspar Poussin, and they do not themselves desire to be put upon a separate list. The author concludes his introduction with a very bad reason for his partiality to modern masters, and it is put in most ambitious language, very readily learned in the “Fudge School,”—a style of language with which our author is very apt to indulge himself; but the argument it so ostentatiously clothes, and which we hesitate not to call a bad one, is nothing more than this, (if we understand it,)—that the dead are dead, and cannot hear our praise; that the living are living, and therefore our love is not lost; in short, as a *non-sequitur*, “that if honour be for the dead, gratitude can only be for the living.” This might have been simply said; but we are taken to the grave—with “He who has once stood beside the grave,” &c. &c.; we have “wild love—keen sorrow—pleasure to pulseless hearts—debt to the heart—to be discharged to the dust—the garland—the tombstone—the crowned brow—the ashes and the spirit—heaven-toned voices and heaven—lighted lamps—the learning—sweetness by silence—and light by decay;” all which, we conceive, might have been very excusable in a young curate’s sermon during his first year of probation, and might have won for him more nose-gays and favours than golden opinions, but which we here feel inclined to put our pen across, as so we remember many similarly ambitious passages to have been served, before we were graduate of Oxford, with the insignificant signification from the pen of our

informer of *nihil ad rem*. As the author threatens the public with another, or more volumes, we venture to throw out a recommendation, that at least one volume may serve the purpose and do the real work of two, if he will check this propensity to unnecessary redundancy. His numerous passages of this kind are for the most part extremely unintelligible; and when we have unraveled the several coatings, we too often find the ribs of the mummy are not human. We think it right to object, in this place, to an affectation in phraseology offensive to those who think seriously of breaking the third commandment—he scarcely speaks of mountains without taking the sacred name in vain; there is likewise a constant repetition of expressions of very doubtful meaning in the first use, for the most part quite devoid of meaning in their application. One of these is “palpitating.” Light is “palpitating,” darkness is “palpitating”—every conceivable thing is “palpitating.” We must, however, in justice say, that by far the best part of the book, the laying down rules and the elucidating principles, is clearly and expressively written. In this part of the work there is greater expansion than the student will generally find in books on art. Not that we are aware of the advancement of any thing new; but the admitted maxims of art are, as it were, grammatically analysed, and in a manner to assist the beginner in thinking upon art. To those who have already *thought*, this very studied analysis and arrangement will be tedious enough.

In the “Definition of Greatness in Art,” we find—“If I say that the greatest picture is that which conveys to the mind of the spectator the greatest number of the greatest ideas, I have a definition which will include as subjects of comparison every pleasure which art is capable of conveying.” Now, there are great ideas which are so conflicting as to annul the force of each other. This is not enough; there must be a congruity of great ideas—nay, in some instances, we can conceive one idea to be so great, as in a work of art not to admit of the juxtaposition of others. This is the principle upon which the sonnet is built, and the sonnet illustrates the picture not unaptly. “Ideas of Power” are great ideas—not always

are ideas of beauty great; yet is there a tempering the one with the other, which it is the special province of art to attain, and that for its highest and most moral purposes. In his “Ideas of Power,” he distinguishes the term “excellent” from the terms “beautiful,” “useful,” “good,” &c., thus—“And we shall always, in future, use the word excellent, as signifying that the thing to which it is applied required a great power for its production.” Is not this doubtful? Does it not limit the perception of excellence to artists who can alone from their practice, and, as it were, measurement of powers with their difficulties, learn and feel its existence in the sense to which it is limited. The inference would be, that none but artists can be critics, as none but artists can perceive excellence, and we think in more than one place some such assertion is made. This is startling—“Power is never wasted; whatever power has been employed, produces excellence in proportion to its own dignity and exertion; and the faculty of perceiving this exertion, and appreciating this dignity, is the faculty of perceiving excellence.” “It is this faculty in which men, even of the most cultivated taste, must always be wanting, unless they have added practice to reflection; because none can estimate the power manifested in victory, unless they have personally measured the strength to be overcome.” For the word strength use difficulty, and we should say that, to the unpractised, the difficulties must always appear greatest. He gives, as illustration, “Titian’s flesh tint;” it may be possible that, by some felicitous invention, some new technicality of his art, Titian might have produced this excellence, and to him there would have been no such great measurement of the difficulty or strength to be overcome; while the admirer of the work, ignorant of the happy means, fancies the exertion of powers which were not exerted. In his chapter on “Ideas of Imitation,” he imagines that Fuseli and Coleridge falsely apply the term imitation, making “a distinction between imitation and copying, representing the first as the legitimate function of art—the latter as its corruption.” Yet we think he comes pretty much to the same conclusion. In like manner, he seems to disagree with

Burke in a passage which he quotes, but in reality he agrees with him; for surely the "power of the imitation" is but a power of the "jugglery," to be sensible of which, if we understand him, is necessary to our sense of imitation. "When the object," says Burke, "represented in poetry or painting is such as we could have no desire of seeing in the reality, then we may be sure that its power in poetry or painting is owing to the power of *imitation*." "We may," says our author, "be sure of the contrary; for if the object be undesirable in itself, the closer the imitation the less will be the pleasure." Certainly not; for Burke of course implied, and included in his sense of imitation, that it should be consistent with a knowledge in the spectator, that a certain trick of art was put upon him. And our author says the same—"Whenever the work is seen to resemble something which we know it is not; we receive what I call an idea of imitation." Again—"Now, two things are requisite to our complete and most pleasurable perception of this: first, that the resemblance be so perfect as to amount to a deception; secondly, that there be some means of proving at the same moment that it is a deception." He justly considers "the pleasures resulting from imitation the most contemptible that can be received from art." He thus happily illustrates his meaning—"We may consider tears as a result of agony or of art, whichever we please, but not of both at the same moment. If we are surprised by them as an attainment of the one, it is impossible we can be moved by them as a sign of the other." This will explain why we are pleased with the exact imitation of the dewdrop on the peach, and why we are disgusted with the Magdalen's tears by Vanderwerf; and we further draw this inevitable conclusion, of very important consequence to artists, who have very erroneous notions upon the subject, that this sort of imitation, which, by the deception of its name, should be most like, is actually less like nature, because it takes from nature its impression by substituting a sense of the jugglery. This chapter on ideas of imitation is good and useful. We think, in the after part of his work, wherein is much criticism on pictures by the old masters and by moderns,

our author must have lost the remembrance of what he has so well said on his ideas of imitation; and in the following chapter on "Ideas of Truth." "The word truth, as applied to art, signifies the faithful statement, either to the mind or senses, of any fact of nature." The reader will readily see how "ideas of truth" differ from "ideas of imitation." The latter relating only to material objects, the former taking in the conceptions of the mind—may be conveyed by signs or symbols, "themselves no image nor likeness of any thing." "An idea of truth exists in the statement of *one* attribute of any thing; but an idea of imitation only in the resemblance of as many attributes as we are usually cognizant of in its real presence." Hence it follows that ideas of truth are inconsistent with ideas of imitation; for, as we before said, ideas of imitation remove the impression by an ever-present sense of the deception or falsehood. This is put very conclusively—"so that the moment ideas of truth are grouped together, so as to give rise to an idea of imitation, they change their very nature—lose their essence as ideas of truth—and are corrupted and degraded, so as to share in the treachery of what they have produced. Hence, finally, ideas of truth are the foundation, and ideas of imitation the distinction, of all art. We shall be better able to appreciate their relative dignity after the investigation which we propose of the functions of the former; but we may as well now express the conclusion to which we shall then be led—that no picture can be good which deceives by its imitation; for the very reason that nothing can be beautiful which is not true." This is perhaps rather too indiscriminate. It has been shown that ideas of imitation do give pleasure; by them, too, objects of beauty may be represented. We should not say that a picture by Gerard Dow or Van Eyck, even with the down on the peach and the dew on the leaf, were not good pictures. They are good if they please. It is true, they ought to do more, and even that in a higher degree; they cannot be works of greatness—and greatness was probably meant in the word good. In his chapter on "Ideas of Beauty," he considers that we derive, naturally and instinctively, pleasure from the

contemplation of certain material objects; for which no other reason can be given than that it is our instinct—the will of our Maker—we enjoy them “instinctively and necessarily, as we derive sensual pleasure from the scent of a rose.” But we have instinctively aversion as well as desire; though he admits this, he seems to lose sight of it in the following—“And it would appear that we are intended by the Deity to be constantly under their influence, (ideas of beauty;) because there is not one single object in nature which is not capable of conveying them,” &c. We are not satisfied; if the instinctive desire be the index to what is beautiful, so must the instinctive aversion be the index to its opposite. We have an instinctive dislike to many reptiles, to many beasts—as apes. These *may* have in them some beauty; we only object to the author’s want of clearness. If there be no ugliness there is no beauty, for every thing has its opposite; so that we think he has not yet discovered and clearly put before us what beauty consists in. He shows how it happens that we do admire it instinctively; but that does not tell us what it is, and possibly, after all that has been said about it, it yet remains to be told. Nor are we satisfied with his definition of taste—“Perfect taste is the faculty of receiving the greatest possible pleasure from those material sources which are attractive to our moral nature in its purity and perfection.” This will not do; for taste will take material sources, unattractive in themselves, and by combination, or for their contrast, receive pleasure from them. All literature and all art show this. That taste, like life itself, is instinctive in its origin and first motion, we doubt not; but what it is by and in its cultivation, and in its application to art, is a thing not to be altogether so cursorily discussed and dismissed. The distinction is laid down between taste and judgment—judgment being the action of the intellect; taste “the instinctive and instant preferring of one material object to another without any obvious reason,” except that it is proper to human nature in its perfection so to do. But leaving this discussion of this original taste, taste in art is surely, as it is a thing cultivated, that for which a reason can be given, and

in some measure, therefore, the result of judgment. For by the cultivation of taste we are actually led to love, admire, and desire many things of which we have no instinctive love at all; so that the taste for them arises from the intellect and the moral sense—our judgment. He proceeds to “Ideas of Relation,” by which he means “to express all those sources of pleasure, which involve and require at the instant of their perception, active exertion of the intellectual powers.” As this is to be more easily comprehended by an illustration, we have one in an incident of one of Turner’s pictures, and, considering the object, it is surprising the author did not find one more important; but he herein shows that, in his eyes, every stroke of the brush by Mr Turner is important—indeed, is a considerable addition to our national wealth. In the picture of the “Building of Carthage,” the foreground is occupied by a group of children sailing toy-boats, which he thinks to be an “exquisite choice of incident expressive of the ruling passion.” He, with a whimsical extravagance in praise of Turner, which, commencing here, runs throughout all the rest of the volume, says—“Such a thought as this is something far above all art; it is epic poetry of the highest order.” Epic poetry of the highest order! Ungrateful will be our future epic poets if they do not learn from this—if such is done by boys sailing toy-boats, surely boys flying a kite will illustrate far better the great astronomical knowledge of our days. But he is rather unfortunate in this bit of criticism; for he compares this incident with one of Claude’s, which we, however, think a far better and more poetical incident. “Claude, in subjects of *the same kind*,” (not, by the by, a very fair statement,) “commonly introduces people carrying red trunks with iron locks about, and dwells, with infantine delight, on the lustre of the leather and the ornaments of the iron. The intellect can have no occupation here, we must look to the imitation or to nothing.” As to the “*infantine delight*,” we presume it is rather with the boys and their toy-boats; but let us look a little into these trunks—no, we may not—there is something more in them than our graduate imagines—the very

iron locks and precious leather mean to tell you there is something still more precious within, worth all the cost of freightage; and you see, a little off, the great argosie that has brought the riches; and we humbly think that the ruling passion of a people whose "princes were merchants, and whose merchants princes," as happily expressed by the said "red trunks" as the rise of Carthage by the boys and boats; and in the fervour of this bit of "exquisite" epic choice, probably Claude did look with delight on the locks and the leather; and, whenever we look upon that picture again, we shall be ready to join in the delight, and say, in spite of our graduate's "contempt," there is nothing like leather. If the boys and boats express the beginning, the red trunks express the thing done—merchandise "brought home to every man's door;" so that the one serves for an "idea of relation," quite as well as the other. And here ends section the first.

The study of ideas of imitation are thrown out of the consideration of ideas of power, as unworthy the pursuit of an artist, whose purpose is not to deceive, and because they are only the result of a particular association of ideas of truth. "There are two modes in which we receive the conception of power; one, the most just, when by a perfect knowledge of the difficulty to be overcome, and the means employed, we form a right estimate of the faculties exerted; the other, when without possessing such intimate and accurate knowledge, we are impressed by a sensation of power in visible action. If these two modes of receiving the impression agree in the result, and if the sensation be equal to the estimate, we receive the utmost possible idea of power. But this is the case perhaps with the works of only one man out of the whole circle of the fathers of art, of him to whom we have just referred—Michael Angelo. In others the estimate and the sensation are constantly unequal, and often contradictory." There is a distinction between the sensation of power and the intellectual perception of it. A slight sketch will give the sensation; the greater power is in the completion, not so manifest, but of which there is a more intellectual cognizance. He instances the draw-

ings of Frederick Tayler for sensations of power, considering the apparent means; and those of John Lewis for more complete ideas of power, in reference to the greater difficulties overcome, and the more complicated means employed. We think him unfortunate in his selection, as the subjects of these artists are not such as, of themselves, justly to receive ideas of power, therefore not the best to illustrate them. He proceeds to "ideas of power, as they are dependent on execution." There are six legitimate sources of pleasure in execution—truth, simplicity, mystery, inadequacy, decision, velocity. "Decision," we should think involved in "truth;" as so involved, not necessarily different from velocity. Mystery and inadequacy require explanation. "Nature is always mysterious and secret in her use of means; and art is always likest her when it is most inexplicable." Execution, therefore, should be "incomprehensible." "Inadequacy" can hardly, we think, be said to be a quality of execution, as it has only reference to means employed. Insufficient means, according to him, give ideas of power. We otherwise conclude—namely, that if the inadequacy of the means is shown, we receive ideas of weakness. "*Ars est celare artem*"—so is it to conceal the means. Strangeness in execution, not a legitimate source of pleasure, is illustrated by the execution of a bull's head by Rubens, and of the same by Berghem. Of the six qualities of execution, the three first are the greatest, the three last the most attractive. He considers Berghem and Salvator to have carried their fondness for these lowest qualities to a vice. We can scarcely agree with him, as their execution seems most appropriate to the character of their subjects—to arise, in fact, out of their "ideas of truth." There is appended a good note on the execution of the "drawing-master," that, under the title of boldness, will admit of no touch less than the tenth of an inch broad, and on the tricks of engravers' handling.

Our graduate dismisses the "sublime" in about two pages; in fact, he considers sublimity not to be a specific term, nor "descriptive of the effect of a particular class of ideas;" but as he immediately asserts that it is "greatness of any kind," and "the

effect of greatness upon the feelings," we should have expected to have heard a little more about what constitutes this "greatness," this "sublime," which "elevates the mind," something more than that "Burke's theory of the nature of the sublime is incorrect." The sublime not being "distinct from what is beautiful," he confines his subject to "ideas of truth, beauty, and relation," and by these he proposes to test all artists. Truth of facts and truth of thoughts are here considered; the first necessary, but the latter the highest: we should say that it is the latter which alone constitutes art, and that here art begins where nature ends. Facts are the foundation necessary to the superstructure; the foundation of which must be there, though unseen, unnoticed in contemplation of the noble edifice. Very great stress is laid upon "the exceeding importance of truth;" which none will question, reminding us of the commencement of Bacon's essay, "What is truth? said laughing Pilate, and would not wait for an answer." "Nothing," says our author, "can atone for the want of truth, not the most brilliant imagination, the most playful fancy, the most pure feeling (supposing that feeling *could* be pure and false at the same time,) not the most exalted conception, nor the most comprehensive grasp of intellect, can make amends for the want of truth." Now, there is much parade in all this; surely truth, as such in reference to art, is *in* the brilliancy of imagination, *in* the playfulness, without which is no fancy, *in* the feeling, and *in* the very exaltation of a conception; and intellect has no *grasp* that does not grasp a truth. When he speaks of nature as "immeasurably superior to all that the human mind can conceive," and professes to "pay no regard whatsoever to what may be thought beautiful, or sublime, or imaginative," and to "look only for truth, bare, clear downright statement of facts," he seems to forget what nature is, as adopted by, as taken into art; it is not only external nature, but external nature in conjunction with the human mind. Nor does he, in fact, adhere in the subsequent part of his work to this his declaration; for he loses it in his "fervour of imagination," when he actually examines the works of "the great living painter,

who *is*, I believe, imagined by the majority of the public to paint more falsehood and less fact than any other known master." Here our author jumps at once into his monomania—his adoration of the works of Turner, which he examines largely and microscopically, as it suits his whim, and imagines all the while he is describing and examining nature; and not unfrequently he tells you, that nature and Turner are the same, and that he "invites the same ceaseless study as the works of nature herself." This is "coming it pretty strong." We confess we are with the majority—not that we wish to depreciate Turner. He is, or has been, unquestionably, a man of genius, and that is a great admission. He has, perhaps, done in art what never has been done before. He has illuminated "Views," if not with local, with a splendid truth. His views of towns are the finest; he led the way to this walk of art, and is far superior to all in it. We speak of his works collectively. Some of his earlier, more imaginative, were unquestionably poetical, though not, perhaps, of a very high character. We believe he has been better acquainted with many of the truths of nature, particularly those which came within the compass of his line of views, than any other artist, ancient or modern; but we believe he has neglected others, and some important ones too, and to which the old masters paid the greatest attention, and devoted the utmost study. We have spoken frequently, unhesitatingly, of the late extraordinary productions of his pencil, as altogether unworthy his real genius; it is in these we see, with the majority of the public, "more falsehood and less fact" than in any other known master—a defiance of the "known truths" in drawing, colour, and composition, for which we can only account upon the supposition, that his eye misrepresents to him the work of his hands. We see, in the almost adoration of his few admirers, that if it be difficult, and not always dependent, on merit to attain to eminence in the world's estimation, it is nearly as difficult altogether to fall from it; and that nothing the artist can do, though they be the veriest "ægri somnia," will separate from him habitual followers, who, with a zeal in proportion to the extravagances he

may perpetrate, will lose their relish for, and depreciate the great masters, whose very principles he seems capriciously in his age to set aside, and they will from followers become his worshippers, and in pertinacity exact entire compliance, and assent to every, the silliest, dictation of their monomania. We subjoin a specimen of this kind of worship, which will be found fully to justify our observations, and which, considering it speaks of mortal man, is somewhat blaspheming Divine attributes; we know not really whether we should pity the condition of the author, or reprehend the passage. After speaking of other modern painters, who are so superior to the old, he says: "and Turner—glorious in conception—unfathomable in knowledge—solitary in power—with the elements waiting upon his will, and the night and the morning obedient to his call, sent as a prophet of God to reveal to men the mysteries of his universe, standing, like the great angel of the Apocalypse, clothed with a cloud, and with a rainbow upon his head, and with the sun and stars given into his hand." Little as we are disposed to laugh at any such aberrations, we must, to remove from our minds the greater, the more serious offence, indulge in a small degree of justifiable ridicule; and ask what will sculptor or painter make of this description, should the reluctant public be convinced by the "graduate," and in their penitential reverence order statue or painting of Mr Turner for the Temple of Fame, which it is presumed Parliament, in their artistic zeal, mean to erect? How will they venture to represent Mr Turner looking like an angel—in that dress which would make any man look like a fool—his cloud night-cap tied with rainbow riband round his head, calling to night and morning, and little caring which comes, making "ducks and drakes" of the sun and the stars, put into his hand for that purpose? We will only suggest one addition, as it completes the grand idea, and is in some degree characteristic of Mr Turner's peculiar execution, that, with the sun and stars, there should be delivered into his hand a comet, whose tail should serve him for a brush, and supply itself with colour. We do not see, however, why the moon should have

been omitted; sun, moon, and stars, generally go together. Is the author as jealous as the "majority of the public" may be suspicious of her influence? And let not the reader believe that Mr Turner is thus called a prophet in mere joke, or a fashion of words—his prophetic power is advanced in another passage, wherein it is asserted that Mr Turner not only tells us in his works what nature has done in hers, but what she will do. "In fact," says our author, "the great quality about Mr Turner's drawings, which more especially proves their transcendent truth, is the capability they afford us of reasoning on past and future phenomena." The book teems with extravagant bombastic praise like this. Mr Turner is more than the Magnus Apollo. Yet other English artists are brought forward, immediately preceding the above panegyric; we know not if we do them justice, by noticing what is said of them. There is a curious description of David Cox lying on the ground "to possess his spirit in humility and peace," of Copley Fielding, as an aeronaut, "casting his whole soul into space." We really cannot follow him, "exulting like the wild deer in the motion of the swift mists," and "flying with the wild wind and sifted spray along the white driving desolate sea, with the passion for nature's freedom burning in his heart;" for such a chase and such a heart-burn must have a frightful termination, unless it be mere nightmare. We see "J. D. Harding, brilliant and vigorous," &c., "following with his quick, keen dash the sunlight into the crannies of the rocks, and the wind into the tangling of the grass, and the bright colour into the fall of the sea-foam—various, universal in his aim;" after which very fatiguing pursuit, we are happy to find him "under the shade of some spreading elm;" yet his heart is oak—and he is "English, all English at his heart." But Mr Clarkson Stanfield is a man of men—"firm, and fearless, and unerring in his knowledge—stern and decisive in his truth—perfect and certain in composition—shunning nothing, concealing nothing, and falsifying nothing—never affected, never morbid, never failing—conscious of his strength, but never ostentatious of it—acquainted with every line and hue of the deep sea—

chiseling his waves with unhesitating knowledge of every curve of their anatomy, and every moment of their motion—building his mountains rock by rock, with wind in every fissure, and weight in every stone—and modeling the masses of his sky with the strength of tempest in their every fold.” It is curious—yet a searcher after nature’s truths ought to know, as he is here told, that waves may be anatomized, and must be *chiseled*, and that mountains are and ought to be *built up* rock by rock, as a wall brick by brick; no easy task considering that there is a disagreeable “wind in every fissure, and weight in every stone”—and that the aerial sky, incapable to touch, must be “modeled in masses.” All this is given after an equally extravagant abuse of Claude, of Salvator Rosa, and Poussin. He finds fault with Claude, because his sea does not “upset the flower-pots on the wall,” forgetting that they are put there because the sea could not—with Salvator, for his “contemptible fragment of splintery crag, which an Alpine snow-wreath” (which would have no business there) “would smother in its first swell, with a stunted bush or two growing out of it, and a Dudley or Halifax-like volume of smoke for a sky”—with Poussin, for that he treats foliage (whereof “every bough is a revelation!”) as “a black round mass of impenetrable paint, diverging into feathers instead of leaves, and supported on a stick instead of a trunk.” A page or two from this, our author sadly abuses poor Canaletti, as far as we can see, for not painting a tumbled-down wall, which perhaps, in his day, was not in a ruinous state at all; it is a curious passage—and shows how much may be made out of a wall. Pyramus’s chink was nothing to this—behold a specimen of “fine writing!” “Well: take the next house. We remember that too; it was mouldering inch by inch into the canal, and the bricks had fallen away from its shattered marble shafts, and left them white and skeleton-like, yet with their fretwork of cold flowers wreathed about them still, untouched by time; and through the rents of the wall behind them there used to come long sunbeams gleamed by the weeds through which they pierced, which flitted, and fell one by one round those grey and quiet shafts,

catching here a leaf and there a leaf, and gliding over the illumined edges and delicate fissures until they sank into the deep dark hollow between the marble blocks of the sunk foundation, lighting every other moment one isolated emerald lamp on the crest of the intermittent waves, when the wild sea-weeds and crimson lichens drifted and crawled with their thousand colours and fine branches over its decay, and the black, clogging, accumulated limpets hung in ropy clusters from the dripping and tinkling stone. What has Canaletti given us for this?” Alas, neither a *crawling* lichen, nor *clogging* limpets, nor a *tinkling* stone, but “one square, red mass, composed of—let me count—five-and-fifty—no, six-and-fifty—no, I was right at first, five-and-fifty bricks,” &c. The picture, if it be painted by the graduate, must be a curiosity—we can make neither head nor tail of his words. But let us find another strange specimen—where he compares his own observations of nature with Poussin and Turner. Every one must remember a very pretty little picture of no great consequence by Gaspar Poussin—a view of some buildings of a town said to be Aricia, the modern La Riccia—just take it for what it is intended to be, a quiet, modest, agreeable scene—very true and sweetly painted. How unfit to be compared with an ambitious description of a combination of views from Rome to the Alban Mount, for that is the range of the description, though, perhaps, the description is taken from a poetical view of one of Turner’s incomprehensibles, which may account for the conclusion, “Tell me who is likest this, Poussin or Turner?” Now, though Poussin never intended to be like this, let us see the graduate’s description of it. We know the little town; it received us as well as our author, having left Rome to visit it.

“Egressum magnâ me accepit Aricia Roma.”

Our author, however, doubts if it be the place, though he unhesitatingly abuses Poussin, as if he had fully intended to have painted nothing else than what was seen by the travelling graduate. “At any rate, it is a town on a hill, wooded with two-and-thirty bushes, of very uniform size, and pos-

sessing about the same number of leaves each. These bushes are all painted in with one dull opaque brown, becoming very slightly greenish towards the lights, and discover in one place a bit of rock, which of course would in nature have been cool and grey beside the lustrous hues of foliage, and which, therefore, being moreover completely in shade, is consistently and scientifically painted of a very clear, pretty, and positive brick red, the only thing like colour in the picture. The foreground is a piece of road, which, in order to make allowance for its greater nearness, for its being completely in light, and, it may be presumed, for the quantity of vegetation usually present on carriage roads, is given in a very cool green-grey, and the truthful colouring of the picture is completed by a number of dots in the sky on the right, with a stalk to them, of a sober and similar brown." We need not say how unlike is this description of the picture.

We pass on to—"Not long ago, I was slowly *descending* this very bit of carriage road, the first turn after you leave Albano;—it had been wild weather when I left Rome, and all across the Campagna the clouds were sweeping in sulphurous blue, with a clap of thunder or two, and breaking gleams of sun along the Claudian aqueduct, lighting up the infinity of its arches like the bridge of Chaos. But as I *climbed* the long slope of the Alban mount, the storm swept finally to the north, and the noble outline of the domes of Albano, and graceful darkness of its ilex grove rose against pure streaks of alternate blue and amber, the upper sky gradually flushing through the last fragments of rain-cloud in deep, palpitating azure, half æther half dew. The noonday sun came slanting down the rocky slopes of La Riccia, and its masses of entangled and tall foliage, whose autumnal tints were mixed with the wet verdure of a thousand evergreens, were penetrated with it as with rain. I cannot call it colour, it was conflagration. Purple, and crimson, and scarlet, like the curtains of God's tabernacle, the rejoicing trees sank into the valley in showers of light, every separate leaf quivering with buoyant and burning life; each, as it turned to reflect or to transmit the sunbeam, first a torch and then an emerald. Far

up into the recesses of the valley, the green vistas arched like the hollows of mighty waves of some crystalline sea, with the arbutus flowers dashed along their flanks for foam, and *silver* flakes of *orange* spray tossed into the air around them, breaking over the grey walls of rock into a thousand separate stars, fading and kindling alternately as the weak wind lifted and let them fall. Every glade of grass burned like the golden floor of heaven, opening in sudden gleams as the foliage broke and closed above it, as sheet lightning opens in a cloud at sunset; the motionless masses of dark rock—dark though flushed with scarlet lichen—casting their quiet shadows across its restless radiance, the fountain underneath them filling its marble hollow with blue mist and fitful sound, and over all—the multitudinous bars of amber and rose, the *sacred* clouds that have no *darkness*, and only exist to illumine, were seen in fathomless intervals between the solemn and *orbed* repose of the stone pines, passing to lose themselves in the last, white, blinding lustre of the measureless line where the Campagna melted into the blaze of the sea." In verity, this is no "Campana Supellex." It is a riddle! Is he going up or down hill—or both at once? No human being can tell. He did not like the "sulphur and treacle" of "our Scotch connoisseurs;" but what colours has he not added here to his sulphur—colours, too, that we fear for the "idea of truth" cannot coexist! And how, in the name of optics, could it be possible for any painter to take in all this, with the "*fathomless intervals*," into an angle of vision of forty-five degrees? It is quite superfluous to ask "who is likest this, Turner or Poussin?" There immediately follows a remark upon another picture in the National Gallery, the "Mercury and Woodman," by Salvator Rosa, than which nothing can be more untrue to the original. He asserts that Salvator painted the distant mountains, "throughout, without one instant of variation. But what is its colour? *Pure* sky-blue, without one grain of grey, or any modifying hue whatsoever;—the same brush which had just given the bluest parts of the sky, has been more loaded at the same part of the palette, and the whole mountain thrown in with unmitigated ultrama-

rine." Now the fact is, that the picture has, in this part, been so injured, that it is hard to say what colour is under the dirty brown-asphaltum hue and texture that covers it. It is certainly not blue now, not "pure blue"—unless pictures change like the cameleon. We know the picture well, and have seen another of the same subject, where the mountains have variety, and yet are blue. We believe a great sum was given for this picture—far more than its condition justifies. We must return—we left the graduate discussing ideas of truth. There is a chapter to show that the truth of nature is not to be discerned by the uneducated senses. As we do not perceive all sounds that enter the ear, so do we not perceive all that is cognizable by the eye—we have, that is, a power of nullifying an impression; that this habit is so common, that from the abstraction of their minds to other subjects, there are probably persons who never saw any thing beautiful. Sensibility to the power of beauty is required—and to see rightly, there should be a perfect state of moral feeling. Even when we think we see with our eyes, our perception is often the result of memory, of previous knowledge; and it is in this way he accounts for the mistake painters and others make with respect to Italian skies. What will Mr Uwin and his followers in blue say to this, alas—Italian skies are not blue? "How many people are misled by what has been said and sung of the serenity of Italian skies, to suppose they must be more blue than the skies of the north, and think that they see them so; whereas the sky of Italy is far more dull and grey in colour than the skies of the north, and is distinguished only by its intense repose of light." Benevenuto Cellini speaks of the mist of Italy. "Repose of light" is rather a novelty—he is fond of it. But then Turner paints with pure white—for ourselves we are with the generality of mankind who prefer the "repose" of shade. "Ask a connoisseur, who has scampered over all Europe, the shape of the leaf of an elm, and the chances are ninety to one that he cannot tell you; and yet he will be voluble of criticism on every painted landscape from Dresden to Madrid"—and why not? The chances are ninety to one that the merits of not a single picture shall depend upon this

knowledge, and yet the pictures shall be good and the connoisseur right. One man sees what another does not see in portraits. Undoubtedly; but how any one is to find in a portrait the following, we are at a loss to conceive. "The third has caught the trace of all that was most hidden and most mighty, when all hypocrisy and all habit, and all petty and passing emotion—the *ice, and the bank, and the foam of the immortal river*—were *shivered and broken, and swallowed up in the awakening of its inward strength,*" &c. How can a man with a pen in his hand let such stuff as this drop from his fingers' ends?

In the chapter "on the relative importance of truths," there is a little needless display of logic—needless, for we find, after all, he does not dispute "the kind of truths proper to be represented by the painter or sculptor," though he combats the maxim that general truths are preferable to particular. His examples are quite out of art, whether one be spoken of as a man or as Sir Isaac Newton. Even logically speaking, Sir Isaac Newton may be the *whole* of the subject, and as such a whole might require a generality. There may be many particulars that are best sunk. So, in a picture made up of many parts, it should have a generality totally independent of the particularities of the parts, which must be so represented as not to interfere with that general idea, and which may be altogether in the mind of the artist. This little discussion seems to arise from a sort of quibble on the word important. Sir Joshua and others, who abet the generality maxim, mean no more than that it is of importance to a picture that it contain, fully expressed, one general idea, with which no parts are to interfere, but that the parts will interfere if each part be represented with its most particular truth—and that, therefore, drapery should be drapery merely, not silk or satin, where high truths of the subject are to be impressed.

"Colour is a secondary truth, therefore less important than form." "He, therefore, who has neglected a truth of form for a truth of colour, has neglected a greater truth for a less one." It is true with regard to any individual object—but we doubt if it be always so in picture. The character

of the picture may not at all depend upon form—nay, it is possible that the painter may wish to draw away the mind altogether from the beauty, and even correctness of form, his subject being effect and colour, that shall be predominant, and to which form shall be quite subservient, and little more of it than such as *chiaro-scuro* shall give; and in such a case colour is the more important truth, because in it lies the sentiment of the picture. The mystery of Rembrandt would vanish were beauty of form introduced in many of his pictures. We remember a picture, the most impressive picture perhaps ever painted, and that by a modern too, Danby's "Opening of the Sixth Seal." Now, though there are fine parts in this picture, the real power of the picture is in its colour—it is awful. We are no enemy to modern painters; we think this a work of the highest genius—and as such, should be most proud to see it deposited in our National Gallery. We further say, that in some respects it carries the art beyond the old practice. But, then, we may say it is a new subject. "It is not certain whether any two people see the same colours in things." Though that does not affect the question of the importance of colour, for it must imply a defect in the individuals, for undoubtedly there is such a thing as nature's harmony of colour; yet it may be admitted, that things are not always known by their colour; nay, that the actual local colour of objects is mainly altered by effects of light, and we are accustomed to see the same things, *quoad* colour, variously presented to us—and the inference that we think artists may draw from this fact is, that there will be allowed them a great license in all cases of colour, and that naturalness may be preserved without exactness—and here will lie the value of a true theory of the harmony of colours, and the application of colouring to pictures, most suitable to the intended impression, not the most appropriate to the objects. We have often laid some stress upon this in the pages of *Maga*—and we think it has been too much omitted in the consideration of artists. Every one knows what is called a Claude glass. We see nature through a coloured medium—yet we do not doubt that we are looking at nature—at trees, at water, at skies

—nay, we admire the colour—see its harmony and many beauties—yet we know them to be, if we may use the term, misrepresented. While speaking of the Claude glass, it will not be amiss to notice a peculiarity. It shows a picture—when the unaided eye will not; it heightens illumination—brings out the most delicate lights, scarcely perceptible to the naked eye, and gives greater power to the shades, yet preserves their delicacy. It seems to annihilate all those rays of light, which, as it were, intercept the picture—that come between the eye and the object. But to return to colour—we say that it must, in the midst of its license, preserve its naturalness—which it will do if it have a meaning in itself. But when we are called upon to question what is the meaning of this or that colour, how does its effect agree with the subject? why is it outrageously yellow or white, or blue or red, or a jumble of all these?—which are questions, we confess, that we and the public have often asked, with regard to Turner's late pictures—we do not acknowledge a naturalness—the license has been abused—not "*sumpta pudenter*." It is not because the vividness of "a blade of grass or a scarlet flower" shall be beyond the power of pigment, that a general glare and obtrusion of such colours throughout a picture can be justified. We are astonished that any man with eyes should see the unnaturalness in colour of Salvator and Titian, and not see it in Turner's recent pictures, where it is offensive because more glaring. Those masters sacrificed, if it be a sacrifice, something to repose—repose is *the* thing to be sacrificed according to the notions of too many of our modern schools. It is likewise singular, after all the falsehoods which he asserts the old masters to have painted, that he should speak of "imitation"—as their whole aim, their sole intention to deceive; and yet he describes their pictures as unlike nature in the detail and in the general as can be, strangely missing their object—deception. We fear the truths, particulars of which occupy the remainder of the volume—of earth, water, skies, &c.—are very minute truths, which, whether true or false, are of very little importance to art, unless it be to those branches of art which may treat the whole of each particular

truth as the whole of a subject, a line of art that may produce a multitude of works, like certain scenes of dramatic effect, surprising to see once, but are soon powerless—can we hope to say of such, “decies repetita placebunt?” They will be the fascinations of the view schools, nay, may even delight the geologist and the herbalist, but utterly disgust the imaginative. This kind of “knowledge” is not “power” in art. We want not to see water anatomized; the Alps may be tomahawked and scalped by geologists, yet may they be sorry painters. And we can point to the general admiration of the world, learned and unlearned, that a “contemptible fragment of a splintery crag” has been found to answer all the purposes of an impression of the greatness of nature, her free, great, and awful forms, and that depth, shades, power of *chiaroscuro*, are found in nature to be strongest in objects of no very great magnitude; for our vision requires nearness, and we want not the knowledge that a mountain is 20,000 feet high, to be convinced that it is quite large enough to crush man and all his works; and that they, who, in their terror of a greater pressure, would call upon the mountains to cover them, and the holes of rocks to hide them, would think very little of the measurement of the mountains, or how the caverns of the earth are made. Greatness and sublimity are quite other things.

We shall not very systematically carry our views, therefore, into the detail of these truths, but shall just pick here and there a passage or so, that may strike us either for its utility or its absurdity.

With regard to truth of tone, he observes—that “the finely-toned pictures of the old masters are some of the notes of nature played two or three octaves below her key, the dark objects in the middle distance having precisely the same relation to the light of the sky which they have in nature, but the light being necessarily infinitely lowered, and the mass of the shadow deepened in the same degree. I have often been struck, when looking at a camera-obscura on a dark day, with the exact resemblance the image bore to one of the finest pictures of the old masters.” We only ask if, when looking at the picture in the camera, he did not still recognize na-

ture—and then, if it was beautiful, we might ask him if it was not *true*; and then when he asserts our highest light being white paper, and that not white enough for the light of nature—we would ask if, in the camera, he did not see the picture on white paper—and if the whiteness of paper be not the exact whiteness of nature, or white as ordinary nature? But there is a quality in the light of nature that mere whiteness will not give, and which, in fact, is scarcely ever seen in nature merely in what is quite white; we mean brilliancy—that glaze, as it were, between the object and the eye which makes it not so much light as bright. Now this quality of light was thought by the old masters to be the most important one of light, extending to the half tones and even in the shadows, where there is still light; and this by art and lowering the tone they were able to give, so that we see not the value of the praise when he says—

“Turner starts from the beginning with a totally different principle. He boldly takes pure white—and justly, for it is the sign of the most intense sunbeams—for his highest light, and lamp-black for his deepest shade,” &c. Now, if white be the sign of the most intense sunbeams, it is as we never wish to see them; what under a tropical sun may be white is not quite white with us; and we always find it disagreeable in proportion as it approaches to pure white. We never saw yet in nature a sky or a cloud pure white; so that here certainly is one of the “fallacies,” we will not call them falsehoods. But as far as we can judge of nature’s ideas of light and colour, it is her object to tone them down, and to give us very little, if any, of this raw white, and we would not say that the old masters did not follow her method of doing it. But we will say, that the object of art, at any rate, is to make all things look agreeable; and that human eyes cannot bear without pain those raw whites and too searching lights; and that nature has given to them an ever present power of glazing down and reducing them, when she added to the eye the sieve, our eyelashes, through which we look, which we employ for this purpose, and desire not to be dragged at any time—“*Sub curru nimium propinqui solis.*”

After this praise of white, one does not expect—"I think nature mixes yellow with almost every one of her hues;" but this is said merely in aversion to purple. "I think the first approach to viciousness of colour in any master, is commonly indicated chiefly by a prevalence of purple and an absence of yellow." "I am equally certain that Turner is distinguished from all the vicious colourists of the present day, by the foundation of all his tones being black, yellow, and intermediate greys, while the tendency of our common glare-seekers is invariably to pure, cold, impossible purples."

"Silent nymph, with curious eye,
Who the *purple* evening lie,"

saith Dyer, in his landscape of "Gron-gar Hill." The "glare-seekers" is curious enough, when we remember the graduate's description of landscapes, (of course Turner's,) and his excursions; but we think we have seen many purples in Turner, and that opposed to his flaming red in sunsets. He prefers warmth where most people feel cold—this is not surprising; but as to picture "is it true?" "My own feelings would guide me rather to the warm greys of such pictures as the 'Snow-Storm,' or the glowing scarlet and gold of the 'Napoleon' and the 'Slave Ship.'" The two latter must be well remembered by all Exhibition visitors; they were the strangest things imaginable in colour as in every particle that should be art or nature. There is a whimsical quotation from Wordsworth, the "keenest-eyed," page 145. His object is to show the strength of shadow—how "the shadows on the trunk of the tree become darker and more conspicuous than any part of the boughs or limbs;" so, for this strength and blackness, we have—

"At the root

Of that tall pine, the shadow of whose
bare

And slender stem, while here I sit at eve,
Oft stretches tow'ards me, like a long
straight path,

Traced faintly in the greensward."

"Of the truth of space," he says that "in a real landscape, we can see the whole of what would be called the middle distance and distance together, with facility and clearness; but while

we do so, we can see nothing in the foreground beyond a vague and indistinct arrangement of lines and colours; and that if, on the contrary, we look at any foreground object, so as to receive a distinct impression of it, the distance and middle distance become all disorder and mystery. And therefore, if in a painting our foreground is any thing, our distance must be nothing, and *vice versa*." "Now, to this fact and principle, no landscape painter of the old school, as far as I remember, ever paid the slightest attention. Finishing their foregrounds clearly and sharply, and with vigorous impression on the eye, giving even the leaves of their bushes and grass with perfect edge and shape, they proceeded into the distance with equal attention to what they could see of its details," &c. But he had blamed Claude for not having given the exactness and distinct shape and colour of leaves in foreground. The fact is, the picture should be as a piece of nature framed in. Within that frame, we should not see distinctly the foreground and distance at the same instant: but, as we have stated, the eye and mind are rapid, the one to see, the other to combine; and as a horse let loose into a field, runs to the extremity of it and around it, the first thing he does—so do we range over every part of the picture, but with wondrous rapidity, before our impression of the whole is perfect. We must not, therefore, slur over any thing; the difficulty in art is to give the necessary, and so made necessary, detail of foreground unostenstably—to paint nothing, that which is to tell as nothing, but so as it shall satisfy upon examination; and we think so the old masters did paint the foregrounds, particularly Gaspar Poussin—so Titian, so Domenichino, and all of any merit. But this is merely an introduction, not to a palliation of, but the approbation and praise of a glaring defect in Turner. "Turner introduced a new era in landscape art, by showing that the foreground might be sunk for the distance, and that it was possible to express immediate proximity to the spectator, without giving any thing like completeness to the forms of the near objects." We are now, therefore, prepared for an absurd "justification of the want of drawing in Turner's figures," thus contemptuously, with regard to all but himself, accounted for.

"And now we see the reason for the singular, and, to the ignorant in art, the offensive execution of Turner's figures. I do not mean to assert that there is any reason whatsoever for *bad* drawing; (though in landscape it matters exceedingly little;) but there is both reason and necessity for that want of drawing which gives even the nearest figures round balls with four pink spots in them instead of faces, and four dashes of the brush instead of hands and feet; for it is totally impossible that if the eye be adapted to receive the rays proceeding from the utmost distance, and some partial impression from all the distances, it should be capable of perceiving more of the forms and features of near figures than Turner gives." Yet what wonderful detail has he required from Canaletti and others?—But is there any reason why we should have "*pink spots*?"—is there any reason why Turner's foreground figures should resemble penny German dolls?—and for the reason we have above given, there ought to be reason why the figures should be made out, at least as they are in a camera-obscura. We here speak of nature, of "truth," and with him ask, it may be all very well—but "is it true?" But we have another fault to find with Turner's figures; they are often bad in intention. What can be more absurd and incongruous, for instance, than in a picture of "elemental war"—a sea-coast—than to put a child and its nurse in foreground, the child crying because it has lost its hoop, or some such thing? It is according to his truth of space, that distances should have every "hair's-breadth" filled up, all its "infinity," with infinities of objects, but that whatever is near, if figures, may be "pink spots," and "four dashes of the brush." While with Poussin—"masses which result from the eclipse of details are contemptible and painful;" and he thinks Poussin has but "meaningless tricks of clever execution"—forgetting that all art is but a trick—yet one of those tricks worth knowing, and yet which how few have acquired! Surely our author is not well acquainted with Hobbima's works; that painter had not a niggling execution. "A single dusty roll of Turner's brush is more truly expressive of the infinity of foliage, than the niggling of Hobbima could have render-

ed his canvass, if he had worked on it till doomsday." Our author seems to have studied skies, such as they are in Turner or in nature. He talks of them with no inconsiderable swagger of observation, while the old masters had no observation at all;—"their blunt and feelingless eyes never perceived it in nature; and their untaught imaginations were not likely to originate it in study." What is the *it*, will be asked—we believe it to be a "cirrus," and that a cirrus is the subject of a chapter to itself. This beard of the sky, however, instead of growing below, is quite above, "never formed below an elevation of at least 15,000 feet, are motionless, multitudinous lines of delicate vapour, with which the blue of the open sky is commonly streaked or speckled after several days of fine weather. They are more commonly known as 'mare's tails.'" Having found this "mare's nest," he delights in it. It is the glory of modern masters. He becomes inflated, and lifts himself 15,000 feet above the level of the understanding of all old masters, and, as we think, of most modern readers, as thus:—"One alone has taken notice of the neglected upper sky; it is his peculiar and favourite field; he has watched its every modification, and given its every phase and feature; at all hours, in all seasons, he has followed its passions and its changes, and has brought down and laid open to the world another apocalypse of heaven." Very well, considering that the cirrus never touches even the highest mountains of Europe, to follow its phase (query faces) and feature 15,000 feet high, and given pink dots, four pink dots for the faces and features of human beings within fifteen feet of his brush. We will not say whether the old masters painted this cirrus or not. We believe they painted what they and we see, at least so much as suited their pictures—but as they were not, generally speaking, exclusively sky-painters, but painters of subjects to which the skies were subordinate, they may be fairly held excused for this their lack of ballooning after the "cirrus;" and we thank them that they were not "glare-seekers," "threading" their way, with it before them, "among the then transparent clouds, while all around the sun is unshadowed fire." We lose

him altogether in the "central cloud region," where he helps nature pretty considerably as she "melts even the unoccupied azure into palpitating shades," and hopelessly turns the corner of common observation, and escapes among the "fifty aisles penetrating through angelic chapels to the shechinah of the blue." We must expect him to descend a little vain of his exploit, and so he does—and wonders not that the form and colour of Turner should be misunderstood, for "they require for the full perception of their meaning and truth, such knowledge and such time as not one in a thousand possesses, or can bestow." The inference is, that the graduate has graduated a successful phæton, driving Mr Turner's chariot through all the signs of the zodiac. So he sends all artists, ancient and modern, to Mr Turner's country, as "a magnificent statement, all truth"—that is, "impetuous clouds, twisted rain, flickering sunshine, fleeting shadow, gushing water, and oppressed cattle"—yes, more, it wants repose, and there it is—"High and far above the dark volumes of the swift rain-cloud, are seen on the left, through their opening, the quiet, horizontal, silent flakes of the highest cirrus, resting in the repose of the deep sky;" and there they are, "delicate, soft, passing vapours," and there is "the exquisite depth and *palpitating* tenderness of the blue with which they are islanded." Thus *islanded in tenderness*, what wonder is it if Ixion embraced a cloud? Let not the modern lover of nature entertain such a thought; "Bright Phœbus" is no minor canon to smile complacently on the matter; he has a jealousy in him, and won't let any be in a melting mood with the clouds but himself; he tears aside your curtains, and steam-like rags of capricious vapour—"the mouldering sun, seeming not far away, but burning like a red-hot ball beside you, and as if you could reach it, plunges through the rushing wind and rolling cloud with headlong fall, as if it meant to rise no more, dyeing all the air about it with blood." This is no fanciful description, but among the comparative views of nature's and of Turner's skies, as seen, and verified upon his affidavit, by a graduate of Oxford; who may have an indisposition to boast of his exclusive privilege.

"Ἀεροβατῶ καὶ περιφρονῶ τὸν ἥλιον."

Accordingly, in "the effects of light rendered by modern art," our author is very particular indeed. His extraordinary knowledge of the sun's position, to a hair's-breadth in Mr Turner's pictures, and minute of the day, is quite surprising. He gives a table of two pages and a-half, of position and moment, "morning, noon, and afternoon," "evening and night." In more than one instance, he is so close, as "five minutes before sunset."

Having settled the matter of the sky, our author takes the earth in hand, and tosses it about like a Titan. "The spirit of the hills is action, that of the lowlands, repose; and between these there is to be found every variety of motion and of rest, from the inactive plain, sleeping like the firmament, with cities for stars, to the fiery peaks which, with heaving bosoms and exulting limbs, with clouds drifting like hair from their bright foreheads, lift up their Titan hands to heaven saying, 'I live for ever.'" We learn, too, a wonderful power in the excited earth, far beyond that which other "naturalists" describe of the lobster, who only, *ad libitum*, casts off a claw or so. "But there is this difference between the action of the earth and that of a living creature, that while the exerted limb marks its bones and tendons through the flesh, the excited earth casts off the flesh altogether, and its bones come out from beneath. Mountains are the bones of the earth, their highest peaks are invariably those parts of its anatomy, which in the plains lie buried under five-and-twenty thousand feet of solid thickness of superincumbent soil, and which spring up in the mountain ranges in vast pyramids or wedges, flinging their garment of earth away from them on each side." If the gentle sketcher should happily escape a cuff from these cast-off clothes flung by excited earth from her extremities, he may be satisfied with repose in the lap of mother earth, who must be considerably fat and cushioned, though some may entertain a fear of being overlaid. What is the artist to do with an earth like this, body and bones? When he sits down to sketch some placid landscape, is he to think of poor nature with her bones sticking out from twenty-five thousand feet of her solid flesh! Mother of Gargantia—thou wert but a dwarf! Salvator Rosa could not

paint rock ; Gaspar Poussin could not paint rock. A rock, in short, is such a thing as nobody ought to paint, or can paint but Turner, and all that, after his description of rock, we believe ; but were not prepared to learn that "the foreground of the 'Napoleon' in last year's Academy," is "one of the most exquisite pièces of rock truth ever put on canvass." In fact, we really, in ignorance to be ashamed of, did not know there was any rock there at all. We only remember Napoleon and his cocked-hat—now, this is extraordinary ; for as *we* only or chiefly remember the cocked-hat, so he sees the said cocked-hat in Salvator's rocks, where we never saw such a thing, though "he has succeeded in covering his foregrounds with forms which approximate to those of drapery, of ribands, of *crushed cocked-hats*, of locks of hair, of waves, of leaves, or any thing, in short, flexible or tough, but which, of course, are not only unlike, but directly contrary to the forms which nature has impressed on rocks." And the nature of rocks he must know, having the "Napoleon" before him. "In the 'Napoleon' I can illustrate by no better example, for I can reason as well from this as I could with my foot on the native rock." What rocks of Salvator's, besides the No. 220 of the Dulwich gallery, he has seen, we cannot pretend to say ; we have, within these few days, seen one, and could not discover the "commas," the "Chinese for rocks," nor Sanscrit for rocks, but did read the language of nature, without the necessity of any writing under—"This is a rock." Poor Claude, he knew nothing of perspective, and his efforts "invariably ended in reducing his pond to the form of a round O, and making it look perpendicular ;" but in one instance Claude luckily hits upon "a little bit of accidental truth ;" he is circumstantial in its locality—"the little piece of ground above the cattle, between the head of the brown cow and the tail of the white one, is well articulated, just where it turns into shade."

After the entire failure of all artists that ever lived before Turner in land and skies, we are prepared to find that they had not the least idea of water. When they thought they painted water, in fact, they were like

"those happier children, sliding on dry ground," and had not the chance of wetting a foot. Water, too, is a thing to be anatomized, a sort of ribfluidity. The moving, transparent water, in shallow and in depth, of Vandervelde and Backhuysen, is not the least like water ; they are men who "libelled the sea." Many of our moderns—Stanfield in particular—seem naturally web-footed ; but the real Triton of the sea, as he was Titan of the earth, is Turner. To our own eyes, in this respect, he stands indebted to the engraver ; for we do not remember a single sea-piece by Turner, in water-colour or oil, in which the water is *liquid*. What it is like, in the picture of the Slave-ship, which is considered one of his very finest productions, we defy any one to tell. We are led to guess it is meant for water, by the strange fish that take their pastime. A year or two ago were exhibited two sea-pieces, of nearly equal size, at the British Institution, by Vandervelde and Turner. It was certainly one of Turner's best ; but how inferior was the water and the sky to the water and sky in Vandervelde ! In Turner they were both rocky. We say not this to the disparagement of Turner's genius. He had not studied these elements as did Vandervelde. The two painters ought not to be compared together ; and we humbly think that any man who should pronounce of Vandervelde and Backhuysen, that they "libelled the sea," convicts himself of a wondrous lack of taste and feeling. Of their works he thus speaks—"As it is, I believe there is scarcely such another instance to be found in the history of man, of the epidemic aberration of mind into which multitudes fall by infection, as is furnished by the value set upon the works of these men." Of water, he says—"Nothing can hinder water from being a reflecting medium but dry dust or filth of some kind on its surface. Dirty water, if the foul matter be dissolved or suspended in the liquid, reflects just as clearly and sharply as pure water, only the image is coloured by the hue of the mixed matter, and becomes comparatively brown or dark." We entirely deny this, from constant observation. Within this week we have been studying a stream, which has alternated in its clearness and muddi-

ness. We found the reflection not only less clear in the latter case, but instead of brown and dark, to have lost its brownness, and to have become lighter. To understand the "curves" of water being beyond the reach of most who are not graduates of Oxford; and painters and admirers of old masters being people without sense, at least in comparison with the graduate, he thus disposes of his learned difficulty:—"This is a point, however, on which it is impossible to argue without going into high mathematics, and even then the nature of particular curves, as given by the brush, would be scarcely demonstrable; and I am the less disposed to take much trouble about it, because I think that the persons who are really fond of these works are almost beyond the reach of argument." The celebrated Mrs Partington once endeavoured, at Sidmouth, to dispose of these "curves," and failed; and we suspect a stronger reason than the incapacity of his readers for our author's thus disposing of the subject. We believe the world would not give a pin's head for all the seas that ever might be painted upon these mathematical curves; and that, in painting, even a graduate's "high mathematics" are but a very low affair. But let us enliven the reader with something really high—and here is, in very high-flown prose, part of a description of a waterfall; and it will tell him a secret, that in the midst of these fine falls, nature keeps a furnace and steam-engine continually at work, and having the fire at hand, sends up rockets—if you doubt—read:—"And how all the hollows of that foam burn with green fire, like so much *shattering chrysoprase*; and how, ever and anon, startling you with its white flash, a jet of spray leaps hissing out of the fall, like a rocket, bursting in the wind, and driven away in dust, filling the air with light; and how, through the curdling wreaths of the restless, crashing abyss below, the blue of the water, paled by the foam in its body, shows purer than the sky through white rain-cloud, while the shuddering iris stoops in tremulous stillness over all, fading and flashing alternately through the choking spray and shattered sunshine, hiding itself at last among the thick golden leaves, which toss to and fro in sympathy with the

wild water, their dripping masses lifted at intervals, like sheaves of loaded corn, by some stronger gush from the cataract, and bowed again upon the mossy rocks as its roar dies away." "Satque superque satis"—we cannot go on. There is nothing like calling things by their contraries—it is truly startling. Whenever you speak of water, treat it as fire—of fire, *vice versa*, as water; and be sure to send them all shattering out of reach and discrimination of all sense; and look into a dictionary for some such word as "chrysoprase," which we find to come from χρυσος gold, and πρᾶσον a leek, and means a precious stone; it is capable of being shattered, together with "sunshine"—the reader will think the whole passage a "flash" of moonshine. But there is a discovery—"I believe, when you have stood by this for half an hour, you will have discovered that there is something more in nature than has been given by Ruysdaël." You will indeed—if this be nature! But, alas, what have we not to undergo—to discover what water is, and to become capable of judging of Turner! It is a comfort, however, that he is likely to have but few judges. Graduate has courage to undergo anything. Ariel was nothing in his ubiquity to him, though he put a span about the world in forty minutes; "but there was some apology for the public's not understanding this, for few people have had the opportunity of seeing the sea at such a time, and when they have, cannot face it. To hold by a mast or rock, and watch it, is a prolonged endurance of drowning, which few people have courage to go through. To those who have, it is one of the noblest lessons in nature." Very few people, indeed, and those few "involuntary experimentalists."

We are glad to get on dry land again, "brown furze or any thing"—and here we must question one of his truths of vegetation: he asserts, that the stems of all trees, the "ordinary trees of Europe, do not taper, but grow up or out, in undiminished thickness, till they throw out branch and bud, and then go off again to the next of equal thickness." We have carefully examined many trees this last week, and find it is not the case; in almost all, the bulging at the bottom, nearest the root, is manifest. There is an early

association in our minds, that the birch for instance is remarkably tapering in its twigs. We would rather refer our "sworn measurer" to the factor than the painter, and we very much question whether his "top and top" will meet the market. We are satisfied the fact is not as he states it, and surely nature works not by such measure rule. We suspect, for nature we should here read Turner, for his trees, certainly, are strange things; it is true, he generally shirks them.

We do not remember one picture that has a good, true, *bona fide*, conspicuous tree in it. The reader will not be surprised to learn that the worst painter of trees was Gaspar Poussin! and that the perfection of trees is to be found in Turner's "Marley," where most people will think the trees look more like brooms than trees. The chapter on "the Truth of Turner" concludes with a quotation—we presume the extract from a letter from Mr Turner to the author. If so, Mr Turner has somewhat caught the author's style, and tells very simple truths in a very fine manner, thus:—"I cannot gather the sunbeams out of the east, or I would make *them* tell you what I have seen; but read this, and interpret this, and let us remember together. I cannot gather the gloom out of the night-sky, or I would make that teach you what I have seen; but read this, and interpret this, and let us feel together."

We must pause. Really we do not see the slightest necessity of an interpretation here. It is a simple fact. He cannot extract "sunbeams" from cucumbers—from the east, we should say. The only riddle seems to be, that they should, in one instance, remember together, and in the other, feel together; only we guess that, being night-gloom, people naturally feel about them in the dark. But he proceeds—"And if you have not that within you which I can sum-

mon to my aid, if you have not the sun in your spirit, and the passion in your heart, which my words may awaken, though they be indistinct and swift, leave me." We must pause again; here is a riddle: what can be the meaning of having the sun in one's spirit?—is it any thing like having the moon in one's head? We give it up. The passion in the heart we suppose to be dead asleep, and the words and voice harsh and grating, and so it is awakened. But what that if, or if not, has to do with "leave me," we cannot conjecture; but this we do venture to conjecture, that to expect our graduate ever to *leave* Mr Turner is one of the most hopeless of all Mr Turner's "Fallacies of Hope." But the writer proceeds with a *for*—that appears, nevertheless, a pretty considerable *non-sequitur*. "For I will give you no patient mockery, no laborious insult of that glorious nature, whose I am and whom I serve." Here the graduate is treated as a servant, and the writer of the letter assumes the Pythian, the truly oracular vein. "Let other servants imitate the voice and the gesture of their master while they forget his message. Hear that message from me, but remember that the teaching of Divine Truth must still be a mystery." "Like master like man." Both are in the "Cambyses' vein."

We do not think that landscape painters will either gain or lose much by the publication of this volume, unless it be some mortification to be so sillily lauded as some of our very respectable painters are. We do not think that the pictorial world, either in taste or practice, will be Turnerized by this palpably fulsome, nonsensical praise. In this our graduate is *semper idem*, and to keep up his idolatry to the sticking-point, terminates the volume with a prayer, and begs all the people of England to join in it—a prayer to Mr Turner!

A ROYAL SALUTE.

"Should you like to be a queen, Christina?"

This question was addressed by an old man, whose head was bent carefully over a chess-board, to a young lady who was apparently rather tired of the lesson she had taken in that interesting game.

"Queen of hearts, do you mean?" answered the girl, patting with the greatest appearance of fondness a dreadfully ugly little dog that lay in her lap.

"Queen of hearts," replied the minister, with a smile; "you are that already, my dear. But have you no other ambition?" he added, tapping sagaciously the lid of a magnificently ornamented snuff-box, on which was depicted one of the ugliest monarchs that ever puzzled a court-painter to make him human.

"Why should my ambition go further?" said Christina. "I have more subjects already than I know how to govern."

"No doubt—no doubt—I knew very well that you could not avoid having subjects; but I hope and trust you have had too much sense to receive their allegiance."

The old man was proud of carrying on the metaphor so well, and of asking the question so delicately. It was quite evident he had been in the diplomatic line.

"How can I help it?" enquired the young beauty, passing her hand over the back of the disgusting little pet, which showed its teeth in a very uncouth fashion whenever the paternal voice was raised a little too high. "But, I assure you, I pay no attention to allegiance, which I consider my right. There is but one person's homage I care for!"

The brow of the Prime Minister of Sweden grew very black, and his face had something of the benign expression of the growling pug on his daughter's knee.

"Who is that person, Christina?"

But Christina looked at her father with an alarmed glance, which she shortly after converted into a smile, and went on in her pleasing occupation of smoothing the raven down of her favourite, but did not say a word.

The father, who seemed to be no great judge of pantomime, repeated his question.

"Who is that person, Christina?"

Christina disdained hypocrisy, and, moreover, was immensely spoiled.

"Who should it be, but your gallant nephew, Adolphus Hesse, dear father?"

"You haven't had the impudence, I hope, to engage yourself to that boy?"

"Boy—why he is twenty-one! He is my oldest friend—we learned all our lessons together. I can't recollect the time we were not engaged, it is so long since we loved each other!"

"Nonsense! You were brought up together by his mother; it is nothing but sisterly affection."

"Not at all—not at all!" cried Christina; "it would make me quite miserable if Adolphus were my brother."

"It is all you must think him, nevertheless. He has no fortune; he has nothing but his commission; and my generosity is!"

"Immense, my dear father; inexhaustible! And then Adolphus is so brave—so magnanimous; and, upon my word, when I saw how much he liked me, and heard him speak so much more delightfully than any body else, I never thought of asking if he was rich; and you know you love him yourself, dear father."

Christina neglected the pug in her lap for a moment, and laid her hand coaxingly on the old man's shoulder.

"But not enough to make him my heir," said the Count, gruffly. Christina renewed her attentions to the dog.

"He would be your heir notwithstanding," she said, "if I were to die."

There was something in the tone of her voice, or the idea suggested of her death, that softened the old man. He looked for a long time at the young and beautiful face of his child; and the shade of uneasiness her words had raised, disappeared from his brow.

"There is nothing but life there," he said, gently tapping her on the

forehead; "and therefore I must marry you, my girl!"

"And you will make us the happiest couple in the world. Adolphus will be so grateful," said Christina, her bright eyes sparkling through tears.

"Who the devil said a word about Adolphus?" said the father, looking angrily at Christina; but he added immediately in a softer tone, when he saw the real emotion of his daughter—"Poor girl, you have been sadly spoiled! You have had too much of your own way, and now you ask me to do what is impossible. Be a reasonable girl, there's a darling! and your aunt will present you at court. You will see such grand things—you will know our gallant young King—only be reasonable!"

"The rude monster!" cried Christina, starting up as if tired of the conversation. "I have no wish to know him. They say he hates women."

"A calumny, my dear girl; he is very fond of *one* at all events."

"Is she pretty?"

"And mischievous as yourself."

"As I?" enquired Christina, and fell into a long reverie, while the Count smiled as if he had made an excellent hit."

"But I have never seen him, papa," she said, "awakening all of a sudden."

"He may have seen you though; and he says"—

"Oh, what does he say? Do tell me what the King says?"

"Poh! What do you want to know about what a rude monster says—that hates women?" answered the father with another smile of satisfaction."

"But he is a king, papa! What does he say? I am quite anxious to know."

But the minister of state had gained his object; he had excited curiosity, and determined not to gratify it. At last he said, as he rose to quit the apartment—"Let us turn the conversation, Christina; we have nothing to do with kings, and must content ourselves with humbler subjects. An officer will sup with us to-night, whom I wish you very much to please. He has influence with the King; and if you have any regard for my interest you will receive him well. I intend him for your husband."

"I won't have him!" cried Christina,

running after her father as he left the room. "I won't have him! If I don't marry Adolphus, I won't marry at all!"

"Heaven grant it, sweet cousin!" said Adolphus Hesse in *propria persona*, emerging from behind the window-curtains, where, by some miraculous concatenation of events, he had found himself ensconced for the last hour. "'Tis delightful to act the spy, and hear an advocate so persuasive as you have been, Christina—but the cause is desperate."

"Who told you, sir, the cause was desperate?" said Christina, pretending to look offended. "The battle is half gained—my father's anger disappears in a moment. Now, dear Adolphus, don't sigh—don't cross your arms—don't look up to the sky with that heroic frown—I can't bear to groan and be dismal—I want to be gay—to have a ball—to—We shall have *such* a ball the day of our wedding, Adolphus!"

"Your hopes deceive you, dearest Christina. I know your father better than you do. Ah!" he added, gazing sadly on the beautiful features of the young girl who looked on him so brightly, "you will never be able to resist the brilliant offer that will be made you in exchange for one faithful, loving heart."

"Indeed!" replied Christina, feeling her eyes filling with tears, but endeavouring at the same time to conceal her emotion under an affectation of anger, "your opinion of me is not very flattering; and it is not in very good taste, methinks, to play the despairing lover, especially after the conversation you so honourably overheard."

"Dry that tear, dear girl!" said Adolphus, "I will believe any thing you like."

"Why do you make me cry then? Is it only to have the pleasure of telling me to dry my tears? Or did you think you had some rival; some splendid cavalier that it was impossible to resist—Count Ericson, for instance?"

"Oh! as to Ericson I am not at all uneasy. I know you hate him; and besides he is not much richer than myself; but, dear Christina"—

"Well—go on," said the girl, mocking the lugubrious tone of her cousin—"what are you sighing again for?"

"Your father is going to bring you a new lover this evening, and poor Adolphus will be forgotten."

"You deserve it all for your ridiculous suspicions; but you are my cousin, and I forgive you this once." She looked at him with so sunny a smile, and so clear and open-hearted a countenance, that it was impossible to entertain a doubt.

"You love me really, then?" he said—"truly—faithfully?"

"I have told you so a hundred times," replied her cousin. "I am astonished you are not tired of hearing the same thing over and over again."

"'Tis so sweet, so new a thing for me," said Adolphus, "and I could listen to it for ever."

"Well, then, we love each other—that's very clear," said Christina, with the solemnity of the foreman of a jury delivering a verdict on the clearest evidence; "but since my father won't let us marry, we must wait—that is almost as clear as the other."

"And if he never consents?" enquired Adolphus.

"Never!" exclaimed Christina, to whom such an idea seemed never to have occurred, "can it be possible he will *never* consent?"

"I fear it is too possible," replied Adolphus, and the shadow fell on his face again.

"Well," said Christina, after a minute's pause, as if she had come to a resolution, "we must always stay as we are. Happiness is never increased by an act of disobedience."

"I think as you do," said the young soldier, admiring her all the more for the death-blow to his hopes; "and are you happy, quite happy, Christina?"

"What a question! Don't I see you every day? Isn't every body kind to me? Is there any thing I want?"

A different answer would have pleased the lover more. He looked at her for some time in silence—at last, in an altered tone, he said—

"I congratulate you on your prudence, Christina."

"I cannot break my father's heart."

"No, but mine, Christina!"

"Adolphus," said the young beauty solemnly, "if I cannot be your wife with the consent of my father, I never will marry another. This is all you can ask; all I can promise."

Filial affection was not quite so

strong in Adolphus as in his cousin, and his face was by no means brightened on hearing this declaration. It was so uncommonly proper that it seemed nearly bordering on the cold and heartless. He tried to hate her; he walked up and down the room at a tremendous pace, stopping every now and then to take another glance at the tyrant who had pronounced his doom, and looked as beautiful as ever. He found it impossible to hate *her*, though we shall not enquire what were his sentiments towards her worthy progenitor, Count Ericson, the unknown lover, and even the young heroic King; for the sagacious reader must now be informed that this wonderful lovers' quarrel took place in the reign of Charles XII. Our fear is that he disliked all four. Christina found it very difficult to preserve the gravity essential to a heroine's appearance when she saw the long strides and bent brows of her lover. A smile was ready, on the slightest provocation, to make a dimple in her beautiful cheek, and all the biting she bestowed on her lips only made them redder and rosier. Adolphus had no inclination to smile, and could not believe that any body could see the least temptation to indulge in such a ridiculous occupation on such a momentous occasion. He was a regular lover, as Mr Weller would say, and no mistake. He saw in his fair cousin only a treasure of inestimable price, guarded by two monsters that made his approaches hopeless—avarice and ambition. How differently those two young people viewed the same event! Christina, knowing her power over her father, and unluckily not knowing that fathers (even though they are prime ministers, and are as courtier-like as Polonius) have flinty hearts when their interests are concerned, saw nothing in the present state of affairs to despair about; and in fact, as we have said already, was nearly committing the unpardonable crime of laughing at the grimaces of her cousin. He, poor fellow, knew the world a little better, and perceived in a moment that the new lover whom the ambitious father was going to present to his daughter, was some favourite of the king; and he was well aware, that any one backed by that impetuous monarch, was in a fair way to success. The king had seen

Christina too—and though despising love himself, was in the habit of rewarding his favourite officers with the hand of the beauties or heiresses of his court; and when, as in this instance, the lady chosen was both—how could he doubt that the king had already resolved that she should be the bride of some lucky rival, against whose claims it would be impossible to contend? And Christina standing all the while before him, scarcely able to restrain a laugh! He was only twenty-one—and not half so steady as his grandfather would probably have shown himself in the same circumstances, and being unable to vent his rage on any body else, he poured it all forth upon himself.

“What a fool I have been!—an ass—a dolt—to have been so blinded! But I see now—I deserve all I have got! To have been so deceived by an absurd fit of love—that has lasted all my life, too! But no!—I shall not repay my uncle’s kindness to me by robbing him of his only child. I shall go at once to my regiment—I may be lucky enough to get into the way of a cannon—you will think kindly of me when I am gone, though you are so unkind”——

The word died away upon his lips. Large tears filled Christina’s eyes, and all her inclination to smile had disappeared. There was something either in his looks or the tone of his voice, or the thought of his being killed, that banished all her gaiety; and in a few minutes the quarrel was made up—the tears dried in the usual manner—vows made—hands joined—and resolutions passed and carried with the utmost unanimity, that no power on earth should keep them from being married. And a very good resolution it was. The only pity was, that it was not very likely to be carried into effect. A father, an unknown lover, and a king, all joined against a poor boy and girl. The odds are very much against Adolphus and Christina.

Now let us examine the real state of affairs as dispassionately as we can. The Count Gyllenborg was ambitious, as became a courtier with an only daughter who was acknowledged on all sides to be the most beautiful girl in Sweden; and as he was aware of the full value of red lips and sparkling eyes in the commerce of life, he

was determined to make the most of these perishable commodities while they were at their best, and the particular make and colour of them were in fashion. The Count was rich—and with amply sufficient brains, according to the dictum of one of his predecessors, to govern a kingdom; but he was not warlike; and Charles, who had lately taken the power into his own hands, knew nothing of mankind further than that they were made to be drawn up in opposite lines, and make holes in each other as scientifically as they could. Count Gyllenborg had a decided objection to being made a receptacle for lead bullets or steel swords; and was by no means anxious to murder a single Russian or German, for the sake of the honour of the thing, or for the good of his country. His power resting only on his adroitness in civil affairs, was therefore not on the surest foundation; and a prop to it was accordingly wanted. Such a prop had never been seen before, with such sunny looks, and such a happy musical laugh. The looks and the laugh between them, converted the atmosphere of Stockholm into the climate of Italy; and the politician, almost without knowing it, began to be thawed into a father. But the fear of a rival in the King’s favour—some gallant soldier—and dozens of them were reported every week—made him resolve once more to bring his daughter’s beauties into play. The king had seen her, and, in his boorish way, had expressed his admiration; and Gyllenborg felt assured, that if he should marry his daughter according to the King’s wishes, his influence would be greater than ever; and, in fact, that the premiership would be his for life.

Great preparations accordingly were made for the reception of the powerful stranger, the announcement of whose appearance at supper had spread such dismay in the hearts of the two lovers. Christina knew almost instinctively her father’s plan, and determined to counteract it. She felt sure that the officer for whom she was destined, and whom she had been ordered to receive so particularly, was one of the new favourites of the warlike king; some leader of a forlornhope, created colonel on the field of battle; some young general fresh

from some heroic achievement, that had endeared him to his chief; but whoever it was, she was resolved to show him that the crown of Sweden was a very limited monarchy in regard to its female subjects, and that she would have nobody for her husband—neither count, nor colonel, nor general—but only her cousin Adolphus, lieutenant in the Dalecarlian hussars. Notwithstanding this resolution, it is astonishing what a time she stayed before the glass—how often she tried different coloured roses in her hair—how carefully she fitted on her new Parisian robes, and, in short, did every thing in her power to look her very best. What did all this arise from? She wished to show this young favourite, whoever he might be, that she was really as beautiful as people had told him; she wished to convince him that her smile was as sweet, her teeth as white, her eyes as captivating, her figure as superb, as he had heard them described—and then she wished to show him that all these—smiles—eyes—teeth—figure, were given, along with the heart that made them truly valuable, to another! and that other no favourite of a king—nor even of a minister, but only of a young girl of eighteen.

Radiant with beauty, and conscious of the sensation she was certain to create, she entered the magnificent apartment where supper was prepared—a supper splendid and costly enough to have satisfied a whole army of epicures, though only intended for her father, the stranger, and herself; and if you, oh reader! had been there, you would have thought Christina lovely enough to have excited the admiration of a whole court instead of an old man—and that, too, her father—and a young one, and that none other, to Christina's infinite disgust, than the very Count Ericson whose acquaintance she had already made, and whom she infinitely and unappeasably disliked. He was the most awkward, stupid-looking young man she ever saw, and had furnished her with a butt for her malicious pleasantries ever since she had known him. He rose to lead her to her seat. "How different from Adolphus! If he is no better performer in the battlefield than at the supper-table, the King must be very ill off for soldiers. What can papa mean by asking such a hor-

rid being to his house? I am certain I shall laugh outright if I look again at his silly grey eyes and long yellow hair, as ragged as a pony's mane."

Such were Christina's thoughts, while she bit her lips to hide if possible her inclination to be angry, and to laugh at the same time. And in truth her dislike of the Count did not exaggerate the ridiculousness of the appearance of the tall ungainly figure—large-boned and stiff-backed—that now stood before her—with a nose so absurdly aquiline that it would have done for a caricature—coarse-skinned cheeks, and a stare of military impudence that shocked and nearly frightened the high-bred, elegant-looking beauty on whom it was fixed. And yet this individual, such as we have described, had been fixed on by the higher powers for her husband—was this night to be treated as her accepted lover, and, in short, had been closeted for hours every day with her father—settling all the preliminaries of course—for the last six weeks. Christina looked once more at the insolent stare of the triumphant soldier, and made a vow to die rather than speak to him—that is, in the affirmative.

But thoughts of affirmatives and negatives did not seem to enter Count Ericson's head—his grammatical education having probably been neglected. He stood gaping at his prey as a tiger may be supposed to cast insinuating looks upon a lamb, and made every now and then an attempt to conceal either his awkwardness, or satisfaction, or both, in immense fits of laughter, which formed the accompaniment of all the remarks—and they were nearly as heavy as himself—with which he favoured the company. Christina, on her part, if she had given way to the dictates of her indignation, would have also favoured the company with a few remarks, that in all probability would have put a stop to the laughter of the lover, and choked her old father by making a fish-bone stick in his throat. She was angry for twenty reasons, one of them was having wasted a moment over her toilette to receive such a visitor as Count Ericson; another was her father having dared to offer her hand to such an uncouth wooer and intolerable bore; and the principal one of all, was his having rejected his own nephew—undoubtedly the handsomest of Dale-

carlian hussars—in favour of such a vulgar, ugly individual. The subject of these flattering considerations seemed to feel at last that he ought to say something to the young beauty, on whose pouting lip had gathered something which was very different indeed from a smile, and yet nearly as captivating. He accordingly turned his large light eyes from his plate for a moment, and with a mouth still filled with a leg and wing of a capercailzie, enquired—

“What do you think of Alexander the Great, madam?”

This was too much. Even her rage disappeared, and she burst into a loud laugh at the serious face of the querrist.

“I never think of Alexander the Great at all,” she said. “I only recollect, that when I was reading his history, I could hardly make out whether he was most of a fool or a madman.”

Ericson swallowed the leg and the wing of the capercailzie without any further mastication, and launched out in a torrent of admiration of the most prodigious courage the world had ever seen.

“If he had been as prodigiously wise,” replied Christina, “as he was prodigiously courageous, he would have learned to govern himself before he attempted to govern the world.”

Ericson blushed from chin to forehead with vexation, and answered in an offended tone—

“How can a woman enter into the fever of noble thoughts that impels a brave man to rush into the midst of dangers, and leads him to despise life and all its petty enjoyments to gain undying fame?”

“No, indeed,” she replied, “I have no fever, and have no sympathy with destroyers. Oh, if I wished for fame, I should try to gain it by gathering round me the blessings of all who saw me! Yes, father,” she went on, paying no regard to the signs and winks of the agonized Count Gyllenborg, “I would rather that countless thousands should live to bless me, than that they should die in heaping curses on my name! Men-killers—though you dignify them with the name of heroes—are atrocious. Let us speak of them, my lord, no more, unless to pray heaven to rid the earth of such monsters.”

A feather of the smallest of birds would have knocked down the Prime Minister of Sweden; and Count Ericson appeared, from his stupefied look, to have gone through the process already—the difficulty was to lift him up again.

“Come, Count,” cried the Minister, filling up Ericson’s glass with champagne, “to Alexander’s glory!”

“With all my heart,” cried Ericson, moistening his rage with the delicious sparkler. “Come, fair savage,” he added, addressing Christina, and touching her glass with such force that it fell in a thousand pieces on the table—“to Alexander’s glory!”

“I have no wish to drink to such a toast,” replied Christina, more offended than ever; “I can’t endure those scourges of human kind who hide the skin of the tiger beneath the royal robe.”

“The girl is mad!” exclaimed the astonished father, who seemed to begin to be slightly alarmed at the flashes of indignation that burst from Count Ericson’s wild-looking eyes. “Don’t mind what such a silly thing says; she does it only to show her cleverness. What does she know of war or warriors? She cares for nothing yet but her puppy-dog. She pats it all day, and lets it bite her pretty little hand. Such a hand it is to refuse a pledge to Alexander!”

The politician was on the right track; for such a pretty hand was not in Sweden—nor probably in Denmark either—and the cunning old minister took it between his finger and thumb, and placed it almost on the lip of the irate young worshipper of glory; if it did not actually touch the lip it went very near it, and distinctly moved one or two of the most prominent tufts of the stout yellow mustache. “The little goose,” pursued the respectable sire, “to pretend to have an opinion on any subject except the colour of a riband. Upon my honour, I believe she presumes to be a critic of warriors, because she plays a good game of chess. It is one of her accomplishments, Count; and if you will take a little of the conceit out of her, you will confer an infinite obligation on both of us.”

Saying this, he lifted with his own ministerial fingers a small table from a corner of the room, and placed it in front of the youthful couple, with the

men all ready laid out. Ericson's eyes sparkled at the sight of his favourite game; and he determined to display his utmost skill, and teach his antagonist a few secrets of the art of (mimic) war. But determinations, as has been remarked by several sages, past and present, are sometimes vain. Nothing, one would think, could be so likely to restore a man's self-possession as a quiet game of chess—an occupation as efficacious in soothing the savage breast as music itself. But Ericson seemed still agitated from the contradictions he had encountered from the free-spoken Christina, and threw a little more politeness into his manner than he had hitherto vouchsafed to show, when he invited her to be his adversary in a game.

"But, if I beat you?" she said ominously, holding up one of the fair fingers to which his attention had been so particularly called, and implying by the question, if you get angry when I only refuse your toast, won't you eat me if I am the winner at chess? "But, if I beat you?" she said.

"That will not be the only occasion on which you will have triumphed over me, you—you!"—He seemed greatly at a loss for a word, and concluded his speech with—"beauty!" This expression, which was, no doubt, intended for the most complimentary he could find, was accompanied with a look of admiration so long, so broad, and so impudent, that she blushed, and a squeeze of her hand so hard, so rough, and so continued, that she screamed. She threw a glance of inexpressible disdain on the insolent wooer, and looked for protection to her father; but that venerable individual was at that moment so sound asleep on one of the sofas at the other end of the room, that no noise whatever could have awakened him. Ericson seemed totally unmoved by all the contempt she could express in her looks, and probably thought he was in a thriving condition, from the fact (somewhat unusual) of his being looked at at all. She lost her temper altogether. She covered her cheek, which was flushed with anger, with the little hand that was reddened with pain, and resolved to play her worst to spite her ill-mannered antagonist. But all her

attempts at bad play were useless. The board shook beneath the immense hands of Ericson, who was in a tremendous state of agitation, and hardly knew the pieces. He pushed them hither and thither—made his knights slide along with the episcopal propriety of bishops, and made his bishops caracole across the squares with the unseemly elasticity of knights. His game got into such confusion, that Christina could not avoid winning, and at last—enjoying the victory she had determined not to win—she cried out, with a voice of triumph, "Check to the king by the queen."

"Cruel girl!" exclaimed the Count, dashing his hand among the pieces with an energy that scattered them all upon the floor. "Haven't you been anxious to make the king your prisoner?"

"But there is nothing to hinder him from saving himself," answered Christina, looking round once more to her father, who, however, pursued his slumber with the utmost assiduity, and had apparently a very agreeable dream, for a smile was evident at the corners of his mouth. "It is impossible to place the board as it was," she continued, trying to gather up the pieces, and place castles, knights, and pawns in their proper position again.

"Don't try it—don't try it," cried Ericson, losing all command of himself, and pushing the board away from him, till it spun over with all its men on the carpet. "The game is over—you have given me check, and mated me!" And in a moment, as if ashamed of the influence exercised over him by so very unwarlike an individual as a little girl of eighteen, he hurried from the room, stumbling over his enormous sword, which got, somehow or other, between his legs, and cursing his awkwardness and the absurd excess of admiration which caused it.

"That man will surely never come here again," said Christina to her father, as he entered the room an hour after the incidents of the chess-board; for the obsequious minister had followed Ericson in his rapid retreat, and now returned radiant with joy, as if his guest had been the most fascinating of men.

"Not come here again!" chuckled the father. "That's all you know about it. He is dying with impa-

tience to return, and is angry with himself for having wasted the two precious hours of your society in the way he did. He never had two such happy hours in his life."

"Happy! is that what he calls happiness?" answered Christina, opening her eyes in amazement. "I don't know what his notions may be—but mine—oh, father!" she cried, emboldened by the smile she saw on the old man's countenance, "you are only trying me; say you are only proving my constancy, by persuading me that such a being as that has any wish to please me. He is more in love with Alexander the Great than with me; and he is quite right, for he has a far better chance of a return."

"An enthusiasm excusable, my dear, in a young warrior of twenty years of age, whose savage ambition it will be your delightful task to tame. He is in a terrible state of agitation—a most flattering thing, let me tell you, to a young gipsy like you—and you must humour him a little, and not break out quite so fiercely, you minx; and yet you managed very well, too. A fine fellow, Ericson, though a little wild; rich, powerful, nobly born—what can you wish for better?"

"My cousin," answered Christina, with a bluntness that astonished the advocate of Ericson's claims; "my cousin Adolphus, and no other. He is braver than this savage; and as to nobility, he is as nobly born as my own right honourable papa, and that is high enough for me."

"Go, go," said the courtier, a little puzzled by the openness of his daughter's confession, and kissing her forehead at the same time; "go to bed, my girl, and pray for your father's advancement."

Christina, like a dutiful child, prayed as she was told for her father's success and happiness, and then added a petition of her own, shorter, perhaps, but quite as sincere, for her cousin Adolphus. If she added one for herself, it was a work of supererogation, for she felt that in praying for the happiness of her lover, she was not unmindful of her own.

For some days after the supper recorded above, she was too happy tormenting the very object of all these aspirations, to trouble her head about

the awkward and ill-mannered protégé of her father, whom she hated with as much cordiality as the most jealous of rivals could desire. But of course she was extremely careful to let no glimpse of this unchristian feeling towards Count Ericson be perceptible to the person who would have rejoiced in it so much. In fact, she carried her philanthropy to such a pitch, that she never mentioned any of the bad qualities of her new admirer, and Adolphus very naturally concluded that she felt as she spoke on the interesting subject. So, all of a sudden, Adolphus, who was prouder than Christina, perhaps because he was poorer, would not condescend to be made a fool of, as he magnanimously thought it, any longer. He had the immense satisfaction of staying away from the house for nearly half a week, and then, when he did pay a visit, he was almost as cold as the formal piece of diplomacy in the bag-wig and ruffles whom he called his uncle; and a great deal stiffer than the beautiful piece of pique, in silk gown and white satin corset, whom he called his cousin. Christina was dismayed at the sudden change—Adolphus never spoke to her, seldom looked at her, and evidently left the coast clear—so she thought—for the rich and powerful rival her father had so strongly supported. After much thinking, some sulkiness, and a good many fits of crying, Christina resolved, as the best way of recovering her own peace of mind, and the love of her cousin Adolphus, to put an end in a very decided manner to the pretensions of the Count. One day, accordingly, she watched her opportunity, and followed with anxious eyes her father's retreat from the room, under pretence of some important despatches to be sent off. She found herself alone with the object of her dislike—and only waited for a beginning to the conversation, that she might astonish his weak mind with the severity of her invectives. In fact, she had determined, according to the vulgar phrase, to tell him a bit of her mind—and a very small bit of it, she was well aware, would be sufficient to satisfy Count Ericson of the condition of all the rest. But the lover was in a contemplative mood, and stood as silent as a milestone, and looking al-

most as animated and profound. She sighed, she coughed, she dropt her handkerchief. All wouldn't do—the milestone took no notice—Christina at last grew angry, and could contain herself no longer.

"I dreamt of you last night," she said by way of a beginning. "I hope in future you will leave my sleep undisturbed by your presumptuous presence. It is bad enough to be forced to see you when one is awake."

"And I, also, had a dream," replied Ericson, starting from his reverie, confused, and only having heard the first part of the somewhat fierce attack. "I dreamt that you looked at me with a smile, a long, long look, so sweet, so winning. It was a happy dream!"

"It was a false one," she said, with tremendous bitterness. "I know better where to direct my smiles, whether I am awake or asleep."

"And how did I appear to you?" asked the Count, presenting a splendid specimen in his astonished look of the state of mind called "the dumfounded" by some learned philosophers, and by others "the flabbergasted."

"You appeared to me like the nightmare! frightful and unsupportable as you do to me now," was the answer, accompanied with the look and manner that showed she was a judge of nightmares, and thought him a very unfavourable specimen of the animal.

"Ill-natured little tyrant!" cried Ericson, rushing to her, "teach me how you would have me love you, and I will do every thing you ask!" In a moment he had seized her in his arms, and imprinted a kiss of prodigious violence on her cheek, which was redder than fire with rage and surprise!

But the assault did not go unpunished. The might of Samson woke in that insulted bosom, and lent such incredible weight to the blow that fell on the aggressor's ear, that it took him a long time to believe that the thump proceeded from the beautiful little hand he had so often admired; or, in short, from any thing but a twenty-four pounder. He rubbed the wounded organ with astonishing assiduity for some time. At last he said, in a very calm and measured voice,

"Your father has deceived me,

young lady. He led me to believe you did not receive my visits with indifference."

"My father knows nothing about things of that kind," replied Christina, still flaming with indignation; "or he never would have let such an ill-mannered monster into his house. But he was right in saying I did not receive your visits with indifference; your visits, Count Ericson, can never be indifferent to me, and"—

What more she would have said, it is impossible to discover, for she was interrupted by the sudden entrance of her cousin, who only heard her last words, and started back at what he considered so open a declaration of her attachment.

"Who are you, sir?" asked Ericson in an angry tone, and with such an assumption of superiority, that Christina's hand tingled to give him a mark of regard on his other ear.

"A soldier," answered Adolphus, drawing his sword from its sheath, and instead of directing it against his rival, laying it haughtily on the table. "A soldier who has bled for his country, and would be happy," he added, "to die for it."

"Say you so?" said Ericson, "then we are friends." He held out his hand.

"We are rivals," replied Adolphus, drawing back.

"Christina loves you, then?" enquired the Count.

"She has told me so; and I was foolish enough to believe her. It is now your turn to trust to the truth of a heartless woman. She has told you you are not an object of indifference to her, and I resign my pretensions in your favour."

"In whose favour?" cried Christina, trembling; while tears sprang to her eyes.

"The King's!" replied Adolphus, retiring sorrowfully.

Christina sank on a seat, and covered her face with her hands.

"Stay," cried Charles the Twelfth in a voice of thunder; "stay, I command you."

The young man obeyed; biting his lip to conceal his emotion, till the blood came.

"I have seen you," said the King, "but not in this house."

"It was shut against me by my uncle when you were expected," said Adolphus.

"And yet I have seen you somewhere. What is your name?"

"Adolphus Hesse; the son of a brave officer who died fighting for you, and leaving me his misfortunes and the tears of his widow."

"Who told you I was not Count Ericson?"

"My eyes. I know you well."

"And I recollect you also," said Charles, advancing to the young man with a manner very different from that which characterized him in his intercourse with the softer sex. "Where did you get that scar on the left temple?"

"At Nerva, sire, where we tamed the pride of the Russians."

"True, true!" cried Charles, his nostrils dilated as if he snuffed up the carnage of the battle. "You need but this as your passport," he continued, placing his finger on the wound, "to ask me any favour, ay, even to measure swords with you, as I daresay you would be delighted to do in so noble a quarrel as the present; for on the day of that glorious fight, I learned, like you, the duty of a soldier, and the true dignity of a brave man. By the balls that rattled about our heads so playfully, give me your hand, brother, for we were baptized together in fire!"

Charles appeared to Christina, at this time, quite a different man addressing his fellow soldier, from what he had done upsetting the chess-board. Curiosity had dried her eyes, and she lost not a word of the conversation. The King turned to her with a smile.

"By my sword, Christina! I am but a poor wooer; one movement of your hand," and he touched his ear playfully as he spoke, "has banished all the silly thoughts that in a most traitorous manner had taken my heart

prisoner. Speak, then, as forcibly as you act. Do you love this brave soldier?"

"Yes, sire."

"Who hinders the marriage?"

"The courtship of Count Ericson, with which my father perpetually threatens me."

"O ho!" thought Charles, "I see how it is. The King must console himself with the kiss, and pass the blow on the ear to the minister. Christina," he added aloud, "your father refuses to give you to the man you love; but he'll do it now, for *it is my will*. You'll confess, I am sure, that if I was your nightmare as a lover, I am not your enemy as king."

"I confess it on my knees;" replied the humble beauty, taking her place beside her cousin, who knelt to his sovereign. While Charles joined the hands of the youthful pair, he imprinted a kiss on the fair brow of Christina; the last he ever bestowed on woman.

"Your Majesty pardons me then?" enquired the trembling girl. "If I had known it was the King, I would not have hit so hard."

That same evening Count Gyllenborg signed a contract of marriage, to which the name of Count Ericson was not appended, though it was witnessed by Charles the Twelfth; and in a few days afterwards, the old politician presided at the wedding dinner, and, by royal command, did the honours so nobly, and appeared so well pleased on the occasion, that nobody suspected that he had ever had higher dreams of ambition than to see his daughter happy; and if such had been his object, all Sweden knew that in bestowing her on her cousin he was eminently successful.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE IN ENGLAND.

IF Alexander and Archimedes, evoked from their long sleep, were to contemplate, with minds calmed by removal from contemporaneous interests, the state of mankind in the present year, with what different feelings would they regard the influence of their respective lives upon the existing human world of 1843! The Macedonian would find the empire which it was the labour of his life to aggrandize, frittered into parcels, modeled, remodeled, subjected to various dynasties; Turks, Greeks, Russians, still contending for portions of the territory which he had conjoined only to be dismembered; he would find in these little or no trace of his ever having existed; he would find that the unity of his vast political power had been severed before his body was yet entombed, and his prediction, that his funeral obsequies would be performed with bloody hands, verily fulfilled. In parts of the world which his living grasp had not seized, he would also see little to remind him of his past existence. Would not mortification darken the brow of the resuscitated conqueror on discovering, that when his name was mentioned in historic annals, it was less as a polar star to guide, than as a beacon to be avoided?

What would the Syracusan see in this present epoch to remind him of himself? Would he see the man of 212 B.C., at all connected with the men of 1843 A.D.? Yes. In Prussia, Austria, France, England, America, in every city of every civilized nation, he would find the lever, the pulley, the mirror, the specific gravimeter, the geometric demonstration; he would trace the influence of his mind in the power-loom, the steam-engine, in the building of the Royal Exchange, in the Great Britain steam-ship; he

would find an application of his well-known invention, the subject of a patent, an important auxiliary to navigation. Alexander *was* a hero; Archimedes *is* one.

Are we guilty of exaggeration in this contrast of the hero of War with him of Science? We think not. It may undoubtedly be argued that Alexander's life was productive of ultimate good, that he did much to open Asia to European civilization; but would that consideration serve to soothe the gloomy Shade? To what does it amount but to the assertion that out of evil cometh good? It was through no aim of his mind that this resulted, nor are mankind indebted to him personally for a collateral effect of his existence.

As an instance of men of a more modern era, let us take Napoleon Buonaparte, Emperor of France, and James Watt of Greenock, civil engineer.

The former applied the energies of a sagacious and comprehensive intellect to his own political aggrandizement; the latter devoted his more modest talents to the improvement of a mechanical engine. The former was and is, *par excellence*, a hero of history—we should scarcely find in the works of the most voluminous annalists the name of the latter. What has Napoleon done to entitle his name to occupy so prominent a position? He has been the cause, mediate or immediate, of sacrificing the lives of two millions of men.*

Has the obscure Watt done nothing to merit a page in the records of mankind? Walk ten miles in any manufacturing district, enter any coal-mine, examine the bank of England, travel by the Great Western railway, or navigate the Danube, the Mediterranean, the Indian or the Atlantic

* From a rough calculation taken from the returns of those left dead on the fields of battle in which Napoleon commanded, from Montenotte to Waterloo, we make the amount 1,811,500; and if we add those who died subsequently of their wounds in the petty skirmishes, the losses in which are not reported, and in the naval fights, of which, though Napoleon was not present, he was the cause, the number given in the text will be far under the mark. A picture of the fathers, mothers, wives, children, and relatives of these victims, receiving the news of their deaths, would give a lively idea of the benefits conferred upon the world by Napoleon.

Ocean—in each and all of these, that giant slave, the steam-engine, will be seen, an ever-living testimony to the services rendered to mankind by its subjugator.

Attachment to a favourite pursuit is undoubtedly calculated to bias the judgment; but, however liable may be the obscure votary of science to override his hobby, Francis Bacon, Lord High Chancellor of England, in ascribing to scientific discoverers a higher merit than to legislators, emperors, or patriots, cannot be open to the charge of egoistic partiality. What, then, says this illustrious witness?—"The introduction of noble inventions seems to hold by far the most excellent place among all human actions. And this was the judgment of antiquity, which attributed divine honours to inventors, but conferred only heroical honours upon those who deserve well in civil affairs, such as the founders of empires, legislators, and deliverers of their country. And whoever rightly considers it, will find this a judicious custom in former ages, since the benefits of inventors may extend to all mankind, but civil benefits only to particular countries or seats of men; and these civil benefits seldom descend to more than a few ages, whereas inventions are perpetuated through the course of time. Besides, a state is seldom amended in its civil affairs without force and perturbation; whilst inventions spread their advantage without doing injury or causing disturbance."*

The opinion of a man who had reached the highest point to which a civilian could aspire, cannot, when he estimates the honours of the Chancellor as inferior to those of the natural philosopher, be ascribed to misjudging enthusiasm or personal disappointment. Without, however, seeking, for the sake of antithetic contrast, to underrate the importance of political services, civil or military, or to exaggerate those of the man of science, few, we think, will be disposed to deny that, although the one may be temporarily more urgent and necessary to the well-being of an existing race, yet that the benefits of the other are more lasting and universal. If,

then, the influence on mankind of the secluded inventor be more extensive and durable than that of the active politician—if there be any truth in the opinion of Bacon, that the greatest political changes are wrought by the peaceful under-current of science; why is it that those who occupy the highest place as permanent benefactors of mankind, are, during their lifetime, neglected and comparatively unknown;—that they obtain neither the tangible advantages of pecuniary emolument, nor the more suitable, but less lucrative, honours of grateful homage? It is the common cry to exclaim against the neglect of science in the present day. Alas! history does not show us that our predecessors were more just to their scientific contemporaries. The evil is to a great extent remediless, the complaint to some extent irrational, and unworthy the dignity of the cause. The labourer in the field of science works not for the present, but for succeeding generations; he plants oaks for posterity, and must not look for the gratitude of contemporaries. Men will remunerate less, and be less grateful for, prospective than for present good—for benefits secured to their posterity than to themselves; the realization of the advantages is so distant, that the amount of discount is coextensive with the debt: it is only as the applications of science become more immediate, that the cultivators of science can reasonably expect an adequate reward or appreciation.

Even when practically applied, we too frequently see that the original discoveries of the physical philosopher are but little valued by those who make a daily, a most extensive, and a most lucrative use of their results. Men talk of "a million;" how few have ever *counted* one! Men walk along the Strand, Fleet Street, Ludgate Hill; how few think of the multiplied passions and powers which flit by them on their way—of the separate world which surrounds each passer-by—of the separate history, external and internal, of each—each possessing feelings, motives of action, characters, differing from the others, as the stamp of nature on his brow differs from his fellows! Thus, also, men's ears ring

with the advancement of science, men's beards wag with repetition of the novel powers which have been educed from material nature; and if, in our daily traffic, we traverse without attention countless sands of thought, how much more, in our hackneyed talk of science, do we neglect the debt we owe to thought—thought, not the mere normal impulse of humanity, but the carefully elaborated leucubration of minds, of which the term *thinking* is emphatically predicable! Names which are met with but once in the annals of science, and there, dimly seen as a star of the least magnitude, have perhaps earned that remote and obscure corner by painful self-denial, by unwearied toil! And yet not only these, but others who have added to diligence high mental acumen or profundity, whose wells of thought are, compared with those of the general mass, unfathomable, earn but a careless, occasional notice—are known but to few of those who daily reap the harvest which they have sown, and who even boast of seeing further than they did, as the dwarf on the shoulders of a giant can see further than the giant. The first step of the unthinking is to deny the possibility of a given discovery, the next is to assert that any one could have foreseen such discovery.

There are, however, points of higher import than gain or glory to which the philosopher must ever look, and the absence of which must be a source of bitter disappointment and ground of just complaint. The most important of these is, that, by national neglect, the *cause* of science is injured, her progress retarded. Not only is she not honoured, she is dishonoured; and in no civilized nation is this contempt of physical science carried to a greater extent than in England, the country of commerce and of manufactures.

In this country, should a father observe in his gifted son a tendency to physical philosophy, he anxiously endeavours to dissuade him from this career, knowing that not only will it tend to no worldly aggrandizement, but that it will have the inevitable effect of lowering his position in what is called, and justly called, good so-

ciety—the society of the most highly educated classes. At one of our universities, physical science is utterly neglected; at the other, only certain branches of it are cultivated. There are, it is true, university professors of each branch of physics, some of whom are able to collect a moderate number of pupils; others are obliged to carry with them an assistant, to whom alone they lecture, as Dean Swift preached to his clerk. But what part of the regular academic education does the study of Natural Philosophy occupy? It forms no necessary part of the examinations for degrees; no credit is attached to those who excel in its pursuit; no prizes, no fellowships, no university distinction, conferred upon its most successful votaries. On the contrary, physical, or at all events experimental, science is tabooed; it is written down “snobbish,” and its being so considered has much influence in making it so: the necessity of manipulation is a sad drawback to the gentlemanliness of a pursuit. Bacon rebuked this fastidiousness, but in vain. “We will, moreover, show those who, in love with contemplation, regard our frequent mention of experiments as something harsh, unworthy, and mechanical, how they oppose the attainment of their own wishes, since abstract contemplation, and the construction and invention of experiments, rest upon the same principles, and are brought to perfection in a similar manner.”*

Unfortunately, the fact of experimental science being rejected by the educated classes and thrown in a great measure upon the artisans of a country, has conduced, among other evils, to one of a most detrimental character; viz. the want of accuracy in scientific language, and consequently the want of accuracy in ideas. Perfection in language, as in every thing else, is not to be attained, and doubtless there are few of the most highly educated who would not, in many cases, assign different meanings to the same word; but if some confusion on this subject is unavoidable, how much is that confusion increased, as regards scientific subjects, by the mass of memoirs written by parties, who, however acute their mental percep-

tions may be, yet, from want of early education, do not assign to words that accuracy of signification, and do not possess that perspicuity of style, which is absolutely necessary for the communication of ideas! Those, therefore, who, with different notions of language, read the writings of such as we are alluding to, either fail to attach to them any definite meaning, or attach one different from that which the authors intended to convey; whence arises a want of reciprocal intelligence, a want of unity of thought and purpose. Another defect arising from the circumstance that persons of a high order of education have not been generally the cultivators of experimental science in this country, is, that the path is thereby rendered more accessible to empiricism. Science, beautiful in herself, has thence a class of deformed disciples, who succeed in entangling their false pretensions with the claims of true merit. So much dust is puffed into the eyes of the public, that it can hardly distinguish between works of durable importance and the ephemeral productions of empirics; and those who would otherwise disdain the notoriety acquired by advertisement, end in adopting the system as the only means to avoid the mortification of seeing their own ideas appropriated and uttered in another form and in another's name.*

While the evils to which science is exposed by the necessarily unfashionable character of experimental manipulation are neither few nor trivial, there are still evils which arise from the directly opposite cause—from excess of intellectual cultivation; as is shown in the exclusive love of mathematics by a great number of philosophers. Minds which, left to themselves, might have eliminated the most valuable results, have, dazzled by the lustre cast by fashion upon abstract mathematical speculations, lost themselves in a mazy labyrinth of transcendentials. The fashion of mathematics has ruined many who might be most useful experimentalists; but who, wishing to take a higher flight,

seek to attain distinction in mathematical analysis, and having acquired a certain celebrity for experimental research, dissipate, in simple equations, the fame they had acquired in a field equally productive, but not so select. Like Claude, who in his later years said, “Buy my figures, and I will give you my landscapes for nothing;” they fall in love with their own weakness, and estimate their merit by the labour they have undergone, not by the results they have deduced. M. Comte expresses himself well on this subject. “Mathematicians, too frequently taking the means for the end, have embarrassed Natural Philosophy with a crowd of analytical labours, founded upon hypotheses extremely hazardous, or even upon conceptions purely visionary; and consequently sober-minded people can see in them really nothing more than simple mathematical exercises, of which the abstract value is sometimes very striking, without their influence, in the slightest degree, accelerating the natural progress of Physics.”†

The cultivators of science, despite the want of encouragement, have, like every other branch of the population, increased rapidly in number, and, being thrown upon their own resources, have organized SOCIETIES, the number of which is daily increasing, which do much good, which do much harm. They do good, in so far as they carry out their professed objects of facilitating intercourse between votaries of similar branches of study—they do good by the more attainable communication of the researches of those who cannot afford, or will not dare, the ordinary channels of publication; but who, sanctioned by the judgment of a select tribunal, are glad to work and to impart to the public the fruits of their labour—they give an *esprit de corps*, which forms a bond of union to each section, and induces a moral discipline in its ranks. The investment of their funds in the collection of libraries or of apparatus, the use of which becomes thus accessible to individuals,

* In any thing we have above said, we trust it is unnecessary to disclaim the slightest intention of discouraging those whose want of conventional advantages only renders their merit more conspicuous; we find fault not with the uneducated for cultivating science, but with the educated for neglecting it.

† Cours de Philosophie Positive, vol. ii. p. 409.

to whom otherwise such acquisitions would have been hopeless, is another meritorious object of their institution; an object in many cases successfully carried out. On the other hand, they do harm, by becoming the channels of selfish speculation, their honorary offices being used as stepping-stones to lucrative ones, thereby causing their influential members to please the givers of "situations," and to publish the trash of the impertinently ambitious, the *Titmice of the Credulous Societies*! The ultra-ridiculous parade with which they have decked fair science, giving her a vest of unmeaning hieroglyphics, and thereby exposing her to the finger of scorn, is another prominent and unsightly feature of such societies; they do harm by the cliquerie which they generate, collecting little knots of little men, no individual of whom can stand his own ground, but a group of whom, by leaning hard together, can, and do, exercise a most pernicious influence; seeking petty gain and class celebrity, they exert their joint-stock brains to convert science into pounds, shillings, and pence; and, when they have managed to poke one foot upon the ladder of notoriety, use the other to kick furiously at the poor aspirants who attempt to follow them.

It has been frequently and strenuously urged, that these societies, or some of them, should be supported by government, and not dependent upon the subscriptions of their members. The arguments in favour of such a measure are, that by thus being accessible only to merit, and not depending upon money, their position would be more honourable and advantageous to the progress of science. With regard to such societies generally, this proposition is incapable of realization; every year sees a new society of this description; to annex many of these to government, would involve difficulties which, in the present state of politics, would be insurmountable. Who, for instance, would pay taxes for them? Another, and more reasonable, proposition is, that the government should establish and support one academy as a head and front of the others, accessible only to men of high distinction,

who would be thus constituted the oligarchs of science. Of the advantage of this we have some doubts. Politics are already too much mixed up with all government appointments in England: their influence is at present scarcely felt in science, and we would not willingly risk an introduction so fraught with danger. The want of such an academy certainly lessens the English in the eyes of the continental *savans*; but could not such a one be organized, and perhaps endowed, by government, without any permanent connexion with it?

If we compare the proceedings, undoubtedly dignified and decorous, of our Royal Society with those of the French Academy, we fear the balance will be found to be in favour of the latter. At Somerset House, after the list of donations and abstract of former proceedings, a paper, or a portion of a paper, is read upon some abstruse scientific subject, and the meeting is adjourned in solemn silence; no observation can be made upon it, no question asked, or explanation given. The public is excluded,* and the greater part of the members generally exclude themselves, very few having resolution enough to leave a comfortable dinner-table to bear the solemn formalities of such an evening. The paper is next committed, it is not known to whom, reported on in private, and either published, or deposited in the *archives of the Society*, according to the judgment of the unknown irresponsible parties to whom it is committed. Let us now look at the proceedings of the French Academy; it is open to the public, and the public take so great an interest in it, that to secure a seat an early attendance is always requisite. Every scientific point of daily and passing interest is brought before it—comments, such as occur at the time, are made upon various points by the secretary, or any other member who likes to make an observation—the more elaborate memoirs are read by the authors themselves, and if any *quære* or suggestion occurs to a member present, he has an opportunity of being answered. The memoir is then committed to parties whose names are publicly men-

* Each Fellow can, indeed, by express permission of the Society, take with him two friends.

tioned, who bring out their report in public, which report is read in public, and may be answered by the author if he object to it. Lastly, the whole proceedings are printed and published verbatim, and circulated at the next weekly meeting, while, in the mean time, the public press notices them freely. That, with all these advantages, the French Academy is not free from faults, we are far from asserting; that there is as much unseen manœuvring and petty tyranny in this as in most other institutions, is far from improbable; * but the effect upon the public, and the zest and vitality which its proceedings give to science, are undeniable, and it is also undeniable, that we have no scientific institution approaching to it in interest or value.

The present perpetual secretary of the Academy, Arago, with much of prejudice, much of egotism, has talents most plastic, an energy of character, an indomitable will, a force and perspicuity of expression, which alone give to the sittings of the French Academy a peculiar and surpassing interest, but which, in the English Society, would be entirely lost.

In quitting, for the present, the subject of scientific societies, we must advert to a consequence of the increased number of candidates for scientific distinction of late years; of which increase the number of these societies may be regarded as an exponent. This increase, although on the whole both a cause and a consequence of the advancement of science, yet has in some respects lowered the high character of her cultivators by the competition it has necessarily engendered. Books tell us that the cultivation of science must elevate and expand the mind, by keeping it apart from the jangling of worldly interests. This dogma has its false as well as its true side, more especially when in this, as in every other field of human activity, the number of competitors is rapidly increasing; great watchfulness is requisite to resist temptations which beset the aspirant to success on this arena, more perhaps than in any other.

The difficulty which the most honest find to avoid treading in the footsteps of others—the different aspect in which the same phenomena present themselves to different minds—the unwillingness which the mind experiences in renouncing published but erroneous opinions—are points of human weakness which, not to mislead, must be watched with assiduous care. Again, the ease with which plagiarism is committed from the number of roads by which the same point may be reached, is a great temptation to the waverer, and a great trial of temper to the victim. The disputants on the arena of law, politics, or other pursuits, the ostensible aim of which is worldly aggrandizement, however animated in debate, unsparing in satire, reckless in their invective and recrimination, seldom fail in their private intercourse to throw off the armour of professional antagonism, and to extend to each other the ungloved hand of social cordiality. On the other hand, it is too frequent a spectacle in scientific circles to behold a careful wording of public controversy, a gentle, apologetic phraseology, a correspondence never going beyond the “retort courteous,” or “quip modest,” while there exists an under-current of the bitterest personal jealousy, the outward philosopher being strangely at variance with the inward man.

Among the various circumstances which influence the progress of physical science in this country, one of the most prominent is the *Patent* law—a law in its intention beneficent; but whether the practical working of it be useful, either to science or its cultivators, is a matter of grave doubt. Of the greater number of patents enrolled in that depot of practical science, Chancery Lane, by far the majority are beneficial only to the revenue; and on the question of public economy, whether or not the price paid by miscalculating ingenuity is a fair and politic source of revenue, we shall not enter; but on the reasons which lead so many to be dupes of their own self-esteem, a few words may not be misspent. The chief rea-

* An anonymous author, who has attracted some attention in France, in commenting on the rejection of Victor Hugo, and the election of a physician, says—that nothing could be more natural or proper, as the senility and feebleness of the Académie made it more in want of a physician than a poet.

son why a vast number of patents are unsuccessful, is, that it takes a long time (longer generally than fourteen years, the statutable limit of patent grants) to make the workmen of a country familiar with a new manufacture. A party, therefore, who proposes patenting an invention, and who sits down and calculates the value of the material, the time necessary for its manufacture, and other essential data; comparing these with the price at which it can be sold to obtain a remunerative profit, seldom takes into consideration the time necessary, first, to accustom the journey-men workers to its construction, and secondly, to make known to the public its real value. In the present universal competition, puffing is carried on to such an extent, that, to give a fair chance of success, not only must the first expense of a patent be incurred—no inconsiderable one either, even supposing the patentee fortunate enough to escape litigation—but a large sum of money must be invested in advertisements, with little immediate return; hence it is that the most valuable patents, viewed in relation to their scientific importance, their ultimate public benefit, and the merits of their inventors, are seldom the most lucrative, while a patent ink-stand, a boot-heel, a shaving-case, or a button, become rapidly a source of no inconsiderable profit. Is this beneficial to inventors? Is it an encouragement of science, or a proper object of legislative provision, that the improver of the most trivial mechanical application should be carefully protected, while those who open the hidden sources of myriads of patents, are unrewarded, and incapable of remunerating themselves? We seriously incline to think that, as the matter at present stands, an entire erasure from the statute-books of patent provision would be of service to science, and perhaps to the community; each tradesman would depend for success upon his own activity, and the perfection he could give his manufacture, and the scientific searcher after experimental truths would not find his path barred by prohibitions from speculative empirics.

According to the present patent laws, it is more than questionable whether the discoverer of a great scientific principle could pursue his own

discovery, or whether he would not be arrested on the threshold by a subsequent patentee; if Jacob lived in constitutional England instead of despotic Russia, it is doubtful if he could work out his discovery of the electrotype—we say *doubtful*; for, as far as we can learn, it seems hitherto judicially undecided whether the mere use of a patent, not for sale or a lucrative object, is such a use within the statute of James as would be an infringement of a patentee's rights. It appears to be settled, that a previous experimental and unpublished use by one party, does not prevent another subsequent inventor of the same process from patenting it; and, by parity of reasoning, we should say, that if a party have the advantage of patenting an invention which can be found to have been previously used, but not for sale, he should not have the additional privilege of prohibiting the same party, or others, from proceeding with their experiments. There are, however, not wanting arguments for the other view. The practice of a patented invention, for one's own benefit or pleasure, deprives the patentee of a possible source of profit; for it cannot be said that the party experimenting, if prohibited, might not apply for a license to the patentee. Take, for instance, the notorious and justly censured patent of Daguerre. Supposing, for argument's sake, this patent to be valid, can a private individual, under the existing patent laws, take photographic views or portraits for his own amusement, or in pursuance of scientific investigations? If he cannot, then is an exquisitely beautiful path of physics to be shut up for fourteen years; or if he can, then is the licensee, a purchaser for value, to be excluded from very many sources of pecuniary emolument? To us, the injury to the public, in this and similar cases, appears of incomparably greater consequence than that to the individual; but what the authorities at Westminster Hall may say is another question. Even could the patent laws be so modified, that the benefits derived from them could fall upon those scientific discoverers most justly entitled, we are still doubtful as to their utility, or whether they would contribute to the advancement of science, which is the point of view in which we here principally regard

them. It would scarcely add to the dignity of philosophy, or to the reverence due to its votaries, to see them running with their various inventions to the patent office, and afterwards spending their time in the courts of law, defending their several claims. They would thus entirely lose the respect due to them from their contemporaries and posterity, and waste, in pecuniary speculation, time which might be more advantageously, and without doubt more agreeably, employed. If parties look to money as their reward, they have no right to look for fame; to those who sell the produce of their brains, the public owes no debt.

We have observed recently a strong tendency in men of no mean scientific pretensions to patent the results of their labours. We blame them not: it is a matter of free election on their part, but we cannot praise them. A writer in a recent number of the *Edinburgh Review*, has the following remarks on the subject of Mr Talbot's patented invention of the Calotype. "Nor does the fate of the Calotype redeem the treatment of her sister art, (the Daguerreotype.) The Royal Society, the philosophical organ of the nation, has refused to publish its processes in her transactions. * * * No representatives of the people unanimously recommended a national reward. * * It gives us great pleasure to learn, that though none of his (Mr Talbot's) photographic discoveries adorn the transactions of the Royal Society, yet the president and the council have adjudged him the Rumford medals for the last biennial period."*

The notion of a "national reward" for the Calotype scarcely requires a remark. If, after a discovery is once made and published, every subsequent new process in the same art is to be nationally rewarded, the income-tax must be at least quadrupled. The complaint, however, against the Royal Society, is not altogether groundless. True it is that the first paper of Mr Talbot did not contain an account of the processes employed by him, and therefore should not have been even read to the Society; but the paper on the Calotype did contain such de-

scription, and we see no reason why a society for the advancement of knowledge should not give publicity to a valuable process, though made the subject of a patent—but it certainly should not bestow an honorary reward upon an inventor who has withheld from the Royal Society and the public the practice of the invention whose processes he communicates. Mr Talbot had a perfect right to patent his invention, but has on that account no claim in respect of the same invention to an honorary reward. The Royal Society did not publish his paper, but awarded him a medal. In our opinion, they should have published his paper and not awarded him a medal.

Regarded as to her national encouragement of science, there are some features in which England differs not from other countries; there are others in which she may be strikingly contrasted with them; and, with all our love for her, we fear she will suffer by the contrast. A learned writer of the present day, has the following passage in reference to the state of science in England as contrasted with other countries:—"When the proud science of England pines in obscurity, blighted by the absence of the royal favour and the nation's sympathy; when her chivalry fall unwept and unhonoured, how can it sustain the conflict against the honoured and marshalled genius of foreign lands?"†

This, to be sure, is somewhat "*tumultuous*." We do not, however, cite it as a specimen of composition, but as an expression of a very prevalent feeling; the opinion involved in the concluding *quare* is open to doubt—England does sustain the conflict, if any conflict there be to sustain; but we are bound to admit, that in no country are the soldiers of *science militant* less honoured or rewarded. It is no uncommon remark, that despotic governments are the most favourable to the cultivation of the arts and sciences. There is, perhaps, a general truth in this, and the causes are not difficult of recognition. In a republican or constitutional government, politics are the all-engrossing topics of a people's thought, the never-

ending theme of conversation;—in purely despotic states, such discussions are prohibited, and the contemplation of such subjects confined to a few restless or patriotic spirits. It must also be ever the policy of absolute monarchs to open channels for the public mind, which may divert it from political considerations. Take America and Austria as existing instances of this contrast: in the former, the universality of political conversation is an object of remark to all travellers; in the latter, even books which touch at all on political matters are rigidly excluded. These are among the causes which strike us as most prominent, but whose effects obtain only when despotism is not so gross as to be an incubus upon the whole moral and intellectual energies of a people.

We should lose sight of the objects proposed in these pages, and also transgress our assigned limits, were we to enter into detail upon the present state of science in Europe, or trace the causes which have influenced her progress in each state. This would form a sufficient thesis for a separate essay; but we will not pass over this branch of our subject, without venturing to express an opinion on the delicate and embarrassing question as to what rank each nation holds as a promoter of physical science.

In experimental and theoretical Physics, we should be inclined to place the German nations in the first rank; in pure and applied mathematics, France. The former nations far excel all others in the independence and impartiality with which they view scientific results; researches of any value, from whatever part of the world they emanate, instantly find a place in their periodicals; and they generally estimate more justly the relative value of different discoveries than any other European nation; the æsthetical power which enables them to seize and appreciate what is beautiful in art, gives them perception and discrimination in science; but they are not great as originators. The French, notwithstanding the high pitch at which they have undoubtedly arrived in mathematical investigation, notwithstanding the general accuracy of their experimental researches, have more of the pedantry of science; their papers are too professional—too much *selon les*

règles; there are too many minutiae; the reader is tempted to exclaim with Jacques—"I think of as many matters as he; but I give Heaven thanks, and make no boast of them." Their accuracy frequently degenerates into affectation and parade. We have now before us a paper in the *Annales de Chimie*, containing some chemical researches, in which, though the difference of each experiment in a small number, put together for average, amounts to several units, the weights are given to the fifth place of decimals. England, which we should place next, is by no means exempt from these trappings of science. Many English scientific papers seem written as if with the resolute purpose of filling a certain number of pages; and many of their writers seem to think a *paper per annum*, good or bad, necessary to indicate their philosophical existence. They write, not because they have made a discovery, but because their period of hybernation has expired. Still, in England, there is a strong vein of original thought. Competition, if it lead to puffing and quackery, yet stimulates the perceptions; and, in England, competition has done its worst and its best: in original chemical discovery, England has latterly been unrivalled.

Next to England we should place Sweden and Denmark—for their population they have done much, and done it well; then Italy—in Italy science is well organized, and the rulers of her petty states seem to feel a proper emulation in promoting scientific merit—in which laudable rivalry the Archduke of Tuscany deserves honourable mention; America and Russia come next—the former state is zealous, ready at practical application, and promises much for the future, but as yet has not done enough in original research to entitle her to be placed in the van. Russia at present possesses few, if any, native philosophers—her discoverers and discoveries are all imported; but the emperor's zeal and *patronage* (a word which we scarcely like to apply to science) is doing much to organize her forces, and the mercenary troops may impart vigour, and induce discipline into the national body. In this short enumeration, we have considered each country, not according to the number of its very eminent men; for though far

from denying the right which each undoubtedly possesses to shine by the reflected lustre of her stars, yet in looking, as it were, from an external point, it is more just to regard the general character of each people than to classify them according as they may happen to be the birthplace of those

"To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe."

A misunderstanding of the proper use of theory is among the prevalent scientific errors of the present day. Among one set of men of considerable intelligence, but who are not habitually conversant with physical science, there is a general tendency to despise theory. This contempt appears to rest on somewhat plausible grounds; as an instance of it, we may take the following passage from the fitful writings of Mr Carlyle:—"Hardened round us, encasing wholly every notion we form, is a wrappage of traditions, hearsays, mere words: we call that fire of the black thunder-cloud electricity, and lecture learnedly about it, and grind the like of it out of glass and silk; but what is it? Whence comes it? Where goes it?"*

However the experienced philosopher may be convinced that *in themselves* theories are nothing—that they are but collations of phenomena under a generic formula, which is useful only inasmuch as it groups these phenomena; yet it is difficult to see how, without these imperfect generalizations, any mind can retain the endless variety of facts and relations which every branch of science presents; still less, how these can be taught, learned, reasoned upon, or used. How could the facts of geology be recollected, or how, indeed, could they constitute a science without reference to some real or supposed bond of union, some aqueous or igneous theory? How could two chemists converse on chemistry without the use of the term affinity, and the theoretical conception it involves? How could a name be applied, or a nomenclature adopted, without that imperfect, or more or less perfect grouping of facts, which involves theory? As far as we can

recollect, all the alterations of nomenclature which have been introduced, or attempted, proceed upon some alteration of theory.

If not theory but hypothesis be objected to—not the imperfect generalization of phenomena, but a gratuitous assumption for the sake of collating them, this, although ground which should be trodden more cautiously, appears in certain cases unavoidable; in fact, is scarcely separable from theory. Had men not "lectured learnedly" about the two *fluids* of electricity, we should not now possess many of the discoveries with which this science is enriched, although we do not, and probably never shall, know what electricity is.

On the other hand, among professed physical philosophers, the great abuse of theories and hypotheses is, that their promulgators soon regard them, not as aids to science, to be changed if occasion should require, but as absolute natural truths; they look to that as an end, which is in fact but a means; their theories become part of their mental constitution, idiosyncrasies; and they themselves become partizans of a faction, and cease to be inductive philosophers.

Another injury to science, in a great measure peculiar to the present day, arises from the number of speculations which are ushered into the world to account for the same phenomena; every one, like Sir Andrew Aguecheek, when he wished to cudgel a Puritan, has for his opinion "no exquisite reasons, but reasons good enough." In the periods of science immediately subsequent to the time of Bacon, men commenced their career by successful experiment; and having convinced the world of their aptitude for perceiving the relations of natural phenomena, enounced theories which they believed the most efficient to give a comprehensive generality to the whole. Men now, however, commence with theories, though, alas! the converse does not hold good—they do not always end with experiment.

As, in the promulgation of theories, every aspirant is anxious to propound different views, so, in nomenclature, there is a strong tendency to promis-

* Carlyle on Hero Worship.

cuous coining. The great commentator on the laws of England, Sir William Blackstone, observes, "As to the impression, the stamping of coin is the unquestionable prerogative of the crown, * * * the king may also, by his proclamation, legitimate foreign coin, and make it current here."*

As coining of money is the undoubted prerogative of the crown; so generally coining of words has been the undoubted prerogative of the kings of science—those to whom mankind have bent as to unquestionable authority. But even these royal dignitaries have generally been sparing in the exercise of this prerogative, and used it only on rare occasions and when absolutely necessary, either from the discovery of new things requiring new names, or upon entire revolutions of theory.

"Si forte necesse est
Indiciis monstrare recentibus abdita rerum,
Fingere cinctutis non exaudita cethegis
Continget, labiturque licentia sumpta pudenter."

But now there is no "pudor" in the matter. Every man has his own mint; and although their several coins do not pass current very generally, yet they are taken here and there by a few disciples, and throw some standard money out of the market. The want of consideration evinced in these novel vocabularies is remarkable. Whewell, whose scientific position and dialectic turn of mind may fairly qualify him to be a word-maker, seems peculiarly deficient in ear. Take, as an instance, "*idiophs*," an uncomfortable word, barely necessary, as the persons to whom it applies are comparatively rare, and will scarcely thank the Master of Trinity College for approximating them in name to a more numerous and more unfortunate class—the word *physicists*, where four sibilant consonants fizz like a squib. In these, and we might add many from other sources, euphony is wantonly disregarded; by other authors of smaller calibre, classical associations are curiously violated. We may take, as an instance, *platinode*, Spanish-American joined to ancient Greek. In chemistry there is a profusion of

new coin. Sulphate of ammonia—oxi-sulphion of ammonium—sulphat-oxide of ammonium—three names for one substance. This mania is by no means common to England. In Liebig's Chemistry, Vol. ii. p. 313, we have the following passage:—"It should be remarked that some chemists designate artificial camphor by the name of hydrochlorate of camphor. Deville calls it bihydrochlorate of térébène, and Souberaine and Capelaine call it hydrochlorate of pencylène."

So generally does this prevail, that in chemical treatises the names of substances are frequently given with a tail of synonyms. Numerous words might be cited which are names for non-existences—mere hypothetic groupings; and yet so rapidly are these increasing, that it seems not impossible, in process of time, there will be more names for things that are not than for things that are. If this work go on, the scientific public must elect a censor whose fiat shall be final; otherwise, as every small philosopher is encouraged or tolerated in framing *ad libitum* a nomenclature of his own, the inevitable effect will be, that no man will be able to understand his brother, and a confusion of tongues will ensue, to be likened only to that which occasioned the memorable dispersion at Babel.

Many of the defects to which we have alluded in the course of this paper, time alone can remedy. In spite of all drawbacks, the progress of science has been vast and rapidly increasing; the very rapidity of its progress brings with it difficulties. So many points, once considered impossible, have been proved possible, that to some minds the suggestion of impossibility seems an argument in favour of possibility. Because steam-travelling was once laughed at as visionary, aerial navigation is to be regarded as practicable—perhaps, indeed, it *will* be so, give but the time *proportionably* requisite to master its difficulties, as there was given to steam. What proportion this should be we will not venture to predict. There can be little doubt that the most effectual way to induce a more accurate public discrimination of scientific efforts is to

turn somewhat more in that direction the current of national education. Prizes at the universities for efficiency in the physics of light, heat, electricity, magnetism, or chemistry, could, we conceive, do no harm. Why should not similar honours be conferred on those students who advance the progress of an infant science, as on those who work out with facility the formulæ of an exact one; and why should not acquirements in either, rank equally high with the critical knowledge of the *digamma* or the *à priori* philosophy of Aristotle? Is not Bacon's *Novum Organon* as much entitled to be made a standard book for the schools as Aldrich's logic? Venerating English universities, we approve not the inconsiderate outcries against systematic and time-honoured educational discipline; but it would increase our love for these seminaries of sound learning, could we more frequently see such men as Davy ema-

nate from Oxford, instead of from the pneumatic institution of Bristol.

Provided science be kept separate from political excitement, we should like to see an English Academy, constituted of men having fair claims to scientific distinction, and not "deserving of that honour because they are attached to science."

It is unnecessary here to touch upon the details of such an Academy. The proposition is by no means new. On the contrary, we believe a wish for some such change pretty generally exists. Iteration is sometimes more useful than originality. The more frequently the point is brought before the public, the more probable is it that steps will be taken by those who are qualified to move in such a matter. The more the present defective state of our scientific organization is commented on, the more likely is it to be remedied; for the patency of error is ever a sure prelude to its extirpation.

CHRONICLES OF PARIS. THE RUE ST DENIS.

ONE of the longest, the narrowest, the highest, the darkest, and the dirtiest streets of Paris, was, and is, and probably will long be, the Rue St Denis. Beginning at the bank of the Seine, and running due north, it spins out its length like a tape-worm, with every now and then a gentle wriggle, right across the capital, till it reaches the furthest barrier, and thence has a kind of suburban tail prolonged into the wide, straight road, a league in length, that stretches to the town of Saint-Denys-en-France. This was, from time immemorial, the state-road for the monarchs of France to make their formal entries into, and exits from, their capital—whether they came from their coronation at Rheims, or went to their last resting-place beneath the tall spire of St Denis. This has always been the line by which travellers from the northern provinces have entered the good city of Paris; and for many a long year its echoes have never had rest from the cracking of the postilion's whip, the roll of the heavy diligence, and the perpetual jumbling of carts and waggons. It is, as it has ever been, one of the main arteries of the

capital; and nowhere does the restless tide of Parisian life run more rapidly or more constantly than over its well-worn stones. In the pages of the venerable historians of the French capital, and in ancient maps, it is always called "*La Grande Rue de Saint Denys*," being, no doubt, at one time the *ne plus ultra* of all that was considered wide and commodious. Now its appellation is curtailed into the *Rue St Denis*, and it is avoided by the polite inhabitants of Paris as containing nothing but the *bourgeoisie* and the *canaille*. Once it was the Regent Street of Paris—a sort of Rue de la Paix—lounge along by the gallants of the days of Henri IV., and not unvisited by the red-heeled marquises of the Regent d'Orleans's time; now it sees nothing more *recherché* than the cap of the grisette or the *poissarde*, as the case may be, nor any thing more august than the casquette of the *commis-voyageur*, or the indescribable shako and equipments of the National Guard. As its frequenters have been changed in character, so have its houses and public buildings; they have lost much of the picturesque

appearance they possessed a hundred years ago—they are forced every year more and more into line, like a regiment of stone and mortar. Instead of showing their projecting, high-peaked gables to the street, they have now turned their fronts, as more polite; the roofs are accommodated with the luxury of pipes, and the midnight sound of "*Gare l'eau!*" which used to make the late-returning passenger start with all agility from beneath the opened window to avoid the odoriferous shower, is now but seldom heard. A Liliputian footway, some two feet wide, is laid down in flags at either side; the oscillating lamp, that used to hang on a rotten cord thrown across the roadway from house to house, and made darkness visible, has given place to the genius of gas—*enfin, la Révolution a passé par là*; and the Rue de St Denis is now a ghost only of what it was. Still it retains sufficient peculiarities of dimensions and outline to show that it is a child of the middle ages; and, like so many other children of the same kind, it contributes to make its mother Paris, as compared with the modern-built capitals of Europe, a town of former days. Long may it retain these oddities of appearance—long may it remain narrow, dark, and dirty; we rejoice that such streets still exist—they do one's eye good, if not one's nose. There is more of colour, of light and shade, of picturesque, fantastic outline, in a hundred yards of the Rue St Denis, than in all the line from Piccadilly to Whitechapel; a painter can pick up more food for his easel in this queer, old street—an antiquarian can find there more tales and crusts for his noddle, than in all Regent Street and Portland Place. We love a ramshackle place like this; it does one good to get out of the associations of the present century, and to retrograde a bit; it is pleasant to see how people used to pig together in ancient days, without any of the mathematical formalities of the present day; it keeps one's eye in tone to look back at works of the middle ages; and we may learn the more justly to criticize what we see arising about us, by refreshing our recollections of the mouldering past. Paris is a glorious place for things of this kind. Thank the stars, it never got burned

out of its old clothes, as London did. Newfangled streets and quarters of every age have been added to it, but there still remains a mediæval nucleus—there is still an "old Paris"—a gloomy, filthy, old town, irregular and inconvenient as any town ever was yet; and a walk of twenty minutes will take you from the elegant uniformity of the Rue de Rivoli into the original chaos of buildings—into the Quartier des Halles and into the Rue St Denis. How often have we hurried down them on a cold winter's day—say the 31st of December—to buy *bons-bons* in the Rue des Lombards, once the abode of bankers, now the paradise of *confiseurs*, against the coming morrow—the grand day of visits and cadeaux—braving the snow some three feet deep in the midst of the street—or, if there happened to be no snow, the mud a foot and a half, splashing through it with our last new pair of boots from Legrand's, and the last *pantalon* from Blondel's—for cabriolet or omnibus, none might pass that way; and there, amid onion-smelling crowds, in a long, low shop, with lamps lighted at two o'clock, have consummated our purchase, and floundered back triumphant! Away, ye gay, seducing vanities of the Palais Royal or the Boulevards; your light is too garish for our sober eyes—the sugar of your confitures is too chalky for our discriminating tooth! Our appropriate latitude is that of the Quartier St Denis! One thing, however, we must confess, we never did in the Rue St Denis—we never dined there! *Oh non! il ne faut pas faire ça!* 'Tis the headquarters of all the sausage-dealers, the *charcutiers*, and the *rotisseurs* of Paris. Genuine meat and drink there is none; cats hold the murderous neighbourhood in traditional abhorrence, and the ruddiest wine of Burgundy would turn pale were the aqueous reputation of the street whispered near its cellar-door. Thank Heaven, we have a gastronomic instinct that saved us from acts of suicidal rashness! When in Paris, gentle reader, we always dine at the *Trois Frères Provençaux*; the little room in blue, remember—time, six p.m.; potage à la Julienne—bifteck au vin de Champagne—poulet à la Marengo—Chambertin, and St Péray rosé. The next time you visit the

Palais-Royal, turn in there, and dine with us—we shall be delighted to see you!

There are few gaping Englishmen who have been on the other side of the Channel but have found their way along the Boulevards to the Porte St Denis, and have stared first of all at that dingy monument of Ludovican pride, and then have stared down the Rue St Denis, and then have stared up the Rue du Faubourg St Denis; but very few are ever tempted to turn either to the right hand or to the left, and so they generally poke on to the Porte St Martin, or stroll back to the Madeleine, and rarely make acquaintance with the Dionysian mysteries of Paris. For the benefit, therefore, of such travellers as go to the French capital with their eyes in their pockets, and of such as stay at home and travel by their fireside, but still can relish the recollections and associations of olden times, we are going to rake together some of the many odd notes that pertain to the history of this street and its immediate vicinity.

The readiest way into the Rue St Denis from the Isle de la Cité, the centre of Paris, has always been over the Pont-au-Change. This bridge, now the widest over the Seine, was once a narrow, ill-contrived structure of wood, covered with a row of houses on either side, that formed a dark and dirty street, so that you might pass through it a hundred times without once suspecting that you were crossing a river. These houses, built of stone and wood, overhung the edges of the bridge, and afforded their inhabitants an unsafe abode between the sky and the water. At times the river would rise in one of its periodical furies, and sweep away a pier or two with the superincumbent houses; at others the wooden supporters of the structure would catch fire by some untoward event, and the inhabitants had the choice of being fried or drowned, along with their penates and their supellectile property. Such a catastrophe happened in the reign of Louis XIII., when this and another wooden bridge, situated, oddly enough, close by its side, were set on fire by a squib, which some *gamins de Paris* were letting off on his Majesty's highway; and in less than three hours 140 houses had disappeared. It was Louis

VII., in the twelfth century, who gave it the name it has since borne; for he ordered all the money-changers of Paris to come and live on this bridge—no very secure place for keeping the precious metals; and about two hundred years ago the money-changers, fifty-four in number, occupied the houses on one side, while fifty goldsmiths lived in those on the other. In the open roadway between, was held a kind of market or fair for bird-sellers, who were allowed to keep their standings on the curious tenure of letting off two hundred dozens of small birds whenever a new king should pass over this bridge, on his solemn entry into the capital. The birds fluttered and whistled on these occasions, the *gamins* clapped their hands and shouted, the good citizens cried “Noel!” and “Vive le Roy!” and the courtiers were delighted at the joyous spectacle. Whether the birds flew away ready roasted to the royal table, history is silent; but it would have been a sensible improvement of this part of the triumphal ceremony, and we recommend it to the serious notice of all occupiers of the French throne.

On arriving at the northern end of the bridge, the passenger had on his right a covered gallery of shops, stretching up the river side to the Pont Notre Dame, and called the Quai de Gesvres; here was a fashionable promenade for the beaux of Paris, for it was filled with the stalls of pretty milliners, like one of our bazars, and boasted of an occasional bookseller's shop or two, where the tender ballads of Ronsard, or the broad jokes of Rabelais, might be purchased and read for a few livres. To the left was a narrow street, known by the curious appellation of *Trop-va-qui-dure*, the etymology of which has puzzled the brains of all Parisian antiquaries; while just beyond it, and still by the river side, was the *Vieille Vallée de Misère*—words indicative of the opinion entertained of so *ineligible* a residence. In front frowned, in all the grim stiffness of a feudal fortress, the *Grand Chastelet*, once the northern defence of Paris against the Normans and the English, but at last changed into the headquarters of the police—the Bow Street of the French capital. Two large towers, with conical tops over a portcullised gateway, admitted the prisoners into a small square court,

round which were ranged the offices of the lieutenant of police, and the chambers of the law-officers of the crown. Part of the building served as a prison for the vulgar crew of offenders—a kind of Newgate, or Tolbooth; another was used as, and was called, the Morgue, where the dead bodies found in the Seine were often carried; there was a room in it called Cæsar's chamber, where the good citizens of Paris firmly believed that the great Julius once sat as provost of Paris, in a red robe and flowing wig; and there was many an out-of-the-way nook and corner full of dust and parchments, and rats and spiders. The lawyers of the Châtelet thought no small beer of themselves, it seems; for they claimed the right of walking in processions before the members of the Parliament, and immediately after the corporation of the capital. The unlucky wight who might chance to be put in du-rance vile within these walls, was commonly well trounced and fined ere he was allowed to depart; and next to the dreaded Bastile, the Grand Châtelet used to be looked on with peculiar horror. At the Revolution it was one of the first feudal buildings demolished—not a stone of the old pile remains; the Pont-au-Change had long before had its wooden piers changed for noble stone ones, and on the site where this fortress stood is now the Place de Châtelet, with a Napoleonic monument in the midst—a column inscribed with names of bloody battle-fields, on its summit a golden wing-expanding Victory, and at its base four little impudent dolphins, snorting out water into the buckets of the Porteurs d'Eau.

Behind the Châtelet stood the *Grande Boucherie*—the Leadenhall market of Paris an hundred years ago; and near it, up a dirty street or two, was one of the finest churches of the capital, dedicated to St Jacques. The lofty tower of this latter edifice (its body perished when the Boucherie and the Châtelet disappeared) still rises in gloomy majesty above all the surrounding buildings. It is as high as those of Notre Dame; and from its upper corners, enormous *gargouilles*—those fantastic water-spouts of the middle ages—gape with wide-stretched jaws, but no longer send down the washings of the roof on the innocent passengers. Hereabouts lived Nicho-

las Flamel, the old usurer, who made money so fast that it was said he used to sup nightly with his Satanic majesty, and who thereupon built part of the church to save his bacon. He was of opinion that it was well to have the "*mens sana in corpore sano*"—that it was no joke to be burnt; and so he stuck close to the church, taking care that himself and his wife, Pernelle, should have a comfortable resting-place for their bones within the walls of St Jacques. When this was a fashionable quarter of Paris, the court doctor and accoucheur did not disdain to reside in it; for Jean Fernel, the medical attendant of Catharine de Medicis, lived and died within the shade of this old tower. He was a fortunate fellow, a sort of Astley Cooper or Clarke in his way, and Catharine used to give him 10,000 crowns, or something like L.6000, every time she favoured France with an addition to the royal family. He and numerous other worthies mouldered into dust within the precincts of St Jacques; but their remains have long since been scattered to the winds; and where the church once stood is now an ignoble market for old clothes, the abode of Jews and thieves.

After passing round the Grand Châtelet, and crossing the market-place, you might enter the Rue St Denis, the great street of Paris in the time of the good King Henry, and you might walk along under shelter of its houses, projecting story above story, till they nearly met at top, for more than a mile. Before it was paved, the roadway was an intolerable quagmire, winter and summer; and, after stones had been put down, there murmured along the middle a black gurgling stream, charged with all the pourings and filth of unnumbered houses. Over, or through this, according as the fluid was low or high, you had to make your way, if you wanted to cross the street and greet a friend; if you lived in the street and wished to converse with your opposite neighbour, you had only to mount to the garret story, open the lattice window, and literally shake hands with him, so near did the gables approach. The fronts of the houses were ornamented with every device which the skilful carpenters of former times could invent: the beam-ends were sculptured into queer little crouching figures of monkeys or

angels, and all sorts of *diableries* decorated the cornices that ran beneath the windows; there were no panes of glass, such as we boast of in these degenerate times, but narrow latticed lights to let in the day, and the wind, and the cold; while the roofs were covered commonly with shingles, or, in the houses of the wealthy, with sheets of lead. Between each gable came forth a long waterspout, and poured down a deluge into the gutter beneath; each gable-top was peaked into a fantastic spiry point or flower, and the chimneys congregated into goodly companies amidst the roofs, removed from the vulgar gaze or fastidious jests of the people below. So large were the fireplaces in those rooms that could own them, and so ample were the chimney flues, that smoky houses were unheard of: the staircases, it is true, enjoyed only a dubious ray, that served to prevent you from breaking your neck in a rapid descent; but the apartments were generally of commodious dimensions, and the tenements possessed many substantial comforts.

Once out of doors, you might proceed in all weather fearless of rain; the projecting upper stories sheltered completely the sides of the street, and a stout cloth cloak was all that was needed to save either sex from the inclemency of the seasons. At frequent intervals there opened into the main street, side streets, and *ruelles* or alleys, which showed in comparison like Gulliver in Brobdignag: up some of these ways a single horseman might be able to go; but along others—and some of them remain to the present day—two stout citizens could never have walked arm-in-arm. They looked like enormous cracks between a couple of buildings, rather than as ways made for the convenience of locomotion: they were pervious, perhaps, to donkeys, but not to the loaded packhorse—the great street was intended for that animal—coaches did not exist, and the long narrow carts of the French peasantry, whenever they came into the city, did not occupy much more space than the bags or packs of the universal carrier. To many of these streets the most eccentric appellations were given; there was the *Rue des Mauvaises Paroles*—people of ears polite had no business to go near it; the *Rue Tire*

Chappe—a spot where those who objected to be plucked by the vests, or to have their clothes pulled off their backs by importunate accosters, need not present themselves; another in this quarter was called the *Rue Tire-boudin*. Marie Stuart, when Queen of France, was riding, it is said, through it one day, and struck, perhaps, by the looks of its inhabitants, asked what the street was called. The original appellation was so indecent that an officer of her guards, with courtly presence of mind, veiled it under its present title. One was known as the *Rue Brise-miche*, and the cleanliness of its inhabitants might instantly be judged of: a fifth was the *Rue Trousse-vache*, and one of the shops in it was adorned with an enormous sign of a red cow, with her tail sticking up in the air and her head reared in rampant sauciness. A notorious gambler, Thibault-au-dé, well known for his skill in loading dice, gave his name to one of these narrow veins of the town: Aubry, a wealthy butcher, is still immortalized in another: and the *Rue du Petit Hurlleur* probably commemorated some wicked youngster, whose shouts were a greater nuisance to the neighbours than those of any of his companions.

A wider kind of street was the *Rue de la Ferronnerie*, opening into the Rue St Denis, below the Church of the Innocents: it was the abode of all the tinkers and smiths of Paris; and had not Henri IV. been in a particular hurry that day, when he was posting off to old Sully in the Rue St Antoine, he had never gone this way, and Ravallac, probably, had never been able to lean into the carriage and stab the king. Just over the spot where the murder was committed, the placid bust of the king still gazes on the busy scene beneath. The *Rue de la Grande Truanderie*, which was above the Innocents, must have been the rendezvous of all the thieves and beggars of Paris, if there be any thing in a name: the old chronicles of the city relate, indeed, that it took a long time to respectabilize its neighbourhood; and they add that the herds of rogues and impostors who once lived in it took refuge, after their ejection, in the famous *Cour des Miracles*, a little higher up the Rue St Denis. We must not venture into this, the choicest preserve of Victor Hugo, whose gra-

phic description of its wonders in his *Notre Dame* needs hardly to be al-luded to; but we may add, that there were several abodes of the same kind, all communicating with the Rue St Denis, and all equally infamous in their day, though now tenanted only by quiet button-makers and furniture-dealers. The real *Puits d'Amour* stood at the corner of the Rue de la Grande Truanderie, and took its name in sad truth from a crossing of true love. In the days of Philip Augustus, more than six hundred years ago, a beautiful young lady of the court, Agnes Hellebik, whose father held an im-portant post under the king, was in-veigled into the toils of love. The object of her affections, whether of noble birth or not, made her but a sorry return for her confidence: he loved her a while, and her dreams of happiness were realized; but by de-grees his passion cooled, and at length he abandoned her. Stung with indig-nation, and broken-hearted at this thwarting of her soul's desire, the unfortunate young creature fled from her father's house, and betaking her-self on a dark and stormy night to the brink of the well, commended her spirit to her Maker, and ended her troubles beneath its waters. The name of the *Puits d'Amour* was then given to the well; and no young maiden ever dared to draw water from it after sun-set, for fear of the spirit that dwelt unquietly within. The tradition was always current in people's mouths; and three centuries after, a young man of the neighbourhood, who had been jilted and mocked by an inconstant mistress, determined to bear his ills no longer, so he rushed to the *Puits*, and took the fatal leap. The result was not what he anticipated: he did not, it is true, jump into a courtly as-sembly of knights and gallants, but he could not find water enough in it to drown him; while his mistress, on hearing of the mishap, hastened to the well with a cord, and promising to compensate him for his former woes, drew him with her fair hands safely into the upper regions. An inscrip-tion, in Gothic letters, was then placed over the well:—

“L'amour m'a refaict
En 1525 tout-à-faict.”

The fate of Agnes Hellebik was far preferable to that of another young

girl who lived in this quarter, indeed in the Rue Thibault-au-dé. Agnes du Rochier was the only daughter of one of the wealthiest merchants of Paris, and was admired by all the neighbourhood for her beauty and vir-tue. In 1403 her father died, leaving her the sole possessor of his wealth, and rumour immediately disposed of her hand to all the young gallants of the quarter; but whether it was that grief for the loss of her parent had turned her head, or that the gloomy fanaticism of that time had worked with too fatal effect on her pure and in-experienced imagination, she took not only marriage and the malesex into ut-ter abomination, but resolved to quit the world for ever, and to make herself a perpetual prisoner for religion's sake. She determined, in short, to become what was then called a recluse, and as such to pass the remainder of her days in a narrow cell built within the wall of a church. On the 5th of October, ac-cordingly, when the cell, only a few feet square, was finished in the wall of the church of St Opportune, Agnes enter-ed her final abode, and the ceremony of her reclusion began. The walls and pillars of the sacred edifice had been hung with tapestry and costly cloths, tapers burned on every altar, the clergy of the capital and the several religious communities thronged the church. The Bishop of Paris, attended by his chaplains and the canons of Notre Dame, entered the choir, and celebra-ted a pontifical mass: he then ap-proached the opening of the cell, sprinkled it with holy water, and after the poor young thing had bidden adieu to her friends and relations, ordered the masons to fill up the aperture. This was done as strongly as stone and mortar could make it; nor was any opening left, save only a small loophole through which Agnes might hear the offices of the church, and re-ceive the aliments given her by the cha-ritable. She was eighteen years old when she entered this living tomb, and she continued within it *eighty* years, till death terminated her sufferings! Alas, for mistaken piety! Her wealth, which she gave to the church, and her own personal exertions during so long a life, might have made her a blessing to all that quarter of the city, instead of remaining an useless object of com-passion to the few, and of idle wonder to the many.

Another entombment, almost as bad, occurred in the Rue St Denis, only five or six years ago. The cess-pools of modern Parisian houses are generally deep chambers, and sometimes wells, cut in the limestone rock on which the city stands: and in the absence of a good method of drainage, are cleaned out only once in every two or three years, according to their size. Meanwhile, they continue to receive all the filth of the building. One night, a large cess-pool had been emptied, and the aperture, which was in the common passage of the house on the ground floor, had been left open till the inspector appointed by the police should come round and see that the work had been properly executed. He came early in the morning, enquired carelessly of the porter if all was right, and ordered the stone covering to be fastened down. This was done amid the usual noise and talking of the workmen; and they went their way. That same afternoon, one of the lodgers in the house, a young man, was missed: days after days elapsed, and nothing was heard of him: his friends conjectured that he had drowned himself, but the tables of the Morgue never bore his body: and their despair was only equalled by their astonishment at the absence of every clue to his fate. On a particular evening, however, about three weeks after his disappearance, the porter was sitting at the door of his lodge, and the house as well as the street was unusually quiet, when he heard a faint groan somewhere beneath his feet. After a short interval he heard another; and being superstitious, got up, put his chair within the lodge, shut the door, and set about his work. At night he mentioned the circumstance to his wife, and going out with her into the passage, they had not stood there long before again a groan was heard. The good woman crossed herself and fell on her knees; but her husband, suspecting now that all was not right, and thinking that an attempt at infanticide had been made, by throwing a child's body down one of the passages leading to the cess-pool, (no uncommon occurrence in Paris,) resolved to call in the police. He did so without loss of time, the heavy stone covering was removed, and one of the attendants stooping down and lowering a lantern, as long

as the stench would permit him, saw at the bottom, and at a considerable depth, something like a human form leaning against the side of the receptacle. Ropes and ladders were now immediately procured; two men went down, and in a few minutes brought up a body—it was that of the unfortunate young man who had been so long missing! Life was not quite extinct, for some motion of the limbs was perceptible, there was even one last low groan, but then all animation ceased for ever. The appearance of the body was most dreadful; the face was a livid green colour, the trunk looked like that of a man drowned, and kept long beneath the water, all brown and green—one of the feet had completely disappeared—the other was nearly half decomposed and gone; the hands were dreadfully lacerated, and told of a desperate struggle to escape: worms were crawling about; all was putrid and loathsome. How did this unfortunate young man come into so dreadful a position? was the question that immediately occurred; and the only answer that could be given was, that on the night of the cess-pool being emptied, the porter remembered this young man coming home very late, or rather early in the morning. He himself had forgotten to warn him of the aperture being uncovered, indeed he supposed that it would have been sufficiently seen by the lights left burning at its edge;—these had probably been blown out by the wind, and the young man had thus fallen in. That life should have been supported so long under such circumstances, seems almost incredible: but it is no less curious than true; for the porter was tried before the Correctional Tribunal for inadvertent homicide, the facts were adduced in evidence, and carelessness having been proved, he was sentenced to imprisonment for several weeks, and to a heavy fine.

Of churches and religious establishments, there were plenty in and about the Rue St Denis. Besides the great church of St Jacques, mentioned before, there were in the street itself the churches of the Holy Sepulchre, of St Leu, and St Gilles; of the Innocents; of the Saviour; and of St Jacques de l'Hôpital: while of conventual institutions, there were the Hospitals of St Catharine; of the

Holy Trinity; of the Filles de St Magloire; of the Filles Dieu; of the Community of St Chaumont; of the Sœurs de Charité; and of the great monastery of St Lazare. The fronts, or other considerable portions of those buildings, were all visible in the street, and added greatly to its antiquated appearance. The long irregular lines of gable roofs on either side, converging from points high above the spectator's head, until they met or crossed in a dim perspective, near the horizon, were broken here and there by the pointed front, or the tapering spire of a church or convent. A solemn gateway protruded itself at intervals into the street, and, with its flanking turrets and buttresses, gave broad masses of shade in perpendicular lines, strongly contrasted with the horizontal or diagonal patches of dark colour caused by the houses. At early morn and eve, a shrill tinkling of bells warned the neighbours of the sacred duties of many a secluded penitent, or admonished them that it was time to send up their own orisons to God. Before mid-day had arrived, and soon after it had passed, the deeper tones of a *bourdon*, from some of the parochial churches, invited the citizens to the sacrifice of the mass or the canticles of vespers. Not seldom the throngs of busy wordlings were forced to separate and give room to some holy procession, which, with glittering cross at the head, with often tossed and sweetly smelling censers at the side, with white-robed chanting acolyths, and reverend priests, in long line behind, came forth to take its way to some holy edifice. The zealous citizens would suspend their avocations for a while, would repeat a reverential prayer as the holy men went by, and then return to the absorbing calls of business, not unbenefited by the recollections just awakened in their minds. On the eves and on the mornings of holy festivals, business was totally suspended; the bells, great and small, rang forth their silvery sounds; the churches were crowded, the chapels glittered with blazing lights; the prayers of the priests and people rose with the incense before the high altar; the solemn organ swelled its full tones responsive to the loud-voiced choir; the curates thundered from the pulpits, to the edification of charitable congregations; and after all had been

prostrated in solemn adoration of the Divine presence, the citizens would pour out into the street, and repair, some to their homes, some to the Palace of the Tournelles, with its towers and gardens guarded by the Bastille; others to the Louvre or to the Prêaux-clercs, and the fields by the river side; others would stroll up the hill of Montmartre; and some in boats would brave the dangers of the Seine! On other and sadder occasions, the inhabitants of the Rue St Denis would quit their houses in earnestly talking groups, and would adjourn to the open space in front of the Halles. Here, on the top of an octagonal tower, some twenty feet high, and covered with a conical spire, between the openings of pointed arches, might be seen criminals with their heads and hands protruding through the wooden collar of the pillory. The guard of the provost, or the lieutenant of police, would keep off the noisy throng below, and the goodwives would discuss among themselves the enormities of the coin-clipper, the cut-purse, the incendiary, or the unjust dealer, who were exposed on those occasions for their delinquencies; while the offenders themselves, would—a few of them—hang down their heads, and close their eyes in the unsufferable agony of shame; but by far the greater number would shout forth words of bold defiance or indecent ribaldry, would protrude the mocking tongue, or spit forth curses with dire volubility. Then would rise the shouts of *gamins*, then would come the thick volley of eggs, fish-heads, butcher's offal, and all the garbage of the market, aimed unerringly by many a strenuous arm at the heads of the culprits; and then the soldiers with their pertuisanes would make quick work among the legs of the retreating crowd, and the jailers would apply the ready lash to the backs of the hardened criminals aloft; and thus, the hour's exhibition ended, and the "king's justice" satisfied, away would the criminals be led, some on a hurdle to Montfaçon, and there hung on its ample gibbet, amid the rattling bones of other wretches; some would be hurried back to the Chastelet, or other prisons; and others would be sent off to work, chained to the oars of the royal galleys.

This was a common amusement of

the idlers of this quarter: but the passions of the mob, if they needed stronger excitement, had to find a scene of horrid gratification on the Place de Grève, opposite the Hotel de Ville, where at rare intervals a heretic would be burnt, a murderer hung, or a traitor quartered; but this spot of bloody memory lies far from the Rue St Denis, and we are not now called upon to reveal its terrible recollections: let us turn back to our good old street.

One of the most curious objects in it was the Church of the Innocents, with its adjoining cemetery, once the main place of interment for all the capital. The church lay at the north-eastern end of what is now the Marché des Innocents, and against it was erected the fountain which now adorns the middle of the market, and which was the work of the celebrated sculptor, Jean Goujon, and his colleague, the architect, Pierre Lescot. The former is said to have been seated at it, giving some last touches to one of the tall and graceful nymphs that adorn its high arched sides, on the day of the Massacre of St Bartholomew, when he was killed by a random shot from a Catholic zealot. The simple inscription which it still bears, FONTIUM NYMPHIS, is in better taste than that of any other among the numerous fountains of the French capital. The church itself (of which not the slightest vestige now remains) was not a good specimen of mediæval architecture, although it was large and richly endowed. It was founded by Philip Augustus, when he ordered the Jews to be expelled from his dominions, and seized on their estates—one of the most nefarious actions committed by a monarch of France. The absurd accusation, that the Jews used periodically to crucify and torture Christian children, was one of the most plausible pretexts employed by the rapacious king on this occasion; and, as a kind of testimonial that such had been his excuse, he founded this church; dedicated it to the Holy Innocents; and transferred hither the remains of a boy, named Richard, said to have been sacrificed at Pontoise by some unfortunate Jews, who expiated the pretended crime by the most horrible torments. St Richard's remains, (for he was canonized,) worked numerous miracles in the Church of the In-

nocents, or rather in the churchyard, where a tomb was erected over them; and so great was their reputation, that tradition says, the English, on evacuating Paris in the 15th century, carried off with them all but the little saint's head. Certain it is, that nothing but the head remained amongst the relics of this parish; and equally certain is it, that no Christian innocents have been sacrificed by those "circumcised dogs" either before or since, whether in France or England, or any other part of the world. It remained for the dishonest credulity of the present century, to witness the disgraceful spectacle of a French consul at Damascus, assisting at the torturing of some Jewish merchants under a similar accusation, and assuring his government of his belief in the confessions extorted by these inhuman means; and of many a party journal in Paris accrediting and re-echoing the tale. Had not British humanity intervened in aid of British policy, France had made this visionary accusation the ground of an armed intervention in Syria. The false accusers of the Jews of Damascus have indeed been punished; but the French consul, the Count de Ratti-Menton, has since been rewarded by his government with a high promotion in the diplomatic department!

Once more, "a truce to digression," let us see what the ancient cemetery of the Innocents was like. Round an irregular four-sided space, about five hundred feet by two, ran a low cloister-like building, called Les Charniers, or the Charnel Houses. It had originally been a cloister surrounding the churchyard; but, so convenient had this place of sepulture been found, from its situation in the heart of Paris, that the remains of mortality increased in most rapid proportion within its precincts, and it was continually found necessary to transfer the bones of long-interred, and long-forgotten bodies, to the shelter of the cloisters. Here, then, they were piled up in close order—the bones below and the skulls above; they reached in later times to the very rafters of these spacious cloisters all round, and heaps of skulls and bones lay in unseemly groups on the grass in the midst of the graveyard. At one corner of the church was a small grated window, where a recluse, like her of

St Opportune, had worn away forty-six years of her life, after one year's confinement as a preparatory experiment; and within the church was a splendid brass tomb, commemorating this refinement of the monastic virtues. At various spots about the cemetery, were erected obelisks and crosses of different dates, while against the walls of the church and cloister were affixed, in motely and untidy confusion, unnumbered tablets and other memorials of the dead. The suppression of this cemetery, just at the commencement of the Revolution, was a real benefit to the capital; and when the contents of the yard and its charnel-houses were removed to the catacombs south of the city, it was calculated that the remains of two millions of human beings rattled down the deep shafts of the stone pits to their second interment. In place of the cemetery, we now find the wooden stalls of the Covent Garden of Paris; low, dirty, unpainted, ill-built, badly-drained, stinking, and noisy; and their tenants are not better than themselves. Like their neighbours, the famous Poissardes, the Dames de la Halle as they are styled, are the quintessence of all that is disgusting in Paris. Covent Garden is worth a thousand of such markets, and Père la Chaise is an admirable substitute for the Cemetery of the Innocents.

High up in the Rue de Faubourg St Denis, which is only a continuation of the main street, just as Knightsbridge is of Piccadilly, stand the remains of the great convent and *maladrerie* of St Lazarus. In this religious house, all persons attacked with leprosy were received in former days, and either kept for life, if incurable, or else maintained until they were freed from that loathsome disease. From what cause we know not, (except that the House of St Lazarus was the nearest of any religious establishment to the walls of the capital,) the kings of France always made a stay of three days within its walls on their solemn inaugural entrance into Paris, and their bodies always lay in state here before they were conveyed to the Abbey Church of St Denis. There was no lack of stiff ceremonial on these occasions; and, doubtless, the good fathers of the convent did not receive all the court within their walls without rubbing a

little gold off the rich habits of the nobles. The king, on arriving at the Convent of St Lazare, proceeded to a part of the house allotted for this purpose, and called *Le Logis du Roy*, where, in a chamber of state, he took his seat beneath a canopy, surrounded by the princes of the blood-royal. The chancellor of France stood behind his majesty, to furnish him with replies to the different deputations that used to come with congratulatory addresses, and the receptions then commenced. They used to last from seven in the morning, without intermission, till four or five in the afternoon; there were the lawyers of the Chastelet, the Court of Aids, the Court of Accounts, and the Parliament, to say nothing of the city authorities and other constituted bodies. The addresses were no short unmeaning things, like those uttered in our poor cold times, but good long-winded harangues, some in French, some in Latin, and they went on, one after the other, for three days consecutively. On the third day, when the royal patience must have been wellnigh exhausted, and the chancellor's talents at reply worn tolerably threadbare, the king would rise, and mounting on horseback, would proceed to the cathedral church of Notre Dame, down the Rue St Denis. One of the best recorded of these royal entries is that of Louis XI. On this occasion, the king, setting out from a suburban residence in the Faubourg St Honoré, got along the northern side of Paris to the Convent of St Lazare; and thence, after the delay and the harangues of the three days—the real original glorious three days of the French monarchy—proceeded to the Porte St Denis. Here a herald met the monarch, and after the keys of the city had been presented by the provost, with long speeches and replies, the former officer introduced to his majesty five young ladies, all richly clad, and mounted on horses richly caparisoned, their housings bearing the arms of the city of Paris. Each young damsel represented an allegorical personage, and the initials of the names of their characters made up the word *Paris*. They each harangued the king, and their speeches, says an old chronicle, seemed “very agreeable” to the royal ears. Around the king, as he rode through the gate-

way, were the princes and highest nobles of the land—the Dukes of Orleans, Burgundy, Bourbon, and Cleves; the Count of Charolois, eldest son of the Duke of Burgundy; the Counts of Angoulesme, St Paul, Dunois, and others; with, as a chronicle of the time relates, “autres comtes, barons, chevaliers, capitaines, et force noblesse, en très bel ordre et posture.” All of these were mounted on horses of price, richly caparisoned, and covered with the finest housings; some were of cloth of gold furred with sable; others were of velvet or damask furred with ermine; all were enriched with precious stones, and to many were attached bells of silver gilt, with other “enjolivements.” Over the gateway was a large ship, the armorial bearing of the city, and within it were a number of allegorical personages, with one who represented Louis XI. himself; in the street immediately within the gate was a party of savages and satyrs, who executed a mock-fight in honour of the approach of royalty. A little lower down came forth a troop of young women representing syrens; an old chronicle calls them, “Plusieurs belles filles accoustrees en syrenes, nues, lesquelles, en faisant voir leur beau sein, chantoient de petits motets de bergères fort doux et charmans.” Near where these damsels stood was a fountain which had pipes running with milk, wine, and hypocras; at the side of the Church of the Holy Trinity was a *tableau-vivant* of the Passion of our Saviour, including a crucified Christ and two thieves, represented, as the chronicle states, “par personnages sans parler.” A little further on was a hunting party, with dogs and a hind, making a tremendous noise with *hautboys* and *cors-de-chasse*. The butchers on the open place near the Chastelet, had raised some lofty scaffolds, and on them had erected a representation of the Bastille or Chateau of Dieppe. Just as the king passed by, a desperate combat was going on between the French besieging this chateau and the English holding garrison within; “the latter,” adds the chronicle, “having been taken prisoners, had all their throats cut.” Before the gate of the Chastelet, there were the personifications of several illustrious heroes; and on the Pont au Change, which was car-

peted below, hung with arms at the sides, and canopied above for the occasion, stood the fowlers with their two hundred dozens of birds, ready to fly them as soon as the royal charger should stamp on the first stone. Such was a royal entry in those days of iron rule.

Before Louis XI.'s father, Charles VII., had any reasonable prospect of reigning in Paris as king, the English troops had to be driven out of the capital; and when the French forces had scaled the walls, and entered the city, A.D. 1436, the 1500 Englishmen who defended the place, had but little mercy shown them. Seeing that the game was lost, Sir H. Willoughby, captain of Paris, shut himself up with a part of the troops in the Bastille, accompanied by the Bishop of Therouenne, and Morhier, the provost of the city. The people rose to the cry of “Saint Denys, Vive le noble Roy de France!” The constable of France, the Duke de Richemont, and the Bastard of Orleans, led them on; those troops that had been shut out of the Bastille, tried to make their way up the Rue St Denis, to the northern gateway, and so to escape on the road to Beauvais and England; but the inhabitants stretched chains across the street, and men, women, and children, showered down upon them from the windows, chairs, tables, logs of wood, stones, and even boiling water; while others rushed in from behind and from the side streets, with arms in their hands, and the massacre of all the English fugitives ensued. A short time after, Sir H. Willoughby, and the garrison of the Bastille, not receiving succours from the commanders of the English forces, surrendered the fortress, and were allowed to retire to Rouen. As they marched out of Paris, the Bishop of Therouenne accompanied them, and the populace followed the troops, shouting out at the Bishop—“The fox! the fox!”—and at the English, “The tail! the tail!”

Another departure of a foreign garrison from Paris, took place in 1594, and this time in peaceable array, by the Rue St Denis. When Henry IV. had obtained possession of his capital, there remained in it a considerable body of Spanish troops, who had been sent into France to aid the chiefs of the League, and they were under

the command of the Duke de Feria. The reaction in the minds of the Parisians, after the misery of their siege, had been too sudden and too complete, to give the Spaniards any hope of holding out against the king; a capitulation was therefore agreed upon, the foreign forces were allowed to march out with the honours of war, and they were escorted with their baggage as far as the frontier. The king and his principal officers took post within the rooms over the Porte St Denis—then a square turreted building, with a pointed and portcullised gate and drawbridge beneath—to see the troops march out, and he stationed himself at the window looking down the street. First came some companies of Neapolitan infantry, with drums beating, standards flying, arms on their shoulders, but without having their matches lighted. Then came the Spanish Guards, in the midst of whom were the Duke de Feria, Don Diego d'Ibarrá, and Don Juan Baptista Taxis, all mounted on spirited Spanish chargers; while behind them marched the battalions of the Lansquenets, and the Walloons. As each company came up to the gateway, the soldiers, marching by fours, raised their eyes to the king, took off their headpieces, and bowed; the officers did the same, and Henry returned the salutation with the greatest courtesy. He was particular in showing this politeness, in the most marked manner, to the Duke de Feria and his noble companions; and when they were within hearing, cried out aloud, "Recommend me to your master, but never show your faces here again!" Some of the more obnoxious members of the League were allowed to retire with the Spaniards; and in the evening, bonfires were lighted in all the streets, and the *Te Deum* was sung on all the public places. The mediæval glory of the Porte St Denis vanished in the time of Louis XIV., when he unfortified the city, which one of his successors has taken such pains again to imprison within stone walls, and the present triumphal arch was erected upon its site. This modern edifice, it is well known, served for the entrance of Charles X. from Rheims, and, shortly after, for a post whence the trumpery patriots of 1830 contrived to annoy some of the cavalry who were fighting in the

cause of the legitimacy and the true liberties of France. Many a barricade and many a skirmish has the Rue St Denis since witnessed!

All the churches have disappeared from the Rue St Denis except that of St Leu and St Gilles, a small building of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries: all the convents have been raised to the ground except that of St Lazare. To this a far different destination has been given from what it formerly enjoyed: it is now the great female prison of the capital; and within its walls all the bread required for the prisons of Paris is baked, all the linen is made and mended. The prison consists of three distinct portions: one allotted for carrying on the bread and linen departments; a second for the detention of female criminals before conviction, or for short terms of imprisonment; and in this various light manufactures, such as the making of baskets, straw-plait, and the red phosphorus-match boxes, are carried on: the third is an hospital and house of detention for the prostitutes of the capital. We were once taken all through this immense establishment by the governor, who had the kindness to accompany us, and to explain every thing in person—a favour not often granted to foreigners—and a strong impression did the scenes we then saw leave. In the first two departments every thing was gloomy, orderly, and quiet: the prisoners were much fewer than we had expected—not above two hundred—many of them, however, were mere children; but the matrons were good kind of women, and the work of reformation was going on rapidly to counteract the effects of early crime. In the third, though equal strictness of conduct on the part of the superiors prevailed, the behaviour of the inmates subjected to control was far different. The great majority had been confined there as hospital patients, not as offenders against the law, and they were divided into wards, according to their sanatory condition. Here they were very numerous; and a melancholy thing it was to see hundreds of wretched creatures wandering about their spacious rooms, or sitting up in their beds, with haggard looks, dishevelled hair, hardly any clothing, and a sort of reckless gaiety in their manner that spoke volumes as to their real condition. The

régime of this prison-hospital is found, however, to be on the whole most salutary: the seeds of good are sown with a few; the public health, as well as the public morals, has been notably improved; and from the time when a young painter employed in the prison was decoyed into this portion of it and killed within a few hours, the occurrence of deeds of violence within its walls has been very rare.

From the top of the Faubourg St Denis, all through the suburb of La Chapelle, the long line of modern habitations extends, without offering any points of historical interest. It is, indeed, a very commonplace, everyday kind of road, which hardly any Englishman that has jumbled along in the Messageries Royales can fail of recollecting. Nothing poetical, nothing romantic, was ever known to take place between the Barrière de St Denis and the town where the abbey stands. We know, however, of an odd occurrence upon this ground, towards the end of the thirteenth century, (we were not alive then, gentle reader,) strikingly illustrative of the superstition of the times. In 1274, the church of St Gervais, in Paris, was broken into one night by some sacrilegious dog, who ran off with the golden pix, containing the consecrated wafer or host. Not thinking himself safe within the city, away he went for St Denis—got without the city walls in safety, and made off as fast as he could for the abbatial town. Before arriving there, he thought he would have a look at the contents of the precious vessel, when, on his opening the lid, out jumped the holy wafer, up it flew into the air over his head, and there it kept dodging about, and bobbing up and down, behind the affrightened thief, and following him wherever he went. He rushed into the town of St Denis, but there was the wafer coming after him, and just above his head; whichever way he turned, there was the flying wafer. It was now broad daylight, and some of the inhabitants perceived the miracle. This was immediately reported by them to the abbot of the monastery. The holy father and his monks sallied forth;

all saw the wafer as plain as they saw each others' shaven crowns. The man was immediately arrested; the pix was found on him, and the abbot, as a feudal seigneur, having the right of life and death within his own fief, had him hung up to the nearest tree within five minutes. The abbot then sent word to the Bishop of Paris of what had occurred; and the prelate, attended by the curates and clergy of the capital, went to St Denis to witness the miracle. But wonders were not to cease; there they found the abbot and monks looking up into the air; there was the wafer sticking up somewhere under the sun, and none of them could devise how they were to get it down again. The monks began singing canticles and litanies; the Parisian clergy did the same; still the wafer would not move a hair's breadth. At last they resolved to adjourn to the Abbey Church; and so they formed themselves into procession, and stepped forwards. The monks had reached the abbey door, the bishop and his clergy were following behind, and the clergy of St Gervais were just under the spot where the wafer was suspended, when, *presto*, down it popped into the hands of the little red-nosed curate. "Its mine!" cried the curate: "I'll have it!" shouted the bishop: "I wish you may get it," roared the abbot—and a regular scramble took place. But the little curate held his prize fast; his vicars stuck to him like good men and true; and they carried off their prize triumphant. The bishop and the abbot drew up a solemn memorial and covenant on the spot, whereby the wafer was legally consigned to its original consecrator and owner, the curate of St Gervais; and it was agreed that every 1st of September, the day of the miracle, a solemn office and procession of the Holy Sacrament should be celebrated within his church. The reverend father Du Breul, the grave historian of Paris, adds: "*L'histoire du dit miracle est naïvement peinte en une vitre de la chapelle Sainet Pierre d'icelle église, où sont aussi quelques vers François, contenant partie d'icelle histoire.*"

THE LAST SESSION OF PARLIAMENT.

IN days of old it was the remark of more than one philosopher, that, if it were possible to exhibit virtue in a personal form, and clothed with attributes of sense, all men would unite in homage to her supremacy. The same thing is true of other abstractions, and especially of the powers which work by social change. Could these powers be revealed to us in any symbolic incarnation—were it possible that, but for one hour, the steadfast march of their tendencies, their promises, and their shadowy menaces, could be made apprehensible to the bodily eye—we should be startled, and oftentimes appalled, at the grandeur of the apparition. In particular, we may say that the advance of civilization, as it is carried forward for ever on the movement continually accelerated of England and France, were it less stealthy and inaudible than it is, would fix, in every stage, the attention of the inattentive and the anxieties of the careless. Like the fabulous music of the spheres, once allowed to break sonorously upon the human ear, it would render us deaf to all other sounds. Heard or not heard, however, marked or not marked, the rate of our advance is more and more portentous. Old things are passing away. Every year carries us round some obstructing angle, laying open suddenly before us vast reaches of fresh prospect, and bringing within our horizon new agencies by which civilization is henceforth to work, and new difficulties against which it is to work; other forces for co-operation, other resistances for trial. Meantime the velocity of these silent changes is incredibly aided by the revolutions, both moral and scientific, in the machinery of nations; revolutions by which knowledge is interchanged, power propagated, and the methods of communication multiplied. And the vast aerial arches by which these revolutions mount continually to the common zenith of Christendom, so as to force themselves equally upon the greatest of nations and the humblest, express the aspiring destiny by which, already and irresistibly, they are coming round upon all other tribes and

families of men, however distant in position, or alien by system and organization. The nations of the planet, like ships of war manœuvring prelusively to some great engagement, are silently taking up their positions, as it were, for future action and reaction, reciprocally for doing and suffering. And, in this ceaseless work of preparation or of noiseless combination, France and England are seen for ever in the van. Whether for evil or for good, they *must* be in advance. And if it were possible to see the relative positions of all Christendom, its several divisions, expressed as if on the monuments of Persepolis by endless evolutions of cities in procession or of armies advancing, we should be awakened to the full solemnity of our duties by seeing two symbols flying aloft for ever in the head of nations—two recognizances for hope or for fear—the roses of England and the lilies of France.

Reflections such as these furnish matter for triumphal gratulation, but also for great depression: and in the enormity of our joint responsibilities, we French and English have reason to forget the grandeur of our separate stations. It is fit that we should keep alive these feelings, and continually refresh them, by watching the everlasting motions of society, by sweeping the moral heavens for ever with our glasses in vigilant detection of new phenomena, and by calling to a solemn audit, from time to time, the national acts which are undertaken, or the counsels which in high places are avowed.

Amongst these acts and these counsels none justify a more anxious attention than such as come forward in the senate. It is true that great revolutions may brood over us for a long period without awakening any murmur or echo in Parliament; of which we have an instance in Puseyism, which is a power of more ominous capacities than the gentleness of its motions would lead men to suspect, and is well fitted (as hereafter we may show) to effect a volcanic explosion—such as may rend the Church of England by schisms more extensive and shattering than those which have recently af-

flicted the Church of Scotland. Generally, however, Parliament becomes, sooner or later, a mirror to the leading phenomena of the times. These phenomena, to be valued thoroughly, must be viewed, indeed, from different stations and angles. But one of these aspects is that which they assume under the legislative revision of the people. It is more than ever requisite that each session of Parliament should be searched and reviewed in the capital features of its legislation. Hereafter we may attempt this duty more elaborately. For the present we shall confine ourselves to a hasty survey of some few principal measures in the late session which seem important to our social progress.

We shall commence our review by the fewest possible words on the paramount nuisance of the day—viz. the corn-law agitation. This is that question which all men have ceased to think sufferable. This is that “mammoth” nuisance of our times by which “the gaiety of nations is eclipsed.”

We are thankful that its “damnable iterations” have now placed it beyond the limits of public toleration. No man hearkens to such debates any longer—no man reads the reports of such debates: it is become criminal to quote them; and recent examples of torpor beyond all torpor, on occasion of Cobden meetings amongst the inflammable sections of our population, have shown—that not the poorest of the poor are any longer to be duped, or to be roused out of apathy, by this intolerable fraud. Full of “gifts and lies” is the false fleeting Association of these Lancashire Cottonceers. But its gifts are too windy, and its lies are too ponderous. To the Association is “given a mouth speaking great things and blasphemies;” and out of this mouth issues “fire,” it is true, against all that is excellent in the land, but also “smoke”—as the consummation of its overtures. During many reigns of the Cæsars, a race of swindlers infested the Roman court, technically known as “sellers of smoke,” and often punished under that name. They sold, for weighty considerations of gold, castles in the air, imaginary benefices, ideal reversions; and, in short, contracted wholesale or retail for the punctual delivery of unadulterated moonshine. Such a dealer, such a contractor, is the Anti-Corn-Law As-

sociation; and for such it has always been known amongst intelligent men. But its character has now diffused itself among the illiterate: and we believe it to be the simple truth at this moment, that every working man, whose attention has at any time been drawn to the question, is now ready to take his stand upon the following answer:—“We, that is our order, Mr Cobden, are not very strong in faith. Our faith in the Association is limited. So much, however, by all that reaches us, we are disposed to believe—viz. that ultimately you might succeed in reducing the price of a loaf, by three parts in forty-eight, which is one sixteenth; with what loss to our own landed order, and with what risk to the national security in times of war or famine, is no separate concern of ours. On the other hand, Mr Cobden, in *your* order there are said to be knaves in ambush; and we take it, that the upshot of the change will be this: We shall save three farthings in a shilling’s worth of flour; and the *honest* men of your order—whom candour forbid that we should reckon at only twenty-five per cent on the whole—will diminish our wages simply by that same three farthings in a shilling; but the knaves (we are given to understand) will take an excuse out of that trivial change to deduct four, five, or six farthings; they will improve the occasion in evangelical proportions—some sixty-fold, some seventy, and some a hundred.”

This is the settled *practical* faith of those hard-working men, who care not to waste their little leisure upon the theory of the corn-laws. It is this practical result only which concerns *us*; for as to the speculative logic of the case, as a question for economists, we, who have so often discussed it in this journal, (which journal, we take it upon us to say, has, from time to time, put forward or reviewed every conceivable argument on the corn question,) must really decline to re-enter the arena, and *actum agere*, upon any occasion ministered by Mr Cobden. Very frankly, we disdain to do so; and now, upon quitting the subject, we will briefly state why.

Mr Cobden, as we hear and believe, is a decent man—that is to say, upon any ground not connected with politics; equal to six out of any ten manufacturers you will meet in the

Queen's high-road—whilst of the other four not more than three will be found conspicuously his superiors. He is certainly, in the senate, not what Lancashire rustics mean by a *hammil sconce*;* or, according to a saying often in the mouth of our French emigrant friends in former times, he "could not have invented the gunpowder, though perhaps he might have invented the hair-powder." Still, upon the whole, we repeat, that Mr Cobden is a decent man, wherever he is not very indecent. Is he therefore a decent man on this question of the corn-laws? So far from it, that we now challenge attention to one remarkable fact. All the world knows how much he has talked upon this particular topic; how he has itinerated on its behalf; how he has perspired under its business. Is there a fortunate county in England which has yet escaped his harangues? Does that happy province exist which has not reverberated his yells? Doubtless, not—and yet mark this: Not yet, not up to the present hour, (September 20, 1843,) has Mr Cobden delivered one argument properly and specially applicable to the corn question. He has uttered many things offensively upon the aristocracy; he has libelled the lawgivers; he has insulted the farmers; he has exhausted the artillery of *political* abuse: but where is the *economic* artillery which he promised us, and which, (strange to say!) from the very dulness of his theme making it a natural impossibility to read him, most people are willing to suppose that he has, after one fashion or other, actually discharged. The Corn-League benefits by its own stupidity. Not being read, every leaguer has credit for having uttered the objections which, as yet, he never did utter. Hence comes the popular impression, that from Mr Cobden have emanated arguments, of some quality or other, against the existing system. True, there are arguments in plenty on the other side, and pretty notorious arguments; but, *pendente lite*, and until these opposite pleas are brought forward, it is supposed that the Cobden pleas have a brief provisional existence—they are good for

the moment. Not at all. We repeat that, as to economic pleas, none of any kind, good or bad, have been placed on the record by any orator of that faction; whilst all other pleas, keen and personal as they may appear, are wholly irrelevant to any real point at issue. In illustration of what we say, one (and very much the most searching) of Mr Cobden's questions to the farmers, was this—"Was not the object," he demanded, "was not the very purpose of all corn-laws alike—simply to keep up the price of grain? Well; had the English corn-laws accomplished that object? Had they succeeded in that purpose? Notoriously they had not; confessedly they had failed; and every farmer in the corn districts would avouch that often he had been brought to the brink of ruin by prices ruinously low." Now, we pause not to ask, why, if the law already makes the prices of corn ruinously low, any association can be needed to make it lower? What we wish to fix attention upon, is this assumption of Mr Cobden's, many times repeated, that the known object and office of our corn-law, under all its modifications, has been to elevate the price of our corn; to sustain it at a price to which naturally it could not have ascended. Many sound speculators on this question we know to have been seriously perplexed by this assertion of Mr Cobden's; and others, we have heard, not generally disposed to view that gentleman's doctrines with favour, who insist upon it, that, in mere candour, we must grant this particular postulate. "Really," say they, "*that* cannot be refused him; the law *was* for the purpose he assigns; its final cause *was*, as he tells us, to keep up artificially the price of our domestic corn-markets. So far he is right. But his error commences in treating this design as an unfair one; and, secondly, in denying that it has been successful. It *has* succeeded; and it ought to have succeeded. The protection sought for our agriculture was no more than it merited; and that protection has been faithfully realized."

We, however, vehemently deny

* A *hammil sconce*, or light of the hamlet, is the picturesque expression in secluded parts of Lancashire for the local wise man, or village counsellor.

Mr Cobden's postulate *in toto*. He is wrong, not merely as others are wrong in the principle of refusing this protection, not merely on the question of fact as to the reality of this protection, (to enter upon which points would be to adopt that hateful discussion which we have abjured;) but, above all, he is wrong in assigning to corn-laws, as their end and purpose, an absolute design of sustaining prices. To raise prices is an occasional means of the corn-laws, and no end at all. In one word, what *is* the end of the corn-laws? It is, and ever has been, to equalize the prospects of the farmer from year to year, with the view, and generally with the effect, of drawing into the agricultural service of the nation, as nearly as possible, the same amount of land at one time as at another. This is the end; and this end is paramount. But the means to that end must lie, according to the accidents of the case, alternately through moderate increase of price, or moderate diminution of price. The besetting oversight, in this instance, is the neglect of the one great peculiarity affecting the manufacture of corn—viz. its inevitable oscillation as to quantity, consequently as to price, under the variations of the seasons. People talk, and encourage mobs to think, that Parliaments cause, and that Parliaments could heal if they pleased, the evil of fluctuation in grain. Alas! the evil is as ancient as the weather, and, like the disease of poverty, will cleave to society for ever. And the way in which a corn-law—that is, a restraint upon the free importation of corn—affects the case, is this:—Relieving the domestic farmer from that part of his anxiety which points to the competition of foreigners, it confines it to the one natural and indefeasible uncertainty lying in the contingencies of the weather. Releasing him from all jealousy of man, it throws him, in singleness of purpose, upon an effort which cannot be disappointed, except by a power to which, habitually, he bows and resigns himself. Secure, therefore, from all superfluous anxieties, the farmer enjoys, from year to year, a pretty equal encouragement in distributing the employments of his land. If, through the dispensations of Providence, the quantity of his return falls short, he knows that some rude indemnification will arise in the

higher price. If, in the opposite direction, he fears a low price, it comforts him to know that this cannot arise for any length of time but through some commensurate excess in quantity. This, like other severities of a natural or general system, will not, and cannot, go beyond a bearable limit. The high price compensates grossly the defect of quantity; the overflowing quantity in turn compensates grossly the low price. And thus it happens that, upon any cycle of ten years, taken when you will, the manufacture of grain will turn out to have been moderately profitable. Now, on the other hand, under a system of free importation, whenever a redundant crop in England coincides (as often it does) with a similar redundancy in Poland, the discouragement cannot but become immoderate. An excess of one-seventh will cause a fall of price by three-sevenths. But the simultaneous excess on the Continent may raise the one-seventh to two-sevenths; and in a much greater proportion will these depress the price. The evil will then be enormous; the discouragement will be ruinous; much capital, much land, will be withdrawn from the culture of grain; and, supposing a two years' succession of such excessive crops, (which effect is more common than a single year's excess,) the result, for the third year, will be seen in a preternatural deficiency; for, by the supposition, the number of acres applied to corn is now very much less than usual, under the unusual discouragement; and according to the common oscillations of the seasons—according to those irregularities that, in effect, are often found to be regular—this third year succeeding to redundant years may be expected to turn out a year of scarcity. Here, then, in the absence of a corn-law, comes a double deficiency—a deficiency of acres applied, from jealousy of foreign competition, and upon each separate acre a deficiency of crop, from the nature of the weather. What will be the consequence? A price ruinously high; higher beyond comparison than could ever have arisen under a temperate restriction of competition; that is, in other words, under a British corn-law.

Many other cases might be presented to the reader; and especially under the action of a doctrine repeat-

edly pressed in this journal, but steadily neglected elsewhere—viz. the “*devolution*” of foreign agriculture upon lower qualities of land, (and consequently its *permanent* exaltation in price,) in case of any certain demand on account of England. But this one illustration is sufficient. Here we see that, under a free trade in corn, and in *consequence* of a free trade, ruinous enhancements of price would arise—such in magnitude as never could have arisen under a wise limitation of foreign competition. And further, we see that under our present system no enhancement is, or could be, *absolutely* injurious; it might be so *relatively*—it might be so in relation to the poor consumer; but in the mean time, that guinea which might be lost to the consumer would be gained to the farmer. Now, in the case supposed, under a free corn trade the rise is commensurate to the previous injury sustained by the farmer; and much of the extra bonus reaped goes to a foreign interest. What we insist upon, however, is this one fact, that alternately the British corn-laws have raised the price of grain and have sunk it; they have raised the price in the case where else there would have been a ruinous depreciation—ruinous to the prospects of succeeding years; they have sunk it under the natural and usual oscillations of weather to be looked for in these succeeding years. And each way their action has been most moderate. For let not the reader forget, that on the system of a sliding-scale, this action cannot be otherwise than moderate. Does the price rise? Does it threaten to rise higher? Instantly the very evil redresses itself. As the evil, *i. e.* the price, increases, in that exact proportion does it open the gate to relief; for exactly so does the duty fall. Does the price fall ruinously?—(in which case it is true that the *instant* sufferer is the farmer; but through him, as all but the short-sighted must see, the consumer will become the reversionary sufferer)—immediately the duty rises, and forbids an accessary evil from abroad to aggravate the evil at home. So gentle and so equable is the play of those weights which regulate our whole machinery; whilst the late correction applied even here by Sir Robert Peel, has made this gentle action still gentler; so that neither of the two parties—consumers who to live must buy, growers

who to live must sell—can, by possibility, feel an incipient pressure before it is already tending to relieve itself. It is the very perfection of art to make a malady produce its own medicine—an evil its own relief. But that which here we insist on, is, that it never *was* the object of our own corn-laws to increase the price of corn; secondly, that the real object was a condition of equipoise which abstractedly is quite unconnected with either rise of price or fall of price; and thirdly, that, as a matter of fact, our corn-laws have as often reacted to lower the price, as directly they have operated to raise it; whilst eventually, and traced through succeeding years, equally the raising and the lowering have co-operated to that steady temperature (or nearest approximation to it allowed by nature) which is best suited to a *comprehensive* system of interests. Accursed is that man who, in speaking upon so great a question, will seek, or will consent, to detach the economic considerations of that question from the higher political considerations at issue. Accursed is that man who will forget the noble yeomanry we have formed through an agriculture chiefly domestic, were it even true that so mighty a benefit had been purchased by some pecuniary loss. But this it is which we are now denying. We affirm peremptorily, and as a fact kept out of sight only by the neglect of pursuing the case through a succession of years under the *natural* fluctuation of seasons, that, upon the series of the last seventy years, viewed as a whole, we have paid less for our corn by means of the corn-laws, than we should have done in the absence of such laws. It was, says Mr Cobden, the purpose of such laws to make corn dear; it is, says he, the effect, to make it cheap. Yes, in the last clause his very malice drove him into the truth. Speaking to farmers, he found it requisite to assert that they had been injured; and as he knew of no injury to them other than a low price, *that* he postulated at the cost of his own logic, and quite forgetting that if the farmer had lost, the consumer must have gained in that very ratio. Rather than not assert a failure *quoad* the intention of the corn-laws, he actually asserts a national benefit *quoad* the result. And, in a

rapture of malice to the lawgivers, he throws away for ever, at one victorious sling, the total principles of an opposition to the law.*

But enough, and more than enough, of the nuisance. It will be expected, however, that we should notice two collateral points, both wearing an air of the marvellous, which have grown out of the nuisance during the recent session. One is the relaxation of our laws with respect to Canadian corn; a matter of no great importance in itself, but furnishing some reasons for astonishment in regard to the disproportioned opposition which it has excited. Undoubtedly the astonishment is well justified, if we view the measure for what it was really designed by the minister—viz. as a momentary measure, suited merely to the *current* circumstances of our relation to Canada. Long before any evil can arise from it, through changes in these circumstances, the law will have been modified. Else, and having regard to the remote contingencies of the case (possible or probable) rather than to its instant certainties, we are disposed to think, that the irritation which this little anomalous law has roused amongst some of the landholders, is not quite so unaccountable, or so disproportionate, as the public have been taught to imagine. True it is, that for the present, *lis est de paupere regno*.

Any surplus of grain which, at this moment, Canada could furnish, must be quite as powerless upon our home markets, as the cattle, living or salted, which have been imported under the tariff in 1842 and 1843. But the fears of Canada potentially, were not therefore unreasonable, because the actual Canada is not in a condition for instantly using her new privileges. Corn, that hitherto had not been grown, both may be grown, and certainly will be grown, as soon as the new motive for growing it, the new encouragement, becomes operatively known. Corn, again, that from local difficulties did not find its way to eastern markets, will do so by continual accessions, swelling gradually into a powerful stream, as the many improvements of the land and water communication, now contemplated, or already undertaken, come into play. Another fear connects itself with possible evasions of the law by the United States. Cross an imaginary frontier line, and *that* will become Canadian which was not Canadian by its origin. We are told, indeed, that merely by its bulk, grain will always present an obstacle to any extensive system of smuggling. But obstacles are not impossibilities. And these obstacles, it must be remembered, are not founded in the vigilance of revenue officers, but simply in the cost; and

* Those who fancy a possible evasion of the case supposed above, by saying, that if a failure, extensive as to England, should coincide with a failure extensive as to Poland, remedies might be found in importing from many other countries combined, forget one objection, which is decisive—these supplementary countries must be many, and they must be distant. For no country could singly supply a defect of great extent, unless it were a defect annually and regularly anticipated. A surplus never designed as a fixed surplus for England, but called for only now and then, could never be more than small. Therefore the surplus, which could not be yielded by one country, must be yielded by many. In that proportion increase the probabilities that a number will have no surplus. And, secondly, from the widening distances, in that proportion increases the extent of shipping required. But now, even from Mr Porter, a most prejudiced writer on this question, and not capable of impartiality in speaking upon any measure which he supposes hostile to the principle of free trade, the reader may learn how certainly any great *hiatus* in our domestic growth of corn is placed beyond all hope of relief. For how is this grain, this relief, to be brought? In ships, you reply. Ay, but in what ships? Do you imagine that an extra navy can lie rotting in docks, and an extra fifty thousand of sailors can be held in reserve, and borne upon the books of some colossal establishment, waiting for the casual seventh, ninth, or twelfth year in which they may be wanted—kept and paid against an “*in case*,” like the extra supper, so called by Louis XIV., which waited all night on the chance that it might be wanted? *That*, you say, is impossible. It is so; and yet without such a reserve, all the navies of Europe would not suffice to make up such a failure of our home crops as is likely enough, to follow redundant years under the system of unlimited competition.—See PORTER.

element of difficulty which is continually liable to change. So that upon the whole, and as applying to the reversions of the case, rather than to its present phenomena, undoubtedly there *are* dangers a-head to our own landed interest from that quarter of the horizon. For the present, it should be enough to say, that these dangers are yet remote. And perhaps it *would* have been enough under other circumstances. But it is the tendency of the bill which suggests alarm. All changes in our day tend to the consummation of free trade: and this measure, travelling in that direction, reasonably becomes suspicious by its principle, though innocent enough by its immediate operation.

The other point connected with the corn question is personal. Among the many motions and notices growing out of the dispute, which we hold it a matter of duty to neglect, was one brought forward by Lord John Russell. Upon what principle, or with what object? Strange to say, he refused to explain. That it must be some modification applied to a fixed duty, every body knew; but of what nature Lord John declined to tell us, until he should reach a committee which he had no chance of obtaining. This affair, which surprised every body, is of little importance as regards the particular subject of the motion. But in a more general relation, it is worthy of attention. No man interested in the character and efficiency of Parliament, can fail to wish that there may always exist a strong opposition, vigilant, bold, unflinching, full of partizanship, if you will, but uniformly suspending the partizanship at the summons of paramount national interests, and acting harmoniously upon some systematic plan. How little the present unorganized opposition answers to this description, it is unnecessary to say. The nation is ashamed of a body so determinately below its functions. But Lord John Russell is individually superior to his party. He is a man of sense, of information, and of known official experience. Now, if he, so notoriously the wise man of "her Majesty's Opposition," is capable of descending to harlequin caprices of this extreme order, the nation sees with pain, that a constitutional function of control is extinct in our present senate, and that

her Majesty's Ministers must now be looked to as their own controllers. With the levity of a child, Lord John makes a motion, which, if adopted, would have landed him in defeat; but through utter want of judgment and concert with his party, he does not get far enough to be defeated: he does not succeed in obtaining the prostration for which he manœuvres; but is saved from a final exposure of his little statesmanship by universal mockery of his miserable partizanship. Alas for the times in which Burke and Fox wielded the forces of Parliamentary opposition, and redoubled the energies of Government by the energies of their enlightened resistance!

In quitting the subject of the corn agitation, (obstinately pursued through the session,) we may remark—and we do so with pain—that all laws whatsoever, strong or lax, upon this question are to be regarded as provisional. The temper of society being what it is, some small gang of cotton-dealers, moved by the rankest self-interest, finding themselves suffered to agitate almost without opposition, and the ancient landed interest of the country, if not silenced, being silent, it is felt by all parties that no law, in whatever direction, upon this great problem, can have a chance of permanence. The natural revenge which we may promise ourselves is—that the lunacies of the free-trader, when acted upon, as too surely they will be, may prove equally fugitive. Meantime, it is not by provisional acts, or acts of sudden emergency, that we estimate the service of a senate. It is the solemn and deliberate laws, those which are calculated for the wear and tear of centuries, which hold up a mirror to the legislative spirit of the times.

Of laws bearing this character, if we except the inaugural essays at improving the law of libel, and at founding a system of national education, of which the latter has failed for the present in a way fitted to cause some despondency, the last session offers us no conspicuous example, beyond the one act of Lord Aberdeen for healing and tranquillizing the wounds of the Scottish church. Self-inflicted these wounds undeniably were; but they were not the less severe on that account; nor was the contagion of spontaneous martyrdom on that account the less likely to

spread. In reality, the late astonishing schism in the Scottish church (astonishing because abrupt) is, in one respect, without precedent. Every body has heard of persecutions that were courted; but in such a case, at least, the spirit of persecution must have had a local existence, and to some extent must have uttered menaces—or how should those menaces have been defied? Now, the “persecutions,” before which a large section of the Scottish church has fallen by an act of spontaneous martyrdom, were not merely needlessly defied, but were originally self-created; they were evoked, like phantoms and shadows, by the martyrs themselves, out of blank negations. Without provocation *ab extra*, without warning on their own part, suddenly they place themselves in an attitude of desperate defiance to the known law of the land. The law firmly and tranquilly vindicates itself; the whole series of appeals is threaded; the original judgment, as a matter of course, is finally re-affirmed—and this is the persecution insinuated; whilst the necessity of complying with that decision, which does not express any novelty even to the extent of a new law, but simply the ordinary enforcement of an old one, is the kind of martyrdom resulting. The least evil of this fantastic martyrdom, is the exit from the pastoral office of so many persons, trained, by education and habit, to the effectual performance of the pastoral duties. That loss—though not without signal difficulty, from the abruptness of the summons—will be supplied. But there is a greater evil which cannot be healed—the breach of unity in the church. The scandal, the offence, the occasion of unhappy constructions upon the doctrinal soundness of the church, which have been thus ministered to the fickle amongst her own children—to the malicious amongst her enemies, are such as centuries do not easily furnish, and centuries do not remove. In all Christian churches alike, the conscientiousness which is the earliest product of heartfelt religion, has suggested this principle, that schism, for any cause, is a perilous approach to sin; and that, unless in behalf of the weightiest interests or of capital truths, it is inevitably criminal. And in connexion with this consideration, there arise two scruples to all intelligent men upon this crisis in

the Scottish church, and they are scruples which at this moment, we are satisfied, must harass the minds of the best men amongst the seceders—viz. First, whether the new points contended for, waiving all controversy upon their abstract doctrinal truth, are really such, in *practical* virtue, that it could be worth purchasing them at the cost of schism? Secondly, supposing a good man to have decided this question in the affirmative for a young society of Christians, for a church in its infancy, which, as yet, might not have much to lose in credit or authentic influence—whether the same free license of rupture and final secession *could* belong to an ancient church, which had received eminent proofs of Divine favour through a long course of spiritual prosperity almost unexampled? Indeed, this last question might suggest another paramount to the other two—viz. not whether the points at issue were weighty enough to justify schism and hostile separation, but whether those points could even be safe as mere speculative *credenda*, which, through so long a period of trial, and by so memorable a harvest of national services, had been shown to be unnecessary?

Very sure we are, that no eminent servant of the Scottish church could abandon, without anguish of mind, the multitude of means and channels, that great machinery for dispensing living truths, which the power and piety of the Scottish nation have matured through three centuries of pure Christianity militant. Solemn must have been the appeal, and searching, which would force its way to the conscience on occasion of taking the last step in so sad an *exodus* from the Jerusalem of his fathers. Anger and irritation can do much to harden the obduracy of any party conviction, especially whilst in the centre of fiery partisans. But sorrow, in such a case, is a sentiment of deeper vitality than anger; and this sorrow for the result will co-operate with the original scruples on the casuistry of the questions, to reproduce the demur and the struggle many times over, in consciences of tender sensibility.

Exactly for men in this state of painful collision with their own higher nature, is Lord Aberdeen's bill likely to furnish the bias which can give rest to their agitations, and firmness to

their resolutions. The bill, according to some, is too early, and, according to others, too late. Why too early? Because, say they, it makes concessions to the church, which as yet are not proved to be called for. These concessions travel on the very line pursued by the seceders, and must give encouragement to that spirit of religious movement which it has been found absolutely requisite to rebuke by acts of the legislature. Why, on the other hand, is Lord Aberdeen's bill too late? Because, three years ago, it would, or it might, have prevented the secession. But is this true? Could this bill have prevented the secession? We believe not. Lord Aberdeen, undoubtedly, himself supposes that it might. But, granting that this were true, whose fault is it that a three years' delay has intercepted so happy a result? Lord Aberdeen assures us that the earlier success of the bill was defeated entirely by the resistance of the Government at that period, and chiefly by the personal resistance of Lord Melbourne. Let that minister be held responsible, if any ground has been lost that could have been peacefully pre-occupied against the schism. This, however, seems to us a chimera. For what is it that the bill concedes? Undoubtedly it restrains and modifies the right of patronage. It grants a larger discretion to the ecclesiastical courts than had formerly been exercised by the usage. Some contend, that in doing so the bill absolutely alters the law as it stood heretofore, and ought, therefore, to be viewed as enactory; whilst others maintain that it is simply a declaratory bill, not altering the law at all, but merely expressing, in fuller or in clearer terms, what had always been law, though silently departed from by the usage, which, from the time of Queen Anne, had allowed a determinate preponderance to the rights of property in the person of the patron. Those, indeed, who take the former view, contending that it enacts a new principle of law, very much circumscribing the old right of patronage, insist upon it that the bill virtually revokes the decision of the Lords in the Auchterarder case. Technically and formally speaking, this is not true; for the presbytery, or other church court, is now tied up to a course of proceeding which at Auchterarder was violently evaded. The

court cannot now peremptorily challenge the nominee in the arbitrary mode adopted in that instance. An examination must be instituted within certain prescribed limits. But undoubtedly the contingent power of the church court, in the case of the nominee not meeting the examination satisfactorily, is much larger now, under the new bill, than it was under the old practice; so that either this practice must formerly have swerved from the letter of the law, or else the new law, differing from the old, is really more than declaratory. Yet, however this may be, it is clear that the jurisdiction of the church in the matter of patronage, however ample it may seem as finally ascertained or created by the new bill, falls far within the extravagant outline marked out by the seceders. We argue, therefore, that it could not have prevented their secession, even as regards that part of their pretensions; whilst, as regards the monstrous claim to decide in the last resort what shall be civil and what spiritual—that is, in a question of clashing jurisdiction, to settle on their own behalf where shall fall the boundary line—it may be supposed that Lord Aberdeen would no more countenance their claim in any point of practice, than all rational legislators would countenance it as a theory. How, therefore, could this bill have prevented the rent in the church, so far as it has yet extended? On the other hand, though apparently powerless for that effect, it is well calculated to prevent a second secession. Those who are at all disposed to follow the first seceders, stand in this situation. By the very act of adhering to the Establishment when the *ultra* party went out, they made it abundantly manifest that they do not go to the same extreme in their requisitions. But, upon any principle which falls short of that extreme being at all applicable to this church question, it is certain that Lord Aberdeen's measure will be found to satisfy their wishes; for that measure, if it errs at all, errs by conceding too much rather than too little. It sustains all objections to a candidate on their own merit, without reference to the quarter from which they arise, so long as they are relevant to the proper qualifications of a parish clergyman. It gives effect to every argument that can rea-

sonably be urged against a nominee—either generally, on the ground of his moral conduct, his orthodoxy, and his intellectual attainments; or specially, in relation to his fitness for any local varieties of the situation. A Presbyterian church has always been regarded as, in some degree, leaning to a republican character; but a republic may be either aristocratic or democratic: now, Lord Aberdeen has favoured the democratic tendency of the age by making the probationary examination of the candidate as much of a popular examination, and as open to the impression of objections arising with the body of the people, as could be done with any decent regard either to the rights yet recognised in the patron, or, still more, to the professional dignity of the clerical order.

Upon the whole, therefore, we look upon Lord Aberdeen as a national benefactor, who has not only turned aside a current running headlong into a revolution, but in doing this exemplary service, has contrived to adjust the temperament very equitably between, 1st, the individual nominee, having often his livelihood at stake; 2dly, the patron, exercising a right of property interwoven with our social system, and not liable to any usurpation which would not speedily extend itself to other modes of property; 3dly, the church, considered as the trustee or responsible guardian of orthodoxy and sound learning; 4thly, the same church considered as a professional body, and, therefore, as interested in upholding the dignity of each individual clergyman, and his immunity from frivolous cavils, however much against him they are interested in detecting his insufficiency; and, 5thly, the body of the congregation, as undoubtedly entitled to have the qualifications of their future pastor rigorously investigated. All these separate claims, embodied in five distinct parties, Lord Aberdeen has delicately balanced and fixed in a temperate equipoise by the machinery of his bill. Whilst, if we enquire for the probable effects of this bill upon the interests of pure and spiritual religion, the promise seems every way satisfactory. The Jacobinical and precipitous assaults of the Non-intrusionists upon the rights of property are summarily put down. A great danger is surmounted. For if the

rights of patrons were to be arbitrarily trampled under foot on a pretence of consulting for the service of religion; on the next day, with the same unprincipled levity, another party might have trampled on the patrimonial rights of hereditary descent, on primogeniture, or any institution whatever, opposed to the democratic fanaticism of our age. No patron can now thrust an incompetent or a vicious person upon the religious ministrations of the land. It must be through their own defect of energy, if any parish is henceforth burdened with an incumbent reasonably obnoxious. It must be the fault of the presbytery or other church court, if the orthodox standards of the church are not maintained in their purity. It must be through his own fault, or his own grievous defects, if any qualified candidate for the church ministry is henceforth vexatiously rejected. It must be through some scandalous oversight in the selection of presentees, if any patron is defeated of his right to present.

Contrast with these great services the menaces and the tendencies of the Non-Intrusionists, on the assumption that they had kept their footing in the church. It may be that, during this generation, from the soundness of the individual partisans, the orthodox standards of the church would have been maintained as to doctrine. But all the other parties interested in the church, except the church herself, as a depository of truth, would have been crushed at one blow. This is apparent, except only with regard to the congregation of each parish. That body, it may be thought, could not but have benefited by the change; for the very motive and the pretence of the movement arose on their behalf. But mark how names disguise facts, and to what extent a virtual hostility may lurk under an apparent protection. Lord Aberdeen, because he limits the right of the congregation, is supposed to destroy it; but in the mean time he secures to every parish in Scotland a true and effectual influence, so far as that body ought to have it, (that is, *negatively*,) upon the choice of its pastor. On the other hand, the whole storm of the Non-intrusionists was pointed at those who refused to make the choice of a pastor altogether popular. It was the people,

considered as a congregation, who ought to appoint the teacher by whom they were to be edified. So far, the party of seceders come forward as martyrs to their democratic principles. And they drew a colourable sanction to their democracy from the great names of Calvin, Zuinglius, and John Knox. Unhappily for them, Sir William Hamilton has shown, by quotations the most express and absolute from these great authorities, that no such democratic appeal as the Non-intrusionists have presumed, was ever contemplated for an instant by any one amongst the founders of the Reformed churches. That Calvin, whose jealousy was so inexorable towards princes and the sons of princes—that John Knox, who never “feared the face of man that was born of woman”—were these great Christian champions likely to have flinched from installing a popular tribunal, had they believed it eligible for modern times, or warranted by ancient times? In the learning of the question, therefore, Non-intrusionists showed themselves grossly wrong. Meantime it is fancied that at least they were generously democratic, and that they manifested their disinterested love of justice by creating a popular control that must have operated chiefly against their own clerical order. What! is that indeed so? Now, finally, take another instance how names belie facts. The people *were* to choose their ministers; the council for election of the pastor *was* to be a popular council abstracted from the congregation: but how? but under what conditions? but by whom abstracted? Behold the subtle design:—This pretended congregation was a small faction; this counterfeit “people” was the petty gathering of COMMUNICANTS; and the communicants were in effect within the appointment of the clergyman. They formed indirectly a secret committee of the clergy. So that briefly, Lord Aberdeen, whilst restraining the popular courts, gives to them a true popular authority; and the Non-intrusionists, whilst seeming to set up a democratic idol, do in fact, by dexterous ventriloquism, throw their own all-potential voice into its passive organs.

We may seem to owe some apology to our readers for the space which we have allowed to this great moral

émeute in Scotland. But we hardly think so ourselves. For in our own island, and in our own times, nothing has been witnessed so nearly bordering on a revolution. Indeed, it is painful to hear Dr Chalmers, since the secession, speaking of the Scottish aristocracy in a tone of scornful hatred, not surpassed by the most Jacobinical language of the French Revolution in the year 1792. And, if this movement had not been checked by Parliament, and subsequently by the executive Government, in its comprehensive provision for the future, by the measure we have been reviewing, we cannot doubt that the contagion of the shock would have spread immediately to England, which part of the island has been long prepared and manured, as we might say, for corresponding struggles, by the continued conspiracy against church-rates. In both cases, an attack on church property, once allowed to prosper or to gain any stationary footing, would have led to a final breach in the life and serviceable integrity of the church.

Of the Factory bill, we are sorry that we are hardly entitled to speak. In the loss of the educational clauses, that bill lost all which could entitle it to a separate notice; and, where the Government itself desponds as to any future hope of succeeding, private parties may have leave to despair. One gleam of comfort, however, has shone out since the adjournment of Parliament. The only party to the bitter resistance under which this measure failed, whom we can sincerely compliment with full honesty of purpose—viz. the Wesleyan Methodists—have since expressed (about the middle of September) sentiments very like compunction and deep sorrow for the course they felt it right to pursue. They are fully aware of the malignity towards the Church of England, which governed all other parties to the opposition excepting themselves; and in the sorrowful result of that opposition, which has terminated in denying all extension of education to the labouring youth of the nation, they have learned (like the conscientious men that they are) to suspect the wisdom and the ultimate principle of the opposition itself. Fortunately, they are a most powerful body; to express regret for what they have done,

and hesitation at the casuistry of those motives which reconciled them to their act at the moment, is possibly but the next step to some change in their counsels; in which case this single body, in alliance with the Church of England, would be able to carry the great measure which has been crushed for the present by so unexampled a resistance. Much remains to be said, both upon the introductory statements of Lord Ashley, with which (in spite of our respect for that nobleman) we do not coincide, and still more upon the extensive changes, and the *principles* of change, which must be brought to bear upon a national system of education, before it can operate with that large effect of benefit which so many anticipate from its adoption. But this is ample matter for a separate discussion.

Lastly, let us notice the Irish Arms' bill; which, amongst the measures framed to meet the momentary exigence of the times, stands foremost in importance. This is one of those fugitive and casual precautions, which, by intense seasonableness, takes its rank amongst the permanent means of pacification. Bridling the instant spirit of uproar, carrying the Irish nation over that transitional state of temptation, which, being once gone by, cannot, we believe, be renewed for generations, this, with other acts in the same temper, will face whatever peril still lingers in the sullen rear of Mr O'Connell's dying efforts. For that gentleman, personally, we believe him to be nearly extinct. Two months ago we expressed our conviction, so much the stronger in itself for having been adopted after some hesitation, that Sir Robert Peel had taken the true course for eventually and finally disarming him. We are thankful that we have now nothing to recant. Progress has been made in that interval towards that consummation, quite equal to any thing we could have expected in so short a lapse of weeks. Mr O'Connell is now showing the strongest symptoms of distress, and of conscious approach to the condition of "check to the king." Of these symptoms we will indicate one or two. In January 1843, he declared solemnly that an Irish Parliament should instal itself at Dublin before the year closed. Early in May, he promised that on the anniversary of that day the great

change should be solemnized. On a later day in May, he proclaimed that the event would come off (according to a known nautical mode of advertising the time of sailing) not upon a settled day of that month but "in all May" of 1844. Here the matter rested until August 12, when again he shifted his day to the corresponding day of 1844. But September arrived, and then "before those shoes were old" in which he had made his promise, he declares by letter, to some correspondent, that he must have *forty-three months* for working out his plan. Another symptom, yet more significant, is this: and strange to say it has been overlooked by the daily press. Originally he had advertised some pretended Parliament of 300 Irishmen, to which admission was to be had for each member by a fee of L.100. And several journals are now telling him that, under the Convention Act, he and his Parliament will be arrested on the day of assembling. Not at all. They do not attend to his harlequin motions. Already he has declared that this assembly, which was to have been a Parliament, is only to be a conciliatory committee, an old association under some new name, for deliberating on means *tending to* a Parliament in some future year, as yet not even suggested.

May we not say, after such facts, that the game is up? The agitation may continue, and it may propagate itself. But for any interest of Mr O'Connell's, it is now passing out of his hands.

In the joy with which we survey that winding up of the affair, we can afford to forget the infamous display of faction during the discussion of the Arms' bill. Any thing like it, in pettiness of malignity, has not been witnessed during this century: any thing like it, in impotence of effect, probably will not be witnessed again during our times. Thirteen divisions in one night—all without hope, and without even a verbal gain! This conduct the nation will not forget at the next election. But in the mean time the peaceful friends of this yet peaceful empire rejoice to know, that without war, without rigour, without an effort that could disturb or agitate—by mere silent precautions, and the sublime magnanimity of simply fixing upon the guilty conspirator one steadfast eye

of vigilant preparation, the conspiracy itself is melting into air; and the relics of it which remain will soon become fearful only to him who has evoked it.

The game, therefore, is up, if we speak of the purposes originally contemplated. This appears equally from the circumstances of the case, without needing the commentary of Mr O'Connell, and from the acts no less than the words of that conspirator. True it is—and this is the one thing to be feared—that the agitation, though extinct for the ends of its author, may propagate itself through the maddening passions of the people, now perhaps uncontrollably excited. Tumults may arise, at the moment when further excitement is impossible, simply through that which is already in operation. But that stage of rebellion is open at every turn to the coercion of the law: and it is not such a phasis of conspiracy that Mr O'Connell wishes to face, or *can* face. Speaking, therefore, of the *real* objects pursued in this memorable agitation, we cannot but think that as the roll of possible meetings is drawing nearer to exhaustion, as all other arts fail, and mere *written* addresses are renewed,

(wanting the inflammatory contagion of personal meetings, and not accessible to a scattered peasantry;) but above all, as the day of instant action is once again adjourned to a period both remote and indefinite, the agitation must be drooping, and virtually we may repeat that the game is up. But the last moves have been unusually interesting. Not unlike the fascination exercised over birds by the eye of the rattlesnake, has been the impression upon Mr O'Connell from the fixed attention turned upon him by Government. What they *did* was silent and unostentatious; more, however, than perhaps the public is aware of in the way of preparation for an outbreak. But the capital resource of their policy was, to make Mr O'Connell deeply sensible that they were watching him. The eye that watched over Waterloo was upon him: for six months that eagle glance has searched him and nailed him: and the result, as it is now revealing itself, may at length be expressed in the two lines of Wordsworth otherwise applied—

“The vacillating bondsman of the Pope
Shrinks from the verdict of that steadfast eye.”

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ADVENTURES IN TEXAS.

NO. I.

A SCAMPER IN THE PRAIRIE OF JACINTO.

READER! Were you ever in a Texian prairie? Probably not. I have been; and this was how it happened. When a very young man, I found myself one fine morning possessor of a Texas land-scrip—that is to say, a certificate of the Galveston Bay and Texas Land Company, in which it was stated, that in consideration of the sum of one thousand dollars, duly paid and delivered by Mr Edward Rivers into the hands of the cashier of the aforesaid company, he, the said Edward Rivers, was become entitled to ten thousand acres of Texian land, to be selected by himself, or those he should appoint, under the sole condition of not infringing on the property or rights of the holders of previously given certificates.

Ten thousand acres of the finest land in the world, and under a heaven compared to which, our Maryland sky, bright as it is, appears dull and foggy! It was a tempting bait; too good a one not to be caught at by many in those times of speculation; and accordingly, our free and enlightened citizens bought and sold their millions of Texian acres just as readily as they did their thousands of towns and villages in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Michigan, and their tens of thousands of shares in banks and railways. It was a speculative fever, which has since, we may hope, been in some degree cured. At any rate,

the remedies applied have been tolerably severe.

I had not escaped the contagion, and, having got the land on paper, I thought I should like to see it in dirty acres; so, in company with a friend who had a similar venture, I embarked at Baltimore on board the *Catcher* schooner, and, after a three weeks' voyage, arrived in Galveston Bay.

The grassy shores of this bay, into which the river Brazos empties itself, rise so little above the surface of the water, to which they bear a strong resemblance in colour, that it would be difficult to discover them, were it not for three stunted trees growing on the western extremity of a long lizard-shaped island that stretches nearly sixty miles across the bay, and conceals the mouth of the river. These trees are the only landmark for the mariner; and, with their exception, not a single object—not a hill, a house, nor so much as a bush, relieves the level sameness of the island and adjacent continent.

After we had, with some difficulty, got on the inner side of the island, a pilot came on board and took charge of the vessel. The first thing he did was to run us on a sandbank, off which we got with no small labour, and by the united exertions of sailors and passengers, and at length entered the river. In our impatience to land, I and my friend left the schooner in

a cockleshell of a boat, which upset in the surge, and we found ourselves floundering in the water. Luckily it was not very deep, and we escaped with a thorough drenching.

When we had scrambled on shore, we gazed about us for some time before we could persuade ourselves that we were actually upon land. It was, without exception, the strangest coast we had ever seen, and there was scarcely a possibility of distinguishing the boundary between earth and water. The green grass grew down to the edge of the green sea, and there was only the streak of white foam left by the latter upon the former to serve as a line of demarcation. Before us was a plain, a hundred or more miles in extent, covered with long, fine grass, rolling in waves before each puff of the sea-breeze, with neither tree, nor house, nor hill, to vary the monotony of the surface. Ten or twelve miles towards the north and north-west, we distinguished some dark masses, which we afterwards discovered to be groups of trees; but to our eyes they looked exactly like islands in a green sea, and we subsequently learned that they were called islands by the people of the country. It would have been difficult to have given them a more appropriate name, or one better describing their appearance.

Proceeding along the shore, we came to a blockhouse situated behind a small tongue of land projecting into the river, and decorated with the flag of the Mexican republic, waving in all its glory from the roof. At that period, this was the only building of which Galveston harbour could boast. It served as customhouse and as barracks for the garrison, also as the residence of the director of customs, and of the civil and military intendant, as headquarters of the officer commanding, and, moreover, as hotel and wine and spirit store. Alongside the board, on which was depicted a sort of hieroglyphic, intended for the Mexican eagle, hung a bottle doing duty as a sign, and the republican banner threw its protecting shadow over an announcement of—"Brandy, Whisky, and Accommodation for Man and Beast."

As we approached the house, we saw the whole garrison assembled before the door. It consisted of a dozen

dwarfish, spindle-shanked Mexican soldiers, none of them so big or half so strong as American boys of fifteen, and whom I would have backed a single Kentucky woodsman, armed with a riding-whip, to have driven to the four winds of heaven. These heroes all sported tremendous beards, whiskers, and mustaches, and had a habit of knitting their brows, in the endeavour, as we supposed, to look fierce and formidable. They were crowding round a table of rough planks, and playing a game of cards, in which they were so deeply engrossed that they took no notice of our approach. Their officer, however, came out of the house to meet us.

Captain Cotton, formerly editor of the *Mexican Gazette*, now civil and military commandant at Galveston, customs-director, harbour-master, and tavern-keeper, and a Yankee to boot, seemed to trouble himself very little about his various dignities and titles. He produced some capital French and Spanish wine, which, it is to be presumed, he got duty free, and welcomed us to Texas. We were presently joined by some of our fellow-passengers, who seemed as bewildered as we had been at the billiard-table appearance of the country. Indeed the place looked so desolate and uninviting, that there was little inducement to remain on *terra firma*, and it was with a feeling of relief that we once more found ourselves on board the schooner.

We took three days to sail up the river Brazos to the town of Brazoria, a distance of thirty miles. On the first day nothing but meadow land was visible on either side of us; but, on the second, the monotonous grass-covered surface was varied by islands of trees, and, about twenty miles from the mouth of the river, we passed through a forest of sycamores, and saw several herds of deer and flocks of wild turkeys. At length we reached Brazoria, which at the time I speak of, namely, in the year 1832, was an important city—for Texas, that is to say—consisting of upwards of thirty houses, three of which were of brick, three of planks, and the remainder of logs. All the inhabitants were Americans, and the streets arranged in American fashion, in straight lines and at right angles.

The only objection to the place was, that in the wet season it was all under water; but the Brazorians overlooked this little inconvenience, in consideration of the inexhaustible fruitfulness of the soil. It was the beginning of March when we arrived, and yet there was already an abundance of new potatoes, beans, peas, and artichokes, all of the finest sorts and most delicious flavour.

At Brazoria, my friend and myself had the satisfaction of learning that our land-certificates, for which we had each paid a thousand dollars, were worth exactly nothing—just so much waste paper, in short—unless we chose to conform to a condition to which our worthy friends, the Galveston Bay and Texas Land Company, had never made the smallest allusion.

It appeared that in the year 1824, the Mexican Congress had passed an act for the encouragement of emigration from the United States to Texas. In consequence of this act, an agreement was entered into with contractors, or *empresarios*, as they call them in Mexico, who had bound themselves to bring a certain number of settlers into Texas within a given time, and without any expense to the Mexican government. On the other hand, the Mexican government had engaged to furnish land to these emigrants at the rate of five square leagues to every hundred families; but to this agreement one condition was attached, and it was, that all settlers should be, or become, Roman Catholics. Failing this, the validity of their claims to the land was not recognised, and they were liable to be turned out any day at the point of the bayonet.

This information threw us into no small perplexity. It was clear that we had been duped, completely bubbled, by the rascally Land Company; that, as heretics, the Mexican government would have nothing to say to us; and that, unless we chose to become converts to the Romish Church, we might whistle for our acres, and light our pipes with the certificate. Our Yankee friends at Brazoria, however, laughed at our dilemma, and told us that we were only in the same plight as hundreds of our countrymen, who had come to Texas in total ignorance of this condition, but who had not the less taken possession of their land and settled there; that they

themselves were amongst the number, and that, although it was just as likely they would turn negroes as Roman Catholics, they had no idea of being turned out of their houses and plantations; that, at any rate, if the Mexicans tried it, they had their rifles with them, and should be apt, they reckoned, to burn powder before they allowed themselves to be kicked off such an almighty fine piece of soil. So, after a while, we began to think, that as we had paid our money and come so far, we might do as others had done before us—occupy our land and wait the course of events. The next day we each bought a horse, or *mustang*, as they call them there, which animals were selling at Brazoria for next to nothing, and rode out into the prairie to look for a convenient spot to settle.

These mustangs are small horses, rarely above fourteen hands high, and are descended from the Spanish breed introduced by the original conquerors of the country. During the three centuries that have elapsed since the conquest of Mexico, they have increased and multiplied to an extraordinary extent, and are to be found in vast droves in the Texian prairies, although they are now beginning to become somewhat scarcer. They are taken with the *lasso*, concerning which instrument or weapon I will here say a word or two, notwithstanding that it has been often described.

The lasso is usually from twenty to thirty feet long, very flexible, and composed of strips of twisted ox-hide. One end is fastened to the saddle, and the other, which forms a running noose, held in the hand of the hunter, who, thus equipped, rides out into the prairie. When he discovers a troop of wild horses, he manoeuvres to get to windward of them, and then to approach as near them as possible. If he is an experienced hand, the horses seldom or never escape him, and as soon as he finds himself within twenty or thirty feet of them, he throws the noose with unerring aim over the neck of the one he has selected for his prey. This done, he turns his own horse sharp round, gives him the spur, and gallops away, dragging his unfortunate captive after him, breathless, and with his windpipe so compressed by the noose, that he is unable to make the smallest resistance,

and after a few yards, falls headlong to the ground, and lies motionless and almost lifeless, sometimes indeed badly hurt and disabled. From this day forward, the horse which has been thus caught never forgets the lasso; the mere sight of it makes him tremble in every limb; and, however wild he may be, it is sufficient to show it to him, or lay it on his neck, to render him as tame and docile as a lamb.

The horse taken, next comes the breaking in, which is effected in a no less brutal manner than his capture. The eyes of the unfortunate animal are covered with a bandage, and a tremendous bit, a pound weight or more, clapped into his mouth; the horsebreaker puts on a pair of spurs six inches long, and with rowels like penknives, and jumping on his back, urges him to his very utmost speed. If the horse tries to rear, or turns restive, one pull, and not a very hard one either, at the instrument of torture they call a bit, is sufficient to tear his mouth to shreds, and cause the blood to flow in streams. I have myself seen horses' teeth broken with these barbarous bits. The poor beast whinnies and groans with pain and terror; but there is no help for him, the spurs are at his flanks, and on he goes full gallop, till he is ready to sink from fatigue and exhaustion. He then has a quarter of an hour's rest allowed him; but scarcely does he begin to recover breath, which has been ridden and spurred out of his body, when he is again mounted, and has to go through the same violent process as before. If he breaks down during this rude trial, he is either knocked on the head or driven away as useless; but if he holds out, he is marked with a hot iron, and left to graze on the prairie. Henceforward, there is no particular difficulty in catching him when wanted; the wildness of the horse is completely punished out of him, but for it is substituted the most confirmed vice and malice that it is possible to conceive. These mustangs are unquestionably the most deceitful and spiteful of all the equine race. They seem to be perpetually looking out for an opportunity of playing their master a trick; and very soon after I got possession of mine, I was nearly paying for him in a way that I had certainly not calculated upon.

We were going to Bolivar, and had to cross the river Brazos. I was the last but one to get into the boat, and was leading my horse carelessly by the bridle. Just as I was about to step in, a sudden jerk, and a cry of "mind your beast!" made me jump on one side; and lucky it was that I did so. My mustang had suddenly sprung back, reared up, and then thrown himself forward upon me with such force and fury, that, as I got out of his way, his fore feet went completely through the bottom of the boat. I never in my life saw an animal in such a paroxysm of rage. He curled up his lips till his whole range of teeth was visible, his eyes literally shot fire, while the foam flew from his mouth, and he gave a wild screaming neigh that had something quite diabolical in its sound. I was standing perfectly thunderstruck at this scene, when one of the party took a lasso and very quietly laid it over the animal's neck. The effect was really magical. With closed mouth, drooping ears, and head low, there stood the mustang, as meek and docile as any old jackass. The change was so sudden and comical, that we all burst out laughing; although, when I came to reflect on the danger I had run, it required all my love of horses to prevent me from shooting the brute upon the spot.

Mounted upon this ticklish steed, and in company with my friend, I made various excursions to Bolivar, Marion, Columbia, Anahuac, incipient cities consisting of from five to twenty houses. We also visited numerous plantations and clearings, to the owners of some of which we were known, or had messages of introduction; but either with or without such recommendations, we always found a hearty welcome and hospitable reception, and it was rare that we were allowed to pay for our entertainment.

We arrived one day at a clearing, which lay a few miles off the way from Harrisburg to San Felipe de Austin, and belonged to a Mr Neal. He had been three years in the country, occupying himself with the breeding of cattle, which is unquestionably the most agreeable, as well as profitable, occupation that can be followed in Texas. He had between seven and eight hundred head of cattle, and from fifty to sixty horses, all mus-

tangs. His plantation, like nearly all the plantations in Texas at that time, was as yet in a very rough state; and his house, although roomy and comfortable enough inside, was built of unhewn tree-trunks, in true backwoodsman style. It was situated on the border of one of the islands, or groups of trees, and stood between two gigantic sycamores, which sheltered it from the sun and wind. In front, and as far as could be seen, lay the prairie, covered with its waving grass and many-coloured flowers; behind the dwelling arose the cluster of forest trees in all their primeval majesty, laced and bound together by an infinity of wild vines, which shot their tendrils and clinging branches hundreds of feet upwards to the very top of the trees, embracing and covering the whole island with a green network, and converting it into an immense bower of vine leaves, which would have been no unsuitable abode for Bacchus and his train.

These islands are one of the most enchanting features of Texian scenery. Of infinite variety and beauty of form, and unrivalled in the growth and magnitude of the trees that compose them, they are to be found of all shapes—circular, parallelograms, hexagons, octagons—some again twisting and winding like dark-green snakes over the brighter surface of the prairie. In no park or artificially laid out grounds, would it be possible to find any thing equalling these natural shrubberies in beauty and symmetry. In the morning and evening especially, when surrounded by a sort of veil of light-greyish mist, and with the horizontal beams of the rising or setting sun gleaming through them, they offer pictures which it is impossible to get weary of admiring.

Mr Neal was a jovial Kentuckian, and he received us with the greatest hospitality, only asking in return all the news we could give him from the States. It is difficult to imagine, without having witnessed it, the feverish eagerness and curiosity with which all intelligence from their native country is sought after and listened to by these dwellers in the desert. Men, women, and children, crowded round us; and though we had arrived in the afternoon, it was near sunrise before we could escape from the enquiries by which we were overwhelm-

ed, and retire to the beds that had been prepared for us.

I had not slept very long when I was roused by our worthy host. He was going out to catch twenty or thirty oxen, which were wanted for the market at New Orleans. As the kind of chase which takes place after these animals is very interesting, and rarely dangerous, we willingly accepted the invitation to accompany him, and having dressed and breakfasted in all haste, got upon our mustangs and rode off into the prairie.

The party was half a dozen strong, consisting of Mr Neal, my friend and myself, and three negroes. What we had to do was to drive the cattle, which were grazing on the prairie in herds of from thirty to fifty head, to the house, and then those which were selected for the market were to be taken with the lasso and sent off to Brazoria.

After riding four or five miles, we came in sight of a drove, splendid animals, standing very high, and of most symmetrical form. The horns of these cattle are of unusual length, and, in the distance, have more the appearance of stag's antlers than bull's horns. We approached the herd first to within a quarter of a mile. They remained quite quiet. We rode round them, and in like manner got in rear of a second and third drove, and then began to spread out, so as to form a half circle, and drive the cattle towards the house.

Hitherto my mustang had behaved exceedingly well, cantering freely along, and not attempting to play any tricks. I had scarcely, however, left the remainder of the party a couple of hundred yards, when the devil by which he was possessed began to wake up. The mustangs belonging to the plantation were grazing some three quarters of a mile off; and no sooner did my beast catch sight of them, than he commenced practising every species of jump and leap that it is possible for a horse to execute, and many of a nature so extraordinary, that I should have thought no brute that ever went on four legs would have been able to accomplish them. He shied, reared, pranced, leaped forwards, backwards, and sideways; in short, played such infernal pranks, that, although a practised rider, I found it no easy matter to keep my seat. I began heartily to regret that I had brought no lasso

with me, which would have tamed him at once, and that, contrary to Mr Neal's advice, I had put on my American bit instead of a Mexican one. Without these auxiliaries all my horsemanship was useless. The brute galloped like a mad creature some five hundred yards, caring nothing for my efforts to stop him; and then, finding himself close to the troop of mustangs, he stopped suddenly short, threw his head between his forelegs, and his hind feet into the air, with such vicious violence, that I was pitched clean out of the saddle. Before I well knew where I was, I had the satisfaction of seeing him put his fore feet on the bridle, pull bit and bridoon out of his mouth, and then, with a neigh of exultation, spring into the midst of the herd of mustangs.

I got up out of the long grass in a towering passion. One of the negroes who was nearest to me came galloping to my assistance, and begged me to let the beast run for a while, and that when Anthony, the huntsman, came, he would soon catch him. I was too angry to listen to reason, and I ordered him to get off his horse, and let me mount. The black begged and prayed of me not to ride after the brute; and Mr Neal, who was some distance off, shouted to me, as loud as he could, for Heaven's sake, to stop—that I did not know what it was to chase a wild horse in a Texian prairie, and that I must not fancy myself in the meadows of Louisiana or Florida. I paid no attention to all this—I was in too great a rage at the trick the beast had played me, and, jumping on the negro's horse, I galloped away like mad.

My rebellious steed was grazing quietly with his companions, and he allowed me to come within a couple of hundred paces of him; but just as I had prepared the lasso, which was fastened to the negro's saddle-bow, he gave a start, and galloped off some distance further, I after him. Again he made a pause, and munched a mouthful of grass—then off again for another half mile. This time I had great hopes of catching him, for he let me come within a hundred yards; but, just as I was creeping up to him, away he went with one of his shrill neighs. When I galloped fast he went faster, when I rode slowly he slackened his pace. At least ten

times did he let me approach him within a couple of hundred yards, without for that being a bit nearer getting hold of him. It was certainly high time to desist from such a mad chase, but I never dreamed of doing so; and indeed the longer it lasted, the more obstinate I got. I rode on after the beast, who kept letting me come nearer and nearer, and then darted off again with his loud-laughing neigh. It was this infernal neigh that made me so savage—there was something so spiteful and triumphant in it, as though the animal knew he was making a fool of me, and exulted in so doing. At last, however, I got so sick of my horse-hunt that I determined to make a last trial, and, if that failed, to turn back. The runaway had stopped near one of the islands of trees, and was grazing quite close to its edge. I thought that if I were to creep round to the other side of the island, and then steal across it, through the trees, I should be able to throw the lasso over his head, or, at any rate, to drive him back to the house. This plan I put in execution—rode round the island, then through it, lasso in hand, and as softly as if I had been riding over eggs. To my consternation, however, on arriving at the edge of the trees, and at the exact spot where, only a few minutes before, I had seen the mustang grazing, no signs of him were to be perceived. I made the circuit of the island, but in vain—the animal had disappeared. With a hearty curse, I put spurs to my horse, and started off to ride back to the plantation.

Neither the plantation, the cattle, nor my companions, were visible, it is true; but this gave me no uneasiness. I felt sure that I knew the direction in which I had come, and that the island I had just left was one which was visible from the house, while all around me were such numerous tracks of horses, that the possibility of my having lost my way never occurred to me, and I rode on quite unconcernedly.

After riding for about an hour, however, I began to find the time rather long. I looked at my watch. It was past one o'clock. We had started at nine, and, allowing an hour and a half to have been spent in finding the cattle, I had passed nearly three hours in my wild and unsuccessful hunt. I

began to think that I must have got further from the plantation than I had as yet supposed.

It was towards the end of March, the day clear and warm, just like a May-day in the Southern States. The sun was now shining brightly out, but the early part of the morning had been somewhat foggy; and, as I had only arrived at the plantation the day before, and had passed the whole afternoon and evening indoors, I had no opportunity of getting acquainted with the bearings of the house. This reflection began to make me rather uneasy, particularly when I remembered the entreaties of the negro, and the loud exhortations Mr Neal addressed to me as I rode away. I said to myself, however, that I could not be more than ten or fifteen miles from the plantation, that I should soon come in sight of the herds of cattle, and that then there would be no difficulty in finding my way. But when I had ridden another hour without seeing the smallest sign either of man or beast, I got seriously uneasy. In my impatience, I abused poor Neal for not sending somebody to find me. His huntsman, I had heard, was gone to Anahuac, and would not be back for two or three days; but he might have sent a couple of his lazy negroes. Or, if he had only fired a shot or two as a signal. I stopped and listened, in hopes of hearing the crack of a rifle. But the deepest stillness reigned around, scarcely the chirp of a bird was heard—all nature seemed to be taking the siesta. As far as the eye could reach was a waving sea of grass, here and there an island of trees, but not a trace of a human being. At last I thought I had made a discovery. The nearest clump of trees was undoubtedly the same which I had admired and pointed out to my companions soon after we had left the house. It bore a fantastical resemblance to a snake coiled up and about to dart upon its prey. About six or seven miles from the plantation we had passed it on our right hand, and if I now kept it upon my left, I could not fail to be going in a proper direction. So said, so done. I trotted on most perseveringly towards the point of the horizon where I felt certain the house must lie. One hour passed, then a second, then a third; every now and then I stopped

and listened, but nothing was audible, not a shot nor a shout. But although I heard nothing, I saw something which gave me no great pleasure. In the direction in which we had ridden out, the grass was very abundant and the flowers scarce; whereas the part of the prairie in which I now found myself presented the appearance of a perfect flower-garden, with scarcely a square foot of green to be seen. The most variegated carpet of flowers I ever beheld lay unrolled before me; red, yellow, violet, blue, every colour, every tint was there; millions of the most magnificent prairie roses, tuberose, asters, dahlias, and fifty other kinds of flowers. The finest artificial garden in the world would sink into insignificance when compared with this parterre of nature's own planting. My horse could hardly make his way through the wilderness of flowers, and I for a time remained lost in admiration of this scene of extraordinary beauty. The prairie in the distance looked as if clothed with rainbows, that waved to and fro over its surface.

But the difficulties and anxieties of my situation soon banished all other thoughts, and I rode on with perfect indifference through a scene, that, under other circumstances, would have captivated my entire attention. All the stories that I had heard of mishaps in these endless prairies, recurred in vivid colouring to my memory, not mere backwoodsman's legends, but facts well authenticated by persons of undoubted veracity, who had warned me, before I came to Texas, against venturing without guide or compass into these dangerous wilds. Even men who had been long in the country, were often known to lose themselves, and to wander for days and weeks over these oceans of grass, where no hill or variety of surface offers a landmark to the traveller. In summer and autumn, such a position would have one danger the less, that is, there would be no risk of dying of hunger; for at those seasons the most delicious fruits, grapes, plums, peaches, and others, are to be found in abundance. But we were now in early spring, and although I saw numbers of peach and plum-trees, they were only in blossom. Of game also there was plenty, both fur and feather, but I had no gun, and nothing appeared more probable than

that I should die of hunger, although surrounded by food, and in one of the most fruitful countries in the world. This thought flashed suddenly across me, and for a moment my heart sunk within me as I first perceived the real danger of my position.

After a time, however, other ideas came to console me. I had been already four weeks in the country, and had ridden over a large slice of it in every direction, always through prairies, and I had never had any difficulty in finding my way. True, but then I had always had a compass, and been in company. It was this sort of over-confidence and feeling of security, that had made me adventure so rashly, and spite of all warning, in pursuit of the mustang. I had not waited to reflect, that a little more than four weeks' experience was necessary to make one acquainted with the bearings of a district three times as big as New York State. Still I thought it impossible that I should have got so far out of the right track as not to be able to find the house before nightfall, which was now, however, rapidly approaching. Indeed, the first shades of evening, strange as it may seem, gave this persuasion increased strength. Home bred and gently nurtured as I was, my life before coming to Texas had been by no means one of adventure, and I was so used to sleep with a roof over my head, that when I saw it getting dusk I felt certain I could not be far from the house. The idea fixed itself so strongly in my mind, that I involuntarily spurred my mustang, and trotted on, peering out through the now fast-gathering gloom, in expectation of seeing a light. Several times I fancied I heard the barking of the dogs, the cattle lowing, or the merry laugh of the children.

"Hurrah! there is the house at last—I see the lights in the parlour windows."

I urged my horse on, but when I came near the house, it proved to be an island of trees. What I had taken for candles were fire-flies, that now issued in swarms from out of the darkness of the islands, and spread themselves over the prairie, darting about in every direction, their small blue flames literally lighting up the plain, and making it appear as if I were surrounded by a sea of Bengal fire. It is

impossible to conceive any thing more bewildering than such a ride as mine, on a warm March night, through the interminable, never varying prairie. Overhead the deep blue firmament, with its hosts of bright stars; at my feet, and all around, an ocean of magical light, myriads of fireflies floating upon the soft still air. To me it was like a scene of enchantment. I could distinguish every blade of grass, every flower, each leaf on the trees, but all in a strange unnatural sort of light, and in altered colours. Tuberoses and asters, prairie roses and geraniums, dahlias and vine branches, began to wave and move, to range themselves in ranks and rows. The whole vegetable world around me seemed to dance, as the swarms of living lights passed over it.

Suddenly out of the sea of fire sounded a loud and long-drawn note. I stopped, listened, and gazed around me. It was not repeated, and I rode on. Again the same sound, but this time the cadence was sad and plaintive. Again I made a halt, and listened. It was repeated a third time in a yet more melancholy tone, and I recognised it as the cry of a whip-poor-will. Presently it was answered from a neighbouring island by a Katydid. My heart leaped for joy at hearing the note of this bird, the native minstrel of my own dear Maryland. In an instant the house where I was born stood before the eyesight of my imagination. There were the negro huts, the garden, the plantation, every thing exactly as I had left it. So powerful was the illusion, that I gave my horse the spur, persuaded that my father's house lay before me. The island, too, I took for the grove that surrounded our house. On reaching its border, I literally dismounted, and shouted out for Charon Tommy. There was a stream running through our plantation, which, for nine months out of the twelve, was only passable by means of a ferry, and the old negro who officiated as ferryman was indebted to me for the above classical cognomen. I believe I called twice, nay, three times, but no Charon Tommy answered; and I awoke as from a pleasant dream, somewhat ashamed of the length to which my excited imagination had hurried me.

I now felt so weary and exhausted, so hungry and thirsty, and, withal,

my mind was so anxious and harassed by my dangerous position, and the uncertainty how I should get out of it, that I was really incapable of going any further. I felt quite bewildered, and stood for some time gazing before me, and scarcely even troubling myself to think. At length I mechanically drew my clasp-knife from my pocket, and set to work to dig a hole in the rich black soil of the prairie. Into this hole I put the knotted end of my lasso, and then pushing it in the earth and stamping it down with my foot, as I had seen others do since I had been in Texas, I passed the noose over my mustang's neck, and left him to graze, while I myself lay down outside the circle which the lasso would allow him to describe. An odd manner, it may seem, of tying up a horse; but the most convenient and natural one in a country where one may often find one's-self fifty miles from any house, and five-and-twenty from a tree or bush.

I found it no easy matter to sleep, for on all sides I heard the howling of wolves and jaguars, an unpleasant serenade at any time, but most of all so in the prairie, unarmed and defenceless as I was. My nerves, too, were all in commotion, and I felt so feverish, that I do not know what I should have done, had I not fortunately remembered that I had my cigar-case and a roll of tobacco, real *Virginia dulcissimus*, in my pocket— invaluable treasures in my present situation, and which on this, as on many other occasions, did not fail to soothe and calm my agitated thoughts.

Luckily, too, being a tolerably confirmed smoker, I carried a flint and steel with me; for otherwise, although surrounded by lights, I should have been sadly at a loss for fire. A couple of Havannahs did me an infinite deal of good, and after a while I sunk into the slumber of which I stood so much in need.

The day was hardly well broken when I awoke. The refreshing sleep I had enjoyed had given me new energy and courage. I felt hungry enough, to be sure, but light and cheerful, and I hastened to dig up the end of the lasso, and saddled my horse. I trusted that, though I had been condemned to wander over the

prairie the whole of the preceding day, as a sort of punishment for my rashness, I should now have better luck, and having expiated my fault, be at length allowed to find my way. With this hope I mounted my mustang, and resumed my ride.

I passed several beautiful islands of pecan, plum, and peach trees. It is a peculiarity worthy of remark, that these islands are nearly always of one sort of tree. It is very rare to meet with one where there are two sorts. Like the beasts of the forest, that herd together according to their kind, so does this wild vegetation preserve itself distinct in its different species. One island will be entirely composed of live oaks, another of plum, and a third of pecan trees; the vine only is common to them all, and embraces them all alike with its slender but tenacious branches. I rode through several of these islands. They were perfectly free from bushes and brushwood, and carpeted with the most beautiful verdure it is possible to behold. I gazed at them in astonishment. It seemed incredible that nature, abandoned to herself, should preserve herself so beautifully clean and pure, and I involuntarily looked around me for some trace of the hand of man. But none was there. I saw nothing but herds of deer, that gazed wonderingly at me with their large clear eyes, and when I approached too near, galloped off in alarm. What would I not have given for an ounce of lead, a charge of powder, and a Kentucky rifle? Nevertheless, the mere sight of the beasts gladdened me, and raised my spirits. They were a sort of society. Something of the same feeling seemed to be imparted to my horse, who bounded under me, and neighed merrily as he cantered along in the fresh spring morning.

I was now skirting the side of an island of trees of greater extent than most of those I had hitherto seen. On reaching the end of it, I suddenly came in sight of an object presenting so extraordinary an appearance as far to surpass any of the natural wonders I had as yet beheld, either in Texas or the United States.

At the distance of about two miles rose a colossal mass, in shape somewhat like a monumental mound or tumulus, and apparently of the bright-

est silver. As I came in view of it, the sun was just covered by a passing cloud, from the lower edge of which the bright rays shot down obliquely upon this extraordinary phenomenon, lighting it up in the most brilliant manner. At one moment it looked like a huge silver cone; then took the appearance of an illuminated castle with pinnacles and towers, or the dome of some great cathedral; then of a gigantic elephant, covered with trappings, but always of solid silver, and indescribably magnificent. Had all the treasures of the earth been offered me to say what it was, I should have been unable to answer. Bewildered by my interminable wanderings in the prairie, and weakened by fatigue and hunger, a superstitious feeling for a moment came over me, and I half asked myself whether I had not reached some enchanted region, into which the evil spirit of the prairie was luring me to destruction by appearances of supernatural strangeness and beauty.

Banishing these wild imaginings, I rode on in the direction of this strange object; but it was only when I came within a very short distance that I was able to distinguish its nature. It was a live oak of most stupendous dimensions, the very patriarch of the prairie, grown grey in the lapse of ages. Its lower limbs had shot out in an horizontal, or rather a downward-slanting direction; and, reaching nearly to the ground, formed a vast dome several hundred feet in diameter, and full a hundred and thirty feet high. It had no appearance of a tree, for neither trunk nor branches were visible. It seemed a mountain of whitish-green scales, fringed with long silvery moss, that hung like innumerable beards from every bough and twig. Nothing could better convey the idea of immense and incalculable age than the hoary beard and venerable appearance of this monarch of the woods. Spanish moss of a silvery grey covered the whole mass of wood and foliage, from the topmost bough down to the very ground; short near the top of the tree, but gradually increasing in length as it descended, until it hung like a deep fringe from the lower branches. I separated the vegetable curtain with my hands, and entered this august temple with feelings of involuntary awe. The change from

the bright sunlight to the comparative darkness beneath the leafy vault, was so great, that I at first could scarcely distinguish any thing. When my eyes got accustomed to the gloom, however, nothing could be more beautiful than the effect of the sun's rays, which, in forcing their way through the silvered leaves and mosses, took as many varieties of colour as if they had passed through a window of painted glass, and gave the rich, subdued, and solemn light of some old cathedral.

The trunk of the tree rose, free from all branches, full forty feet from the ground, rough and knotted, and of such enormous size that it might have been taken for a mass of rock, covered with moss and lichens, while many of its boughs were nearly as thick as the trunk of any tree I had ever previously seen.

I was so absorbed in the contemplation of the vegetable giant, that for a short space I almost forgot my troubles; but as I rode away from the tree they returned to me in full force, and my reflections were certainly of no very cheering or consolatory nature. I rode on, however, most perseveringly. The morning slipped away; it was noon, the sun stood high in the cloudless heavens. My hunger had now increased to an insupportable degree, and I felt as if something were gnawing within me, something like a crab tugging and riving at my stomach with his sharp claws. This feeling left me after a time, and was replaced by a sort of squeamishness, a faint sickly sensation. But if hunger was bad, thirst was worse. For some hours I suffered martyrdom. At length, like the hunger, it died away, and was succeeded by a feeling of sickness. The thirty hours' fatigue and fasting I had endured were beginning to tell upon my naturally strong nerves: I felt my reasoning powers growing weaker, and my presence of mind leaving me. A feeling of despondency came over me—a thousand wild fancies passed through my bewildered brain; while at times my head grew dizzy, and I reeled in my saddle like a drunken man. These weak fits, as I may call them, did not last long; and each time that I recovered I spurred my mustang onwards, but it was all in vain—ride as far and as fast

as I would, nothing was visible but a boundless sea of grass.

At length I gave up all hope, except in that God whose almighty hand was so manifest in the beauteous works around me. I let the bridle fall on my horse's neck, clasped my hands together, and prayed as I had never before prayed, so heartily and earnestly. When I had finished my prayer I felt greatly comforted. It seemed to me, that here in the wilderness, which man had not as yet polluted, I was nearer to God, and that my petition would assuredly be heard. I gazed cheerfully around, persuaded that I should yet escape from the peril in which I stood. As I did so, with what astonishment and inexpressible delight did I perceive, not ten paces off, the track of a horse!

The effect of this discovery was like an electric shock to me, and drew a cry of joy from my lips that made my mustang start and prick his ears. Tears of delight and gratitude to Heaven came into my eyes, and I could scarcely refrain from leaping off my horse and kissing the welcome signs that gave me assurance of succour. With renewed strength I galloped onwards; and had I been a lover flying to rescue his mistress from an Indian war party, I could not have displayed more eagerness than I did in following up the trail of an unknown traveller.

Never had I felt so thankful to Providence as at that moment. I uttered thanksgivings as I rode on, and contemplated the wonderful evidences of his skill and might that offered themselves to me on all sides. The aspect of every thing seemed changed, and I gazed with renewed admiration at the scenes through which I passed, and which I had previously been too preoccupied by the danger of my position to notice. The beautiful appearance of the islands struck me particularly as they lay in the distance, seeming to swim in the bright golden beams of the noonday sun, like dark spots of foliage in the midst of the waving grasses and many-hued flowers of the prairie. Before me lay the eternal flower-carpet with its innumerable asters, tuberoses, and mimosas, that delicate plant which, when you approach it, lifts its head, seems to look at you, and then droops and shrinks back in alarm. This I saw it do when I was two or three paces

from it, and without my horse's foot having touched it. Its long roots stretch out horizontally in the ground, and the approaching tread of a horse or man is communicated through them to the plant, and produces this singular phenomenon. When the danger is gone by, and the earth ceases to vibrate, the mimosa may be seen to raise its head again, but quivering and trembling, as though not yet fully recovered from its fears.

I had ridden on for three or four hours, following the track I had so fortunately discovered, when I came upon the trace of a second horseman, who appeared to have here joined the first traveller. It ran in a parallel direction to the one I was following.

Had it been possible to increase my joy, this discovery would have done so. I could now entertain no doubt that I had hit upon the way out of this terrible prairie. It struck me as being rather singular that two travellers should have met in this immense plain, which so few persons traversed; but that they had done so was certain, for there was the track of the two horses as plain as possible. The trail was fresh, too, and it was evidently not long since the horsemen had passed. It might still be possible to overtake them, and in this hope I rode on faster than ever, as fast, at least, as my mustang could carry me through the thick grass and flowers, which in many places were four or five feet high.

During the next three hours I passed over some ten or twelve miles of ground; but although the trail still lay plainly and broadly marked before me, I saw nothing of those who had left it. Still I persevered. I must overtake them sooner or later, provided I did not lose the track; and that I was most careful not to do, keeping my eyes fixed upon the ground as I rode along, and never deviating from the line which the travellers had followed.

In this manner the day passed away, and evening approached. I still felt hope and courage; but my physical strength began to give way. The gnawing sensation of hunger increased. I was sick and faint; my limbs became heavy, my blood seemed chilled in my veins, and all my senses appeared to grow duller under the influence of exhaustion, thirst, and hunger. My

eyesight became misty, my hearing less acute, the bridle felt cold and heavy in my fingers.

Still I rode on. Sooner or later I must find an outlet; the prairie must have an end somewhere. It is true the whole of Southern Texas is one vast prairie; but then there are rivers flowing through it, and if I could reach one of those, I should not be far from the abodes of men. By following the streams five or six miles up or down, I should be sure to find a plantation.

As I was thus reasoning with, and encouraging myself, I suddenly perceived the traces of a third horse, running parallel to the two which I had been so long following. This was indeed encouragement. It was certain that three travellers, arriving from different points of the prairie, and all going in the same direction, must have some object, must be repairing to some village or clearing, and where or what this was had now become indifferent to me, so long as I once more found myself amongst my fellow-men. I spurred on my mustang, who was beginning to flag a little in his pace with the fatigue of our long ride.

The sun set behind the high trees of an island that bounded my view westward, and there being little or no twilight in those southerly latitudes, the broad day was almost instantaneously replaced by the darkness of night. I could proceed no further without losing the track of the three horsemen; and as I happened to be close to an island, I fastened my mustang to a branch with the lasso, and threw myself on the grass under the trees.

This night, however, I had no fancy for tobacco. Neither the cigars nor the *dulcissimus* tempted me. I tried to sleep, but in vain. Once or twice I began to doze, but was roused again by violent cramps and twitchings in all my limbs. There is nothing more horrible than a night passed in the way I passed that one, faint and weak, enduring torture from hunger and thirst, striving after sleep and never finding it. I can only compare the sensation of hunger I experienced to that of twenty pairs of pincers tearing at my stomach.

With the first grey light of morning I got up and prepared for depar-

ture. It was a long business, however, to get my horse ready. The saddle, which at other times I could throw upon his back with two fingers, now seemed made of lead, and it was as much as I could do to lift it. I had still more difficulty to draw the girths tight; but at last I accomplished this, and scrambling upon my beast, rode off. Luckily my mustang's spirit was pretty well taken out of him by the last two days' work; for if he had been fresh, the smallest spring on one side would have sufficed to throw me out of the saddle. As it was, I sat upon him like an automaton, hanging forward over his neck, sometimes grasping the mane, and almost unable to use either rein or spur.

I had ridden on for some hours in this helpless manner, when I came to a place where the three horsemen whose track I was following had apparently made a halt, perhaps passed the previous night. The grass was trampled and beaten down in a circumference of some fifty or sixty feet, and there was a confusion in the horse-tracks as if they had ridden backwards and forwards. Fearful of losing the right trace, I was looking carefully about me to see in what direction they had recommenced their journey, when I noticed something white amongst the long grass. I got off my horse to pick it up. It was a piece of paper with my own name written upon it; and I recognized it as the back of a letter in which my tobacco had been wrapped, and which I had thrown away at my halting-place of the preceding night. I looked around, and recognized the island and the very tree under which I had slept or endeavoured to sleep. The horrible truth instantly flashed across me—the horse tracks I had been following were my own: since the preceding morning I had been riding in a circle!

I stood for a few seconds thunder-struck by this discovery, and then sank upon the ground in utter despair. At that moment I should have been thankful to any one who would have knocked me on the head as I lay. All I wished for was to die as speedily as possible.

I remained I know not how long lying in a desponding, half insensible, state upon the grass. Several hours must have elapsed; for when I got up

the sun was low in the western heavens. My head was so weak and wandering, that I could not well explain to myself how it was that I had been thus riding after my own shadow. Yet the thing was clear enough. Without landmarks, and in the monotonous scenery of the prairie, I might have gone on for ever following my horse's track, and going back when I thought I was going forwards, had it not been for the discovery of the tobacco paper. I was, as I subsequently learned, in the Jacinto prairie, one of the most beautiful in Texas, full sixty miles long and broad, but in which the most experienced hunters never risked themselves without a compass. It was little wonder then that I, a mere boy of two and twenty, just escaped from college, should have gone astray in it.

I now gave myself up for lost, and with the bridle twisted round my hand, and holding on as well as I could by the saddle and mane, I let my horse choose his own road. It would perhaps have been better if I had done this sooner. The beast's instinct would probably have led him to some plantation. When he found himself left to his own guidance he threw up his head, snuffed the air three or four times, and then turning round, set off in a contrary direction to that he was before going, and at such a brisk pace that it was as much as I could do to keep upon him. Every jolt caused me so much pain that I was more than once tempted to let myself fall off his back.

At last night came, and thanks to the lasso, which kept my horse in awe, I managed to dismount and secure him. The whole night through I suffered from racking pains in head, limbs, and body. I felt as if I had been broken on the wheel; not an inch of my whole person but ached and smarted. My hands were grown thin and transparent, my cheeks fallen in, my eyes deep sunk in their sockets. When I touched my face I could feel the change that had taken place, and as I did so I caught myself once or twice laughing like a child—I was becoming delirious.

In the morning I could scarcely rise from the ground, so utterly weakened and exhausted was I by my three days' fasting, anxiety, and fatigue. I

have heard say that a man in good health can live nine days without food. It may be so in a room, or a prison; but assuredly not in a Texian prairie. I am quite certain that the fifth day would have seen the last of me.

I should never have been able to mount my mustang, but he had fortunately lain down, so I got into the saddle, and he rose up with me and started off of his own accord. As I rode along, the strangest visions seemed to pass before me. I saw the most beautiful cities that a painter's fancy ever conceived, with towers, cupolas, and columns, of which the summits lost themselves in the clouds; marble basins and fountains of bright sparkling water, rivers flowing with liquid gold and silver, and gardens in which the trees were bowed down with the most magnificent fruit—fruit that I had not strength enough to raise my hand and pluck. My limbs were heavy as lead, my tongue, lips, and gums, dry and parched. I breathed with the greatest difficulty, and within me was a burning sensation, as if I had swallowed hot coals; while my extremities, both hands and feet, did not appear to form a part of myself, but to be instruments of torture affixed to me, and causing me the most intense suffering.

I have a confused recollection of a sort of rushing noise, the nature of which I was unable to determine, so nearly had all consciousness left me; then of finding myself amongst trees, the leaves and boughs of which scratched and beat against my face as I passed through them; then of a sudden and rapid descent, with the broad bright surface of a river below me. I clutched at a branch, but my fingers had no strength to retain their grasp—there was a hissing, splashing noise, and the waters closed over my head.

I soon rose, and endeavoured to strike out with my arms and legs, but in vain; I was too weak to swim, and again I went down. A thousand lights seemed to dance before my eyes: there was a noise in my brain as if a four-and-twenty pounder had been fired close to my ear. Just then a hard hand was wrung into my neck-cloth, and I felt myself dragged out of the water. The next instant my senses left me.

TRAVELS OF KERIM KHAN.

No. II.

WE left our friend the Khan, at length comfortably established in London, and pursuing his observations on the various novel objects of interest which every where presented themselves to his gaze. The streets lighted by gas (which the Persian princes call "the spirit of coals") are described in terms of the highest admiration—"On each side, as far as the eye could see, were two interminable lines of extremely brilliant light, produced by a peculiar kind of vapour here called gas, which made the city infinitely more interesting to look at by night than by day; but the most extraordinary thing in reference to the flame in the lamps was, that this appeared to be produced without the medium of either oil or wick, nor could I discern the cause of the lighting. The houses have from three to seven stages or stories, one of which is underground—each stage containing at least two rooms. The walls fronting the streets are of brick or stone, and the interior of woodwork; but the wood of the rooms inside is covered with a peculiar sort of paper, of various colours and curious devices, highly elaborate and ingenious. The balconies outside were generally filled with flowers of various hues: but notwithstanding the wonders which surrounded me, and made me fancy myself in a world of talismanic creation, my spirits were for some time depressed, and this immense city seemed to me worse than the tomb; for I had not yet recovered from the bewilderment into which all that I had seen had thrown me."

The feeling of loneliness, resulting from this oppressive sense of novelty, wore off, however, as the Khan began to find out his friends, and accustom himself to the fashions of the country; and he was one day agreeably surprised by a visit from one of the suite of Moulavi Afzul Ali, an envoy to the Court of Directors from the Rajah of Sattarah;* "I need not say how delighted I felt, not having the least idea of meeting any of my countrymen so far from Hindustan." The 11th of August, the day fixed for the prorogation of Parliament by the Queen, now arrived; and the Khan "accompanied some gentlemen in a carriage to see the procession; but it was with extreme difficulty that we got a place where we could see her Majesty pass; at last, however, through the kindness of a mounted officer, we succeeded. First came the Shahzadehs, or princes of the blood, in carriages drawn by six horses, and then the wazirs (viziers) and nobles, and the ambassadors from foreign states, in vehicles, some with six, and some with four horses. When all these had passed, there came the Queen herself in a golden carriage, drawn by eight magnificent steeds; on her right was Prince Albert, and opposite her sat Lord Melbourne, the grand wazir, (prime minister.) The carriage was preceded by men who, I was surprised to observe, were dressed in the Hindustani fashion, in red and gold, with broad sleeves.† But those nearest her Majesty, strange to say, wore almost exactly the costume of Hindustan, and to these my eyes were im-

* This must have been one of the *vakeels* or envoys, whose departure from Bombay, in March 1839, is mentioned in the *Asiatic Journal*, (xxix. 178;) the party is there said, on the authority of the *Durpun*, (a native newspaper,) to have consisted of eleven, Mahrattas and Purbhoos, no mention being made of Moulavi Afzul Ali. We have been unable to trace the further proceedings of the deputation in this country; but they probably found on their arrival, that the fate of their master was already decided, as he was dethroned by the Company, in favour of his cousin Appa Sahib, in September of the same year, on the charge of having participated in a conspiracy against the English power. The justice, as well as policy of this measure, was, however, strongly canvassed, and gave rise to repeated and violent debates in the Court of Proprietors.

† The native servants of the Governor-General at Calcutta, on state occasions, wear splendid scarlet and gold caftans.—See Bishop Heber's Journal.

mediately directed; and I felt so delighted to see my own countrymen advanced to the honour of forming the body-guard of the sovereign, that I could scarcely believe the evidence of my senses, when I perceived on closer inspection, by their complexions, that they were English. Still I could not (nor can I even now) understand the reason of their adopting the Hindustani dress—though I was told on enquiry, that it was the ancient costume of the guard called *yeomen*.” . . .

“As the Queen approached the people took off their hats, nor was I less astonished* when I heard them begin to shout *hurra! hurra!* as she passed; which in their language seems to imply approbation. When her Majesty turned towards our carriage, I immediately made a *salaam* after the manner of my own country, which she graciously acknowledged, seeing, no doubt, that I was a native of a strange land!”

This fancied metamorphosis of the sturdy beef-eaters with their partisans, whose costume has never been altered since the days of Henry VII., into Hindustani *peons* and *chuprassees*, seems to show that the enthusiasm of the Khan must have been considerably excited—and after this cruel disappointment he dismisses the remainder of the procession in a few words. To a native of India, indeed, accustomed to see every petty *rajah* or *nawab*, holding a few square miles of territory as the tenant of the Company, surrounded on state occasions by a crowd of the picturesque irregular cavalry of the East, and with a *Suwarree* or cavalcade of led horses, gayly caparisoned elephants, flaunting banners, and martial music, the amount of military display in attendance on the Queen of Great Britain must naturally have appeared inconsiderable—“The escort consisted of only some two hundred horsemen, but these were cased in steel and leather from head to foot, and their black horses were by far the finest I have yet seen in this country. But though the multitudes of people were immense, yet the procession fell much short of what I had expected

from the monarch of so great and powerful a nation! I returned home, however, much gratified by the sights I had seen to-day.”

The sight of this ceremony naturally leads to a digression on the origin and constitution of the English parliament, and its division into the two houses of Lords and Commons. The events leading to these institutions, and the antecedent civil wars between the king and the barons, in the reign of Henry III. and Edward I., are given by the Khan, on the whole, with great accuracy—probably from the information of his English friends; since the knowledge of the ancient history and institutions of the country, which he displays both here and in other parts of his narrative, can scarcely have been acquired through the medium of a native education in Hindustan. The deductions which he draws, however, from this historical summary, are somewhat curious; since he assumes that the power of the crown, though limited in appearance by the concessions then made, and the legislative functions vested in parliament, was in truth only strengthened, and rendered more securely despotic:—“But this is entirely lost sight of by the people, who, even at the present day, imagine that the parliament is all-powerful, and the sovereign powerless. But I must be allowed to say, that those ancient monarchs acted wisely, and the result of their policy has not been sufficiently perceived. . . . For when parliament was constituted, the power of retaining armed vassals and servants, which the barons had enjoyed for so long a period, was abolished, and has never been resumed even by princes of the blood; so that they could no longer resist the authority of the king, who alone had the privilege of raising and maintaining troops—a right never conceded to parliament. Besides this, the powers of life and death, and of declaring war, were identified with the person of the sovereign; and with respect to the latter, it is never, until it has been decided upon, even intimated to the parliament, which pos-

* The Khan nowhere exactly explains the surprise which he expresses, here and at other times, at the shouts of *hurra!*—perhaps his ear was wounded by the resemblance of the sound to certain Hindustani epithets, by no means refined or complimentary.

sesses *only* the power of collecting the taxes, from which the expenses of the war the king may enter into must be paid. The possession, therefore, of these two rights by the king, is equivalent to the tenure of absolute power." The possibility of the supplies being refused by a refractory House of Commons, seems either not to have occurred to the khan, or to have escaped his recollection at the moment of his penning this sentence; and though he subsequently alludes to the responsibility of ministers, he never seems to have comprehended the nature and extent of the control exercised by parliament over the finances of the nation, so fully as the Persian princes, who tell us, in their quaint phraseology, that "if the expenses that were made should be agreeable to the Commons, well and good—if not, the vizirs must stand the consequences; and every person who has given ten *tomâns* of the revenue, has a right to rise up in the House of Commons, and seize the vizir of the treasury by the collar, saying, 'What have you done with my money?'"—a mode of *putting to the question* which, if now and then practically adopted by some hard-fisted son of the soil, we have no doubt would operate as a most salutary check on the vagaries of Chancellors of the Exchequer.

It is strange that the Khan should not, in this case, perceive the fallacy of his own argument, or see that the power of the sword must always virtually rest with the holder of the purse; since immediately afterwards, after enlarging on the enormous amount of taxes levied in England, and the oppressive nature of some of

them, especially the window-tax, "for the light of heaven is God's gift to mankind," he proceeds—"In other countries it would perhaps cost the king, who imposed such taxes, his head; but here the blame is laid on the House of Commons, without any one dreaming of censuring the sovereign, in whose name they are levied, and for whose use they are applied;" citing as a proof of this the ease with which the insurrection of Wat Tyler and his followers, against the capitation tax, was suppressed by the promise of the king to redress their grievances. The subject of English taxation, indeed, both from the amount levied, and the acquiescence of the people in such unheard-of burdens, seems to have utterly bewildered the khan's comprehension.* "All classes, from the noble to the peasant, are alike oppressed; yet it is amusing to hear them expatiate on the institutions of their country, fancying it the freest and themselves the least oppressed of any people on earth! They are constantly talking of the tyranny and despotism of Oriental governments, without having set foot in any of those regions, or knowing any thing about the matter, except what they have gleaned from the imperfect accounts of superficial travellers—deploring the state of Turkey, Persia, and other Mahommedan countries, and calling their inhabitants slaves, when, if the truth were known, there is not a single kingdom of Islam, the people of which would submit to what the English suffer, or pay one-tenth of the taxes exacted from them."

Relieved, it is to be hoped, by this tirade against the ignominious submission of the Franks to taxation, the

* The views of Mirza Abu-Talib on this important subject, are far more enlightened and correct than those of Kerim Khan. "The public revenue of England," he observes, "is not, as in India, raised merely from the land, or by duties levied on a few kinds of merchandise, but almost every article of consumption pays its portion. The taxes are levied by the authority and decree of parliament; and are in general so framed as to bear *lightly on the poor*, and that *every person should pay in proportion to his income*. Thus bread, meat, and coals, being articles of indispensable use, are exempt; but spirits, wines, &c., are taxed very high; and the rich are obliged to pay for every horse, dog, and man-servant they keep; also for the privilege of throwing *flour* on their heads, and having their *arms* (insignia of the antiquity and rank of their family) painted on their carriages, &c. Since the commencement of the present war, a new law has been passed, compelling every person to pay annually a tenth of his whole income. Most of the taxes are permanent, but some of them are changed at the pleasure of parliament." Abu-Talib visited the country in the first years of the present century, when the capability of taxation was strained to the utmost; but the words which we have given in italics, contain the secret which Kerim failed to detect,

Khan resumes the enumeration of the endless catalogue of wonders which the sights of London presented to him. On visiting the Polytechnic Institution—"which means, I understand, a place in which specimens of every science and art are to be seen in some mode or other, there being no science or art of any other country unknown here"—he briefly enumerates the oxyhydrogen microscope, "by which water was shown so full of little animals, nay, even monsters, as to make one shudder at the thought of swallowing a drop"—the orrery, the daguerreo-type, and the diving-bell, (in which he had the courage to descend,) as the objects principally deserving notice, "since it would require several months, if not years, to give that attention to each specimen of human industry which it demands, in order thoroughly to understand it." The effects of the electrical machine, indeed, "by which fire was made to pass through the body of a man, and out of the finger-ends of his right hand, without his being in any way affected by it, though a piece of cloth, placed close to his right hand, was actually ignited," seem to have excited considerable astonishment in his mind; but it does not appear that his curiosity led him to make any attempt at investigating the hidden causes of these mysterious phenomena. His apathy in this respect presents a strong contrast with the minute and elaborate description of the same objects, the mode of their construction, and the uses to which they may be applied, given in the journal of the two Parsees, Nowrojee and Merwanjee. "To us," say they, "brought up in India for scientific pursuits, and longing ardently to acquire practical information connected with modern improvements, more particularly with naval architecture,

steam-engines, steam-boats, and steam navigation, these two galleries of practical science (the Adelaide and Polytechnic) seemed to embrace all that we had come over to England to make ourselves acquainted with; and it was with gratitude to the original projectors of these institutions that we gazed on the soul-exciting scene before us. We thought of the enchantments related in the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments*, and they faded away into nothingness compared with what we then saw."

But however widely apart the nonchalance of the Moslem, and the matter-of-fact diligence of the Parsee,* may have placed them respectively in their appreciation of the scientific marvels of the Polytechnic Institution, they meet on common ground in their admiration of the wax-work exhibition of Madame Tussaud; though the Khan, who was not sufficiently acquainted with the features of our public characters to judge of the likenesses, expresses his commendation only in general terms. But the Parsees, with the naïveté of children, break out into absolute raptures at recognising the features of Lord Melbourne, "a good-humoured looking, kind English gentleman, with a countenance, perhaps, representing frankness and candour more than dignity"—William IV., "looking the very picture of good-nature"—the Duke of Wellington, Lord Brougham, &c.; "indeed, we know of no exhibition (where a person has read about people) that will afford him so much pleasure, always recollecting that it is only one shilling, and for this you may stop just as long as you are inclined." Their remarks, on seeing the effigy of Voltaire, are too curious to be omitted. "He is an extraordinary-looking man, dressed so oddly

* "The Parsees," says Mirza Abu-Talib, describing those whom he saw at Bombay on his return to India, "are not possessed of a spark of liberality or gentility. . . . The only Parsee I was ever acquainted with who had received a liberal education, was Moula Firoz, whom I met at the house of a friend; he was a sensible and well-informed man, who had travelled into Persia, and there studied mathematics, astronomy, and the sciences of Zoroaster." If this account be correct, a marvellous improvement must have taken place during the last forty years. Many of the Parsees of the present day are almost on a level with Europeans in education and acquisitions; and in their adoption of our manners and customs, they stand alone among the various nations of our Oriental subjects—but their exclusive addiction to mercantile pursuits, and their pacific habits, (in both which points they are hardly exceeded by the Quakers of Europe,) make them objects of contempt to the haughty Moslems.

too, with little pinched-up features, and his hair so curiously arranged. We looked much at him, thinking he must have had much courage, and have thought himself quite right in his belief, to have stood opposed to all the existing religious systems of his native land. He, however, and those who thought differently from him, have long since in another world experienced, that if men only act up to what they believe to be right, the Maker of the Deist, the Christian, and the Parsee, will receive them into his presence; and that it is the *professor* of religion, who is *nothing but a professor*, let his creed be what it may, that will meet with the greatest punishment from Him that ruleth all things." But before we quit the subject of this attractive exhibition, we must not omit to mention an adventure of the Persian princes, two of whom, having paid a previous visit, persuaded the third brother, on his accompanying them thither, that he was in truth in the royal palace, (whither he had been invited for one of the Queen's parties on the same evening,) and in the presence of the court and royal family! The embarrassment of poor Najef-Kooli at the *morne silence* preserved, which he interpreted as a sign of displeasure, is amusingly described, till, on touching one of the figures, "he fell down, and I observed that he was dead; and my brothers and Fraser Sahib laughed loudly, and said, 'These people are not dead, but are all of them artificial figures of white wax.' Verily, no one would ever have thought that they were manufactured by men!"

A few days after his visit to Madame Tussaud, we find the Khan making an excursion by the railroad to Southampton, in order to be present at a banquet given on board the Oriental steamer, by the directors of the Oriental Steam Navigation Company, from whom he had received a special invitation. With the exception of the brief transit from Blackwall to London on his arrival, this was his first trip by rail; but, as his place was in one of the close first-class carriages, he saw nothing of the machinery by which the motion was effected, "though such was the rapidity of the vehicles, that I could distinguish nothing but an expanse of green all round, nor could I perceive even the

trunks of the trees. Every now and then we were carried through dark caverns, where we could not see each others' faces; and sometimes we met other vehicles coming in the opposite direction, which occasioned me no small alarm, as I certainly thought we should have been dashed to pieces, from the fearful velocity with which both were running. We reached Southampton, a distance of seventy-eight miles, in three hours; and what most surprised me was, being seriously told on our arrival, that we had been unusually long on our way. I was told that this iron road, from London to Southampton, cost six crores of rupees, (L.6,000,000.)" The town of Southampton is only briefly noticed as well built, populous, and flourishing; but he had no time to visit the beautiful scenery of the environs, as the entertainment took place the following afternoon in the cabin of the Oriental, "which is a very large vessel, well-constructed, and in admirable order, and is intended to carry the *dak* (mail) to India, which is sent by the way of Sikan-deriyah, (Alexandria)." Our friend the khan, however, must have been always rather out of his element at a feast; unlike his countryman, Abu-Talib—who speedily became reconciled to the forbidden viands and wines of the Franks, and even carried his laxity so far as to express a *hope*, rather than a *belief*, that the brushes which he used were made of horse-hair, and not of the bristles of the unclean beast—Kerim Khan appears (as we have seen on a previous occasion) never to have relaxed the austerity of the religious scruples which the *Indian* Moslems have borrowed from the Hindus, so far as to partake of food not prepared by his own people; and on the present occasion, in spite of the instances of his hosts, his simple repast consisted wholly of fruit. The cheers which followed on the health of the Queen being given, appeared to him, like those which hailed her passage at the prorogation of Parliament, a most incomprehensible and somewhat indecorous proceeding; his own health was also drunk as a *lion*, but "not being able to reply from my ignorance of the language, a gentleman of my acquaintance thanked them in my name; while I also stood up and made a *salaam*, as

much as to say that I highly appreciated the honour done me." While the festivities were proceeding in the cabin, the steamer was got under way and making the circuit of the Isle of Wight; and on landing again at Southampton, "I was surrounded by a concourse of people, who had collected to look at me, imagining, no doubt, that I was some strange creature, the like of which they had never seen before." Whether from want of time or of curiosity, he left Portsmouth, and all the wonders of its arsenal and dockyard, unvisited; and after again going on board the Oriental the next day, to take leave of the captain and officers, returned in the afternoon by the railway to London.

He was next shown over the Bank of England, his remarks on which are devoid of interest; and he visited the Paddington terminus of the Great Western Railway, in the hope of gaining a more accurate idea of the nature of the locomotive machinery, the astonishing powers of which he had witnessed in his journey to Southampton. But mechanics were not the Khan's forte; and, dismissing the subject with the remark, that "it is so extremely complicated and difficult that a stranger cannot possibly understand it,"* he returns at once to the haunts of fashion, Hyde Park and the Opera. Hitherto the khan had been unaccountably silent on the subject of the "Frank moons, brilliant as the sun," (as the English ladies are called by the Persian princes, who, from the first, lose no opportunity of commemorating their beauty in the most rapturous strains of Oriental hyperbole;) but his enthusiasm is effectually kindled by the blaze of charms which meets his eye in the "bazar of beauty and garden of pleasure," as he terms the Park, his account of which he sums up by declaring, that, "were the inhabitants of the celestial regions to descend, they would at one glance forget the wonders of the heavens at the sight of so many bright eyes and beautiful faces! what, therefore, re-

mains for mortals to do?" The Opera is, he says, "the principal *tomāshagah*" (place of show or entertainment) in London, and best decorated and lighted;" though he does not go the length of affirming, as stated in the account given by the Persian princes, that "before each box are forty chandeliers of cut glass, and each has fifty lights!"—"I could not," continues the khan, "understand the subject of the performances—it was all singing, accompanied with various action, as if some story were meant to be related; but I was also told that the language was different from English, and that the majority of those present understood it no more than myself." The scanty drapery and liberal displays of the figurantes at first startled him a little; but "the beauty of those *peris* was such as might have enslaved the heart of Ferhad himself;" and he soon learned to view all their *pirouettes* and *tours-de-force* with the well-bred nonchalance of a man who had witnessed in his own country exhibitions nearly as singular in their way, "though the style of dancing here was of course entirely different from what we see in India." The impression made by the sight of the ballet on the Parsees, who invariably reduce every thing to pounds, shillings, and pence, took a different form; and they express unbounded astonishment, on being told that Taglioni was paid a hundred and fifty guineas a-night, "that such a sum should be paid to a woman to stand a long time like a goose on one leg, then to throw one leg straight out, twirl round three or four times with the leg thus extended, curtsy so low as nearly to seat herself on the stage, and spring from one side of the stage to another, all which jumping about did not occupy an hour!"

Astley's (which the Persian princes call the "opera of the horse") was the Khan's next resort; and as the feats of horsemanship there exhibited did not require any great proficiency in the English language to render

* The Persian princes go more into detail; but we doubt whether their description will much facilitate the construction of a railway from Ispahan to Shiraz. "The roads on which the coaches are placed and fixed, are made of iron bars; all that seems to draw them is a box of iron, in which they put water to boil; underneath, this iron box is like an urn, and from it rises the steam which gives the wonderful force; when the steam rises up, the wheels take their motion, the coach spreads its wings, and the travellers become like birds."

them intelligible, he appears to have been highly amused and gratified, and gives a long description of all he saw there, which would not present much of novelty to our readers. He was also taken by some of his acquaintance to see the industrious fleas in the Strand; but this exhibition, which afforded unbounded gratification to the grandsons of Futeh Ali Shah, seems to have been looked upon by the khan rather with contempt, as a marvellous piece of absurdity. "Would any one believe that such a sight as this could possibly be witnessed any where in the world? but, having personally seen it, I cannot altogether pass it over." But the then unfinished Thames Tunnel, which he had the advantage of visiting in company with Mr Brunel, appears to have impressed his mind more than any other public work which he had seen; and his remarks upon it show, that he was at pains to make himself accurately acquainted with the nature and extent of the undertaking, the details of which he gives with great exactness. "But," he concludes, "it is impossible to convey in words an adequate idea of the labour that must have been spent upon this work, the like of which was never before attempted in any country. The emperors of Hindustan, who were monarchs of so many extensive provinces, and possessed such unlimited power and countless treasures, desired a bridge to be thrown across the Jumna to connect Delhi with the city of Shahdarah—yet an architect could not be found in all India who could carry this design into execution. Yet here a few merchants formed a company, and have executed a work infinitely transcending that of the most elaborate bridge ever built. In the first instance, as I was given to understand, they applied to Government for leave to construct a bridge at the same spot; but as it was objected that this would impede the navigation of the river, they formed the design, at the suggestion of the talented engineer above mentioned, of actually making their way across the

river underground, and commenced this great work in spite of the general opinion of the improbability of success."*

"Some days after this," continues the Khan, "I paid a visit to the Tower, which is the fortress of London, placed close to the Thames on its left bank. Within the ramparts is another fort of white stone, which in past times was frequently occupied by the sovereigns of the country. It is said to have been constructed by King William, surnamed *Muzuffer*, or the Conqueror; others are of opinion that it was founded by Kesar the Roman emperor; but God alone can solve this doubt. In times past it was also used as a state prison for persons of rank, and was the scene of the execution of most of the princes and nobles whose fate is recorded in the chronicles of England. They still show the block on which the decapitations took place." Among the trophies in the armoury, he particularizes the gun and girdle of Tippoo Sultan, "which seemed to be taken great care of, and were preserved under a glass case;" but the horse armoury and the regalia, usually the most attractive part of the exhibition to strangers, are passed over with but slight notice, though, from the Parsees, the sight of the equestrian figures in the former, draws the only allusion which escapes them throughout their narrative to the fallen glories of their race. "The representations of some of these monarchs was in the very armour they wore; and we were here very forcibly put in mind of Persia, once our own country, where this iron clothing was anciently used; but, alas! we have no remains of these things; all we know of them is from historical works." The crown jewels might have been supposed to present to a native of India an object of peculiar interest; but the khan remarks only the great ruby, "which is so brilliant that (it is said) one would be able to read by its light by placing it on a book in the dark. I made some enquiries respecting its value, but could

* The Parsees, in their account of the Tunnel, mention a fact now not generally remembered, that the attempt was far from a new one:—"In 1802, a Cornish miner having been selected for the purpose, operations were commenced 330 feet from the Thames, on the Rotherhithe side. Two or three different engineers were engaged, and the affair was nearly abandoned, till in 1809 it was quite given up."

not get no satisfactory answer, as they said no jeweller could ascertain it."

It would appear that the Khan must now have been for several months resident in London, (for he takes no note of the lapse of time,) since we next find him a spectator of the pomps and pageants of Lord Mayor's day. He gives no account, however, of the procession, but contents himself with informing his readers that the Lord Mayor (except in his tenure of office being annual instead of for life) is the same as a "patel" or "mukaddam" in the East: adding that "he is the only person in England, except the sovereign, who is allowed to have a train of armed followers in attendance on him." It is not very evident whether the idea of a civic army was suggested to the mind of the khan simply by the sight of the men in armour in the procession, or whether dark rumours had reached his ear touching the prowess of the Lumber troopers, and other warlike bodies, which march under the standard of the Lord Mayor; but certain it is that this most pacific of potentates cannot fairly be charged with abusing the formidable privilege thus attributed to him—the city sword never having been unsheathed in mortal fray, as far as our researches extend, since Wat Tyler fell before the doughty arm of Sir William of Walworth. On returning from the show, the khan was taken to see Newgate, with the gloomy aspect of which, and the silent and strict discipline enforced among the prisoners, he was deeply impressed; "to these poor wretches the gate of mercy is indeed shut, and that of hardship and oppression thrown open." His sympathies were still more strongly awakened on discovering among those unfortunate creatures an Indian Moslem, who proved, on enquiry, to be a Lascar sailor, imprisoned for selling smuggled cigars—"and, in my ignorance of the laws and customs of the country, I was anxious to procure his liberation by paying the fine; but my friends told me that this was absolutely impossible, and that he must remain the full time in prison. So we could only thank the governor for his attention, and then took our departure."

Following the steps of the Khan from grave to gay, in his desultory course through the endless varieties of "Life in London," we are at once

transported from the dismal cells of Newgate to the fancy-dress ball at Guildhall for the aid of the refugee Poles. This seems to have been the first scene of the kind at which Kerim Khan had been present since his arrival in England; and though he was somewhat scandalized at perceiving that some of those in male attire were evidently ladies, he describes with considerable effect "the infinite variety of costumes, all very different from those of England, as if each country had contributed its peculiar garb," the brilliant lighting and costly decoration of the rooms, and the picturesque grouping of the vast assemblage. But his first impressions on English dancing are perfectly unique in their way, and we can only do justice to them by quoting them at length. "It is so entirely unlike any thing we ever heard of in Hindustan, that I cannot refrain from giving a slight sketch of what I saw. In the first place, the company could not have been fewer than 1500 or 2000, of the highest classes of society, the ministers, the nobles, and the wealthy, with their wives and daughters. Several hundreds stood up, every gentleman with a lady; and they advanced and retired several times, holding each other by the hand, to the sound of the music: at last the circle they had formed broke up, some running off to the right, and some to the left—then a gentleman, leaving his lady, would strike out obliquely across the room, sometimes making direct for another lady at a distance, and sometimes stooping and flourishing with his legs as he went along: when he approached her, he made a sort of salaam, and then retreated. Another would go softly up to a lady, and then suddenly seizing her by the waist, would turn and twist her round and round some fifty times, till both were evidently giddy with the motion: this was sometimes performed by a few chosen dancers, and sometimes by several hundreds at once—all embracing each other in what, to our notions, would seem rather an odd sort of way, and whirling round and round; and though their feet appeared constantly coming in contact with each other, a collision never took place. And those who met in this affectionate manner were, as I was told, for the most part perfect strangers to each

other, which to me was incomprehensible! Several ladies asked me to dance with them, but I excused myself by saying that their dancing was so superlatively beautiful that it was sufficient to admire it, and that I was afraid to try—"besides," said I, "it is contrary to our customs in Hindustan." To which they replied that India was far off, and no one could see me. "But," said I, "there are people who put every thing in the newspapers, and if my friends heard of it I should lose caste." The ladies smiled; and after this I was not asked to dance." The Persian princes, when in a similar dilemma, evaded the request by "taking oath that we did not know how, and that our mother did not care to teach us; and thank God," concludes Najef-Kooli with heartfelt gratitude, "we never did dance. God protect the faithful from it!" Independent of the above recorded opinions on the singularity of quadrilles and waltzes, the khan takes this occasion to enter into a disquisition on the inconsistency (doubly incongruous to an Oriental eye) of the ladies having their necks, arms, and shoulders uncovered, while the men are clothed up to the chin, "and not even their hands are allowed to be seen bare;" and returned from the ball, no doubt, more lost than ever in wonder at the strange extravagances of the Feringhis.

These opinions are repeated, shortly after, on the occasion of the Khan's being present at an evening party at Clapham, which, as the invitation was *for the country*, he seems to have expected to find quite a different sort of affair from the entertainments at which he had already assisted in London. He was greatly surprised, therefore, to find the assemblage, on his arrival, engaged in the everlasting toil of dancing, "the men, as usual in this country, clad all in dismal black, and the ladies sparkling in handsome costumes of bright and variegated colours—another singular custom, of which I never could learn or guess the reason." But, however great a bore the sight of quadrilles may have been to the khan, ample amends were made to him on this occasion by the musical perfor-

mances, with which several of the ladies ("though they all at first refused, evidently from modesty") gratified the company in the intervals of the dance, and at which he expresses unbounded delight; but this does not prevent his again launching out into a tirade against the unseemly methods, as they appear to him, used by the English to signify applause or approbation. "The strangest custom is, that the audience *clapped their hands* in token of satisfaction whenever any of the ladies concluded their performance. . . . The only occasion on which such an exhibition of feeling is to be witnessed in Hindustan, is when some offender is put upon a donkey, with a string of old shoes round his neck, and his face blackened and turned to the tail, and in this plight expelled from the city. Then only do the boys—men never—clap their hands and cry hurra! hurra! Thus, that which in one country implies shame and disgrace, is resorted to in another to express the highest degree of approbation!"

Passing over the Khan's visits to the Athenæum Club-house, to Buckingham Palace, &c., his remarks on which contain nothing noticeable, except his mistaking some of the ancient portraits in the palace, from their long beards and rosaries, for the representations of Moslem divines, we find him at last fairly in the midst of an English winter, and an eyewitness of a spectacle of all others the most marvellous and incredible to a Hindustani, and which Mirza Abutalib, while describing it, frankly confesses he cannot expect his countrymen to believe—the ice and the skaters in the Regent's Park.* "What I had previously seen in the summer as water, with birds swimming and boats rowing upon it, was now transformed into an immense sheet of ice as hard as rock, on which thousands of persons, men, women, and children, were actually walking, running, and figuring in the most extraordinary manner. I saw men pass with the rapidity of an arrow, turning, wheeling, retrograding, and describing figures with surprising agility, sometimes on both, but more frequently

* Bishop Heber, in his journal, also mentions the wonder of his Bengali servants on their first sight of a piece of ice in Himalaya, and their regret on finding that they could not carry it home to Calcutta as a curiosity.

on only one leg; they had all a piece of steel, turned up in front somewhat in the manner of our slippers, fastened to their shoes, by means of which they propelled themselves as I have described. After much persuasion, I went on the ice myself, though not without considerable fear; yet such a favourite sport is this with the English, and so infatuated are some of these *ice-players*, that nothing will deter them from venturing on those places which are marked as dangerous; and thus many perish, like moths that sacrifice themselves in the candle flame. They have, therefore, parties of men, with their dresses stuffed with air-cushions, whose duty it is to watch on the ice, ready to plunge in whenever it breaks and any one is immersed."

The national theatres were now open for the winter, and the Khan paid a visit to Covent-Garden; but he gives no particulars of the performances which he witnessed, though he was greatly struck by the splendour of the lighting and decoration, and still more by the almost magical celerity with which the changes of scenery were effected. The scanty notice taken of these matters, may perhaps be partly accounted for by the extraordinary fascination produced in the mind of the khan by the charms of one of the houris on the stage—whose name, though he does not mention it, our readers will probably have no difficulty in supplying; and it may be doubted whether the warmest panegyrics of the most ardent of her innumerable admirers ever soared quite so high a pitch into the regions of hyperbole as the Oriental flights of the khan, who exhausts, in the praise of her attractions, all the imagery of the eastern poets. She is described as "cypress-waisted, rose-cheeked, fragrant as amber, and sweet as sugar, a stealer of hearts, who unites the magic of talismans with loveliness transcending that of the *peris*! When she bent the soft arch of her eyebrows, she pierced the heart through and through with the arrows of her eyelashes; and when she smiled, the heart of the most rigid

ascetic was intoxicated! She was gorgeously arrayed, and covered all over with jewels—and the *tout-ensemble* of her appearance was such as would have riveted the gaze of the inhabitants of the spheres—what, then, more can a mere mortal say?"*

At Rundell and Bridge's, to a view of the glittering treasures of whose establishment the Khan was next introduced, he was not less astonished at the incalculable value of the articles he saw exhibited, "where the precious metals and magnificent jewellery of all sorts were scattered about as profusely as so many sorts of fruit in our Delhi bazars"—as surprised at being informed that many of the nobles, and even of the royal family, here deposited their plate and jewels for safe custody; and that, "though all these valuables were left without a guard of soldiers, this shop has never been known to be attacked and plundered by robbers and thieves, who not unfrequently break into other houses." Among the models of celebrated gems here shown him, he particularizes a jewel which, for ages, has been the wonder of the East—"the famous *Koh-in-Noor*, (Mountain of Light,) now in the possession of the ruler of Lahore, and well known to have been forcibly seized by him from Shah-Shoojah, king of Cabul, when a fugitive in the Panjab;" as well as another, (the Pigot diamond,) "now belonging to Mohammed Ali of Egypt." The Adelaide Gallery of Science is passed over with the remark, that it is, on the whole, inferior to the Polytechnic, which he had previously visited. But the Diorama, with the views of Damascus, Acre, &c., seems to have afforded him great gratification, as well as to have perplexed him not a little, by the apparent accuracy of its perspective. "Some objects delineated actually appeared to be several *kos* (a measure of about two miles) from us, others nearer, and some quite close. I marvelled how such things could be brought together before me; yet, on stretching out the hand, the canvass on which all this was represented might be touched." But all the won-

* The sober prose of the Parsees presents, as usual, an amusing contrast with the highflown rhapsodies of the Moslem; their remarks on the same lady are comprised in the pithy observation—"We should not have taken her for more than twenty-six years of age; but we are told she is near fifty."

ders of the pictorial art, "which the Europeans have brought to unheard of perfection," fade before the amazement of the khan, on being informed that it was possible for him to have a transcript of his countenance taken, without the use of pencil or brush, by the mere agency of the sun's rays; and even after having verified the truth of this apparently incredible statement by actual experiment in his own person, he still seems to have entertained considerable misgivings as to the legitimacy of the process—"How it was effected was indeed incomprehensible! Here is an art, which, if it be not magic, it is difficult to conceive what else it can be!"

The spring was now advancing; "and one day," says the Khan, "not being Sunday, I was surprised to observe all the shops shut, and the courts of justice, as well as the merchants' and public offices, all closed. On enquiry, I was told this was a great day, being the day on which the Jews crucified the Lord Aysa, (Jesus,) and that a general fast is, on this day, observed in Europe, when the people abstain from flesh, eating only fish, and a particular kind of bread marked with a cross. This custom is, however, now confined to the ancient sect of Christians called Catholics; for the real English never observe *fasts of any kind on any occasion whatever*; they eat, nevertheless, both the crossed bread and the fish. This fast is to the Europeans what the *Mohurum** is to us; only here no particular signs of sorrow are to be seen on account of the death of Aysa;—all eat, drink, and enjoy themselves on this day as much as any other; or, from what I saw, I should say they rather indulged themselves a little more than usual. Another remarkable thing is, that this fast does not always happen at the same date, being regulated by the appearance of the moon: while, in every thing else, the English reckon by the solar year."

We shall offer no comment, as we fear we can offer no contradiction, on the Khan's account of the singular me-

thod of fasting observed in England, by eating salt fish and cross-buns in addition to the usual viands—but digressing without an interval from fasts to feasts, we next find him a guest at a splendid banquet given by the Lord Mayor. Though Mirza Abu-Talib, at the beginning of the present century, was present at the feast given to Lord Nelson during the mayoralty of Alderman Coombe, the description of a civic entertainment, as it appeared to an Oriental, must always be a curious *morceau*; and doubly so in the present instance, as given by a spectator to whom it was as the feast of the Barmecide—since Kerim Khan, unlike his countryman, the Mirza, religiously abstained throughout from the forbidden dainties of the Franks, and sat like an anchorite at the board of plenty. To this concentration of his faculties in the task of observing, we probably owe the minute detail he has given us of the festive scene before him, which we must quote, as a companion sketch of Feringhi manners to the previously cited account of the ball at Guildhall:—"At length dinner was announced: and all rose, and led by the queen of the city, (the lady mayoress,) withdrew to another room, where the table was laid out in the most costly manner, being loaded with dishes, principally of silver and gold, and covered with *sar-poshes*, (lids or covers,) some of which were of immense size, like little boats. When the servants removed the *sar-poshes*, fishes and soup of every sort were presented to view: some of the former, I was told, brought as rarities from distant seas, and at great expense. Before every man of rank there was an immense dish, which it is his duty to cut up and distribute, putting on each plate about sufficient for a baby to eat. I turned to a friend, and enquired why the guests were helped so sparingly? 'It is customary,' said he, 'to serve guests in this way.' 'But why not give them enough?' rejoined I. 'You will soon see,' replied he, 'that they will all have enough.' †

"Soon after, all the dishes, spoons,

* The ten days' lamentation for the martyred imams, Hassan and Hussein, the grandsons of the Prophet, who were murdered by the Ommyyades. Some notice of this ceremonial is given at the beginning of his narrative by the Khan, who attended it just before he sailed from Calcutta.

† To explain the Khan's ignorance of the form of an English entertainment, it should

&c., were removed by the servants. I thought the dinner was over, and was preparing to go, not a little astonished at such scanty hospitality, when other dishes were brought in, filled with choice viands of every kind—*bears* from Russia and Germany—hogs from Ireland—fowls and geese from France—turtle from the Mediterranean(?)—venison from the parks of the nobility—some in joints, some quite whole, with their limbs and feet entire. Operations now recommended, the carvers doling out the same small quantities as before: but though many of the gentlemen present were anxious to prevail on me to partake, and recommended particular dishes, one as being ‘a favourite of the King of the French’—another as particularly rare and exquisite, I could not be prevailed upon to partake of any. Thus did innumerable dishes pour in and disappear again, the servants constantly changing the plates of the guests: till I began to form quite a different idea of the appetites of the guests, and the hospitality of the Lord Mayor, on which I had thought that a reflection was thrown by the small portions sent to them. I now saw that many of them, besides being served pretty often, helped themselves freely to the dishes before them—indeed, their appetite was wonderfully good: some, doubtless, thinking that such an opportunity would not often recur. Nor did they forget the juice of the grape—the bottles which were opened would have filled a ship, and the noise of the champagne completely drowned the music. One would have thought that, after all this, no men could eat more: but now the fruits, sweetmeats, ices, and jellies made their appearance; pine-apples, grapes, oranges, apples, pears, mulberries, and confectionaries of such strange shapes that I can give no name to them—and before each guest were placed small plates, with peculiarly shaped knives of gold and silver. Of this part of the banquet I had the pleasure of partaking, in common with the selfsame gentlemen who had done such honour to the thousand dishes above mentioned, and who now distinguished themselves in the same

manner on the dessert. The price of some of the fruit was almost incredible; the reason of which is, that in this country it can only be reared in glass-houses artificially heated . . . thus the pine-apples, which are by no means fine, cost each twenty rupees, (L.2.) which in India would be bought for two pice—thus being 640 times dearer than in our country. Thus in England the poorer classes cannot afford to eat fruit, whereas in all other countries they can get fruit when grain is too dear.

“The guests continued at table till late, during which time several gentlemen rose and spoke: but, from my imperfect knowledge of the language, I could not comprehend their purports beyond the compliments which they passed on each other, and the evident attacks which they made on their political opponents. I at last retired with some others to another room, where many of the guests were dancing—coffee and tea were here taken about, just as sherbets are with us in the Mohurram. I must remark that the servants were gorgeously dressed, being covered with gold like the generals of the army; but the most extraordinary thing about them was, there having their heads covered with ashes, like the Hindoo fakirs—a custom indicative with us of sorrow and repentance. I hardly could help laughing when I looked at them; but a friend kindly explained to me that, in England, none but the servants of the great are *privileged* to have ashes strewed on their heads, and that for this distinction their masters actually pay a tax to government! ‘Is this enjoined by their religion?’ said I. ‘Oh, no!’ he replied. ‘Then,’ said I, ‘since your religion does not require it, and it appears, to our notions at least, rather a mark of grief and mourning, where is the use of paying a tax for it?’ ‘*It is the custom of the country,*’ said he again. After this I returned home, musing deeply on what I had seen.”

With this inimitable sketch, we take leave of the Khan for the present, shortly to return to his ideas of men and manners in *Feringhistan*.

be remembered that his religious scruples excluded him from dinner parties—and that, except on occasions of form like the present, or the party on board the *Oriental* at Southampton, he had probably never witnessed a banquet in England.

THE BANKING-HOUSE.

A HISTORY IN THREE PARTS. PART I.

CHAPTER I.

PROSPECTIVE.

IF, as Wordsworth, that arch-priest of poesy, expresses it, I could place the gentle reader "*atween the downy wings*" of some beneficent and willing angel, in one brief instant of time should he be deposited on the little hill that first discovers the smiling, quiet village of Ellendale. He would imbibe of beauty more in a breath, a glance, than I can pour into his soul in pages of spiritless delineation. I cannot charm the eye with that great stream of liquid light, which, during the long and lingering summer's day, issues from the valley like an eternal joy; I cannot fascinate his ear, and soothe his spirit with nature's deep mysterious sounds, so delicately slender and so soft, that silence fails to be disturbed, but rather grows more mellow and profound; I cannot with a stroke present the teeming hills, flushed with their weight of corn, that now stands stately in the suspended air—now, touched by the lightest wind that ever blew, flows like a golden river. As difficult is it to convey a just impression of a peaceful spot, whose praise consists—so to speak—rather in privatives than positives; whose privilege it is to be still free, tranquil, and unmolested, in a land and in an age of ceaseless agitation, in which the rigorous virtues of our fathers are forgotten, and the land's integrity threatens to give way. If Ellendale be not the most populous and active village, it is certainly the most rustic and winning that I have ever beheld in our once *merry* England. It is secreted from the world, and lies snugly and closely at the foot of massive hills, which nature seems to have erected solely for its covert and protection. It is situated about four miles from the high-road, whence you obtain at intervals short glimpses as it rears its tiny head into the open day. If the traveller be fresh from an overworked and overworking city, he looks upon what he deems a sheer impossibility—the residence of men living cheerfully and happily in solitude intense. The employment of the villagers is in the silent fields, from

day to day, from year to year. Their life has no variety, the general heart has no desire for change. It was so with their fathers—so shall it be with their own children, if the too selfish world will let them. The inhabitants are almost to a man poor, humble, and contented. The cottages are clean and neat, but lowly, like the owners. One house, and one alone, is distinguished from the rest; it is aged, and ivy as venerable as itself clings closer there as years roll over it. It has a lawn, an antique door and porch, narrow windows with the smallest diamond panes, and has been called since its first stone was laid, *the Vicarage*. Forget the village, courteous reader, and cross with me this hospitable threshold, for here our history begins—and ends.

The season is summer—the time evening—the hour that of sunset. The big sun goes down like a ball of fire, crimson-red, leaving at the horizon's verge his splendid escort—a host of clouds glittering with a hundred hues, the gorgeous livery of him they have attended. A borrowed glory steals from them into an open casement, and, passing over, illumines for a time a face pale even to sadness. It is a woman's. She is dressed in deepest mourning, and is—Heaven be with her in her solitariness!—a recent widow. She is thirty years of age at least, and is still adorned with half the beauty of her youth, not injured by the hand of suffering and time. The expression of the countenance is one of calmness, or, it may be, resignation—for the tranquillity has evidently been taught and learnt as the world's lesson, and is not native there. Near her sits a man benign of aspect, advanced in years; his hair and eyebrows white from the winter's fall; his eye and mien telling of decline, easy and placid as the close of softest music, and nothing harsher. Care and trouble he has never known; he is too old to learn them now. His dress is very plain. The room in which he sits is devoid of ornament, and furnished like the study of a simple

scholar. Books take up the walls. A table and two chairs are the amount of furniture. The Vicar has a letter in his hand, which he peruses with attention; and having finished, he turns with a bright smile towards his guest, and tells her she is welcome.

"You are very welcome, madam, for your own sake, and for the sake of him whose signature is here; although, I fear, you will scarcely find amongst us the happiness you look for. There will be time, however, to consider"—

"I have considered, sir;" answered the lady, somewhat mournfully. "My resolution has not been formed in haste, believe me."

The vicar paused, and reperused the letter.

"You are probably aware, madam, that my brother has communicated"—

"Every thing. Your people are poor and ignorant. I can be useful to them. Reduced as I am, I may afford them help. I may instruct the children—attend the sick—relieve the hungry. Can I do this?"

"Pardon me, dear lady. I am loth to repress the noble impulses by which you are actuated. It would be very wrong to deny the value and importance of such aid; but I must entreat you to remember your former life and habits. I fear this place is not what you expect it. In the midst of my people, and withdrawn from all society, I have accustomed myself to seek for consolation in the faithful discharge of my duties, and in communion with the chosen friends of my youth whom you see around me. You are not aware of what you undertake. There will be no companionship for you—no female friend—no friend but myself. Our villagers are labouring men and women—our population consists of such alone. Think what you have been, and what you must resign."

The lady sighed deeply, and answered—

"It is, Mr Littleton, just because I cannot forget what I have been, that I come here to make amends for past neglect and sinfulness. I have a debt *there*, sir"—and she pointed solemnly towards the sky—"which must be paid. I have been an unfaithful steward, and must be reconciled to my good master ere I die. You may trust me. You know my income

and my means. It is trifling; comparatively speaking—nothing. Yet, less than half of it must suffice for my support. The rest is for your flock. You shall distribute it, and you shall teach me how to minister to their temporal necessities—how to labour for their eternal glory. The world and I have parted, and for ever."

"I will not oppose you further, madam. You shall make the trial if you please, and yet"—the vicar hesitated.

"Pray speak, sir," said the lady.

"I was thinking of your accommodation. Here I could not well receive you—and I know no other house becoming"—

"Do not mock me, Mr Littleton. A room in the cot of your poorest parishioner is more than I deserve—more than the good fishermen of Galilee could sometimes find. Think of me, I beg, as I am—not as I have been."

As the lady spoke, a servant-maid entered the apartment with the supper-tray, which the good vicar had ordered shortly after the arrival of his guest. During the repast, it was arranged that the lady should pass the night in the cottage of John Humphrys, a man acknowledged to be the most industrious in the village, and who had become the especial favourite of the vicar, by marrying, as the latter jocosely termed it, into his family. John Humphrys' wife had been the vicar's housekeeper. The Reverend Hugh Littleton was a bachelor, and had always been most cautious and discreet. Although he had a bed to spare, he did not think of offering it to his handsome visitor; nor, and this is more remarkable, did he again that evening resume the subject of their previous conversation. He spoke of matters connected with the world, from which he had been separated for half a century, but from whose turmoil the lady had only a few weeks before disentangled herself. To a good churchman, the condition of the Church is always a subject of the deepest interest, as her prosperity is a source of gratitude and joy. Tidings of the movement which had recently taken place in the very heart of the Establishment had already reached his secluded parish, filling him with doubt and apprehension. He was glad

to gain what further information his friendly visitor could afford him. We may conclude, from the observations of the vicar, that her communication was unsatisfactory.

"It is a cowardly thing, madam," said he, "to withdraw from a scene of contest in the hour of danger, and when all our dearest interests are at stake; and yet I do thank my God, from the bottom of my heart, that I am not an eyewitness to the dishonour and the shame which men are heaping on our blessed faith. Are we Christians? Do we come before the world as the messengers of glad tidings—of *unity* and *peace*? We profess to do it, whilst discord, enmity, hatred, and persecution are in our hearts and on our tongue. The atheist and the worldly live in harmony, whilst the children of Christ carry on their unholy warfare one against the other. Strange anomaly! Can we not call upon our people to love their God with all their hearts—and their neighbours as themselves? Can we not strive by our own good example

to teach them how to do this? Would it not be more profitable and humane, than to disturb them with formalities that have no virtue in themselves—to distress them with useless controversies, that settle no one point, teach no one doctrine, but unsettle and unfix all the good that our simple creed had previously built up and made secure?"

"It is very true, sir; and it is sweet to hear you talk so."

If the lady desired to hear more, it was unwise of her to speak so plainly. The vicar was unused to praise, and these few words effectually stopped him. He said no more. The lady remained silent for a minute or two, then rose and took her leave. The night was very fine, and the vicar's servant-maid accompanied her to John Humphrys' door. Here she found a wholesome bed, but her pillow did not become a resting-place until she moistened it with tears—the bitterest that ever wrung a penitent and broken heart.

CHAPTER II.

RETROSPECTIVE.

James Mildred was a noble-hearted gentleman. At the age of eighteen he quitted England to undertake an appointment in India, which he had obtained through the interest of his uncle, an East Indian Director. He remained abroad thirty years, and then returned, a stranger, to his native land, the owner of a noble fortune. His manners were simple and unassuming—his mind was masculine and well-informed—his generous soul manifest in every expression of his manly countenance. He had honourably acquired his wealth, and whilst he amassed, had been by no means greedy of his gains. He dealt out liberally. There were many reasons why James Mildred at the age of forty-eight returned to England. I shall state but one. He was still a bachelor. The historian at once absolves the gentler sex from any share of blame. It was not, in truth, their fault that he continued single. Many had done their utmost to remove this stigma from James Mildred's character; had they done less they might,

possibly, have been more successful. Mildred had a full share of sensibility, and recoiled at the bare idea of being snared into a state of blessedness. The woman was not for him, who was willing to accept him only because his gold and he could not be separated. Neither was he ambitious to purchase the easy affection of the live commodity as it arrives in ships from England, with other articles of luxury and merchandize. After years of successful exertion, he yearned for the enjoyments of the domestic hearth, and for the home-happiness which an Englishman deserves, because he understands so well its value. Failing to obtain his wish in India, he journeyed homeward, sound in mind and body, and determined to improve the comfort and condition of both, by a union with amiability, loveliness, and virtue, if in one individual he could find them all combined, and finding, could secure them for himself. It might have been a year after his appearance in London, that he became acquainted with the family of

Mr Graham, a lieutenant in the navy on half-pay, and the father of two children. He was a widower, and not affluent. His offspring were both daughters, and, at the time to which I allude, full grown, lovely women. Their mother had been a governess previously to her marriage, and her subsequent days had been profitably employed in the education of her daughters; in preparing them, in fact, for the condition of life into which they would inevitably fall, if they were still unmarried at the dissolution of their father. They were from infancy taught to expect their future means of living from their own honourable exertions, and they grew happier and better for the knowledge. Mildred had retired to a town on the sea-coast, in which this family resided; and, shortly after his arrival, he first beheld the elder of the lieutenant's children. She was then in her nineteenth year, a lovely, graceful, and accomplished creature. I cannot say that he was smitten at first sight, but it must have been soon afterwards; for the day succeeding that on which he met her, found him walking and chatting with her father, as familiarly as though they had been friends from infancy. Before a week was over, the lieutenant had dined three times with Mildred at his hotel, and had taken six pipes, and as many glasses of grog, in token of his fidelity and good fellowship. From being the host of Lieutenant Graham, it was an easy transition to become his guest. Mildred was taken to the mariner's cot, and from that hour his destiny was fixed. In Margaret Graham he found, or he believed he had, the being whom he had sought so long—the vision which had not, until now, been realized. Six months elapsed, and found the lover a constant visitor at the lieutenant's fireside. He had never spoken of his passion, nor did any of the household dream of what was passing in his heart, save Margaret, who could not fail to see that she possessed it wholly. His wealth was likewise still a secret, his position in society unknown. His liberal sentiments and unaffected demeanour had gained him the regard of the unsophisticated parent—his modest bearing and politeness were not less grateful to the sisters. Mildred had resolved a hundred times to reveal to

Margaret the depth and earnestness of his attachment, and to place his heart and fortune at her feet, but he dared not do it when time and opportunity arrived. Day by day his ardent love increased—stronger and stronger grew the impression which had first been stamped upon his noble mind; new graces were discovered; virtues were developed that had escaped his early notice, enhancing the maiden's loveliness and worth. Still he continued silent. He was a shy, retiring man, and entertained a meek opinion of his merits. The difference of age was very great. He dwelt upon the fact, until it seemed a barrier fatal to his success. Young, accomplished, and exceeding beautiful, would she not expect, did she not deserve, a union with youth and virtues equal to her own? Was it not madness to suppose that she would shower such happiness on him? Was he not over bold and arrogant to hope it? Aware of his disadvantage, and rendered miserable by the thought of losing her in consequence, he had been tempted once or twice to communicate to Margaret the amount of wealth that he possessed; but here, too, his reluctant tongue grew ever dumb as he approached the dangerous topic. No; his soul would pine in disappointment and despair, before it could consent to *purchase* love—love which transcends all price when it becomes the heart's free offering, but is not worth a rush to buy or bargain for. Could he but be sure that for himself alone she would receive his hand—could he but once be satisfied of this, how paltry the return, how poor would be the best that he could offer for her virgin trust? What was his wealth compared with that? But *how* be sure and satisfied? Ask and be refused? Refused, and then denied the privilege to gaze upon her face, and to linger hour after hour upon the melody which, flowing from her fair lips, had so long charmed, bewildered him! To be shut out for ever from the joy that had become a part of him, with which, already in his dreams, he had connected all that remained to him as yet of life!—It is true, James Mildred was old enough to be sweet Margaret's father; but for his *heart*, with all its throbbings and anxieties, it might have been the young girl's younger brother's. A lucky mo-

ment was it for Mildred, when he thought of seeking counsel from the straightforward and plain-speaking officer. A hint sufficed to make the parent wise, and to draw from him the blunt assurance, that Mildred was a son-in-law to make a father proud and happy. "I never liked, my friend, superfluous words," said he; "you have my consent, mind that, when you have settled matters with the lass."

It was a very few hours after the above words were spoken, that, either by design or chance, Mildred and Margaret found themselves together. The lieutenant and his younger daughter were from home, and Margaret was seated in the family parlour, engaged in profitable work, as usual. Upon entering the room, the lover saw immediately that Graham had committed him. His easy and accustomed step had never called a blush into the maiden's cheek. Wherefore should it now? He felt the coming and the dreaded crisis already near, and that his fate was hanging on her lips. His heart fluttered, and he became slightly perturbed; but he sat down manfully, determined to await the issue. Margaret welcomed him with more restraint than was her wont, but not—he thought and hoped—less cordially. Maidens are wilful and perverse. Why should she hold her head down, as she had never done before? Why strain her eyes upon her work, and ply her needle as though her life depended on the haste with which she wrought? Thus might she receive a foe; better treatment surely merited so good a friend?

"Miss Graham," said at length the resolute yet timid man, "do I judge rightly? Your father has communicated to you our morning's conversation?"

"He has, sir," answered Margaret too softly for any but a lover's ear.

"Then, pardon me, dear lady," continued Mildred, gaining confidence, as he was bound to do, "if I presume to add all that a simple and an honest man can proffer to the woman he adores. I am too old—that is to say, I have seen too much of life, perhaps, to be able to address you now in language that is fitting. But, believe me, dear Miss Graham, I am sensible of your charms, I esteem your

character, I love you ardently. I am aware of my presumption. I am bold to approach you as a suitor; but my happiness depends upon your word, and I beg you to pronounce it. Dismiss me, and I will trouble you no longer. I will endeavour to forget you—to forget that I beheld you—that I ever nourished a passion which has made life sweeter to me than I believed it could become; but if, on the other hand"—

How strange it is, that we will still create troubles in a world that already abounds with them! Here had Mildred lived in a perpetual fever for months together, teasing and fretting himself with anxieties and doubts; whilst, as a reasonable being, he ought to have been as cheerful and as merry as a lark singing at the gate of heaven. In the midst of his oration, the gentle Margaret resigned her work, and wept. I say no more. I will not even add that she had been prepared to weep for months before—that she had grown half fearful and half angry at the long delay—that she was woman, and ambitious—that she had heard of Mildred's mine of wealth, and longed to share it with him. Such secrets, gentle reader, might, if revealed, attaint the lady's character. I therefore choose to keep them to myself. It is very certain that Mildred was forthwith accepted, and that, after a courtship of three months, he led to the altar a woman of whose beauty and talents a monarch might justly have been proud. It is not to the purpose of this narrative to describe the wedding guests and garments—the sumptuous breakfast—the continental tour. It was a fair scene to look at, that auspicious bridal morn. The lieutenant's unaffected joy—the bridegroom's blissful pride—the lady's modesty, and—shall I call it?—triumph, struggling through it; these and other matters might employ an idle or a dallying pen, but must not now arrest one busy with more serious work. Far different are the circumstance and season which call for our regard. We leave the lovers in their bridal bower, and pensively approach the chamber of sickness and of death.

It is ten years since Mildred wedded. He is on the verge of sixty, and seems more aged, for he is bowed down with bodily disease and pain.

His wife, not thirty yet, looks not an hour older than when we saw her last, dressed like a queen for her espousal. She is more beautiful, as the full developed rose in grace surpasses the delicate and still expanding bud; but there she is, the same young Margaret. How they have passed the married decade, how both fulfilled their several duties, may be gathered from a description of Mildred's latest moments. He lies almost exhausted on his bed of suffering, and only at short intervals can find strength to make his wishes known to one who, since he was a boy, has been a faithful and a constant friend. He is his comforter and physician now.

"You have not told me, Wilford," said Mildred in a moment of physical repose, "you have not told me yet how long. Let me, I implore you, hear the truth. I am not afraid to die. Is there any hope at all?"

The physician's lip quivered with affectionate grief, but did not move in answer.

"There is *no* hope then," continued the wasting invalid. "I believe it—I believe it. But tell me, dearest friend, how long may this endure?"

"I cannot say," replied the doctor; "a day or two, perhaps: I fear not longer, Mildred."

"Fear *not*, old friend," said Mildred. "I do not fear. I thank my God there is an end of it."

"Is your mind happy, Mildred?" asked the physician.

"You shall judge yourself. I die at peace with all men. I repent me heartily of my sins. I place my hope in my Redeemer. I feel that he will not desert me. I did never fear death, Wilford. I can smile upon him now."

"You will see a clergyman?"

"Yes, Wilford, an hour hence; not now. I have sent *her* away, that I might hear the worst from you. She must be recalled, and know that all is fixed, and over. We will pray together—dear, faithful Margaret—sweet, patient nurse! Heaven bless her!"

"She is to be pitied, Mildred. To die is the common lot. We are not all doomed to mourn the loss of our beloved ones!"

"But, Wilford, you will be good and kind to her, and console her for my loss. You are my executor and

dearest friend. You will have regard to my dying words, and watch over her. Be a father and a brother to her. You will—will you not?"

"I will," answered the physician solemnly.

"Thank you, brother—thank you," replied the patient, pressing his friend's hand warmly. "We are brothers now, Wilford—we were children, schoolboys, together. Do you remember the birds'-nesting—and the apple-tree in the orchard? Oh, the happy scenes of my boyhood are fresher in my memory to-day than the occurrences of yesterday!"

"You were nearer heaven in your boyhood, Mildred, than you have been since, until this hour. We are travelling daily further from the East, until we are summoned home again. The light of heaven is about us at the beginning and the close of life. We lose it in middle age, when it is hid by the world's false and unsubstantial glare."

"I understand something of what you say. I never dreaded this hour. I have relied for grace, and it has come—but, Wilford"—

"What would you say?"

"Margaret."

"What of her?"

"If you could but know what she has done for me—how, for the last two years, she has attended me—how she has sacrificed all things for me, and for my comfort—how she has been, against my will, my servant and my slave—you would revere her character as I do. Night after night has she spent at my bedside; no murmur—no dull, complaining look—all cheerfulness! I have been peevish and impatient—no return for the harsh word, and harsher look. So young—so beautiful—so self-devoted. I have not deserved such love—and now it is snatched from me, as it should be"—

"You are excited, Mildred," said the good doctor. "You have said too much. Rest now—rest."

"Let me see her," answered Mildred. "I cannot part with her an instant now."

And in a few minutes the angel of light—for such she was to the declining man—glided to the dying bed. When she approached it his eyes were shut, and his lips moved as if in prayer. At his side she stood, the

faithful tears pouring down her cheek, her voice suspended, lest a breath should fall upon the sufferer and awaken him to pain. Quietly at last, as if from sweetest sleep, his eyes unclosed, and, with a fond expression, fixed themselves on *her*. Faster and faster streamed the unchecked tears adown the lovely cheek, louder and louder grew the agonizing sobs that would not be controlled. He took her drooping palm, pressed it as he might between his bony hands, and covered it with kisses. Doctor Wilford silently withdrew.

"Dear, good Margaret," the sick man faltered, "I shall lose you soon. Heaven will bless you for your loving care."

"Take courage, dearest," was Margaret's reply; "all will yet be well."

"It will, beloved—but not here," he answered. "We shall meet again—be sure of it. God is merciful, not cruel, and our happiness on earth has been a foretaste of the diviner bliss hereafter. We are separated but for an hour. Do not weep, my sweet one, but listen to me. It was my duty to reward you, Margaret, for all that you have done for the infirm old man. I have performed this duty. Every thing that I possess is yours! My will is with my private papers in the desk. It will do you justice. Could I have given you the wealth of India, you would have deserved it all."

Tears, tears were the heart's in-

tense acknowledgment. What could she say at such a time?

"I have thought fit, my Margaret, to burden you with no restrictions. I could not be so wicked and so selfish as to wish you not to wed again!"—

"Speak not of it, James—speak not of it," almost screamed the lovely wife, intercepting the generous speaker's words. "Do not overwhelm me with my grief."

"It is best, my Margaret, to name these things whilst power is still left me. Understand me, dearest. I do not bid you wed again. You are free to do it if it will make you happier."

"Never—never, dearest and best of men! I am yours in life and death—yours for ever. Before Heaven I vow!"—

Mildred touched the upraised hand, held it in his own, and in a feeble, worn-out voice, said gravely—

"I implore you to desist—spare me the pain—make not a vow so rash. You are young and beautiful, my Margaret—a time may come—let there be no vow. Where is Wilford? I wish to have you both about me."

The following morning Margaret was weeping on her husband's corpse. Ten years before, she had wept when he proposed for her, and ten years afterwards, almost to a day, she was weeping on John Humphrys' pillow, distressed with recollections that would not let her rest.

CHAPTER III.

THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

Doctor Chalmers was right. The discovery of the telescope was very fine in its way; but the invention of the microscope was, after all, a much more sensible affair. We may look at the mountains of the moon, and the spots on the sun, until we have rendered our eyes, for all practical purposes, useless for a month, and yet not bring to light one secret worth knowing, one fact that, as inhabitants of the earth, we care to be acquainted with. Not so with one microscopic peep at a particle of water or an atom of cheese. Here we arrive at once at the disclosure of what modern philo-

sophers call "a beautiful law"—a law affecting the entirety of animal creation—invisible and visible; a law which proclaims that the inferior as well as the superior animals, the lowest as well as the highest, the smallest as well as the largest, live upon one another, derive their strength and substance from attacking and devouring those of their neighbours. Shakespeare, whom few things escaped, has not failed to tell us, that "there be land rats and water rats, water thieves and land thieves;" he knew not, however, that there be likewise water devils as well as land devils—water lawyers as

well as land lawyers—water swindlers as well as land swindlers. In one small liquid drop you shall behold them all—indeed a commonwealth of Christians but for their forms, and for the atmosphere in which they live and fight. I have often found great instruction in noting the hypocritical antics of a certain watery rascal, whose trick it is to lie in one snug corner of the globule, feigning repose, indifference, or sleep. Nothing disturbs him, until some weak, innocent animalcule ventures unobtrusively within his reach, and then with one muscular exertion, the monster darts, gripes, gulps him down—goes to his sleep or prayers again, and waits a fresh arrival. This creature has no joy but in the pangs of others—no life but in their sufferings and death. Even worse than this thing is the worm, its earthly prototype, with whom, rather than with himself, this chapter has to deal. Whilst the last most precious drops of Mildred's breath were leaving him, whilst his cleansed soul prepared itself for solemn flight, whilst all around his bed were still and silent as the grave already digging for him—one human eye, secreted from the world and unobserved, peered into the lonely chamber, watching for the dissolution, impatient at delay, and greedy for the sight. I speak of an old, grey-headed man, a small, thin creature of skin and bone, sordid and avaricious in spirit—one who had never known Mildred, had not once spoken to or seen him, but who had heard of his possessions, of his funded gold, and whose grasping soul was sick to handle and secure them. Abraham Allcraft, hunks as he was, was reputed wealthy. For years he had retained a high position as the opulent banker of the mercantile city of —. His business was extensive—his habits mean, penurious; his credit was unlimited, as his character was unimpeachable. There are some men who cannot gain the world's favour, do what they will to purchase it. There are others, on the other hand, who, having no fair claim at all to it, are warmed and nourished throughout life by the good opinion of mankind. No man lived with fewer virtues than Abraham Allcraft; no man was reputed richer in all the virtues that adorn humanity. He was an honest

man, because he starved upon a crust. He was industrious, because from morn till night he laboured at the bank. He was a moral man, because his word was sacred, and no one knew him guilty of a serious fault. He was the pattern of a father—witness the education of his son. He was the pattern of a banker—witness the house's regularity, and steady prosperous course. He lived within view of the mansion in which Mildred breathed his last; he knew the history of the deceased, as well as he knew the secrets of his own bad heart. He had seen the widow in her solitary walks; he had made his plans, and he was not the man to give them up without a struggle.

It was perhaps on the tenth day after Mildred had been deposited in the earth, that Margaret permitted the sun once more to lighten her abode. Since the death of her husband the house had been shut up—no visitor had been admitted—there had been no witness to her agony and tears. It should be so. There are calamities too great for human sympathy; seasons too awful for any presence save that of the Eternal. Time, reason, and religion—not the hollow mockery of solemn words and looks—must heal the heart lacerated by the tremendous deathblow. Abraham Allcraft had waited for this day. He saw the gloomy curtains drawn aside—he beheld life stirring in the house again. He dressed himself more carefully than he had ever done before, and straightway hobbled to the door, before another and less hasty foot could reach it. A painter, wishing to arrest the look of one who smiles, and smiles, and murders whilst he smiles, would have been glad to dwell upon the face of Abraham, as he addressed the servant-man who gave him entrance. Below the superficial grin, there was, as clear as day, the natural expression of the soul that would not blend with any show of pleasantry. Abraham wished to give the attendant half-a-crown as soon as possible. He dared not offer it without a reason, so he dropped his umbrella, and, like a generous man, rewarded the honest fellow who stooped to pick it up. This preliminary over, and, as it were, so much of dirt swept from the very threshold, he gave his card, announced himself as Mr All-

craft, banker, and desired to see the lady on especial business. He was admitted. The ugliest of dresses did not detract from the perfect beauty of the widowed Margaret; the bitterness of griefs had not removed the bloom still ripening on her cheek. Time and sorrow were most merciful. The wife and widow looked yet a girl blushing in her teens. Abraham Allcraft gazed upon the lady, as he bowed his artful head, with admiration and delight, and then he threw one hurried and involuntary glance around the gorgeous room in which she sat, and then he made his own conclusions, and assumed an air of condolence and affectionate regard, as the wolf is said to do in fables, just before he pounces on the lamb and strangles it.

The villain sighed.

"Sad time, madam," he said, in a lugubrious tone—"sad time. *Strangers* feel it."

Margaret held down her face.

"I should have come before, madam, if propriety had not restrained me. I have only a few hours which I can take from business, but these belong to the afflicted and the poor."

"You are very kind, sir."

"I beg you, Mrs Mildred, not to mention it. It was a great shock to me to hear of Mr Mildred's death—a man in the prime of life. So very good—so much respected."

"He was too good for this world, sir."

"Much, madam—very much; and what a consolation for you, that he is gone to a better—one more deserving of him. You will feel this more as you find your duties recalling you to active usefulness again."

The lady shook her head despairingly.

"I hope, madam, we may be permitted to do all we can to alleviate your forlorn condition. I am one of many who regard you with the deepest sympathy. You may have heard my name, perhaps."

The lady bowed.

"You *must* be very dull here," exclaimed the wily Abraham, gazing round him with the internal consciousness that the death of every soul he knew would not make *him* dull in such a paradise—"very dull, I am sure!"

"It was a cheerful home while he

lived, sir," answered Margaret, most ruefully.

"Ah—yes," sighed Abraham; "but now, too true—too true."

"I was thinking, Mr Allcraft"—

"Before you name your thought, dear madam, let me explain at once the object of my visit. I am an old man—a father, and a widower—but I am also" (oh, crafty Allcraft!) "a simple and an artless man. My words are few, but they express my meaning faithfully. There was a time when, placed in similar circumstances to your own, I would have given the world had a friend stepped forward to remove me for a season from the scene of all my misery. I remembered this whilst dwelling on your solitariness. Within a few miles of this place, I have a little box untenanted at present. Let me entreat you to retire to it, if only for a week. I place it at your command, and shall be honoured if you will accept the offer. The house is sweetly situated—the prospect charming; a temporary change cannot but soothe your grief. I am a father, madam—the father of a noble youth—and I know what you must suffer."

"You anticipate my wish, sir, and I am grateful for your kindness. I was about to move many miles away; but it is advisable, perhaps, that for the present I should continue in this neighbourhood. I will see your cottage, and, if it pleases me, you will permit me to become your tenant for a time."

"My guest rather, dear Mrs Mildred. The old should not be thwarted in their wishes. Let me for the time imagine you my daughter, and act a father's part."

The lady smiled in gratitude, and said that "she would see"—and then the following day was fixed for a short visit to the cottage—and then the virtuous Allcraft took his leave, and went immediately to Mr Final, house agent and appraiser. This gentleman was empowered to let a handsome furnished villa, just three miles distant from poor Margaret's residence. Allcraft hired it at once for one month certain, reserving to himself the option of continuing it for any further period. He signed the agreement—paid the rent—received possession. This over, he hurried back to business, and by the post dispatched a let-

ter to his absent son, conjuring him, as he loved his father, and valued his

regard, to return to — without an instant's hesitation or delay.

CHAPTER IV.

“MICHING MALLECHO ; IT MEANS MISCHIEF.”

Reader, I have no heart to proceed ; I am sorry that I began at all—that I have got thus far. I love Margaret, the beautiful and gentle—Margaret, the heart-broken penitent. I love her as a brother ; and what brother but yearns to conceal his erring sister's frailty ? The faithful historian, however, is denied the privileges of fiction. He may not, if he would, divert the natural course of things ; he cannot, though he pines to do it, expunge the written acts of Providence. Let us go on in charity.

Michael Allcraft, in obedience to his father's wish, came home. He was in his twenty-fourth year, stood six feet high, was handsome and well-proportioned. He was a youth of ardent temperament, liberal and high-spirited. How he became the son of such a sire is to me a mystery. It was not in the affections that the defects of Michael's character were found. These were warm, full of the flowing milk of human kindness. Weakness, however, was apparent in the more solid portions of the edifice. His morals, it must be confessed, were very lax—his principles unsteady and insecure—and how could it be otherwise ? Deprived of his mother at his birth, and from that hour brought up under the eye and tutelage of a man who had spent a life in the education of one idea—who regarded money-making as the business, the duty, the pleasure, the very soul and end of our existence—who judged of the worth of mankind—of men, women, and children—according to their incomes, and accounted all men virtuous who were rich—all guilty who were poor—whose spirit was so intent upon accumulation, that it did not stop to choose the straight and open roads that led to it, but often crept through many crooked and unclean—brought up, I say, under such a father and a guide, was it a wonder that Michael was imperfect in many qualities of mind—that reason with him was no tutor, that his understanding failed to be, as South expresses it, “the soul's upper region, lofty and serene, free

from the vapours and disturbances of the inferior affections ?” In truth there was no upper region at all, and very little serenity in Michael's composition. He had been a wayward and passionate boy. He was a restless and excitable man—full of generous impulses, as I have hinted, but sudden and hasty in action—swift in anger—impatient of restraint and government. His religious views were somewhat dim and undistinguishable even to himself. He believed—as who does not—in the great First Cause, and in the usefulness of religion as an instrument of good in the hands of government. I do not think he troubled himself any further with the subject. He sometimes on the Sabbath went to church, but oftener stayed at home, or sought excitement with a chosen friend or two abroad. He hated professing people, as they are called, and would rather shake hands with a housebreaker than a saint. It has been necessary to state these particulars, in order to show how thoroughly he lived uninfluenced by the high motives which are at once the inspiration and the happiness of all good men—how madly he rested on the conviction that religion is an abstract matter, and has nothing more to do with life and conduct than any other abstruse branch of metaphysics. But in spite of this unsound state of things, the gentleman possessed all the showy surface—virtues that go so very far towards eliciting the favourable verdict of mankind. He prided himself upon a delicate, a surprising sense of honour. He professed himself ready to part with his life rather than permit a falsehood to escape his lips ; he would have blushed to think dishonestly—to *act* so was impossible. Pride stood him here in the stead of holiness ; for the command which he refused to regard at the bidding of the Almighty, he implicitly obeyed at the solicitation of the most ignoble of his passions. It is difficult to imagine a more dangerous companion for a young widow than Michael Allcraft was likely to prove. Manli-

ness of demeanour, and a handsome face and figure, have always their intrinsic value. If you add to these a cultivated mind, a most expressive and intellectual countenance, rich hazel eyes, as full of love as fire, a warm impulsive nature, shrinking from oppression, active in kindness and deeds of real benevolence—you will not fail to tremble for my Margaret. Abraham Allcraft was too shrewd a man to allude even most remotely to the actual reason of his son's recall. He knew very well that to hint at it was in the very outset to defeat his purpose. He acted far more cautiously. Michael had received a first-rate education—he had been to the university—he had travelled through Italy and Germany; and when he received his father's letter was acquiring business habits in a banking-house in London. It was high time to settle seriously to work; so thought Allcraft senior, and suddenly determined to constitute his son a partner in his bank. "He himself was getting old," he said. "Who knew what would happen? Delays were dangerous. He would delay no longer. Now he was well, and Michael might learn and profit by his long experience." Michael consented—why should he not?—to be the junior partner in the prosperous house of Allcraft senior and Son. Three months passed speedily, and Margaret still continued Abraham's tenant. She had lost the sting of her sorrow in the scenes of natural beauty by which she was surrounded. She had lived in strict retirement, and a gentle tide of peace was flowing gradually and softly to her soul again. She thought of quitting the tranquil cot with pain, and still fixed day after day for a departure that she could not take. The large house, associated as it was with all her grief, looked dismal at a distance. How would it be when she returned to it, and revisited the well-known rooms? Every article of furniture was in one way or another connected with the departed. She never—no never could be happy there again. The seclusion to which she doomed herself had not prevented Abraham Allcraft from being her daily visitor. His age and character protected her from calumny. His sympathy and great attention had merited and won her unaffected gratitude. She received his visits with

thankfulness, and courted them. The wealth which it was known he possessed acquitted him of all sinister designs; and it was easy and natural to attribute his regard and tenderness to the pity which a good man feels for a bereavement such as she had undergone. The close of six months found her still residing at the cottage, and Abraham still a constant and untiring friend. He had been fortunate enough to give her able and important counsel. In the disposition of a portion of her property, he had evinced so great a respect for her interest, had regarded his own profit and advantages so little, that had Margaret not been satisfied before of his probity and good faith, she would have been the most ungrateful of women not to acknowledge them now. But, in fact, poor Margaret did acknowledge them, and in the simplicity of her nature had mingled in her daily prayers tears of gratitude to Heaven for the blessing which had come to her in the form of one so fatherly and good. In the meanwhile where was Michael? At home—at work—under the *surveillance* of a parent who had power to check and keep in awe even his turbulent and outbreathing spirit. He had taken kindly to the occupation which had been provided for him, and promised, under good tuition, to become in time a proper man of business. He had heard of the Widow Mildred—her unbounded wealth—her unrivalled beauty. He knew of his father's daily visit to the favoured cottage, but he knew no more; nor more would he have cared to know had not his father, with a devil's cunning, and with much mysteriousness, forbidden him to speak about the lady, or to think of visiting her so long as she remained amongst them. Such being the interdict, Michael was, of course, impatient to seek out the hidden treasure, and determined to behold her. Delay increased desire, and desire with him was equal to attainment. Whilst he was busy in contriving a method for the production of the lovely widow, his father, who had watched and waited for the moment that had come, suddenly requested him to accompany him to Mrs Mildred's house—to dine with that good lady, and to take leave of her before she departed from the neighbourhood for ever. Michael did

not need a second invitation. The eagerness with which he listened to the first was a true joy for Abraham. Margaret, be it understood, had not invited Michael. The first year of her widowhood was drawing to a close, and she had resolved at length to remove from the retreat in which she had been so long hidden from mankind. Her youthful spirits had rebounded—were once more buoyant—solitude had done its work—the physician was no longer needed. That she might gradually approach the busy world again, she proposed to visit, for a time, a small and pretty town, well known to her, on the eastern coast. The day was fixed for her removal, and, just one week before, she invited Mr Allcraft senior to a farewell dinner. She had not thought it necessary to include in the invitation the younger gentleman, whom she had never seen, albeit his father's constant and unlimited encomiums had made the *woman* less unwilling to receive than to invite the youth, in whom the graces and the virtues of humanity were said to have their residence. And Allcraft was aware of this too. For his head he would not have incurred the risk of giving her offence. With half an eye he saw the danger was not worth the speaking of. When I say that Michael never eat less food at a meal in his life—never talked more volubly or better—never had been so thoroughly entranced and happy—so lost to every thing but the consciousness of *her* presence, of the hot blood tingling in his cheek—of the mad delight that had leapt into his eyes and sparkled there, it will scarcely be requisite to describe more particularly the effect of this precious dinner party upon *him*. As for the lady, she would not have been woman had she failed to admire the generous sentiments—the witty repartees—the brilliant passages with which the young man's taste and memory enabled him to entertain and charm his lovely hostess. As for his handsome face and manly bearing—but, as we have said already, these have their price and value always. Allcraft senior had the remarkable faculty of observing every thing either with or without the assistance of his eyes. During the whole of dinner he did not once withdraw his devil's vision from his plate, and yet he knew more of

what was going on above it than both the individuals together, whose eyes it seemed had nothing better to do than just to take full notes of what was passing in the countenance of either. Against this happy talent we must set off a serious failing in the character of Abraham. He always had a nap, he said, the moment after dinner. Accordingly, though he retired with the young people to the drawing-room, he placed himself immediately in an easy-chair, and quickly passed into a deep and long-enduring sleep. Margaret then played sacred airs on the piano, which Michael listened to with most unsated feelings. Fathers and mothers! put out your children's eyes—remove their toes—cut off their fingers. Whilst with a lightning look, a hair-breadth touch, they can declare, make known the love, that, having grown too big for the young heart, is panting for a vent—you do but lose your pains whilst you stand by to seal their tremulous lips. Speech! Fond lovers did never need it yet—and never shall. What Margaret thought when the impassioned youth turned her pages over one by one, (and sometimes two and three together,) and with a hand quivering as if it had committed murder—what she felt when his full liquid eye gazed on her, thanking her for her sweet voice, and imploring one strain more, I cannot tell, though Abraham Allcraft guessed exactly, bobbing and nodding, though he was, in slumber most profound.

Your talking and susceptible men are either at summer heat or zero. Michael, who had been all animation and garrulity from the moment he beheld the widow until he looked his last unutterable adieu, became silent and morose as soon as he turned his back upon the cottage, and lost sight, as he believed, of the divinity for ever. He screwed himself into a corner of the coach, and there he sat until the short homeward journey was completed, mentally chewing, with the best appetite he could, the cud of that day's delicious feast. Judging from his frequent sighs, and the uneasy shiftings in his seat, the repast was any thing but savoury. Abraham said nothing. He had but a few words to utter, and these were reserved for the quiet half hour which preceded the usual time of rest.

"Michael," said the sire as they sat together in the evening.

"Father," said the junior partner.

"Two hundred thousand clear. She'll be a duchess!"

A sigh, like a current of air, flowed through the room.

"She deserves it, Michael—a sweet creature—a coronet might be proud of her. Why don't you answer, Mike?"

"Father, she is an angel!"

"Pooh, pooh!"

"A heavenly creature!"

"I tell you what, Mike, if I were a royal duke, and you a prince, I should be proud to have her for a daughter. But it is useless talking so. I sadly fear that some designing rascal, without a shilling in his pocket, will get her in his clutches, and, who knows, perhaps ruin the poor creature. What rosy lips she has! You cunning dog, I saw you ogle them."

"Father!"

"You did, sir—don't deny it; and do you think I wonder at you, Mike? Ain't I your father, and don't I know

the blood? Come, go to bed, sir, and forget it all."

"Do you, father, really think it possible that—do you think she is in danger? I do confess she is the loveliest, the most accomplished woman in the world. If she were to come to any harm—if—if——"

"Now look you, Mike. There are one or two trifling business matters to be arranged between the widow and myself before she leaves us. You shall transact them with her. I am too busy at the bank at present. You are my junior partner, but you are a hot-headed fellow, and I can hardly trust you with accounts. All I ask and bargain for is, *that you be cautious and discreet*—mark me, cautious and discreet. Let me feel satisfied of this, and you shall settle all the matters as you please. Business, sir, is business. I must acknowledge, Mike, that such a pair of eyes would have been too much for old Abraham forty years ago; and what a neck and bust! Come, go to bed, sir, and get up early in the morning."

CHAPTER V.

MATTERS OF COURSE.

Margaret Mildred had not failed to note the impression which had been made upon the warm and youthful heart of Michael; she was not displeased to note it; and from her couch she rose, the following morning, delighted with her dreams, and benevolently disposed towards mankind in general. She lingered at her toilet, grew hypercritical in articles of taste, and found defects in beauty without the shadow of a blemish. Had some wicked sprite but whispered in her ear one thought injurious to the memory of her departed husband, Margaret would have shrunk from its reception, and would have scorned to acknowledge it as her own. Time, she felt and owned with gratitude, had assuaged her sorrows—had removed the sting from her calamity, but had not rendered her one jot less sensible to the great claims *he* held, even now, on her affection. From the hour of Mildred's decease up to the present moment, the widow had considered herself strictly bound by the vow which she had proposed to

take, and would have taken, but for the dying man's earnest prohibition. Her conscience told her that that prohibition, so far from setting her free from the engagement, did but render her more liable to fulfill it. Her feelings coincided with the judgment of her understanding. Both pronounced upon her the self-inflicted verdict of eternal widowhood. How long this sentence would have been respected, had Michael never interfered to argue its repeal, it is impossible to say; as a general remark it may be stated, that nothing is so delusive as the heroic declarations we make in seasons of excitement—no resolution is in such danger of becoming forfeited as that which Nature never sanctioned, and which depends for its existence only upon a state of feeling which every passing hour serves to enfeeble and suppress.

When Margaret reached her breakfast-room, she found a nosegay on the table, and Mr Michael Allcraft's card. He had called to make enquiries at a very early hour of the morning, and

had signified his intention of returning on affairs of business later in the day. Margaret blushed deeper than the rose on which her eyes were bent, and took alarm; her first determination was to be denied to him; the second—far more rational—to receive him as the partner in the banking-house, to transact the necessary business, and then dismiss him as a stranger, distantly, but most politely. This was as it should be. Michael came. He was more bashful than he had been the night before, and he stammered an apology for his father's absence without venturing to look towards the individual he addressed. He drew two chairs to the table—one for Margaret, another for himself. He placed them at a distance from each other, and, taking some papers from his pocket with a nervous hand, he sat down without a minute's loss of time to look over and arrange them. Margaret was pleased with his behaviour; she took her seat composedly, and waited for his statement. There were a few select and favourite volumes on the table, and one of these the lady involun-

tarily took up and ran through, whilst Michael still continued busy with his documents, and apparently perplexed by them. Nothing can be more ill advised than to disturb a man immersed in business with literary or any other observations foreign to his subject.

"You were speaking of Wordsworth yesterday evening, Mr Allcraft," said Margaret suddenly—Allcraft pushed every paper from him in a paroxysm of delight, and looked up—"and I think we were agreed in our opinion of that great poet. What a sweet thing is this! Did you ever read it? It is the sonnet on the Sonnet."

"A gem, madam. None but he could have written it. The finest writer of sonnets in the world has spoken the poem's praise with a tenderness and pathos that are inimitable. There is the true philosophy of the heart in all he says—a reconciliation of suffering humanity to its hard but necessary lot. How exquisite and full of meaning are those lines—

' Bees that soar for bloom,
High as the highest peak of Furness fells,
Will murmur by the hour in foxglove bells; '

and then the touching close—

' In truth, the prison unto which we doom
Ourselves, no prison is; and hence to me,
In sundry moods, 'twas pastime to be bound
Within the sonnet's scanty plot of ground;
Pleased if some souls, for such there needs must be,
Who have felt the weight of too much liberty,
Should find brief solace there as I have found.'

The weight of too much liberty. Ah, who has not experienced this!"—Mr Michael Allcraft sighed profoundly. A slight pause ensued after this sudden outbreak on the part of the junior partner, and then he proceeded, his animated and handsome countenance glowing with expression as he spoke.

"You are really to be envied, Mrs Mildred, with your cultivated tastes and many acquirements. You can comply with every wish of your elegant and well-informed mind. There is no barrier between you and a life of high mental enjoyment. The source of half my happiness was cut off when I exchanged my study for the desk. Men cease to live when what is falsely called life begins with them."

"We have all our work to do, and we should do it cheerfully. It is a

lesson taught me by my mother, and experience has shown it to be just."

"Yes, madam, I grant you when your mother spoke. But it is not so now. Mercantile occupation in England is not as it has been. I question whether it will ever be again. It is not closely and essentially associated, as it was of yore, with high principle and strict notions of honour. The simple word of the English merchant has ceased to pass current through the world, sacred as his oath—more binding than his bond; fair, manly dealing is at an end; and he who would mount the ladder of fortune, must be prepared to soil his hands if he hope to reach the top. Legitimate trading is no longer profitable. Selfishness is arrayed against selfishness—cunning against cunning—lying against lying

—deception against deception. The great rogue prospers—the honest man starves with his innate sense of honour and integrity. Is it possible to enter cheerfully upon employment which demands the sacrifice of soul even at the outset?"

"You draw a dark picture, Mr. Allcraft, slightly tinged, I trust, with the poetic pencil. But be it as gloomy as you paint it, we have still religion amongst us, and individuals who adapt their conduct to its principles"—

"Ay, madam," said Michael, quickly interrupting her, "I grant you all you wish. If we did but adapt our conduct to the doctrines of the Testament—to that unequalled humanizing moral code—if we were taught to do this, and how to do it, we might hope for some amendment. But look at the actual state of things. The religious world is but a portion of the whole—a world within a world. Preachers of peace—men who arrogate to themselves the divine right of inculcating truth, and who, if any, should be free from the corruption that taints the social atmosphere,—such men come before mankind already sick with warfare, widening the breaches, subdividing our divisions. Are these men pure and single-minded? Are these men free from the grasping itch that distinguishes our age? Is there no such thing as trafficking with souls? Are chapels bought and sold only with a spiritual view, or sometimes as men bargain for their theatres? Are these men really messengers of peace, living in amity and union, acting Christianity as well as preaching it? Ask the Papist, the Protestant, the Independent, and the thousand sects who dwell apart as foes, and, whilst they talk of love, are teaching mankind how to hate beneath the garb of sanctimoniousness and hollow forms!"

"You are eloquent, Mr. Allcraft, in a bad cause."

"Pardon me, Mrs. Mildred," answered the passionate youth immediately, and with much bitterness, "but in the next street you shall find one eloquent in a worse. There is what some of us are pleased to call a popular preacher there. I speak the plain and simple truth, and say he is a hireling—a paid actor, without the credit that attaches to the open exercise of an honourable profession. The

owner of the chapel is a usurer, or money-lender—no speculation answers so well as this snug property. The ranter exhibits to his audience once a week—the place is crowded when he appears upon the stage—deserted when he is absent, and his place is occupied by one who fears, perhaps, to tamper with his God—is humble, honest, quiet. The crowds who throng to listen to the one, and will not hear the other, profess to worship God in what they dare to call *his* sanctuary, and look with pity on such as have not courage to unite in all their hideous mockery."

Right or wrong, it was evident that Michael was in earnest. He spoke warmly, but with a natural vehemence that by no means disfigured his good-looking visage, now illuminated with unusual fire. In these days of hollowness and hypocrisy, an ingenuous straightforward character is a refreshing spectacle, and commands our admiration, be the principles it represents just what they may. Hence, possibly, the unaffected pleasure with which Margaret listened to her visitor whilst he declaimed against men and things previously regarded by her with reverence and awe. He certainly was winning on her esteem. Women are the strangest beings! Let them guard against these natural and impetuous characters, say I. The business papers lay very quietly on the table, whilst the conversation flowed as easily into another channel. Poets and poetry were again the subject of discourse; and here our Michael was certainly at home. The displeasure which he had formerly exhibited passed like a cloud from his brow; he grew elated, criticized writer after writer, recited compositions, illustrated them with verses from the French and German; repeated his own modest attempts at translation; gave his hearer an idea of Goethe, Uhland, Wieland, and the smaller fry of German poets, and pursued his theme, in short, until listener and reciter both were charmed and gratified beyond expression—she, with his talents and his manners—he, with her patience and attention, and, perhaps, her face and figure.

Mr. Allcraft, junior, after having proceeded in the above fashion for about three hours, suddenly recollected that he had made a few appointments at the banking-house. He

looked at his watch, and discovered that he was just two hours behind the latest. Both blushed, and looked ridiculous. He rose, however, and took his leave, asking and receiving her permission to pay another visit on the following day for the purpose of arranging their eternal "business matters." Things take ugly shapes in the dark; a tree, an object of grace and beauty in the meridian sun, is a giant spectre in the gloom of night. Thoughts of death are bolder and more startling on the midnight pillow than in the noonday walk. Our vices, which are the pastime of the drawing-room, become the bugbears of the silent bedchamber. Margaret, when she would have slept, was haunted by reproaches, which waited until then to agitate and frighten her. A sense of impropriety and sinfulness started in her bosom, and convicted her of an offence—unpardonable in her sight—against the blessed memory of Mildred. She could not deny it, Michael Allcraft had created on her heart a favourable impression—one that must be obliterated at once and for ever, if she hoped for happiness, for spiritual repose. She had listened to his impassioned tones with real delight; had gazed upon his bright and beaming countenance, until her eyes had stolen away the image, and fixed it on her heart. Not a year had elapsed since the generous Mildred had been committed to the earth, and could she so soon rebel—so easily forget his princely conduct, and permit his picture to be supplanted in her breast? Oh, impossible! It was a grievous fault. She acknowledged it with her warm tears, and vowed (Margaret was disposed to vow—too readily on most occasions) that she would rise reformed, repentant, and faithful to her duty. Yes, and the earnest creature leapt from her couch, and prayed for strength and help to resist the sore temptation; nor did she visit it again until she felt the strong assurance that her victory was gained, and her future peace secured. It is greatly to be feared that the majority of persons who make resolutions, imagine that all their work is done the instant the virtuous determination is formed. Now, the fact is, that the real work is not even begun; and if exertion be suspended at the point at which it is most needed, the resolute individual

is in greater danger of miscarriage than if he had not resolved at all, but had permitted things to take their own course and natural direction. I do believe that Margaret received Michael on the following day without deeming it in the slightest degree incumbent upon her to act upon the offensive. She established herself behind her decision and her prayers, and, relying upon such fortifications, would not permit the idea of danger. A child might have prophesied the result. Michael was always at her side—Margaret's departure from the cottage was postponed day after day. The youth, who in truth ardently and truly loved the gentle widow, had no joy away from her. He supplied her with books, the choice of which did credit to his refinement and good taste. Sometimes she perused them alone—sometimes he read aloud to her. His own hand culled her flowers, and placed the offering on her table. He met her in her walks—he taught her botany—he sketched her favourite views—he was devoted to her, heart and soul. And *she*—but they are sitting now together after a month's acquaintance, and the reader shall judge of Margaret by what he sees. It is a day for lovers. The earth is bathed in light, and southerly breezes, such as revive the dying and cheer their heavy hours with promises of amendment and recovery, temper the fire that streams from the unclouded sun. In the garden of the cottage, in a secluded part of it, there is a summer-house—call it beauty's bower—with Margaret within—and honeysuckle, clematis, and the passion flower, twining and intertwining, kissing and embracing, around, above, below, on every side. There they are sitting. He reads a book—and a paragraph has touched a chord in one of the young hearts, to which the other has responded. She moves her foot unconsciously along the floor, her downcast eye as unconsciously following it. He dares to raise his look, and with a palpitating heart, observes the colour in her cheek, which tells him that the heart is vanquished, and the prize is won. He tries to read again, but eyesight fails him, and his hand is shaking like a leaf. His spirit expands, his heart grows confident and rash—he knows not what he does—he cannot be held

back, though death be punishment if he goes on—he touches the soft hand, and in an instant, the drooping, almost lifeless Margaret—drawn to his

breast—fastens there, and sobs. She whispers to him to be gone—her clammy hand is pressing him to stay.

CHAPTER VI.

A DEATH AND A DISCOVERY.

I am really inclined to believe, after all, that the best mode of finally extinguishing sorrow for a dead husband, is to listen quietly to the reasonable pleas of a live lover. After the scene to which it has been my painful task to allude in the last chapter, it would have been the very height of prudery on the part of the lady and gentleman, had they avoided speaking on the subject in which they had both become so deeply interested. They did not attempt it. The first excitement over, Margaret entreated her lover to be gone. He did not move. She conjured him, as he valued her esteem, to flee from that spot, and to return to it no more. He pressed her hand to his devoted lips. "What would become of her?" she emphatically exclaimed, clasping her taper fingers in distrust and doubt. "You will be mine, dear Margaret," was the wild reply, and the taper fingers easily relaxed—gave way—and got confounded with his own. After the lapse of four-and-twenty hours, reason returned to both; not the cold and calculating capacity that stands aloof from every suggestion of feeling, but that more sensible and temporizing reason, that with the *will* goes hand-in-hand, and serves the blind one as a careful guide. They met—for they had parted suddenly, abruptly—in the summer-house, by previous appointment. Michael pleaded his affection—his absorbing and devoted love. She has objections numerous—insuperable; they dwindle down to one or two, and these as weak and easily overcome as woman's melting heart itself. They meet to argue, and he stays to woo. They bandy words and arguments for hours together, but all their logic fails in proof; whilst one long, passionate, parting kiss, does more by way of demonstration than the art and science ever yet effected.

Abraham Allcraft, who had been busily engaged behind the scenes pulling the wires and exhibiting the

puppets, appeared upon the stage as soon as the first act of the performance was at an end. His son had said nothing to him, but Abraham had many eyes and ears, and saw and heard enough to make him mad with villanous delight. The second year of widowhood had commenced. Margaret had doffed her weeds. She openly received the man on whom she had bestowed her heart. They were betrothed. The public voice proclaimed young Allcraft the luckiest of men; the public soul envied and hated him for his good fortune. Abraham could never leave the presence of his future daughter—and in her presence could never cease to flatter her, and to grow disgusting in his lavish praises of his son.

"When I first saw you, my dear lady," said the greedy banker, "I had but one thought on my mind that livelong day. 'What would I give,' said I, 'for such a daughter? what would I give if for my noble son I could secure so sweet a wife?' I never met his equal—I say it, madam—who, being his father, should perhaps not say it; but a stranger can admire his lusty form and figure, and his mind is just as vigorous and sprightly. A rare youth, madam, I assure you—too disinterested, perhaps—too generous, too confiding—too regardless of the value of that necessary evil—money; but as he gets older he will be wiser. I do believe he would rather have died, though he loved you so much—than asked you for your hand, if he had not been thoroughly independent without it."

"I can believe it, sir," sighed Margaret.

"I know you can—bless you! You were born for one another. You are a sweet pair. I know not which is prettiest—which I love the best. I love you both better than any thing in the world—that is at present; for by-and-by, you know, I may love something quite as well. Grandfa-

thers are fond and foolish creatures. But, as I was saying—his independence is so fine—so like himself. Every thing I have will be his. He is my partner now—the bank will be his own at my death, madam. A prosperous concern. Many of our neighbours would like to have a finger in the pie; but Abraham Allcraft knows what he is about. I'll not burden him with partners. He shall have it all—every thing—he is worthy of it, if it were ten times as much—he can do as he likes—when I am cold and mouldering in the grave; but he must not owe any thing to the lady of his heart, but his attention, and his kindness, and his dear love. I know my spirited and high-minded boy.”

Yes, and he knew human nature generally—knew its weaknesses and faults—and lived upon them. His words require but little explanation. The wedding-day had not been fixed. The ceremony once over, and his mind would be at rest. “It was a consummation devoutly to be wished.” Why? He knew well enough. Michael had proposed the day, but she asked for time, and he refrained from further importunity. His love and delicacy forbade his giving her one moment's pain. Abraham was less squeamish. His long experience told him that some good reason must exist for such a wish to dwell in the young bosom of the blooming widow. It was unnatural and foreign to young blood. It could be nothing else than the fear of parting with her wealth—of placing all at the command of one, whom, though she loved, she did not know that she might trust. Satisfied of this, he resolved immediately to calm her apprehensions, and to assure her that not one farthing of her fortune should pass from her control. He spoke of his son as a man of wealth already, too proud to accept another's gold, even were he poor. Perhaps he was. Margaret at least believed so. Abraham did not quit her till the marriage day was settled.

He returned from the widow in ecstasy, and called his son to his own snug private room.

“I have done it for you, Michael,” said the father, rubbing his grasping hands—it's done—it's settled, lad. Two months' patience, and the jewel is your own. Thank your father, on

your knees—oh, lucky Mike! But mark me, boy. I have had enough to do. My guess was right. She was afraid of us; but her fears are over. Till I told her that the bank would make you rich without her, there was no relenting, I assure you.

“You said so, father, did you?” asked the son.

“Yes—I did. Remember that Mike when I am dead—remember what I have done for you—put a fortune in your pocket, and given you an angel—remember that, Mike, and respect my memory. Don't let the world laugh at your father, and call him ugly names. You can prevent it if you like. A son is bound to assert his father's honour, living or dead, at any price.”

“He is, sir,” answered Michael.

“I knew, Mike, that would be your answer. You are a noble fellow—don't forget me when I am underground; not that I mean to die yet—no—no—I feel a score of years hanging about me still. I shall dandle a dozen of your young ones before these arms are withered. I shall live to see you—a peer of the realm. That money—with your talents, Mike, will command a dukedom.”

“I am not ambitious, father.”

“You lie—you are, Mike. You have got your father's blood in you. You would risk a great deal to be at the top of the tree; so would I. Would I? Haven't I? We shall see, Mike—we shall see. But it isn't wishing that will do it. The clearest head—the best exertions must sometimes give in to circumstances; but then, my boy, there is one comfort, those who come after us can repair our faults, and profit by our experience. That thought gives us courage, and makes us go forward. Don't forget, Mike, I say, what I have done for you, when you are a rich and titled man!”

“I hope, father, I shall never forget my duty.”

“I am sure you won't, Mike—and there's an end of it. Let us speak of something else. Now, when you are married, boy, I shall often come to see you. You'll be glad to have me, sha'n't you?”

“Is it necessary to ask the question?”

“No, it isn't, but I am happy to-night, and I am in a humour to talk and dream. You must let me have

my own room—and call it Abraham's *sanctum*. A good name, eh? I will come when I like, and go when I like—eat, drink, and be merry, Mike. How white with envy Old Varley will get, when he sees me driving to business in my boy's carriage. A pretty match he made of it—that son of his—married the cook, and sent her to a boarding-school. Stupid fool!”

“Young Varley is a worthy fellow, father.”

“Can't be—can't be—worthy fellows don't *marry* cooks. But don't stop me in my plans. I said you should give me my own room, Mike—and so you shall—and every Wednesday shall be a holiday. We'll be in the country together, and shoot, and fish, and hunt, and do what every body else does. We'll be great men, Mike, and we'll enjoy ourselves.”

And so the man went on, elevated by the circumstances of the day, and by the prospects of the future, until

he became intoxicated with his pleasure. On the following morning he rose just as elated, and went to business like a boy to play. About noon, he was talking to a farmer in his quiet back room, endeavouring to drive a hard bargain with the man, whom a bad season had already rendered poor. He spoke loud and fast—until, suddenly, a spasm at the heart caught and stopped him. His eyes bolted from their sockets—the parchment skin of his face grew livid and blue. He staggered for an instant, and then dropped dead at the farmer's foot. The doctors were not wrong when they pronounced the banker's heart diseased. A week after this sudden and awful visitation, all that remained of Abraham Allcraft was committed to the dust; and Michael discovered, to his surprise and horror, that his father had died an insolvent and a beggar.

CHAPTER VII.

THE END OF THE BEGINNING.

Abraham Allcraft, with all his base and sordid habits, was a beggar. His gluttony had been too powerful for his judgment, and he had speculated beyond all computation. His first hit had been received in connexion with some extensive mines. At the outset they had promised to realize a princely fortune. All the calculations had been made with care. The most wary and experienced were eager for a share in the hoped for *el dorado*, and Abraham was the greediest of any. In due time the bubble burst, carrying with it into air poor Abraham's hard-earned fifty thousand pounds, and his hearty execrations. Such a loss was not to be repaired by the slow-healing process of legitimate business. Information reached him respecting an extensive manufactory in Glasgow. Capabilities of turning half a million per annum existed in the house, and were unfortunately dormant simply because the moving principle was wanting. With a comparatively moderate capital, what could not be effected? Ah, what? Had you listened to the sanguine manufacturer your head would have grown giddy with his magnificent

proposals, as Allcraft's had, to the cost of his unhappy self, and still unhappier clients. As acting is said to be not a bare servile exhibition of nature, but rather an exalted and poetic imitation of the same, so likewise are the pictures of houses, the portraits of geniuses, the *representations of business facts*, and other works of art which undertake to copy truth, but only embellish it and render it most grateful to the eye. Nothing could *look* more substantial than the Glasgow manufactory on paper. A prettier painting never charmed the eye of speculating amateur. Allcraft was caught. Ten thousand pounds, which had been sent out to bring the fifty thousand back, never were seen again. The manufacturer decamped—the rickety house gave way, and failed. From this period Allcraft entangled himself more and more in schemes for making money rapidly and by great strokes, and deeper he fell into the slough of difficulty and danger. His troubles were commencing when he heard of Mildred's serious illness, and the certainty of his speedy death. With an affectionate solicitude, he mentally disposed of the splendid for-

tune which the sick man could not possibly take with him, and contrived a plan for making it fill up the gaps which misfortune had opened in the banking-house. This was a new speculation, and promised more than all the rest. Every energy was called forth—every faculty. His plans we already know—his success has yet to be discovered. Abraham did not die intestate. He left a will, bequeathing to Michael, his son and heir, a rotten firm, a dishonourable name, a history of dishonesty, a nest of troubles. Accompanying his will, there was a letter written in Allcraft's hand to Michael, imploring the young man to act a child's part by his unhappy parent. The elder one urged him by his love and gratitude to save his name from the discredit which an exposure of his affairs must entail upon it; and not only upon *it*, he added, but upon the living also. He had procured for him, he said, an alliance which he would never have aspired to—never would have obtained, had not his father laboured so hardly for his boy's happiness and welfare. With management and care, and a gift from his intended wife, nothing need be said—no exposure would take place—the house would retain its high character, and in the course of a very few years recover its solvency and prosperity. A fearful list of the engagements was appended, and an account of every transaction in which the deceased had been concerned. Michael read and read again every line and word, and he stood thunderstruck at the disclosure. He raved against his father, swore he would do nothing for the man who had so shamefully involved himself; and, not content with his own ruin, had so wickedly implicated him. This was the outbreak of the excited youth, but he sobered down, and, in a few hours, the creature of impulse and impetuosity had argued himself into the expediency of adapting his conduct to existing circumstances—of stooping, in short, to all the selfishness and meanness that actuate the most unfeeling and the least uncalculating of mortals. If there were wanting, as, thank Heaven, there is not, one proof to substantiate the fact, that no rule of life is safe and certain save that made known in the translucent precepts of our God—no species of thought

free from hurt or danger—no action secure from ill or mischief, except all thoughts and actions that have their origin in humble, loving, *strict* obedience to the pleasure and the will of Heaven; if any one proof, I say, were wanting, it would be easy to discover it in the natural perverse and inconsistent heart of man. A voice louder than the preacher's—the voice of daily, hourly experience—proclaims the melancholy fact, that no amount of high-wrought feeling, no loftiness of speech, no intensity of expression, is a guarantee for purity of soul and conduct, when obedience, simple, childlike obedience, has ceased to be the spring of every motion and every aim. Reader, let us grapple with this truth! We are servants here on earth, not masters! subjects, and not legislators! Infants are we all in the arms of a just father! The command is from elsewhere—*obedience* is with us. If you would be happy, I charge you, fling away the hope of finding security or rest in laws of your own making—in a system which you are pleased to call a code of *honour*—honour that grows cowardlike and pale in the time of trial—that shrinks in the path of duty—that slinks away unarmed and powerless, when it should be nerved and ready for the righteous battle. Where are the generous sentiments—the splendid outbursts—the fervid eloquence with which Michael Allcraft was wont to greet the recital of any one short history of oppression and dishonesty? Where are they now, in the first moments of real danger, whilst his own soul is busy with designs as base as they are cowardly? Nothing is easier for a loquacious person than to talk. How glibly Michael could declaim against mankind before the fascinating Margaret, we have seen; how feelingly against the degenerate spirit of commerce, and the backslidings of all professors of religion. Surely, he who saw and so well depicted the vices of the age, was prepared for adversity and its temptations! Not he, nor any man who prefers to be the slave of impulse rather than the child of reason. After a day's deliberation, he had resolved upon two things—first, not to expose himself to the pity or derision of men, as it might chance to be, by proclaim-

ing the insolvency of his deceased father; and secondly, not to risk the loss of Margaret, by acknowledging himself to be a beggar. His father had told him—he remembered the words well—that she was induced to name the wedding-day, only upon receiving the assurance of his independence. Not to deceive her now, would be to wed her under false pretences; but to free her from deception, would be to free her from her plighted word, and this his sense of honour would not let him do. I will not say that Michael grossly and unfeelingly proposed to circumvent—to cheat and rob the luckless Margaret; or that his conscience, that mighty law unto itself, did not wince before it held its peace. There were struggles and entreaties, and patchings up, and excuses, and all the appliances which precede the commission of a sinful act. Reasons for honesty and disinterestedness were converted for the occasion into justifications of falsehood and artifice. A paltry regard for himself and his own interests was bribed to take the shape of filial duty and affection. The result of all his cogitation and contrivances was one great plan. He would not take from his Margaret's fortune. No, under existing circumstances it would be wrong, unpardonable; but at the same time he was bound to protect his father's reputation. The engagement with the widow must go on. He could not yield the prize; life without her would not be worth the having. What was to be done, then? Why, to wed, and to secure the maintenance of the firm by means which were at his command. Once married to the opulent Mrs Mildred, and nothing would be easier than to obtain men of the first consideration in the county to take a share of his responsibilities. Twenty, whom he could name, would jump at the opportunity and the offer. The house stood already high in the opinion of the world. What would it be with the superadded wealth of the magnificent widow? The private debts of his father were a secret. His parsimonious habits had left upon the minds of people a vague and shadowy notion of surpassing riches. Had he not been rich beyond men's calculation, he would not have ventured to live so meanly. Michael derived support from the general be-

lief, and resolved most secularly to take a full advantage of it. If he could but procure one or two monied men as partners in the house, the thing was settled. Matters would be snug—the property secured. The business must increase. The profits would enable him in time to pay off his father's liabilities, and if, in the meanwhile, it should be deemed expedient to borrow from his wife, he might do so safely, satisfied that he could repay the loan, at length, with interest. Such was the outline of Michael Allcraft's scheme. His spirit was quiet as soon as it was concocted, and he reposed upon it for a season, as tired men sleep soundly on a bed of straw.

Whilst the bridegroom was distressed with his peculiar grievances, the lovely bride was doomed to submit to annoyances scarcely less painful. Her late husband's friend, Doctor Wilford, who had been abroad for many months, suddenly returned home, and, in fulfilment of Mildred's dying wish, repaired without delay to the residence of his widow. Wilford had seen a great deal of the world. He did not expect to find the bereaved one inconsolable; but he was certainly staggered to behold her busy in preparations for a second marriage. Indignant at what he conceived to be an affront upon the memory of his friend, he argued and remonstrated against her indecent haste, and besought her to postpone the unseemly union. Roused by all he saw, the faithful friend spoke warmly on the deceased's behalf, and painted in the strongest colours he could employ, the enormity of her transgression. Now, Margaret loved Michael as she had never loved before. Slander could not open its lying lips to speak one word against the esteem and gratitude she had ever entertained for Mildred; but esteem and gratitude—I appeal to the best, the most virtuous and moral of my readers—cannot put out the fire that nature kindles in the adoring heart of woman. Her error was not that she loved Michael more, but that she had loved Mildred less. Ambition, if it usurp the rights of love, must look for all the punishment that love inflicts. Sooner or later it must come. "Who are you?" enquires the little god of the greater god, ambition, "that you should march into

my realms, and create rebellion there? Wait but a little." Short was the interval between ambition's crime and love's revenge with our poor Margaret. Wilford might never know how cruelly his bitter words wrung her smitten soul. She did not answer him. Paler she grew with every reproach—deeper was the self-conviction with every angry syllable. She wept until he left her, and then she wrote to Michael. As matters stood, and with their present understanding—he was perhaps her best adviser. Wilford called to see her on the following day—but Margaret's door was shut against him, and she beheld her husband's friend no more.

And the blissful day came on—slowly, at last, to the happy lovers—

for happy they were in each other's sight, and in their passionate attachment. And the blissful day arrived. Michael led her to the altar. A hundred curious eyes looked on, admired, and praised, and envied. He might be proud of his possession, were she unendowed with any thing but that incomparable, unfading loveliness. And he, with his young and vigorous form, was he not made for that rare plant to clasp and hang upon? "Heaven bless them both!" So said the multitude, and so say I, although I scarce can hope it; for who shall dare to think that Heaven will grant its benediction on a compact steeped in earthliness, and formed without one heavenward view!

THE WRONGS OF WOMEN.

I KNEW, my dear Eusebius, how delighted you would be with that paper in *Maga* on "Woman's Rights." It was balm to your Quixotic spirit. Though your limbs are a little rheumatic, and you do not so often as you were wont, when your hair was black as raven's wing, raise your hands to take down the armour that you have long since hung up, you know and feel with pride that it has been charmed by due night-watchings, and will yet serve many a good turn, should occasion require your service for woman in danger. Then, indeed, would you buckle on in defence of all or any that ever did, or did not, "buckle to." Then would come a happy cure to aching bones—made whole with honourable bruises, oblivious of pain, the "*brachia livida*," lithesome and triumphant. Your devotion to the sex has been seasoned under burning sun and winter frost, and has yet vital heat against icy age, come on fast as it will. You would not chill, Eusebius, though you were hours under a pump in a November night, and lusty arms at work watering your tender passion.

I know you. Rebecca and her daughters had a good word, a soft word from you, till you found out their beards. No mercy with them after that with you—the cowardly

disguise—pike for pike was the cry. It was laughable to see you, and to hear you, as you brought a battery that could never reach them—fired upon them the reproach of Diogenes to an effeminate—"If he was offended with nature for making him a man, and not a woman;" and the affirmation of the Pedasians, from your friend Herodotus, that, whenever any calamity befell them, a prodigious beard grew on the chin of the priestess of Minerva. You ever thought a man in woman's disguise a profanation—a woman in man's a horror. The fair sex were never, in your eyes, the weaker and the worse; how oft have you delighted in their outward grace and moral purity, contrasting them with gross man, gloriously turning the argument in their favour by your new emphasis—"Give every *man* his deserts, and who shall escape whipping"—satisfying yourself, and every one else, that good, true, woman-loving Shakspeare must have meant the passage so to be read. And do you remember a whole afternoon maintaining, that the well-known song of "Billy Taylor" was a serious, true, good, epic poem, in eulogy of the exploits of a glorious woman, and in no way ridiculous to those whose language it spoke; and when we all gave it against you, how you turned

round upon the poor author, and said he ought to have the bastinado at the soles of his feet?

And if an occasional disappointment, a small delinquency in some feminine character, did now and then happen, and a little sly satire would force its way, quietly too, out of the sides of your mouth, how happily would you instantly disown it, fling it from you as a thing not yours, then catch at it, and sport with it as if you could afford to sport with it, and thereby show it was no serious truth, and pass it off with the passage from Dryden—

"Madam, these words are chanticleer's,
not mine;
I honour dames, and think their sex
divine!"

No human being ever collected so many of the good sayings and doings of women as you, Eusebius. I am not, then, surprised that, having read the "*Rights of Women*," you are come to the determination to take up

"Naught is there under heaven's wide hollowness
That moves more dear compassion of mind
Than beauty brought to unworthy wretchedness
By envy's frowns or fortune's freaks unkind.
I, whether lately through her brightness blind,
Or through allegiance and fast fealty,
Which *I do owe unto all womankind*,
Feel my heart pierced with so great agony,
When such I see, that all for pity I could die."

This melting mood will not long suit your mercurial spirit. You used to say that the fairies were all, in common belief, creatures feminine, hence deservedly called "good people,"—that they made the country merry, and kept clowns in awe, and were better for the people's morals than a justice of the peace. They tamed the savage, and made him yield, and bow before feminine feet. Sweet were they that hallowed the brown hills, and left tokens of their visits, blessing all seasons to the rustic's ear, whispering therein softly at night-fall—

"Go, take a wife unto thy arms, and see
Winter and brownie-hills shall have a
charm for thee."

Such was your talk, Eusebius, passing off your discontent of things that are, into your inward ideal, rejoicing in things unreal, breaking out into your wildest paradox—"What is the world

"*The Wrongs of Women*." The wrongs of women, alas!

— "Adeo sunt multa loquacem
Delassare valent Fabium."

And so you write to me, to supply you with some sketches from nature, instances of the "*Wrongs of Woman*." Ah me! Does not this earth teem with them—the autumnal winds moan with them? The miseries want a good hurricane to sweep them off the land, and the dwellings the "foul fiend" hath contaminated. Man's doing, and woman's suffering, and thence even arises the beauty of loveliness—woman's patience. In the very palpable darkness besetting the ways of domestic life, woman's virtue walks forth loveliest—

"Virtue gives herself light, through darkness for to wade."

The gentle Spenser, did he not love woman's virtue, and weep for her wrongs? You, Eusebius, were wont ever to quote his tender lament:—

the better for all its boasted truth! It has belied man's better nature. Faith, trust, belief, is the better part of him, the spiritual of man; and who shall dare to say that its creations, visible, or invisible, all felt, acknowledged as vital things, are not realities?" All this—in your contempt for beadles and tipstaves, even overseers and churchwardens, and all subdividing machinery of country government, that, when it came in and fairly established itself, drove away the "good people," and with them merriment and love, and sweet fear, from off the earth—that twenty wheedling, flattering Autolycuses did not do half the hurt to morals or manners that one grim-visaged justice did—the curmudgeon, you called him, Eusebius, that would, were they now on earth, and sleeping all lovely with their pearly arms together, locked in leafy bower, have Cupid and Psychè taken up under the Vagrant Act, or have them lodged in

a "Union House" to be disunited. You thought the superstition of the world as it was, far above the knowledge it now brags of. You admired the Saxons and Danes in their veneration of the predictions of old women, whom the after-ungallantry of a hard age would have burned for witches. Marriage act and poor act have, as you believe, extinguished the holy light of Hymen's torch, and re-lighted it with Lucifer matches in Register offices; and out it soon goes, leaving worse than Egyptian darkness in the dwellings of the poor—the smell of its brimstone indicative of its origin, and ominous of its ending.

I verily believe, Eusebius, you would have spared Don Quixote's whole library, and have preferred committing the curate to the flames. Your dreams, even your day-dreams, have hurried you ever far off and away from the beaten turnpike-road of life, through forests of enchantment, to rescue beauty which you never saw, from knight-begirt and dragon-guarded castles; and little thankful have you been when you have opened your eyes awake in peace to the cold light of our misnamed utilitarian day, and found all your enchantment broken, the knights discomfited, the dragon killed, the drawbridge broken down, and the ladies free—all without your help; and then, when you have gone forth, and in lieu of some rescued paragon of her sex, you have met but the squire's daughter, in her trim bonnet, tripping with her trumpery to set up her fancy-shop in Vanity-Fair, for fops to stare at through their glasses, your imagination has felt the shock, and incredulous of the improvement in manners and morals, and overlooking all advancement of knowledge, all the advantages of their real liberty, momentarily have you wished them all shut up in castles, or in nunneries, to be the more adored till they may chance to be rescued. But soon would the fit go off—and the first sweet, innocent, lovely smile that greeted you, restored your gentleness, and added to your stock of love. And once, when some parish shame was talked of, you never would believe it common, and blamed the Overseer for bringing it to light—and vindicated the sex by quoting from Pennant, how St Werberg lived immaculate with

her husband Astardus, copying her aunt, the great Ethelreda, who lived for three years with not less purity with her goodman Tonberetus, and for twelve with her second husband the pious Prince Egfrid: and the churchwarden left the vestry, lifting up his hands, and saying—"Poor gentleman!"—and you laughed as if you had never laughed before, when you heard it, and heartily shook him by the hand to convince him you were in your senses; which action he nevertheless put to the credit of the soundness of your heart, and not a bit to that of your head. You saw it—and immediately, with a trifling flaw in the application quite worthy yourself, reminded me of a passage in a letter from Lord Bolingbroke to Swift, that "The truest reflection, and at the same time the bitterest satire, which can be made on the present age, is this, that to think as you think, will make a man pass for romantic. Sincerity, constancy, tenderness, are rarely to be found. They are so much out of use, that the man of mode imagines them to be out of nature." So insane and romantic, you added, are synonymous terms to this incredulous, this matter-of-fact world, that, like the unbelieving Thomas, trusts in, believes in nothing that it does not touch and handle. Your partiality for days of chivalry blinds you a little. The men were splendid—women shone with their reflected splendour—you see them through an illuminated haze, and, as you were not behind the curtain, imagine their minds as cultivated as their beauty was believed to be great. The mantle of chivalry hid all the wrongs, but the particular ones from which they rescued them. If the men are worse, our women are far better—more like those noble Roman ladies, intellectual and high-minded, whom you have ever esteemed the worthiest of history. Then women were valued. Valerius Maximus gives the reason why women had the upper-hand. After the mother of Coriolanus and other Roman women had preserved their country, how could the senate reward them?—"Sanxit uti feminis semita viri cederent—permisit quoque his purpurea veste et aureis uti segmentis." It was sanctioned by the senate, you perceive, that men should yield the wall to the sex, in honour, and that they should

be allowed the distinction of purple vests and golden borders—privileges the female world still enjoy. Yet in times you love to applaud, the paltry interference of men would have curtailed one of these privileges. For a mandate was issued by the papal legate in Germany in the 14th century, decreeing, that “the apparel of women, which ought to be consistent with modesty, but now, through their foolishness, is degenerated into wantonness and extravagance, more particularly the immoderate length of their petticoats, with which they sweep the ground, be restrained to a moderate fashion, agreeably to the decency of the sex, under pain of the sentence of excommunication.” “*Velamina etiam mulierum, quæ ad verecundiam designandam eis sunt concessa, sed nunc, per insipientiam earum, in lasciviam et luxuriam excreverunt, it immoderata longitudo superpellicorum quibus pulverem trahunt, ad moderatum usum, sicut decet verecundiam sexus, per excommunicationis sententiam cohibeantur.*”

Excommunication, indeed! Not even the church could have carried on that war long. Every word of this marks the degradation to which those monkish times would have made the sex submit, “*velamina concessa insipientiam earum!*” and pretty well for men of the cloth of that day’s make, to speak of women’s “*lasciviam et luxuriam,*” when, perhaps, the hypocritical mandate arose from nothing but a desire in the cœlibatists themselves to get a sly peep at the neatly turned feet and ankles of the women. One would almost think the old nursery song of

—“The beggar whose name was Stout,
He cut her petticoats all round about,
He cut her petticoats far above her knee,
&c.”

was written to perpetuate the mandate. Certainly a “Stout beggar was the Papal church.” “Consistent with modesty,” “*sicut decet verecundiam sexus;*” nothing can beat that bare-faced hypocrisy. So when afterwards the sex shortened their petticoats, other Simon Pures start up and put them in the stocks for immodesty. Poor women! Here was a wrong, Eusebius. Long or short, they were equally immodest. Immodest, indeed! Nature has clad them with

modesty and temperance—their natural habit—other garment is conventional. I admire what Cælian says of Phocion’s wife.

“*Ἥμπελχετο δὲ πρώτη τῇ σωφροσύνῃ, δευτέρους γὰρ μὴν τοῖς πάρεσσι.*”

“She first arrayed herself in temperance, and then put on what was necessary.” Every seed of beauty is sown by modesty. It is woman’s glory, “*ἡ γὰρ αἰδώς ἀνδρὸς ἐπισπείρει,*” says Clearchus in his first book of Erotics, quoting from Lycophronides. The appointment of magistrates at Athens, *γυναικοκόμοι*, to regulate the dress of women, was a great infringement on their rights—the origin of men-milliners. You are one, Eusebius, who

“Had rather hear the tedious tales
Of Hollingshed, than any thing that trenches
On love.”

I remember how, in contempt of the story of the Ephesian matron, you had your Petronius interleaved, and filled it with anecdotes of noble virtue, till the comment far exceeded the text—then, finding your excellent women in but bad company, you tore out the text of Petronius, and committed it to the flames. Preserve your precious catalogue of female worthies—often have you lamented that of Hesiod was lost, of all the *Ἡοίαι μεγάλα* Alcmena alone remaining, and you will not make much boast of her. How far back would you go for the wrongs of women—do you intend to write a library—a library in a series of novels in three volumes—what are all that are published but “wrongs of women?” Could but the Lion have written! Books have been written by men, and be sure they have spared themselves—and yet what a catalogue of wrongs we have from the earliest date! Even the capture of Helen was not with her consent; and how lovely she is! and how indicative is that wondrous history of a high chivalrous spirit and admiration of woman in those days! Old Priam and all his aged council pay her reverence. Menelaus is the only one of the Grecian heroes that had no other wife or mistress—here was devotion and constancy! Andromache has been, and ever will be, the pride of the world. Yet the less refined dramatist has told of her wrongs; for he puts into her mouth a dutiful acquiescence in the gal-

lantries of Hector. Little can be said for the men. Poor old Priam we must pardon, if Hecuba could and did; for Priam told her that he had nineteen children by her, and many others by the concubines in his palace. He had enough, too, upon his hands—yet found time for all things—“*ὡρὴ ἐρεῖν, ὡρὴ δὲ γάμεν, ὡρὴ δὲ πέπαινεσθαι.*” How lovely is Penelope, and how great her wrongs!—and the lovely Nausicaa complains of scandal. But great must have been the deference paid to women; for Nausicaa plainly tells Ulysses, that her mother is every thing and every body. People have drawn a very absurd inference to the contrary, from the fact of the princess washing the clothes. That operation may have been as fashionable then as worsted work now, and clothes then were not what clothes are now—there were no Manchesters, and those things were rare and precious, handed down to generations, and given as presents of honour. You have shed tears over the beautiful, noble-hearted Iphigenia—wronged even to death. Glorious was the age that could find an Alcestis to suffer her great wrong! Such women honour human nature, and make man himself better. Oh, how infinitely less selfish are they than we are—confiding, trusting—with a fortitude for every sacrifice! We have no trust like theirs, no confidence—are jealous, suspicious, even on the wedding-day. You quite roared with delight when you heard of a fool, who, mistrusting himself and his bride, tried his fortune after the fashion of the Sortes Virgilianæ, by dipping into Shakespeare on his wedding-day, and finding

“Not poppy nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the East,
Shall ever med’cine to thee that sweet sleep
Which thou ow’dst yesterday.”

You have rather puzzled me, Eusebius, by giving me so wide a field of enquiry—woman’s wrongs; of what kind—of ancient or modern times—general or particular? You should have arranged your objects. It is you that are going to write this “Family Library,” not I. For my own part, I should have been contented in walking into the next village, an unexpected guest, to the houses of rich and poor—do you think you would have wanted materials? But forewarned

is forearmed—and few will “tell the secrets of their prison-house,” if you take them with a purpose. On your account, in this matter, I have written to six ladies of my acquaintance, three married and three single. Two of the married have replied that they have nothing to complain of—not a wrong. The third bids me ask her husband. So I put her down as ambiguous—perhaps she wishes to give him a hint through me; I am wise, and shall hold my tongue. Of the unmarried, one says she has received no wrong, but fears she may have inflicted some—another, that as she is going to be married on Monday, she cannot conceive a wrong, and cannot possibly reply till after the honeymoon. The third replies, that it is *very wrong* in me to ask her. But stay a moment—here is a quarrel going on—two women and a man—we may pick up something. “Rat thee, Jahn,” says a stout jade, with her arm out and her fist almost in Jahn’s face, “I wish I were a man—I’d gie it to thee!” She evidently thinks it a wrong that she was born a woman—and upon my word, by that brawny arm, and those masculine features, there does appear to have been a mistake in it. If you go to books—I know your leaning—you will revert to your favourite classical authorities. Helen of Troy calls herself by a sad name, “*κύων ὡς εἶμι,*” dog (feminine) as I am—her wrongs must, therefore, go to no account. I know but of one who really takes it in hand to catalogue them, and she is Medea. “We women,” says she, “are the most wretched of living creatures.” For first—of woman—she must buy her husband, pay for him with all she has—secondly, when she has bought him, she has bought a master, one to lord it over her very person—thirdly, the danger of buying a bad one—fourthly, that divorce is not creditable—fifthly, that she ought to be a prophetess, and is not to know what sort of a man he is to whose house she is to go, where all is strange to her—sixthly, that if she does not like her home, she must not leave it, nor look out for sympathising friends—seventhly, that she must have the pains and troubles of bearing children—eighthly, she gives up country, home, parents, friends, for one husband—and perhaps a bad one. So much for Medea and her list; had she lived in

modern times it might have been longer; but she was of too bold a spirit to enter into minutiae. Hers, too, are the wrongs of married life. Now on this point the wise son of Sophroniscus makes the man the sufferer. "Neither," he says, "can he who marries a wife tell if he shall have cause to rejoice thereat." He had most probably at that moment Xantippe in his eye. You remember how pleasantly Addison, in the *Spectator*, tells the story of a colony of women, who, disgusted with their wrongs, had separated themselves from the men, and set up a government of their own. That there was a fierce war between them and the men—that there was a truce to bury the dead on either side—that the prudent male general contrived that the truce should be prolonged; and during the truce both armies had friendly intercourse—on some pretence or other the truce was still lengthened, till there was not one woman in a condition, or with an inclination, to take up her wrongs—not one woman was any longer a fighting man—they saw their errors—they did not, as the fable says we all do, cast the burden of their own faults behind them, but bravely carried them before them—made peace, and were righted.

We would not, Eusebius, have all their wrongs righted—so lovely is the moral beauty of their wonderful patience in enduring them. What—if they were in a condition to legislate and impose upon us some of their burdens, or divide them with us? What man of your acquaintance could turn dry-nurse—tend even his own babes twelve hours out of the twenty-four?

A pretty head-nurse would my Eusebius make in an orphan asylum. I should like to see you with twins in your arms, both crying into your sensitive ears, and you utterly ignorant of their wants and language. And I do think your condition will be almost as bad, if you publish your catalogue of wrongs in your own name. By all means preserve an incognito. You will be besieged with wrongs—will be the only "Defender of the Faithful"—not knight-errant, for you may stay at home, and all will come to you for redress. You will be like the author, or rather translator, of the Arabian Tales, whose window was nightly assailed, and slumber broken in upon, by successive troops of children, crying "Monsieur Galland if you are

not asleep, get up—come and tell us one of those pretty stories." Keep your secret. Now, the mention of the Arabian Tales reminds me of Sinbad—there is a true picture of man's cowardice; what loathsome holes did he not creep into to make his escape when the wife of his bosom was sick, and he understood the law that he was to be buried with her. It is all very well, in the sick chamber, for the husband to say to his departing partner for life—"Wait, my dearest—I will go with you." She is sure, as La Fontaine says in his satire, reversing the case, "to take the journey alone." This is all talk on the man's side—but see what the master of the slave woman has actually imposed upon her as a law. The Hindoo widow ascends the funeral pile, and is burnt rejoicing. What male creature ever thought of enduring this for his wife?—this wrong, for it is a grievous wrong thus to tempt her superior fortitude. It was not without reason that, in the heathen mythology, (and it shows the great advancement of civilization when and wherever it was conceived,) were deified all great and noble qualities in the image of the sex. What are Juno, Minerva, and Venus, but acknowledgments of the strength, wisdom, fortitude, beauty, and love, of woman, while their male deities have but borrowed attributes and ambiguous characters? It is a deference—perhaps unintentionally, unconsciously—paid to the sex, that in every language the soul itself, and all its noblest virtues, and the personification of all virtue, are feminine.

I supposed woman the legislatrix—what reason have we to say she would enact a wrong? The story of the mother of Papirius is not against her; for in that case there was only a choice of evils. It is from Aulus Gellius, as having been told and written by M. Cato in the oration which he made to the soldiers against Galba. The mother of young Papirius, who had accompanied his father into the senate-house, as was usual formerly for sons to do who had taken the *toga prætecta*, enquired of her son what the senate had been doing; the youth replied, that he had been enjoined silence. This answer made her the more importunate, and he adopted this humorous fallacy—that it had been discussed in the senate which would be most beneficial to the state, for one

man to have two wives, or for one woman to have two husbands? Hearing this, she left the house in no small trepidation, and went to tell other matrons what she had heard. The next day a troop of matrons went to the senate-house, and implored, with tears in their eyes, that one woman might be suffered to have two husbands, rather than one man have two wives. The senate honoured the young Papirius with a special law in his favour; they should rather have conferred honour upon his mother and the other matrons for their disinterested virtue, who were content to submit themselves to so great an evil, I may say *wrong*, as to have imposed upon them two masters instead of one. Not that you, Eusebius, ever entertained an idea that women are wronged by not being admitted to a share of legislation. I will not suppose you to be that liberal fool. But you are aware that such a scheme has been, and is still entertained. I believe there is a Miss Somebody now going about our towns, lecturing on the subject, and she is probably worthy to be one of the company of the "Ecclesiastæ." This idea is not new. The other day I hit upon a letter in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for the year 1740 on the subject, by which you will see there was some amusement about it a century ago:—

"TO CALEB D'ANVERS, ESQ.

"Sir,—I am a mournful relict of *five husbands*, and the happy mother of *twenty-seven* children, the tender pledges of our chaste embraces. Had *old Rome*, instead of *England*, been the place of my nativity and abode, what honours might I not have expected to my person, and immunities to my fortune? But I need not tell you that virtue of this sort meets with no encouragement in our northern climate. *Children*, instead of freeing us from *taxes*, increase the weight of them, and matrimony is become the jest of every coxcomb. Nor could I allow, till very lately, that an old bachelor, as you profess yourself to be, had any just pretence to be called a patriot. Don't think that I mean to offer myself to you; for I assure you that I have refused very advantageous proposals since the decease of my *last poor spouse*, who hath been dead near *five months*. I have no design at pre-

sent of altering my condition again. Few women are so happy as to meet with *five good husbands*; and therefore I should be glad to devote the remaining part of my life to the good of my country and family, in a more public and active station than that of a *wife*, according to your late scheme for a *septennial administration of women*. But I think you ought to have enforced your project with some instances of *illustrious females*, who have appeared in the foremost classes of life, not only for heroic valour, but likewise for several branches of learning, wisdom, and policy—such as *Joan of Naples*, the *Maid of Orleans*, *Catherine de Medicis*, *Margaret of Mountfort*, *Madame Dacier*, *Mrs Behn*, *Mrs Manly*, *Mrs Stephens*, Doctor of Physic, *Mrs Mapp*, Surgeon, the valiant *Mrs Ross*, Dragoon, and the learned *Mrs Osborne*, Politician. I had almost forgot the present Queen of *Spain*, who hath not only an absolute ascendant over the counsels of her *husband*, but hath often outwitted the *greatest statesmen*, as they fancy themselves, of *another kingdom*, which hath already felt the effects of her *petticoat government*.

"If we look back into history, a thousand more instances might be brought of the same kind; but I think those already mentioned sufficient to prove, that the best capacities of *our sex* are by no means inferior to the best capacities of *yours*; and the triflers of *either sex* are not designed to be the subject of this letter. But much as *our sex* are obliged to you, in general, for your proposal, I have one material objection against it; for I think you have carried the point a little too far, by excluding *all males* from the enjoyment of any office, dignity, or employment; for as they have long engrossed the public administration of the government to themselves, (a few women only excepted,) I am apprehensive that they will be loth to part with it, and that if they give us power for *seven years*, it will be very difficult to get it out of our hands again. I have, therefore, thought of the following expedient, which will almost answer the same purpose—viz. that all power, both *legislative and executive*, *ecclesiastical and civil*, may be divided among *both sexes*; and that they may be equally capable of sitting in Parliament. Is it not absurd that *women in England* should be capable of inheriting the

crown, and yet not intrusted with the representation of a *little borough*, or so much as allowed to vote for a representative? Is this consistent with the rights of a *people*, which certainly includes both *men and women*, though the latter have been generally deprived of their privileges in all countries? I don't mean that the people should be obliged to choose *women* only, as I said before, for that would be equally hard upon the *men*—but that the *electors* should be left at their own liberty; for it is certainly a restraint upon the *freedom of elections*, that whatever regard a *corporation* may have for a *man of quality's family*, if he happened to have no *sons or brothers*, they cannot testify their esteem for it by choosing his *daughters or sisters*. I am for no restraint upon the *members of either sex*; for if the honour, integrity, or great capacity of a *fine lady* should recommend her to the intimacy or confidence of a *Prime Minister*, in consequence of which he should get her a *place*—would it not be very hard that this very act of mutual friendship must render her incapable of doing either *him or her country* any real service in the *senate-house*? Is *freedom* consistent with *restraint*? or can we propose to serve our country by obstructing the natural operations of *love and gratitude*? I would not be understood to propose increasing the number of members. Let every county or corporation choose *a man or a woman*, as they think proper; and if either of the members should be married, let it be in the power of the *constituents* to return both *husband and wife as one member*, but not to sit at the same time; from whence would accrue great strength to our constitution, by having the *house* well attended, without the present disagreeable method of *frequent calls*, and putting several *members* to the expense and disgrace of being brought up to town in the custody of *messengers*; for if a *country gentleman* should like *fox-hunting*, or any other *rural diversion*, better than attending his *duty in Parliament*, let him send up his *wife*. Or if an *officer in the army* should be obliged to be at his post in *Ireland*, the *Mediterranean*, the *West Indies*, or aboard the *fleet*, a thousand leagues off, or upon any *public embassy*, if his *wife* should happen to be chosen, never fear that she would do the *nation's business* full as

well. Besides, in several affairs of great consequence, the resolutions might perhaps be much more agreeable to the tenderness of *our sex* than the roughness of *yours*. As, for instance, it hath often been thought unnatural for *soldiers* to promote *peace*. When a debate, therefore, of that sort should be to come on, if the *soldiers* staid at home, and their *wives* attended, it would very well become the softness of the *female sex* to show a regard for their *husbands*; especially if they should be such *pretty, smart, young fellows*, as make a most considerable figure at a review." The lady writer goes on at some length, that she has a borough of her own, and will be certainly returned whether she marries or not, and will act with inflexible zeal, naively adding—"If, therefore, I should hereafter be put into a *considerable employment*, and *fourteen of my sons* be advanced in the *army*; should the *ministry* provide for the *other seven* in the *Church, Excise Office, or Exchequer*; and my poor *girls*, who are but tender infants at the boarding-school, should have places given to them in the *Customs*, which they might officiate by *deputy*—don't imagine that I am under any *undue influence* if I should happen always to vote with the *Ministry*." We do not quote further. The letter is signed "MARGERY WELDONE."

It is needless to tell you the wrong done to the sex by the rigour of modern law. You have stamped the foot at it often enough. I mean, not so much the separation in the whimsically-called *union houses*, for, as husbands go, they may have little to complain of on that score; but that dire injustice which throws upon woman the whole penalty of a mutual crime, of which the instigator is always man. Then, is she not injured by the legislative removal of the sanctity of marriage, by which the man is less bound to her—thinks less of the bond—the *vinculum matrimonii* being, in his mind, one of straw, to her one of iron. And here, Eusebius, a difficulty presents itself which I do not remember ever to have seen met, no, nor even noticed. How can a court *ecclesiastical*, which from its very constitution, and formula of marriage which it receives and sanctions—that marriage is a Divine institution, that man shall not put asunder those by this matri-

mony made one—I ask, how can such a court deal with cases where the people have not been put together by the only bond of matrimony which the church can allow? But these are painful subjects, and I feel myself wading in deeper water than will be good for one who can't swim without corks, though he be *levior cortice*; and lighter than cork, too, will be the obligation on the man's side, who has taken trusting woman to one of these registry houses, leaped over a broomstick and called it a marriage. It will soon come to the truth of the old saying, "The first month is the honeymoon or smick-smack; the second is hither and thither; the third is thwack-thwack; the fourth, the devil take them that brought thee and I together."

"Love, light as air, at sight of human ties,
Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies."

The great walking monster that does the great wrong to women is, depend upon it, Eusebius, the "brute of a husband," called by courtesy, in higher life, "Sir John Brute." Horace says wittily, that Venus puts together discordant persons and minds with a bitter joke, "*sævo mittere cum joco*;" it begins a jest, and ends a crying evil. We name the thing that should be good, with an ambiguous sound that gives disagreement to the sense. It is marry-age, or matter o' money. And let any man who is a euphonist, and takes omens from names, attend the publication of banns, he will be quite shocked at the unharmonious combination. Now, you will laugh when I tell you positively, that within a twelvemonth I have heard called the banns of "John Smasher and Mary Smallbones;" no doubt, by this time they are "marrow-bones and cleaver;" what else could be expected? Did you never note how it has puzzled curates to read the ill-assorted names?

"Serpentes avibus gēminantur, tigribus agni."

Then to look at the couples as they come to be bound for life. One would think they had been shaken together hap-hazard, each in a sack. I have met with a quotation from Hermippus who says—"There was at Lacedæmon

a very retired hall or dwelling, in which the unmarried girls and young bachelors were confined, till each of the latter, in that obscurity which precluded the possibility of choice, fixed on one, which he was obliged to take as a wife, without portion. Ly-sander having abandoned that which fell to his lot, to marry another of greater beauty, was condemned to pay a heavy fine." Is there not in the *Spectator* a story or dream, where every man is obliged to choose a wife unseen, tied up in a sack? At this said Lacedæmon, by the by, women seem to have somewhat ruled the roast, and taken the law, at least before marriage, into their own hands; for Clearchus Solensis, in his adages, reports, that "at Lacedæmon, on a certain festival, the women dragged the unmarried men about the altar, and beat them with their hands, in order that a sense of shame at the indignity of this injury might excite in them a desire to have children of their own to educate, and to choose wives at a proper season for this purpose."

Mr Stephens, in his *Travels in Yucatan*, shows how wives are taken and treated in the New World. "When the Indian grows up to manhood, he requires a woman to make him tortillas, and to provide him warm water for his bath at night. He procures one sometimes by the providence of the master, without much regard to similarity of tastes or parity of age; and though a young man is mated to an old woman, they live comfortably together. If he finds her guilty of any great offence, he brings her up before the master or the alcalde, gets her a whipping, and then takes her under his arm, and goes quietly home with her." This "whipping" the unromantic author considers not at all derogatory to the character of a kind husband, for he adds—"The Indian husband is rarely harsh to his wife, and the devotion of the wife to her husband is always a subject of remark." Some have made it a grave question whether marriages should not be made by the magistrate, and be proclaimed by the town-crier. To imagine which is a wrong and tyranny, and arises from the barbarous custom that no woman shall be the first to tell her mind in matters of affection. Men have set aside the privilege of Leap-year; it is as great a nickname as the church's "conva-

cation." We tie her tongue upon the first subject on which she would speak, then impudently call woman a babbler. There is no end, Eusebius, to the *wrongs* our tongues do the sex. We take up all old, and invent new, proverbs against them.

Ungenerous as we are, we learn other languages out of spite, as it were, to abuse them with, and cry out, "One tongue is enough for a woman."

We *rate* them for every thing and at nothing—thus: "He that loseth his wife and a farthing, hath a great loss of his farthing." There's not a natural evil but we contrive to couple them with it. "Wedding and ill-wintering tame both man and beast." I heard a witty invention the other day—it was by a lady, and a wife, and perhaps in her pride. It was asked whence came the saying, that "March comes in like a lion, and goes out like a lamb." "Because," said she, "he meets with Lady Day, and gets his quietus." Whatever we say against them, however, lacks the great essential—truth, and that is why we go on saying, thinking we shall come to it at last. We show more malice than matter. Birds ever peck at the fairest fruit; nay, cast it to the ground, and a man picks it up, tastes it, and says how good is it. He enjoys all good in a good wife, and yet too often complains. He rides a fast mare home to a smiling wife, pats them both in his delight, and calls them both jades—he unbridles the one, and bridles the other. There is no end to it; when one begins with the injustice we do the sex, we may go on for ever, and stick our rhapsodies together "with a hot needle, and a burnt thread," and no good will come of it. It is envy, jealousy—we don't like to see them so much better than ourselves. We dare not tell them what we really think of them, lest they should think less of us. So we speak with a disguise. Sir Walter Scott forgot himself when he spoke of them:—

"Oh woman, in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please;"

as if they were stormy petrels, whose appearance indicated shipwreck and troubled waters on the sea of life. Woman's bard, and such he deserves to be entitled, should only have thought of her as the "fair and gentle maid," or the "pleasing wife," *placens*

uxor—the perfectness of man's nature, by whom he is united to goodness, gentleness, the two, man and woman united, making the complete one—as "*Mulier est hominis confusio*"—malevolent would he be that would mistranslate it "man's confusion," for—

"Madam, the meaning of this Latin is,
That womankind to man is sovereign bliss."—*Dryden*.

By this "mystical union," man is made "Paterfamilias," that name of truest dignity. See him in that best position, in the old monuments of James's time, kneeling with his spouse opposite at the same table, with their seven sons and seven daughters, sons behind the father, and daughters behind the mother. It is worth looking a day or two beyond the turmoil or even joys of our life, and to contemplate in the mind's eye, one's own *post mortem* and monumental honour. Such a sight, with all the loving thoughts of loving life, ere this maturity of family repose—is it not enough to make old bachelors gaze with envy, and go and advertise for wives?—each one sighing as he goes, that he has no happy home to receive him—no best of womankind his spouse—no children to run to meet him and devour him with kisses, while secret sweetness is overflowing at his heart; and so he beats it like a poor player, and says, that is, if he be a Latinist—

"At non domus accipiet te lata, neque
uxor
Optima, nec dulces occurrent oscula
nati
Præripere, et tacitâ pectus dulcedine
tangant."—*Lucret*.

But leaving the "gentle bachelor" to settle the matter with himself as he may, I will not be hurried beyond bounds—not bounds of the subject, or what is due to it, but of your patience, Eusebius, who know and feel, more sensibly than I can express, woman's worth. You want to know her wrongs—and you say that I am a sketcher from life. Well, that being the case, though it is painful to dwell upon any case, accept the following sketch from nature; it is a recent event—you may not question the truth—the names I conceal. A sour, sulky, cantankerous fellow, of some fortune, lean, wizzened, and little, with one of those parchment complexions that indicate

a cold antipathy to aught but self, married a fine generous creature, fair and large in person; neither bride nor bridegroom were in the flower of youth—a flower which, it is hard to say why, is supposed to shed “a purple light of love.” After the wedding, the “happy couple” departed to spend the honeymoon among their relations. In such company, the ill-tempered husband is obliged to behave his best—he coldly puts on the polite hypocrite in the presence of others—but, every moment of *tête-à-tête*, vents maliciously his ill-temper upon his spouse. It happened, that after one day of more remarkably well-acted sweetness, he retired in more than common disgust at the fatigue he had been obliged to endure, to make himself appear properly agreeable. He gets into bed, and instantly tucks up his legs with his knees nigh to his chin, and—detestable little wretch!—throws out a kick with his utmost power against his fair, fat, substantial partner. What is the result? He did not calculate the “*vis inertiae*,” that a little body kicking against the greater is wont to come off second best—so he kicks himself out of bed, and here ends the comedy of the affair; the rest is tragic enough. Some how or other, in his fall, he broke his neck upon the spot. This was a very awkward affair. The bell is rung, up come the friends; the story is told, nor is it other than they had suspected. It does not end here, for, of course, there must be an inquest. It is an Irish jury. All said it served him right—and so what is the verdict?—“Justifiable *felo-de-se*.” Here, Eusebius, you have something remarkable;—one happier at the termination than the commencement of the honeymoon—a widow happier than a bride. She might go forth to the world again, with the sweet reputation of having smothered him with kisses, and killed him with kindness—if the verdict can be concealed; if not, while the husband is buried with the ignominy of “felonious intent,” the widow will be but little disconsolate, and universally applauded. To those of any experience, it will not be a cause of wonder how such parties should come together. It is but an instance of the too common “bitter jokes” of Love, or rather Hymen. I only wish, that if ever man try that

experiment again, he may meet with precisely the same success; and that if any man marries, determined to *fall out* with his bride, he may *fall out* in that very way, and at the very first opportunity.

The next little incident from married life which I mean to give you, will show you the wonderful wit and ingenuity of the sex. Here the parties had been much longer wedded. The poor woman had borne much. The husband thought he had a second Griselda. The case of his tyranny was pretty well known; indeed, the poor wife too often bore marks, that could not be concealed, of the “purple light” of his love—his passion. The gentleman, for such was, I regret to say, his grade of life, invited a number of friends to dine with him, giving directions to his lady that the dinner should be a good one. Behold the guests assembled—grace said—and hear the dialogue:—Husband—“My dear, what is that dish before you?” Wife—“Oh, my dear, it is a favourite dish of yours—stewed eels.” Husband—“Then, my dear, I will trouble you.” After a pause, during which the husband endeavours in vain to cut through what is before him—Then—Husband—“Why, my dear, what is this—it is quite hard, I cannot get through it.” Wife—“Yes, my dear, it is *very* hard, and I rather wished you to know *how* hard—it is the horse-whip you gave me for breakfast this morning.” I will not add a word to it. You, Eusebius, will not read a line more; you are in antics of delight—you cannot keep yourself quiet for joy—you walk up and down—you sit—you rise—you laugh—you roar out. Oh! this is better than the “taming of a shrew.” And do you think “a brute of a husband” is so easily tamed? The lion was a gentle beast, and made himself submissive to sweet Una; but the brute of a husband, he is indeed a very hideous and untamable wild-fowl. Poor, good, loving woman is happily content at something far under perfection. In a lower grade of life, a good wife once told me, that she had had an excellent husband, for that he had never kicked her but twice. On enquiry, I found he died young.—My dear Eusebius, yours ever, and as ever,

MARSTON; OR, THE MEMOIRS OF A STATESMAN.

PART V.

"Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
 Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with wind,
 Rage like an angry boar chafed with sweat?
 Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,
 And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?
 Have I not in the pitched battle heard
 Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets clang?"

SHAKESPEARE.

I FOUND the Jew in his den as usual, and communicated my object, like a man of business, in as few words as possible, and in that tone which showed that I had made up my mind. To my surprise, and, I must own, a little to the chagrin of my vanity, he made no opposition to it whatever. I afterwards ascertained that, on the day before, he had received a proposal of marriage for his daughter from a German *millionaire* of his own line; and that, as there could be no comparison between a penniless son-in-law, if he came of the blood of all the Paleologs, and one of the tribe of Issáchar with his panniers loaded with guineas, the sooner I took my flight the better.

"You are perfectly right," said he, "in desiring to see the Continent; and in Paris you will find the Continent all gathered into a glance, as a French cook gives you a dozen sauces in compounding one fricassee. It happens, curiously enough, that I can just now furnish you with some opportunities for seeing it in the most convenient manner. A person with whom I have had occasional business in Downing Street, has applied to me to name an individual in my confidence, as an *attaché* to our embassy in France, though, be it understood, without an actual appointment."

I started at this dubious diplomacy.

"This," said he, "only shows that you have still to learn the trade. Let me then tell you, that it is by such persons that all the real work of diplomacy is carried on. Can you suppose that the perfumed and polished young gentlemen who, under the name of secretaries and sub-secretaries, superior and inferior *attachés*, and so forth, haunt the hotels of the embassy, are the real instruments? It is true, they are necessary to the dinners and balls of the embassy. They are useful to drive out the ambassador's horses to air,

escort his wife, and dance with his daughters. But the business is uniformly done by somebody of whom nobody knows any thing, but that he is never seen loitering about the ambassador's drawing-room though he has the *entrée* of his closet; and that he never makes charades, though he corresponds from day to day with the government at home. Of course you will accept the appointment—and now, let me give you your credentials."

He unlocked a cabinet, which, except for its dust and the coating of cob webs which time had wrought upon it, might have figured in the saloons of the Medici. The succession of springs which he touched, and of secret drawers which started at the touch, might have supplied a little history of Italian intrigue. At last he found the roll of papers which he sought, and having first thrown a glance round the room, as if a spy sat on every chair, he began to unroll them; with a rapid criticism on each as the few first lines met his eye. Every nerve of his countenance was in full play as he looked over those specimens of the wisdom of the wise; It would have been an invaluable study to a Lavater. He had evidently almost forgotten that I was present; and the alternate ridicule and disdain of his powerful physiognomy were assisted, in my comprehension, by notes from time to time—certainly the antipodes of flattery—"paltry knave"—"pompous fool"—"specious swindler." "Ambassador! ay, if we were to send one to a nation of baboons." "Here," said he, throwing the bundle on the table, "if I did not despise mankind enough already, I have sufficient evidence to throng the pillory. I deal in gold; well, it is only such that can know the world. Hate, ambition, religion—all have their hypocrisies; but money applies the thumb-

screw to them all. Want, sir, want, is the master of mankind. There have been men—ay, and women too—within this dungeon, as you think it, whose names would astonish you. Oh! Father Abraham!”—

I finished the quotation.—“What fools these Christians are!” He burst into grim laughter. “Here you have the paper,” said he, “and I must therefore send you back to the secretary’s office. But there you must not be known. Secrecy is essential even to your life. Stabbing in Paris is growing common, and the knowledge that you had any other purpose than gambling, might be repaid by a poniard.”

He now prepared his note, and as he wrote, continued his conversation in fragments. “Three-fourths of mankind are mere blunderers, and the more you know of them the more you will be of my opinion. I am by no means sure that we have not some of them in Whitehall itself. Pitt is a powerful man, and he alone keeps them together; without him they would be potsherds.—Pitt thinks that we can go on without a war: he is mistaken. How is it possible to keep Europe in peace, when the Continent is as rotten as thatch, and France as combustible as gunpowder?—The minister is a man of wonders, but he cannot prevent thirty millions of maniacs from playing their antics until they are cooled by blood-letting; or a hundred millions of Germans, Spaniards, Dutch, and Italians from being pilfered to their last coin!—Old Frederick, the greatest genius that ever sat upon a German throne, saw this fifty years ago. I have him at this moment before my eyes, as he walked with his hands behind his bent back in the little parterre of Sans Souci. I myself heard him utter the words—‘If I were King of France, a cannon-shot should not be fired in Europe without my permission.’—France is now governed by fools, and is nothing. But if ever she shall have an able man at her head, she will realize old Frederick’s opinion.”

As no time was to be lost, I hurried with my note of introduction to Whitehall, was ushered through a succession of dingy offices into a small chamber, where I found, busily employed at an escrutoire, a young man of a heavy and yet not unintelligent

countenance. He read my note, asked me whether I had ever been in Paris, from which he had just returned; uttered a sentence or two in the worst possible French, congratulated me on the fluency of my answer, rang his bell, and handed me a small packet, endorsed—*most secret and confidential*. He then made the most awkward of bows; and our interview was at an end. I saw this man afterwards prime minister.

Till now, the novelty and interest of any new purpose had kept me in a state of excitement; but I now found, to my surprise, my spirits suddenly flag, and a dejection wholly unaccountable seize upon me. Perhaps something like this occurs after all strong excitement; but a cloud seemed actually to draw over my mind. My thoughts sometimes even fell into confusion—I deeply repented having involved myself in a rash design, which required qualities so much more experienced than mine; and in which, if I failed, the consequences might be so ruinous, not merely to my own character, but to noble and even royal lives. I now felt the whole truth of Hamlet’s description—the ways of the world “flat, stale, and unprofitable;” the face of nature gloomy; the sky a “congregation of pestilent vapours.” It was not the hazard of life; exposed, as it might be, in the midst of scenes of which the horrors were daily deepening; it was a general undefined feeling, of having undertaken a task too difficult for my powers, and of having engaged in a service in which I could neither advance with hope nor retreat with honour.

After a week of this painful fluctuation, I received a note, saying that I had but six hours before me, and that I must leave London at midnight.

I strayed involuntarily towards Devonshire House. It was one of its state dinner-days, and the street rang with the incessant setting down of the guests. As I stood gazing on the crowd, to prevent more uneasy thoughts, Lafontaine stood before me. He was in uniform, and looked showily. He was to be one of the party, and his manner had all the animation which scenes of this order naturally excite in those with whom the world goes well. But my countenance evidently startled him, and he attempted

to offer such consolation as was to be found in telling me that if La Comtesse was visible, he should not fail to tell her of the noble manner in which I had volunteered; and the happiness which I had thus secured to him and Mariamne. "You may rely on it," said he, "that I shall make her sick of Monsieur le Marquis and his sulky physiognomy. I shall dance with her, shall talk to her, and you shall be the subject, as you so well deserve."

"But her marriage is inevitable," was my sole answer.

"Oh, true; inevitable! But that makes no possible difference. You cannot marry all the women you may admire, nor they you. So, the only imaginable resource is, to obtain their friendship, to be their *pastor fido*, their hero, their Amadis. You then have the *entrée* of their houses, the honour of their confidence, and the favoured seat in their boxes, till you prefer the favoured seat at their fire-sides, and all grow old together."

The sound of a neighbouring church clock broke off our dialogue. He took out his diamond watch, compared it with the time, found that to delay a moment longer would be a solecism which might lose him a smile or be punished with a frown; repeated a couplet on the pangs of parting with friends; and with an embrace, in the most glowing style of Paris, bounded across the street, and was lost in the crowd which blocked up her grace's portal.

Thus parted the gay lieutenant and myself; he to float along the stream of fashion in its most sparkling current—I to tread the twilight paths of the green park in helplessness and heaviness of soul.

This interview had not the more reconciled me to life. I was vexed with what I regarded the nonchalance of my friend, and began to wish that I had left him to go through his own affairs as he might. But reflection did justice to his gallant spirit, and I mentally thanked him for having relieved me from the life of an idler. At this moment my name was pronounced by a familiar voice; it was Mordecai's. He had brought me some additional letters to the leaders of the party in Paris. We returned to the hotel, and sat down to our final meal together. When the lights were brought in, I saw that he looked at

me with some degree of surprise, and even of alarm. "You are ill," said he; "the life of London is too much for you. There are but three things that constitute health in this world—air, exercise, and employment." I acknowledged to him my misgivings as to my fitness for the mission. But he was a man of the world. He asked me, "Do you desire to resign? If so, I have the power to revoke it at this moment. And you can do this without loss of honour, for it is known to but two persons in England—Lafontaine and myself. I have not concealed its danger from you, and I have ascertained that even the personal danger is greater than I thought. In fact, one of my objects in coming to you at this hour was, to apprise you of the state of things, if not to recommend your giving up the mission altogether."

The alternative was now plainly before me; and, stern as was the nature of the Israelite, I saw evidently that he would be gratified by my abandoning the project. But this was suddenly out of the question. The mission, to escape which in the half hour before I should have gladly given up every shilling I ever hoped to possess, was at once fixed in my mind as a peculiar bounty of fortune. There are periods in the human heart like those which we observe in nature—the atmosphere clears up after the tempest. The struggle which had shaken me so long had now passed away, and things assumed as new and distinct an aspect as a hill or a forest in the distance might on the passing away of a cloud. Mordecai argued against my enthusiasm; but when was enthusiasm ever out-argued? I drove him horse and foot from the field. I did more; enthusiasm is contagious—I made him my convert. The feverish fire of my heart lent itself to my tongue, and I talked so loftily of revolutions and counter-revolutions; of the opportunity of seeing humankind pouring, like metal from the forge, into new shapes of society; of millions acting on a new scale of power, of nations summoned to a new order of existence, that I began to melt even the rigid prepossessions of that mass of granite, or iron, or whatever is most intractable—the Jew. I could perceive his countenance changing from a smile to seriousness; and, as I de-

claimed, I could see his hollow eye sparkle, and his sallow lip quiver, with impressions not unlike my own.

"Whether you are fit for a politician," said he, "I cannot tell; for the trade is of a mingled web, and has its rough side as well as its smooth one. But, young as you are, and old as I am, there are some notions in which we do not differ so much as in our years. I have long seen that the world was about to undergo some extraordinary change. That it should ever come from the rabble of Paris, I must confess, had not entered into my mind; a rope of sand, or a mountain of feathers, would have been as fully within my comprehension. I might have understood it, if it had come from John Bull. But I have lived in France, and I never expected any thing from the people; more than I should expect to see the waterworks of Versailles turned into a canal, or irrigating the thirsty acres round the palace."

"Yes," I observed; "but their sporting and sparkling answers their purpose. They amuse the holiday multitude for a day."

"And are dry for a week.—If France shall have a revolution, it will be as much a matter of mechanism, of show, and of holiday, as the '*grand jet-d'eau*.'" He was mistaken. We ended with a parting health to Mariamne, and his promise to attend to my interests at the Horse-guards, on which I was still strongly bent. The Jew was clearly no sentimentalist; but the glass of wine, and the few words of civility and recollection with which I had devoted it to his pretty daughter, evidently touched the father's heart. He lingered on the steps of the hotel, and still held my hand. "You shall not," said he, "be the worse for your good wishes, nor for that glass of wine. I shall attend to your business at Whitehall when you are gone; and you might have worse friends than Mordecai even there." He seemed big with some disclosure of his influence, but suddenly checked himself. "At all events," he added, "your services on the present occasion shall not be forgotten. You have a bold, ay, and a broad career before you. One thing I shall tell you. We shall certainly have war. The government here are blind to it. Even the prime minister

—and there is not a more sagacious mind on the face of the earth—is inclined to think that it may be averted. But I tell you, as the first secret which you may insert in your despatches, that it will come—will be sudden, desperate, and universal."

"May I not ask from what source you have your information; it will at least strengthen mine?"

"Undoubtedly. You may tell the minister, or the world, that you had it from Mordecai. I lay on you only one condition—that you shall not mention it within a week. I have received it from our brethren on the Continent, as a matter of business. I give it to you here as a flourish for your first essay in diplomacy."

We had now reached the door of the post-chaise. He drew out another letter. "This," said he, "is from my daughter. Before you come among us again, she will probably be the wife of one of our nation, and the richest among us. But she still values you as the preserver of her life, and sends you a letter to one of our most intimate friends in Paris. If he shall not be frightened out of it by the violence of the mob, you will find him and his family hospitable. Now, farewell!" He turned away.

I sprang into the post-chaise, in which was already seated a French courier, with despatches from his minister; whose attendance the Jew had secured, to lighten the first inconveniences to a young traveller. The word was given—we dashed along the Dover road, and I soon gave my last gaze to London, with its fiery haze hanging over it, like the flame of a conflagration.

My mind was still in a whirl as rapid as my wheels. Hope, doubt, and determination passed through my brain in quick succession; yet there was one thought that came, like Shakspeare's "delicate spirit," in all the tumult of soul, of which, like Ariel in the storm, it was the chief cause, to soothe and subdue me. Hastily as I had driven from the door of my hotel, I had time to cast my eye along the front of Devonshire House. All the windows of its principal apartments shone with almost noonday brightness—uniforms glittered, and plumes waved in the momentary view. But in the range above, all was dark; except one window—the window of

the boudoir—and there the light was of the dim and melancholy hue that instinctively gives the impression of the sick-chamber. Was Clotilde still there, feebly counting the hours of pain, while all within her hearing was festivity? The answers which I had received to my daily enquiries were cheerless. “She had not quitted the apartment where she had been first conveyed.”—“The duchess insisted on her not being removed.”—“Madame was inconsolable; but the doctor had hopes.” Those, and other common-places of information, were all that I could glean from either the complacent chamberlains or the formal physician. And now I was to give up even this meagre knowledge, and plunge into scenes which might separate us for ever. But were we not separated already? If she recovered, must she not be in the power of a task-master? If she sank under her feebleness, what was earth to me?

In those reveries I passed the hours until daybreak, when the sun and the sea rose together on my wearied eyes.

The bustle of Dover aroused me to a sense of the world. All was animation on sea and shore. The emigration was now in full flow, and France was pouring down her terrified thousands on the nearest shore. The harbour was crowded with vessels of every kind, which had just disgorged themselves of their living cargoes; the streets were blocked up with foreign carriages; the foreign population had completely overpowered the native, and the town swarmed with strangers of every rank and dress, with the hurried look of escaped fugitives. As I drove to the harbour, my ear rang with foreign accents, and my eyes were filled with foreign physiognomies. From time to time the band of a regiment, which had furnished a guard to one of the French blood-royal, mingled its drums and trumpets with the swell of sea and shore; and, as I gazed on the moving multitude from my window, the thunder of the guns from the castle, for the arrival of some ambassador, grandly completed the general mass and power of the uproar.

Three hours carried me to the French shore. Free from all the vulgar vexations of the road, I had the full

enjoyment of one of the most pleasant of all enjoyments—moving at one’s ease through a new and interesting country. The road to Paris is now like the road to Windsor, to all the higher portions of my countrymen; but then it was much less known even to them than in later days, and the circumstances of the time gave it a totally new character. It was the difference between travelling through a country in a state of peace and in a state of war; between going to visit some superb palace for the purpose of viewing its paintings and curiosities, and hurrying to see what part of its magnificence had escaped an earthquake. The landscape had literally the look of war; troops were seen encamped in the neighbourhood of the principal towns; the national guards were exercising in the fields; mimic processions of children were beating drums and displaying banners in the streets, and the popular songs were all for the conquest of every thing beneath the moon.

But I was to have a higher spectacle. And I shall never forget the mixture of wonder and awe which I felt at the first distant sight of the capital.

It was at the close of a long day’s journey, while the twilight gave a mysterious hue to a scene in itself singular and stately.—Glistening spire on spire; massive piles, which in the deepening haze might be either prisons or palaces; vast ranges of buildings, gloomy or glittering as the partial ray fell on them; with the solemn beauty of the Invalides on one wing, the light and lovely elegance of the St Genevieve on the other, and the frowning majesty of Notre-Dame in the midst, filled the plain with a vision such as I had imaged only in an Arabian tale. Yet the moral reality was even greater than the visible. I felt that I was within reach of the chief seat of all the leading events of the Continent since the birth of monarchy; every step which I might tread among those piles was historical; within that clouded circumference, like the circle of a necromancer, had been raised all the dazzling and all the disturbing spirits of the world. There was the grand display of statesmanship, pomp, ambition, pleasure, and each the most subtle, splendid, daring, and prodigal ever seen among

men. And, was it not now to assume even a more powerful influence on the fates of mankind? Was not the falling of the monarchical forest of so many centuries, about to lay the land open to a new, and perhaps a more powerful produce; where the free blasts of nature were to rear new forms, and demand new arts of cultivation? The monarchy was falling—but was not the space, cleared of its ruins, to be filled with some new structure, statelier still? Or, if the government of the Bourbons were to sink for ever from the eyes of men, were there to be no discoveries made in the gulf itself in which it went down; were there to be no treasures found in the recesses thus thrown open to the eye for the first time; no mines in the dissevered strata—no founts of inexhaustible freshness and flow opened by thus piercing into the bowels of the land?

There are moments on which the destiny of a nation, perhaps of an age, turns. I had reached Paris at one of those moments. As my calèche wound its slow way round the base of Montmartre, I perceived, through the deepening twilight, a long train of flame, spreading from the horizon to the gates of the city. Shouts were heard, with now and then the heavy sounds of cannon. This produced a dead stop in my progress. My postilion stoutly protested against venturing his calèche, his horses, and, what he probably regarded much more than either, himself, into the very heart of what he pronounced a counter-revolution. My courier, freighted with despatches, which might have been high treason to the majesty of the mob, and who saw nothing less than suspension from the first lamp-post in their discovery, protested, with about the same number of *sacres*; and my diplomatic beams seemed in a fair way to be shorn.

But this was the actual thing which I had come to see: Paris in its new existence; the capital of the populace; the headquarters of the grand army of insurgency; the living centre of all those flashes of fantasy, fury, and fire, which were already darting out towards every throne of Europe. I determined to have a voice on the occasion, and I exerted it with such vigour, that I roused the inmates of a block-house, a party of the National Guard,

who, early as it was, had been as fast asleep as if they had been a *posse* of city watchmen. They clustered round us, applauded my resolve, to see what was to be seen, as perfectly national, *vraiment Français*; kicked my postilion till he mounted his horse, beat my sulky courier with the flats of their little swords, and would have bastinadoed, or probably banged him, if I had not interposed; and, finally, hoisting me into the calèche, which they loaded with half a dozen of their number before and behind, commenced our march into Paris. This was evidently not the age of discipline.

It may have been owing to this curious escort that I got in at all; for at the gate I found a strong guard of the regular troops, who drove back a long succession of carriages which had preceded me. But my cortège were so thoroughly in the new fashion, they danced the "*carmagnole*" so boisterously, and sang patriotic rhymes with such strength of lungs, that it was impossible to refuse admission to patriots of such sonorousness. The popular conjectures, too, which fell to my share, vastly increased my importance. In the course of the five minutes spent in wading through the crowd of the rejected, I bore fifty different characters—I was a state prisoner—a deputy from Marseilles, a part of the kingdom then in peculiar favour; an ex-general; a captain of banditti, and an ambassador from England or America; in either case, an especially honoured missionary, for England was then pronounced by all the Parisian authorities to be on the verge of a revolution. Though, I believe, Jonathan had the preference, for the double reason, that the love of Jean Français for John Bull is of a rather precarious order, and that the American Revolution was an egg hatched by the warmth of the Gallic bird itself, a secondary sort of parentage.

As we advanced through the streets, my noisy "*compagnons de voyage*" dropped off one by one, some to the lowest places of entertainment, and some tired of the jest; and I proceeded to the Place de Vendôme, where was my hotel, at my leisure. The streets were now solitary, to a degree that was almost startling. As I wound my way through long lines of houses, tortuous, narrow, and dark

as Erebus, I saw the cause of the singular success which had attended all Parisian insurrections. A chain across one of these dismal streets, an overturned cart, a pile of stones, would convert it at once into an impassable defile. Walls and windows, massive, lofty, and nearly touching each other from above, afforded a perpetual fortification; lanes innumerable, and extending from one depth of darkness and intricacy into another, a network of attack and ambush, obviously gave an extraordinary advantage to the irregular daring of men accustomed to thread those wretched and dismal dens, crowded with one of the fiercest and most capricious populations in the world. Times have strikingly changed since. The "fifteen fortresses" are but so many strong bars of the great cage, and they are neither too strong nor too many. Paris is now the only city on earth which is defended against itself, garrisoned on its outside, and protected by a perpetual Prætorian band against a national mania of insurrection.

But, on turning into the Boulevards, the scene changed with the rapidity of magic. Before me were raging thousands, the multitude which I had seen advancing to the gates. The houses, as far as the eye could reach, were lighted up with lamps, torches, and every kind of hurried illumination. Banners of all hues were waving from the casements, and borne along by the people; and in the midst of the wild procession were seen at a distance a train of travelling carriages, loaded on the roofs with the basest of the rabble. A mixed crowd of National Guards, covered with dust, and drooping under the fatigue of the road, poissardes drunk, dancing, screaming the most horrid blasphemies, and a still wider circle, which seemed to me recruited from all the jails of Paris, surrounded the carriages, which I at length understood to be those of the royal family. They had attempted to escape to the frontier, had been arrested, and were now returning as prisoners. I caught a glimpse, by the torchlight, of the illustrious sufferers, as they passed the spot where I stood. The Queen was pale, but exhibited that stateliness of countenance for which she was memorable to the last; she sat with the Dauphiness pressed in her arms. The King looked overcome with exhaus-

tion; the Dauphin gazed at the populace with a child's curiosity.

At the moment when the carriages were passing, an incident occurred terribly characteristic of the time. A man of a noble presence, and with an order of St Louis at his breast, who had been giving me a hurried and anxious explanation of the scene, excited by sudden feeling, rushed forward through the escort, and laying one hand on the royal carriage, with the other waved his hat, and shouted, "Vive le Roi!" In another instant I saw him stagger; a pike was darted into his bosom, and he fell dead under the wheel. Before the confusion of this frightful catastrophe had subsided, a casement was opened immediately above my head, and a woman, superbly dressed, rushed out on the balcony, waving a white scarf, and crying, "Vive Marie Antoinette!" The muskets of the escort were turned upon her, and a volley was fired at the balcony. She started back at the shock, and a long gush of blood down her white robe showed that she had been wounded. But she again waved the scarf, and again uttered the loyal cry. Successive shots were fired at her by the monsters beneath; but she still stood. At length she received the mortal blow; she tottered and fell; yet, still clinging to the front of the balcony, she waved the scarf, and constantly attempted to pronounce the words of her generous and devoted heart, until she expired. I saw this scene with an emotion beyond my power to describe; all the enthusiasm of popular change was chilled within me; my boyish imaginations of republicanism were extinguished by this plunge into innocent blood; and I never felt more relieved, than when the whole fearful procession at length moved on, and I was left to make my way once more, through dim and silent streets, to my dwelling.

I pass by a considerable portion of the time which followed. The Revolution was like the tiger, it advanced couching; though, when it sprang, its bound was sudden and irresistible. My time was occupied in my official functions, which became constantly more important, and of which I received flattering opinions from Downing Street. I mingled extensively in general society, and it was never more

animated, or more characteristic, than at that period in Paris. The leaders of faction and the leaders of fashion, classes so different in every other part of the world, were there often the same. The woman who dazzled the ball-room, was frequently the *confidante* of the deepest designs of party. The coterie in a *salon*, covered with gilding, and filled with *chefs-d'œuvre* of the arts, was often as subtle as a conspiracy in the cells of the Jacobins; and the dance or the masquerade only the preliminary to an outbreak which shattered a ministry into fragments. All the remarkable men of France passed before me, and I acknowledge that I was frequently delighted and surprised by their extraordinary attainments. The age of the *Encyclopédie* was in its wane, but some of its brilliant names still illustrated the Parisian *salons*. I recognised the style of Buffon and Rousseau in a crowd of their successors; and the most important knowledge was frequently communicated in language the most eloquent and captivating. Even the mixture of society which had been created by the Revolution, gave an original force and freshness to these assemblies, infinitely more attractive than the most elaborate polish of the old *régime*. Brissot, the common printer, but a man of singular strength of thought, there figured by Condorcet, the noble and the man of profound science. St Etienne, the little bustling partizan, yet the man of talent, mingled with the chief advocates of the Parisian courts; or Servan fenced with his subtle knowledge of the world against Vergniaud, the romantic Girondist, but the most Ciceronian of orators. Talleyrand, already known as the most sarcastic of men, and Maury, by far the most powerful debater of France since Mirabeau—figured among the chief ornaments of the *salons* of De Staël. Roland, and the showy and witty Theresa Cabarrus, and even the flutter of La Fayette, the most tinsel of heroes, and the sullen sententiousness of Robespierre, then known only as a provincial deputy, furnished a background which increased the prominence of the grouping.

But the greatest wonder of France still escaped the general eye. At a ball at the Hotel de Staël, I remember to have been struck with the ener-

getic denunciation of some rabble insult to the Royal family, by an officer whom nobody knew. As a circle were standing in conversation on the topic of the day, the little officer started from his seat, pushed into the group, and expressed his utter contempt for the supineness of the Government on those occasions, so strongly, as to turn all eyes upon him. "Where were the troops, where the guns?" he exclaimed. "If such things are suffered, all is over with royalty; a squadron of horse, and a couple of six-pounders, would have swept away the whole swarm of scoundrels like so many flies." Having thus discharged his soul, he started back again, flung himself into a chair, and did not utter another word through the evening. I little dreamed that in that meagre frame, and long, thin physiognomy, I saw Napoleon.

I must hasten to other things. Yet I still cast many a lingering glance over these times. The vividness of the collision was incomparable. The wit, the eccentricity, the anecdote, the eloquence of those assemblages, were of a character wholly their own. They had, too, a substantial nutriment, the want of which had made the conversation of the preceding age vapid, with all its elegance.—Public events of the most powerful order fed the flame. It was the creation of a vast national excitement; the rush of sparks from the great electrical machine, turned by the hands of thirty millions. The flashes were still but matters of sport and surprise. The time was nigh when those flashes were to be fatal, and that gay lustre was to do the work of conflagration.

I had now been a year in Paris, without returning, or wishing to return, to London. A letter now and then informed me of the state of those who still drew my feelings towards England. But I was in the centre of all that awoke, agitated, or alarmed Europe; and, compared with the glow and rapidity of events in France, the rest of Europe appeared asleep, or to open its eyes solely when some new explosion shook it from its slumber.

My position, too, was a matchless school for the learner in diplomacy. France shaped the politics of the Continent; and I was present in the furnace where the casting was performed. France was the stage to which every eye in Europe was turned,

whether for comedy or tragedy; and I was behind the scenes. But the change was at hand.

One night I found an individual, of a very marked appearance, waiting for me at my hotel. His countenance was evidently Jewish, and he introduced himself as one of the secret police of the ministry. The man handed me a letter—it was from Mordecai, and directed to be given with the utmost secrecy. It was in his usual succinct and rapid style.

"I write this in the midst of a tumult of business. My friend Mendoza will give you such knowledge and assistance as may be necessary. France is on the point of an explosion. Every thing is prepared. It is impossible that it can be delayed above a week or two, and the only origin of the delay is in the determination to make the overthrow final. Acquaint your English officials with this. The monarchy of the Bourbons has signed its death-warrant. By suffering a legislature to be formed by the votes of the mere multitude, it has put property within the power of all beggars; rank has been left at the mercy of the rabble; and the church has been sacrificed to please a faction. Thus the true pillars of society have been cut away; and the throne is left in the air. Mendoza will tell you more. The train is already laid. A letter from a confidential agent tells us that the day is fixed. At all events, avoid the mine. There is no pleasure in being blown up, even in company with kings."

A postscript briefly told me—that his daughter sent her recollections; that Clotilde was still indisposed; La Fontaine giddier than ever; and, as the proof of his own confidence in his views, that he had just sold out 100,000 three per cent consols.

My first visit next morning was to the British embassy. But the ambassador was absent in the country, and the functionary who had been left in charge was taking lessons on the guitar, and extremely unwilling to be disturbed by matters comparatively so trifling as the fate of dynasties. I explained, but explained in vain. The hour was at hand when his horses were to be at the door for a ride in the Bois de Boulogne. I recommended a ride after the ambassador. It was impossible. He was to be the escort

of a duchess; then to go to a dinner at the Russian embassy, and was under engagements to three balls in the course of the evening. Nothing could be clearer than that such duties must supersede the slight concerns of office. I left him under the hands of his valet, curling his ringlets, and preparing him to be the admiration of mankind.

I saw Mendoza secretly again; received from him additional intelligence; and, as I was not inclined to make a second experiment on the "elegant extract" of diplomacy, and escort of duchesses, I went, as soon as the nightfall concealed my visit, to the hotel of the Foreign Minister. This was my first interview with the celebrated Dumourier.

He received me with the courtesy of a man accustomed to high life; and I entered on the purport of my visit at once. He was perfectly astonished at my tidings. He had known that strong resolutions had been adopted by the party opposed to the Cabinet; but was startled by the distinct avowal of its intention to overthrow the monarchy. I was struck with his appearance, his quickness of conception, and that mixture of sportiveness and depth, which I had found characteristic of the higher orders of French society. He was short in stature, but proportioned for activity; his countenance bold, but with smiling lips and a most penetrating grey eye. His name as a soldier was at this period wholly unknown, but I could imagine in him a leader equally subtle and daring;—he soon realized my conjecture.

We sat together until midnight; and over the supper-table, and cheered by all the good things which French taste provides and enjoys more than any other on earth, he gave full flow to his spirit of communication. The Frenchman's sentences are like sabrecuts—they have succession, but no connexion.

"I shall always converse with you, M. Marston," said he, "with ease; for you are of the noblesse of your own great country, and I am tired of *roturiers* already.—The government has committed dangerous faults. The king is an excellent man, but his heart is where his head ought to be, and his head where his heart.—His flight was a terrible affair, but it was a blunder on both sides; *he* ought never to

have gone, or the government ought never to have brought him back.—However, I have no cause to complain of its epitaph. The blunder dissolved that government. I have to thank it for bringing me and my colleagues into power. Our business now is to preserve the monarchy, but this becomes more difficult from day to day.”

I adverted to the personal character of the royal family.

“Nothing can be better. But chance has placed them in a false position.—If the king were but the first prince of the blood, his benevolence without his responsibility would make him the most popular man in France.—If the queen were still but the dauphiness, she would be, as she was then, all but worshipped. As the leader of fashion in France, she would be the leader of taste in Europe.—Elegant, animated, and high-minded, she would have charmed every one, without power. If she could but continue to move along the ground, all would admire the grace of her steps; but, sitting on a throne, she loses the spell of motion.”

“Yet, can France ever forget her old allegiance, and adopt the fierce follies of a republic?”

“I think not. And yet we are dealing with agencies of which we know nothing but the tremendous force. We are breathing a new atmosphere, which may at first excite only to kill.—We have let out the waters of a new river-head, which continues pouring from hour to hour, with a fulness sufficient to terrify us already, and threatening to swell over the ancient landmarks of the soil.—It is even now a torrent—what can prevent it from being a lake? what hand of man can prevent that lake from being an ocean? or what power of human council can say to that ocean in its rage—Thus far shalt thou go?”

“But the great institutions of France, will they not form a barrier? Is not their ancient firmness proof against the loose and desultory assaults of a populace like that of Paris?”

“I shall answer by an image which occurred to me on my late tour of inspection to the ports in the west. At Cherbourg, millions of francs have been spent in attempting to make a harbour. When I was there one stormy day, the ocean rose, and the first thing swept away was the

great *caisson* which formed the principal defence against the tide,—its wrecks were carried up the harbour, heaped against the piers, which they swept away; hurled against the fortifications, which they broke down; and finally working ten times more damage than if the affair had been left to the surges alone. The thought struck me at the moment, that this *caisson* was the emblem of a government assailed by an irresistible force. The firmer the foundations, and the loftier the superstructure, the surer it was to be ultimately carried away, and to carry away with it all that the mere popular outburst would have spared.—The massiveness of the obstacle increased the spread of the ruin. Few Asiatic kingdoms would be overthrown with less effort, and perish with less public injury, than the monarchy of the Bourbons, if it is to fall. Yet, your monarchy is firmer. It is less a vast building than a mighty tree, not fixed on foundations which can never widen, but growing from roots which continually extend. But, if that tree perish, it will not be thrown down, but torn up; it will not leave a space clear to receive a new work of man, but a pit, which no successor can fill for a thousand years.”

“But the insurrection; I fear the attack on the palace.”

“It will not take place. Your information shall be forwarded to the court; where, however, I doubt whether it will be received with much credence. The Austrian declaration of war has put the flatterers of royalty into such spirits, that if the tocsin were sounding at this instant, they would not believe in the danger. We have been unfortunately forced to send the chief part of the garrison of Paris towards the frontier. But we have three battalions of the Swiss guard within call at Courbevoie, and they can be ready on the first emergency. Rely upon it, all will go well.”

With this assurance I was forced to be content; but I relied much more upon Mordecai and his Jewish intelligence. A despatch to London gave a minute of this conversation before I laid my head on my pillow; and I flung myself down, not without a glance at the tall roofs of the Tuileries, and a reflection on how much the man escapes whose forehead has no wrinkle from the diadem.

Within twenty-four hours of this interview the ministry was dissolved ! Dumourier was gone post-haste to the command of one of the armies on the frontier, merely to save his life from the mob ; and I went to bed, in the Place Vendome, by the light of Lafayette burned in effigy in the centre of the square. So much for popularity.

At dusk, on the memorable ninth of August, as I was sitting in a café of the Palais Royal, listening to the mountain songs of a party of Swiss minstrels in front of the door, Mendoza, passing through the crowd, made me a signal ; I immediately followed him to an obscure corner of one of the galleries.

"The insurrection is fixed for to-night," was his startling announcement. "At twelve by the clock of Notre-Dame, all the sections will be under arms. The Jacobin club, the club of the Cordeliers, and the Faubourg St Antoine, are the alarm posts. The Marseillais are posted at the Cordeliers, and are to head the attack. Danton is already among them, and has published this address.

He gave me the placard. It was brief and bold.

"Citizens—The country is betrayed. France is in the hands of her enemies. The Austrians are advancing. Our troops are retreating, and Paris must be defended by her brave sons alone. But we have traitors in the camp. Our legislators are their accomplices : Lafayette, the slave of kings, has been suffered to escape ; but the nation must be avenged. The perfidious Louis is about to follow his example and fly, after having devoted the capital to conflagration. Delay a moment, and you will have to fight by the flame of your houses, and to bleed over the ashes of your wives and children. March, and victory is yours. To arms ! To arms ! To arms ! ! !"

"Does Danton lead the insurrection ?"

"No—for two reasons : he is an incendiary but no soldier ; and they cannot trust him in case of success. A secret meeting of the heads of the party was held two days since, to decide on a leader of the sections. It was difficult, and had nearly been finished by the dagger. Billaud de Varennes, Vauquelin, St Angely, and Danton, were successively proposed. Robespierre objected to them all. At length

an old German refugee, a beggar, but a soldier, was fixed on ; and Westerman is to take the command. By one o'clock the tocsin is to be rung, and the insurgents are instantly to move from all points on the Tuileries."

"What is the object ?"

"The seizure, or death, of the King and Royal Family !"

"And the result of that object ?"

"The proclamation of a Republic !"

"Is this known at the palace ?"

"Not a syllable. All there are in perfect security ; to communicate intelligence there is not in my department."

As I looked at the keen eye and dark physiognomy of my informant, there was an expression of surprise in mine at this extraordinary coolness, which saved me the trouble of asking the question.

"You doubt me," said he ; "you feel distrust of information unpaid and voluntary. But I have been ordered by Mordecai, the chief of our tribe in England, to watch over you ; and this information is a part of my obedience to the command." He suddenly darted away.

Notwithstanding the steadiness of his assertions I still doubted their probability, and, to examine the point for myself, I strayed towards the palace. All there was tranquil ; a few lights were scattered through the galleries, but every sound of life, much less of watchfulness and preparation, was still. The only human beings in sight were some dismounted cavalry, and a battalion of the national guard, lounging about the square. As I found it impossible to think of rest until the truth or falsehood of my information was settled, I next wandered along the Boulevard, in the direction of the Faubourg St Antoine, the focus of all the tumults of Paris ; but all along this fine avenue was hushed as if a general slumber had fallen over the city. The night was calm, and the air was a delicious substitute for the hot and reeking atmosphere of this populous quarter in the day. I saw no gathering of the populace ; no hurrying torches. I heard no clash of arms, nor tramp of marching men ; all lay beneath the young moon, which, near her setting, touched the whole scene with a look of soft and almost melancholy quietude. The character of my Israelite friend began to fall rapidly in the scale, and

I had made up my mind that insurrection had gone to its slumbers for that night; when, as I was returning by the *Place de Bastille*, and was passing under the shadow of one of the huge old houses that then surrounded that scene of hereditary terror, two men, who had been loitering beside the parapet of the fosse, suddenly started forward and planted themselves in my way. I flung one of them aside, but the other grasped my arm, and, drawing a dagger, told me that my life was at his mercy. His companion giving a signal, a group of fierce-looking fellows started from their lurking-places; and of course further resistance was out of the question. I was ordered to follow them, and regarding myself as having nothing to fear, yet uneasy at the idea of compulsion, I remonstrated, but in vain; and was finally led through a labyrinth of horrid alleys, to what I now found to be the headquarters of the insurrection. It was an immense building, which had probably been a manufactory, but was now filled with the leaders of the mob. The few torches which were its only light, and which scarcely showed the roof and extremity of the building, were, however, enough to show heaps of weapons of every kind—muskets, sabres, pikes, and even pitchforks and scythes, thrown on the floor. On one side, raised on a sort of desk, was a ruffianly figure flinging placards to the crowd below, and often adding some savage comment on their meaning, which produced a general laugh. Flags inscribed with “Liberty—Bread or Blood—Down with the Tyrant”—and that comprehensive and peculiarly favourite motto of the mob—“May the last of the kings be strangled with the entrails of the last of the priests,” were hung from the walls in all quarters; and in the centre of the floor were ranged three pieces of artillery surrounded by their gunners. I now fully acknowledged the exactness of Mendoza’s information; and began to feel considerable uncertainty about my own fate in the midst of a horde of armed ruffians, who came pouring in more thickly every moment, and seemed continually more ferocious. At length I was ordered to go forward to a sort of platform at the head of the hall, where some candles were still burning, and the remnants of a supper gave signs that

there had been gathered the chief persons of this tremendous assemblage. A brief interrogatory from one of them armed to the teeth, and with a red cap so low down on his bushy brows as almost wholly to disguise his physiognomy, enquired my name, my business in Paris, and especially what I had to allege against my being shot as a spy in the pay of the Tuileries. My answers were drowned in the roar of the multitude. Still, I protested firmly against this summary trial, and at length threatened them with the vengeance of my country. This might be heroic, but it was injudicious. Patriotism is a fiery affair, and a circle of pistols and daggers ready prepared for action, and roused by the word to execute popular justice on me, waited but the signal from the platform. Their leader rose with some solemnity, and taking off his cap, to give the ceremonial a more authentic aspect, declared me to have forfeited the right to live, by acting the part of an *espion*, and ordered me to be shot in “front of the leading battalion of the army of vengeance.” The decree was so unexpected, that for the instant I felt absolutely paralyzed. The sight left my eyes, my ears tingled with strange sounds, and I almost felt as if I had received the shots of the ruffians, who now, uncontrollable in their first triumph, were firing their pistols in all directions in the air. But at the moment, so formidable to my future career, I heard the sound of the clock of Notre Dame. I felt a sudden return of my powers and recollections, but the hands of my assassins were already upon me. The sound of the general signal for their march produced a rush of the crowd towards the gate, I took advantage of the confusion, struck down one of my captors, shook off the other, and plunged into the living torrent that was now pouring and struggling before me.

But even when I reached the open air—and never did I feel its freshness with a stronger sense of revival—I was still in the midst of the multitude, and any attempt to make my way alone would have obviously been death. Thus was I carried on along the Boulevard, in the heart of a column of a hundred thousand maniacs, trampled, driven, bruised by the rabble, and deafened with shouts, yells, and cries of vengeance, until my frame

was a fever, and my brain scarcely less than a frenzy.

That terrible morning gave the deathblow to the mighty monarchy of the Bourbons. The throne was so shaken by the popular arm, that, though it preserved a semblance of its original shape, a breath was sufficient to cast it to the ground. I have no heart for the recital. Even now I can scarcely think of that tremendous pageant of popular fantasy, fury, and the very passion of crime; or bring to my mind's eye that column, which seemed then to be boundless and endless, with the glare of its torches, the rattle of its drums, the grinding of its cannon-wheels, as we rushed along the causeway, from time to time stopping to fire, as a summons to the other districts, and as a note of exultation; or the perpetual, sullen, and deep roar of the populace—without a thrilling sense of perplexity and pain.

Long before daybreak we had swept all minor resistance before us, plundered the arsenal of its arms, and taken possession of the Hotel de Ville. The few troops who had kept guard at the different posts on our way, had been captured without an effort, or joined the insurgents. But intelligence now came that the palace was roused at last, that troops were ordered from the country for its defence, and that the noblesse remaining in the capital were crowding to the Tuileries. I stood beside Danton when those tidings were brought to him. He flung up his cap in the air, with a burst of laughter. "So much the better!" he exclaimed; "the closer the preserve, the thicker the game." I had now a complete view of this hero of democracy. His figure was herculean; his countenance, which possibly, in his younger days, had been handsome, was now marked with the lines of every passion and profligacy, but it was still commanding. His costume was one which he had chosen for himself, and which was worn by his peculiar troop; a short brown mantle, an under-robe with the arms naked to the shoulder, a broad leathern belt loaded with pistols, a huge sabre in hand, rusted from hilt to point, which he declared to have been stained with the blood of aristocrats, and the republican red cap, which he frequently waved in

the air, or lifted on the point of his sabre as a standard. Yet, in the midst of all this savage disorder of costume, I observed every hair of his enormous whiskers to be curled with the care of a Parisian *merveilleux*. It was the most curious specimen of the ruling passion that I remember to have seen.

At the Hotel de Ville, Danton entered the hall with several of the insurgents; and the crowd, unwilling to waste time, began to fire at the little statues and insignia of the French kings, which ornamented this old building. When this amusement palled—the French are easily *ennuied*—they formed circles, and danced the Carmagnole. Rum and brandy, largely introduced among them, gave them animation after their night's watching, and they were fit for any atrocity. But the beating of drums, and a rush to the balconies of the Hotel de Ville, told us that something of importance was at hand; and, in the midst of a group of municipal officers, Petion, the mayor of Paris, arrived. No man in France wore a milder visage, or hid a blacker heart under it. He was received with shouts, and after a show of resistance, just sufficient to confirm his character for hypocrisy, suffered himself to be led to the front of the grand balcony, bowing as the man of the people. Another followed, a prodigious patriot, who had been placed at the head of the National Guard for his popular sycophancy, but who, on being called on by the mob to swear "death to the King," and hesitating, felt the penalty of being unprepared to go all lengths on the spot. I saw his throat cut, and his body flung from the balcony. A cannon-shot gave the signal for the march, and we advanced to the grand prize of the day. I can describe but little more of the assault on the Tuileries, than that it was a scene of desperate confusion on both sides. The front of the palace continually covered with the smoke of fire-arms of all kinds, from all the casements; and the front of the mob a similar cloud of smoke, under which men fired, fled, fell, got drunk, and danced. Nothing could be more ferocious, or more feeble. Some of the Sections utterly ran away on the first fire; but, as they were unpursued, they returned by degrees, and joined the

fray. It may be presumed that I made many an effort to escape; but I was in the midst of a battalion of the Faubourg St Antoine. I had already been suspected, from having dropped several muskets in succession, which had been thrust into my hands by the zeal of my begrimed comrades; and a sabre-cut, which I had received from one of our mounted ruffians as he saw me stepping to the rear, warned me that my time was not yet come to get rid of the scene of revolt and bloodshed.

At length the struggle drew to a close. A rumour spread that the King had left the palace, and gone to the Assembly. The cry was now on all sides—"Advance, the day is our own!" The whole multitude rushed forward, clashing their pikes and muskets, and firing their cannon, which were worked by deserters from the royal troops; the Marseillais, a band of the most desperate-looking ruffians that eye was ever set upon, chiefly galley-slaves and the profligate banditti of a sea-port, led the column of assault; and the sudden and extraordinary cessation of the fire from the palace windows, seemed to promise a sure conquest. But, as the smoke subsided, I saw a long line of troops, three deep, drawn up in front of the chief entrance. Their scarlet uniforms showed that they were the Swiss. The gendarmerie, the National Guard, the regular battalions, had abandoned them, and their fate seemed inevitable. But there they stood, firm as iron. Their assailants evidently recoiled; but the discharge of some cannon-shots, which told upon the ranks of those brave and unfortunate men, gave them new courage, and they poured onward. The voice of the Swiss commandant giving the word to fire was heard, and it was followed by a rolling discharge, from flank to flank, of the whole battalion. It was my first experience of the effect of fire; and I was astonished at its precision, rapidity, and deadly power. In an instant, almost the whole troop of the Marseillais, in our front, were stretched upon the ground, and every third man in the first line of the Sections was killed or wounded. Before this shock could be recovered, we heard the word "fire" again from the Swiss officer, and a second shower of bullets burst upon our ranks. The Sections turned and fled in all direc-

tions, some by the Pont Neuf, some by the Place Carrousel. The rout was complete; the terror, the confusion, and the yelling of the wounded were horrible. The havoc was increased by a party of the defenders of the palace, who descended into the court and fell with desperation on the fugitives. I felt that now was my time to escape, and darted behind one of the buttresses of a royal *porte cachere*, to let the crowd pass me. The skirmishing continued at intervals, and an officer in the uniform of the Royal Guard was struck down by a shot close to my feet. As he rolled over, I recognised his features. He was my young friend Lafontaine! With an inconceivable shudder I looked on his pale countenance, and with the thought that he was killed was mingled the thought of the misery which the tidings would bring to fond ears in England. But as I drew the body within the shelter of the gate, I found that he still breathed; he opened his eyes, and I had the happiness, after waiting in suspense till the dusk covered our movements, of conveying him to my hotel.

Of the remaining events of this most calamitous day, I know but what all the world knows. It broke down the monarchy. It was the last struggle in which a possibility existed of saving the throne. The gentlest of the Bourbons was within sight of the scaffold. He had now only to retrieve his character for personal virtue by laying down his head patiently under the blade of the guillotine. His royal character was gone beyond hope, and all henceforth was to be the trial of the legislature and the nation. Even that trial was to be immediate, comprehensive, and condign. No people in the history of rebellion ever suffered, so keenly or so rapidly, the vengeance which belongs to national crimes. The saturnalia was followed by massacre. A new and darker spirit of ferocity displayed itself, in a darker and more degraded form, from hour to hour, until the democracy was extinguished. Like the Scripture miracle of the demoniac—the spirits which had once exhibited the shape of man, were transmitted into the shape of the brute; and even the swine ran down by instinct, and perished in the waters.

CEYLON.

THERE is in the science and process of colonization, as in every complex act of man, a secret philosophy—which is first suspected through results, and first expounded by experience. Here, almost more than any where else, nature works in fellowship with man. Yet all nature is not alike suited to the purposes of the early colonist; and all men are not alike qualified for giving effect to the hidden capacities of nature. One system of natural advantages is designed to have a long precedency of others; and one race of men is selected and sealed for an eternal preference in this function of colonizing to the very noblest of their brethren. As colonization advances, that ground becomes eligible for culture—that nature becomes full of promise—which in earlier stages of the science was *not* so; because the dreadful solitude becomes continually narrower under the accelerated diffusion of men, which shortens the *space* of distance—under the strides of nautical science, which shortens the *time* of distance—and under the eternal discoveries of civilization, which combat with elementary nature. Again, in the other element of colonization, races of men become known for what they are; the furnace has tried them all; the truth has justified itself; and if, as at some great memorial review of armies, some solemn *armilustrum*, the colonizing nations, since 1500, were now by name called up—France would answer not at all; Portugal and Holland would stand apart with dejected eyes—dimly revealing the legend of *Fuit Itum*; Spain would be seen sitting in the distance, and, like Judæa on the Roman coins, weeping under her palm-tree in the vast regions of the Orellana; whilst the British race would be heard upon every wind, coming on with mighty hurrahs, full of power and tumult, as some “hailstone chorus,”* and crying aloud to the five hundred millions of Burmah, China, Japan, and the infinite islands,

to make ready their paths before them. Already a ground-plan, or ichnography, has been laid down of the future colonial empire. In three centuries, already some outline has been sketched, rudely adumbrating the future settlement destined for the planet, some infant castrametation has been marked out for the future encampment of nations. Enough has been already done to show the course by which the tide is to flow; to prefigure for languages their proportions, and for nations to trace their distribution.

In this movement, so far as it regards man, in this machinery for sifting and winnowing the merits of races, there is a system of marvellous means, which by its very simplicity masks and hides from us the wise profundity of its purpose. Oftentimes, in wandering amongst the inanimate world, the philosopher is disposed to say—this plant, this mineral, this fruit, is met with so often, not because it is better than others of the same family, perhaps it is worse, but because its resources for spreading and naturalizing itself, are, by accident, greater than theirs. That same analogy he finds repeated in the great drama of colonization. It is not, says he pensively to himself, the success which measures the merit. It is not that nature, or that providence, has any final cause at work in disseminating these British children over every zone and climate of the earth. Oh, no! far from it! But it is the unfair advantages of these islanders, which carry them thus potently a-head. Is it so, indeed? Philosopher, you are wrong. Philosopher, you are envious. You speak Spanish, philosopher, or even French. Those advantages, which you suppose to disturb the equities of the case—were they not products of British energy? Those twenty-five thousand of ships, whose graceful shadows darken the blue waters in every climate—did they build themselves? That myriad of acres, laid out in the watery cities of

docks—were they sown by the rain, as the fungus or the daisy? Britain *has* advantages at this stage of the race, which make the competition no longer equal—henceforward it has become gloriously “unfair”—but at starting we were all equal. Take this truth from us, philosopher; that in such contests the power constitutes the title; the man that has the ability to go a-head, is the man entitled to go a-head; and the nation that *can* win the place of leader, is the nation that ought to do so.

This colonizing genius of the British people appears upon a grand scale in Australia, Canada, and, as we may remind the else forgetful world, in the United States of America; which States are our children, prosper by our blood, and have ascended to an overshadowing altitude from an infancy tended by ourselves. But on the fields of India it is, that our aptitudes for colonization have displayed themselves most illustriously, because they were strengthened by violent resistance. We found many kingdoms established, and to these we have given unity; and in process of doing so, by the necessities of the general welfare, or the mere instincts of self-preservation, we have transformed them to an empire, rising like an exhalation, of our own—a mighty monument of our own superior civilization.

Ceylon, as a virtual dependency of India, ranks in the same category. There also we have prospered by resistance; there also we have succeeded memorably where other nations memorably failed. Of Ceylon, therefore, now rising annually into importance, let us now (on occasion of this splendid book, the work of one officially connected with the island, bound to it also by affectionate ties of services rendered, not less than of unmerited persecutions suffered) offer a brief, but rememberable account; of Ceylon in itself, and of Ceylon in its relations, historical or economic, to ourselves.

Mr Bennett says of it, with more and less of doubt, three things—of which any one would be sufficient to detain a reader's attention; viz., 1. That it is the Taprobane of the Romans; 2. That it was, or has been thought to be, the Paradise of Scrip-

ture; 3. That it is “the most magnificent of the British *insular* possessions,” or in yet wider language, that it is an “incomparable colony.” This last count in the pretensions of Ceylon is quite indisputable; Ceylon is in fact already, Ceylon is at this moment, a gorgeous jewel in the imperial crown; and yet, compared with what it may be, with what it will be, with what it ought to be, Ceylon is but that grain of mustard-seed which hereafter is destined to become the stately tree,* where the fowls of heaven will lodge for generations. Great are the promises of Ceylon; great already her performances. Great are the possessions of Ceylon; far greater her reversions. Rich she is by her developments, richer by her endowments. She combines the luxury of the tropics with the sterner gifts of our own climate. She is hot; she is cold. She is civilized; she is barbarous. She has the resources of the rich; and she has the energies of the poor.

But for Taprobane, but for Paradise, we have a word of dissent. Mr Bennett is well aware that many men in many ages have protested against the possibility that Ceylon could realize *all* the conditions involved in the ancient Taprobane. Milton, it is true, with other excellent scholars, has *insinuated* his belief that probably Taprobane is Ceylon; when our Saviour in the wilderness sees the great vision of Roman power, expressed, *inter alia*, by high officers of the Republic flocking to, or from, the gates of Rome, and “embassies from regions far remote,” crowding the Appian or the Emilian roads, some

“From the Asian kings, and Parthian
amongst these;

From India and the golden Chersonese,
And utmost Indian isle Taprobane;

* * * * *

Dusk faces with white silken turbans
wreathed;”

it is probable, from the mention of this island Taprobane following so closely after that of the Malabar peninsula, that Milton held it to be the island of Ceylon, and not of Sumatra. In this he does but follow the stream of geographical critics; and, upon the whole, if any one island exclusively is to be received for the Roman Ta-

probane, doubt there can be none that Ceylon has the superior title. But, as we know that, in regions less remote from Rome, *Mona* did not always mean the Isle of Man, nor *Ultima Thule* uniformly the Isle of Skye or of St Kilda—so it is pretty evident that features belonging to Sumatra, and probably to other oriental islands, blended (through mutual misconceptions of the parties, questioned and questioning) into one semi-fabulous object not entirely realized in any locality whatever. The case is precisely as if Cosmas Indicopleustes, visiting Scotland in the sixth century, should have placed the scene of any adventure in a town distant six miles from Glasgow and eight miles from Edinburgh. These we know to be irreconcilable conditions, such as cannot meet in any town whatever, past or present. But in such a case many circumstances might, notwithstanding, combine to throw a current of very strong suspicion upon Hamilton as the town concerned. On the same principle, it is easy to see that most of those Romans who spoke of Taprobane had Ceylon in their eye. But that all had not, and of those who really *had*, that some indicated by their facts very different islands, whilst designing to indicate Ceylon, is undeniable; since, amongst other imaginary characteristics of Taprobane, they make it extend considerably to the south of the line. Now, with respect to Ceylon, this is notoriously false; that island lies entirely in the northern tropic, and does not come within five (hardly more than six) degrees of the equator. Plain it is, therefore, that Taprobane, if construed very strictly, is an *ens rationis*, made up by fanciful composition from various sources, and much like our own mediæval conceit of Prester John's country, or the fancies (which have but recently vanished) of the African river Niger, and the golden city Tombuctoo. These were lies; and yet also, in a limited sense, they were truths. They were expansions, often fabulous and impossible, engrafted upon some basis of fact by the credulity of the travel-

ler, or subsequently by misconception of the scholar. For instance, as to Tombuctoo, Leo Africanus had authorized men to believe in some vast African city, central to that great continent, and a focus to some mighty system of civilization. Others, improving on that chimera, asserted, that this glorious city represented an inheritance derived from ancient Carthage; here, it was said, survived the arts and arms of that injured state; hither, across Bilidulgerid, had the children of Phœnicia fled from the wrath of Rome; and the mighty phantom of him whose uplifted truncheon had pointed its path to the carnage of Cannæ, was still the tutelary genius watching over a vast posterity worthy of himself. Here was a wilderness of lies; yet, after all, the lies were but so many voluminous *fasciæ*, enveloping the mummy of an original truth. Mungo Park came, and the city of Tombuctoo was shown to be a real existence. Seeing was believing. And yet, if, before the time of Park, you had avowed a belief in Tombuctoo, you would have made yourself an indorser of that huge forgery which had so long circulated through the forum of Europe, and, in fact, a party to the total fraud.

We have thought it right to direct the reader's eye upon this correction of the common problem as to this or that place—Ceylon for example—answering to this or that classical name—because, in fact, the problem is more subtle than it appears to be. If you are asked whether you believe in the unicorn, undoubtedly you are within the *letter* of the truth in replying that you do; for there are several varieties of large animals which carry a single horn in the forehead.* But, *virtually*, by such an answer you would countenance a falsehood or a doubtful legend, since you are well aware that, in the idea of an unicorn, your questioner included the whole traditionary character of the unicorn, as an antagonist and emulator of the lion, &c.; under which fanciful description, this animal is properly ranked with the griffin, the mermaid, the basilisk, the dragon—and some-

* *Unicorn*: and strange it is, that, in ancient dilapidated monuments of the Ceylonese, religious sculptures, &c., the unicorn of Scotland frequently appears according to its true heraldic (*i. e.* fabulous) type.

times discussed in a supplementary chapter by the current zoologies, under the idea of heraldic and apocryphal natural history. When asked, therefore, whether Ceylon is Taprobane, the true answer is, not by affirmation simply, nor by negation simply, but by both at once; it is, and it is not. Taprobane includes much of what belongs to Ceylon, but also more, and also less. And this case is a type of many others standing in the same logical circumstances.

But, secondly, as to Ceylon being the local representative of Paradise, we may say, as the courteous Frenchman did to Dr Moore, upon the Doctor's apologetically remarking of a word which he had used, that he feared it was not good French — "Non, Monsieur, il n'est pas; mais il mérite bien l'être." Certainly, if Ceylon was not, at least it ought to have been, Paradise; for at this day there is no place on earth which better supports the paradisiacal character (always excepting Lapland, as an Upsal professor observes, and Wapping, as an old seaman reminds us) than this Pandora of islands, which the Hindoos call Lanka, and Europe calls Ceylon. We style it the "Pandora" of islands, because, as all the gods of the heathen clubbed their powers in creating that ideal woman—clothing her with perfections, and each separate deity subscribing to her dowery some separate gift—not less conspicuous, and not less comprehensive, has been the bounty of Providence, running through the whole diapason of possibilities, to this all-gorgeous island. Whatsoever it is that God has given by separate allotment and partition to other sections of the planet, all this he has given cumulatively and redundantly to Ceylon. Was she therefore happy, was Ceylon happier than other regions, through this hyper-tropical munificence of her Creator? No, she was not; and the reason was, because idolatrous darkness had planted curses where Heaven had planted blessings; because the insanity of man had defeated the graciousness of God. But another era is dawning for Ceylon; God will now countersign his other blessings, and ripen his possibilities

into great harvests of realization, by superadding the one blessing of a dovelike religion; light is thickening apace, the horrid altars of Moloch are growing dim; woman will no more consent to forego her birthright as the daughter of God; man will cease to be the tiger-cat that, in the noblest chamber of Ceylon, he has ever been; and with the new hopes that will now blossom amidst the ancient beauties of this lovely island, Ceylon will but too deeply fulfill the functions of a paradise. Too subtly she will lay fascinations upon man; and it will need all the anguish of disease, and the stings of death, to unloose the ties which, in coming ages, must bind the hearts of her children to this Eden of the terraqueous globe.

Yet if, apart from all bravuras of rhetoric, Mr Bennett seriously presses the question regarding Paradise as a question in geography, we are sorry that we must vote against Ceylon, for the reason that heretofore we have pledged ourselves in print to vote in favour of Cashmeer; which beautiful vale, by the way, is omitted in Mr Bennett's list of the candidates for that distinction already entered upon the roll. Supposing the Paradise of Scripture to have had a local settlement upon our earth, and not in some extra-terrene orb, even in that case we cannot imagine that any thing could now survive, even so much as an angle or a curve, of its original outline. All rivers have altered their channels; many are altering them for ever.* Longitude and latitude might be assigned, at the most, if even those are not substantially defeated by the Miltonic "pushing askance" of the poles with regard to the equinoctial. But, finally, we remark, that whereas human nature has ever been prone to the superstition of local consecrations and personal idolatries, by means of memorial relics, apparently it is the usage of God to hallow such remembrances by removing, abolishing, and confounding all traces of their punctual identities. That raises them to shadowy powers. By that process such remembrances pass from the state of base sensual signs, ministering only to a sensual servitude, into the state of great ideas—mysterious as

* See Dr Robison on *Rivers*.

spirituality is mysterious, and permanent as truth is permanent. Thus it is, and therefore it is, that Paradise has vanished; Luz is gone; Jacob's ladder is found only as an apparition in the clouds; the true cross survives no more among the Roman Catholics than the true ark is mouldering upon Ararat; no scholar can lay his hand upon Gethsemane; and for the grave of Moses the son of Amram, mightiest of lawgivers, though it is somewhere near Mount Nebo, and in a valley of Moab, yet eye has not been suffered to behold it, and "no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day."*

If, however, as to Paradise in connexion with Ceylon we are forced to say "No," if as to Taprobane in connexion with Ceylon we say both "Yes" and "No,"—not the less we come back with a reiterated "Yes, yes, yes," upon Ceylon as the crest and eagle's plume of the Indies, as the priceless pearl, the ruby without a flaw, and (once again we say it) as the Pandora of oriental islands.

Yet ends so glorious imply means of corresponding power; and advantages so comprehensive cannot be sustained unless by a machinery proportionately elaborate. Part of this machinery lies in the miraculous climate of Ceylon. Climate? She has all climates. Like some rare human favourite of nature, scattered at intervals along the line of a thousand years, who has been gifted so variously as to seem

"Not one, but all mankind's epitome,"

Ceylon, in order that she might become capable of products without end, has been made an abstract of the whole earth, and fitted up as a *pan-organon* for modulating through the whole diatonic scale of climates. This is accomplished in part by her mountains. No island has mountains so high. It was the hideous oversight of a famous infidel in the last century, that, in supposing an Eastern prince of necessity to deny frost and ice as things impossible to his experience, he betrayed too palpably his own non-acquaintance with the grand economies of nature. To make acquaintance with cold, and the products of cold, obviously he fancied it requisite to travel northwards; to taste of polar

power, he supposed it indispensable to have advanced towards the pole. Narrow was the knowledge in those days, when a master in Israel might have leave to err thus grossly. Whereas, at present, few are the people, amongst those not openly making profession of illiteracy, who do not know that a sultan of the tropics—ay, though his throne were screwed down by exquisite geometry to the very centre of the equator—might as surely become familiar with winter by ascending three miles in altitude, as by traveling three thousand horizontally. In that way of ascent, it is that Ceylon has her regions of winter and her Arctic districts. She has her Alps, and she has her alpine tracts for supporting human life and useful vegetation. Adam's Peak, which of itself is more than seven thousand feet high, (and by repute the highest range within her shores,) has been found to rank only fifth in the mountain scale. The highest is a thousand feet higher. The maritime district, which runs round the island for a course of nine hundred miles, fanned by the sea-breezes, makes, with these varying elevations, a vast cycle of secondary combinations for altering the temperature and for *adapting* the weather. The central region has a separate climate of its own. And an inner belt of country, neither central nor maritime, which from the sea belt is regarded as inland, but from the centre is regarded as maritime, composes another chamber of climates: whilst these again, each individually within its class, are modified into minor varieties by local circumstances as to wind, by local accidents of position, and by shifting stages of altitude.

With all this compass of power, however, (obtained from its hills and its varying scale of hills,) Ceylon has not much of waste ground, in the sense of being irreclaimable—for of waste ground, in the sense of being unoccupied, she has an infinity. What are the dimensions of Ceylon? Of all islands in this world which we know, in respect of size it most resembles Ireland, being about one-sixth part less. But, for a particular reason, we choose to compare it with Scotland, which is very little different in dimensions from Ireland, having (by some

* Deut. xxxiv. 6.

hundred or two of square miles) a trifling advantage in extent. Now, say that Scotland contains a trifle more than thirty thousand square miles, the relation of Ceylon to Scotland will become apparent when we mention that this Indian island contains about twenty-four thousand five hundred of similar square miles. Twenty-four and a half to thirty—or forty-nine to sixty—there lies the ratio of Ceylon to Scotland. The ratio in population is not less easily remembered: Scotland has *now* (October 1843) hard upon three millions of people: Ceylon, by a late census, has just three *half* millions. But strange indeed, where every thing seems strange, is the arrangement of this Ceylonese territory and people. Take a peach: what you call the flesh of the peach, the substance which you eat, is massed orbicularly around a central stone—often as large as a pretty large strawberry. Now in Ceylon, the central district, answering to this peach-stone, constitutes a fierce little Liliputian kingdom, quite independent, through many centuries, of the lazy belt, the peach-flesh, which swathes and enfolds it, and perfectly distinct by the character and origin of its population. The peach-stone is called Kandy, and the people Kandyans. These are a desperate variety of the tiger-man, agile and fierce as he is, though smooth, insinuating, and full of subtlety as a snake, even to the moment of crouching for their last fatal spring. On the other hand the people of the engirdling zone are called the Cinghalese, spelled according to fancy of us authors and compositors, who legislate for the spelling of the British empire, with an S or a C. As to moral virtue, in the sense of integrity or fixed principle, there is not much lost upon either race: in that point they are “much of a muchness.” They are also both respectable for their attainments in cowardice; but with this difference, that the Cinghalese are soft, inert, passive cowards: but your Kandyan is a ferocious little bloody coward, full of mischief as a monkey, grinning with desperation, laughing like a hyena, or chattering if you vex him, and never to be trusted for a moment. The reader now understands why we described the Ceylonese man as a tiger-cat in his noblest division: for, after all, these danger-

ous gentlemen in the peach-stone are a more promising race than the silky and nerveless population surrounding them. You can strike no fire out of the Cinghalese: but the Kandyans show fight continually, and would even persist in fighting, if there were in this world no gunpowder, (which exceedingly they dislike,) and if their allowance of arrack were greater.

Surely this is the very strangest spectacle exhibited on earth: a kingdom within a kingdom, an *imperium in imperio*, settled and maintaining itself for centuries in defiance of all that Pagan, that Mahomedan, that Jew, or that Christian, could do. The reader will remember the case of the British envoy to Geneva, who being ordered in great wrath to “quit the territories of the republic in twenty-four hours,” replied, “By all means: in ten minutes.” And here was a little bantam kingdom, not much bigger than the irate republic, having its separate sultan, with full-mounted establishment of peacock’s feathers, white elephants, Moorish eunuchs, armies, cymbals, dulcimers, and all kinds of music, tormentors, and executioners; whilst his majesty crowed defiance across the ocean to all other kings, rajahs, soldans, kesars, “flowery” emperors, and “golden-feet,” east or west, be the same more or less; and really with some reason. For though it certainly is amusing to hear of a kingdom no bigger than Stirlingshire with the half of Perthshire, standing erect and maintaining perpetual war with all the rest of Scotland, a little nucleus of pugnacity, sixty miles by twenty-four, rather more than a match for the lazy lubber, nine hundred miles long, that dandled it in its arms; yet, as the trick was done, we cease to find it ridiculous.

For the trick was done: and that reminds us to give the history of Ceylon in its two sections, which will not prove much longer than the history of Tom Thumb. Precisely three centuries before Waterloo, viz. *Anno Domini* 1515, a Portuguese admiral hoisted his sovereign’s flag, and formed a durable settlement at Columbo, which was, and is, considered the maritime capital of the island. Very nearly halfway on the interval of time between this event and Waterloo, viz. in 1656, (ante-penultimo year of Cromwell,) the Portuguese

nation made over, by treaty, this settlement to the Dutch; which, of itself, seems to mark that the sun of the former people was now declining to the west. In 1796, now forty-seven years ago, it arose out of the French revolutionary war—so disastrous for Holland—that the Dutch surrendered it per force to the British, who are not very likely to surrender it in *their* turn on any terms, or at any gentleman's request. Up to this time, when Ceylon passed under our flag, it is to be observed that no progress whatever, not the least, had been made in mastering the peach-stone, that old central nuisance of the island. The little monster still crowed, and flapped his wings on his dunghill, as had been his custom always in the afternoon for certain centuries. But nothing on earth is immortal: even mighty bantams must have their decline and fall; and omens began to show out that soon there would be a dust with the new master at Columbo. Seven years after our *debut* on that stage, the dust began. By the way, it is perhaps an impertinence to remark it, but there certainly is a sympathy between the motions of the Kandyan potentate and our European enemy Napoleon. Both pitched into *us* in 1803, and we pitched into both in 1815. That we call a coincidence. How the row began was thus: some incomprehensible intrigues had been proceeding for a time between the British governor or commandant, or whatever he might be, and the Kandyan prime minister. This minister, who was a noticeable man, with large grey eyes, was called *Pilamé Tilawé*. We write his name after Mr Bennett: but it is quite useless to study the pronunciation of it, seeing that he was hanged in 1812 (the year of Moscow)—a fact for which we are thankful as often as we think of it. *Pil.* (surely *Tilawé* cannot be pronounced *Garlic*?) managed to get the king's head into Chancery, and then fibbed him. Why Major-General McDowall (then commanding our forces) should collude with *Pil Garlic*, is past our understanding. But so it was. *Pil.* said that a certain prince, collaterally connected with the royal house, by name Mootto Sawmé, who had fled to our protection, was, or might be thought to be, the lawful king. Upon which the British general proclaimed him. What followed is

too shocking to dwell upon. Scarcely had Mootto, apparently a good creature, been inaugurated, when *Pil.* proposed his deposition, to which General McDowall consented, and his own (*Pil.*'s) elevation to the throne. It is like a dream to say, that this also was agreed to. King *Pil.* the First, and, God be thanked! the last, was raised to the—*musnud*, we suppose, or whatsoever they call it in *Pil.*'s jargon. So far there was little but farce; now comes the tragedy. A certain Major Davie was placed with a very inconsiderable garrison in the capital of the Kandyan empire, called by name Kandy. This officer, whom Mr Bennett somewhere calls the “gal-lant,” capitulated upon terms, and had the inconceivable folly to imagine that a base Kandyan chief would think himself bound by these terms. One of them was—that he (Major Davie) and his troops should be allowed to retreat unmolested upon Columbo. Accordingly, fully armed and accoutred, the British troops began their march. At Wattépolowa a proposal was made to Major Davie, that Mootto Sawmé (our *protégé* and instrument) should be delivered up to the Kandyan tiger. Oh! sorrow for the British name! he *was* delivered. Soon after a second proposal came, that the British soldiers should deliver up their arms, and should march back to Kandy. It makes an Englishman shiver with indignation to hear that even this demand was complied with. Let us pause for one moment. Wherefore is it, that in all similar cases, in this Ceylonese case, in Major Baillie's Mysore case, in the Cabool case, uniformly the privates are wiser than their officers? In a case of delicacy or doubtful policy, certainly the officers would have been the party best able to solve the difficulties; but in a case of elementary danger, where manners disappear, and great passions come upon the stage, strange it is that poor men, labouring men, men without education, always judge more truly of the crisis than men of high refinement. But this was seen by Wordsworth—thus spoke he, thirty-six years ago, of Germany, contrasted with the Tyrol:—

“Her haughty schools
Shall blush; and may not we with sorrow
say—
A few strong instincts, and a few plain rules,

Among the herdsmen of the Alps, have wrought

More for mankind at this unhappy day
Than all the pride of intellect and thought."

The regiment chiefly concerned was the 19th, (for which regiment the word *Wattépolowa*, the scene of their martyrdom, became afterwards a memorial war-cry.) Still, to this hour, it forces tears of wrath into our eyes when we read the recital of the case. A dozen years ago we first read it in a very interesting book, published by the late Mr Blackwood—the *Life of Alexander Alexander*. This Alexander was not personally present at the bloody catastrophe; but he was in Ceylon at the time, and knew the one sole fugitive * from that fatal day. The soldiers of the 19th, not even in that hour of horror, forgot their discipline, or their duty, or their respectful attachment to their officers. When they were ordered to ground their arms, (oh, base idiot that could issue such an order!) they remonstrated most earnestly, but most respectfully. Major Davie, agitated and distracted by the scene, himself recalled the order. The men resumed their arms. Alas! again the fatal order was issued; again it was recalled; but finally, it was issued peremptorily. The men sorrowfully obeyed. We hurry to the odious conclusion. In parties of twos and of threes, our brave countrymen were called out by the horrid Kandy-an tiger-cats. Disarmed by the frenzy of their moonstruck commander, what resistance could they make? One after one the parties, called out to suffer, were decapitated by the executioner. The officers, who had refused to give up their pistols, finding what was going on, blew out their brains with their own hands, now too bitterly feeling how much wiser had been the poor privates than themselves. At length there was stillness on the field. Night had come on. All were gone—

"And darkness was the buryer of the dead."

The reader may recollect a most picturesque murder near Manchester, about thirteen or fourteen years ago, perpetrated by two brothers named M'Kean, where a servant woman,

whose throat had been effectually cut, rose up, after an interval, from the ground at a most critical moment, (so critical, that, by that act, and at that second of time, she drew off the murderer's hand from the throat of a second victim,) staggered, in her delirium, to the door of a room where sometimes a club had been held, doubtless under some idea of obtaining aid, and at the door, after walking some fifty feet, dropped down dead. Not less astonishing was the resurrection, as it might be called, of an English corporal, cut, mangled, remangled, and left without sign of life. Suddenly he rose up, stiff and gory; dying and delirious, as he felt himself, with misery from exhaustion and wounds, he swam rivers, threaded enemies, and moving day and night, came suddenly upon an army of Kandyans; here he prepared himself with pleasure for the death that now seemed inevitable, when, by a fortunate accident, for want of a fitter man, he was selected as an ambassador to the English officer commanding a Kandy-an garrison—and thus once more escaped miraculously.

Sometimes, when we are thinking over the great scenes of tragedy through which Europe passed from 1805 to 1815, suddenly, from the bosom of utter darkness, a blaze of light arises; a curtain is drawn up; a saloon is revealed. We see a man sitting there alone, in an attitude of alarm and expectation. What does he expect? What is it that he fears? He is listening for the chariot-wheels of a fugitive army. At intervals he raises his head—and we know him now for the Abbé de Pradt—the place, Warsaw—the time, early in December 1812. All at once the rushing of cavalry is heard; the door is thrown open; a stranger enters.

We see, as in Cornelius Agrippa's mirror, his haggard features; it is a momentary king, having the sign of a felon's death written secretly on his brow; it is Murat; he raises his hands with a gesture of horror as he advances to M. l'Abbé. We hear his words—" *L'Abbé, all is lost!*"

Even so, when the English soldier, reeling from his anguish and weariness, was admitted into the beleaguer-

* *Fugitive*, observe. There were some others, and amongst them Major Davie, who, for private reasons, were suffered to survive as prisoners.

ed fortress, his first words, more homely in expression than Murat's, were to the same dreadful purpose—"Your honour," he said, "all is dish'd;" and this being uttered by way of prologue, he then delivered himself of the message with which he had been charged, and *that* was a challenge from the Kandyan general to come out and fight without aid from his artillery. The dismal report was just in time; darkness was then coming on. The English officer spiked his guns; and, with his garrison, fled by night from a fort in which else he would have perished by starvation or by storm, had Kandyan forces been equal to such an effort. This corporal was, strictly speaking, the only man who *escaped*, one or two other survivors having been reserved as captives, for some special reasons. Of this captive party was Major Davie, the commander, whom Mr Bennett salutes by the title of "gallant," and regrets that "the strong arm of death" had intercepted his apology.

He could have made no apology. Plea or palliation he had none. To have polluted the British honour in treacherously yielding up to murder (and absolutely for nothing in return) a prince, whom we ourselves had seduced into rebellion—to have forced his men and officers into laying down their arms, and suing for the mercy of wretches the most perfidious on earth; these were acts as to which atonement or explanation was hopeless for *him*, forgiveness impossible for England. So this man is to be called "the gallant"—is he? We will thank Mr Bennett to tell us, who was that officer subsequently seen walking about in Ceylon, no matter whether in Western Colombo, or in Eastern Trincomalé, long enough for reaping his dishonour, though, by accident, not for a court-martial? Behold, what a curse rests in this British island upon those men, who, when the clock of honour has sounded the hour for their departure, cannot turn their dying eyes nobly to the land of their nativity—stretch out their hands to the glorious island in farewell homage, and say with military pride—as even the poor gladiators (who were but slaves) said to Cæsar, when they passed his chair to their death—"Morituri te salutamus!" This man, and Mr Bennett knows it, be-

cause he was incrustated with the leprosy of cowardice, and because upon him lay the blood of those to whom he should have been *in loco parentis*, made a solitude wherever he appeared; men ran from him as from an incarnation of pestilence; and between him and free intercourse with his countrymen, from the hour of his dishonour in the field, to the hour of his death, there flowed a river of separation—there were stretched lines of interdict heavier than ever Pope ordained—there brooded a schism like that of death, a silence like that of the grave; making known for ever the deep damnation of the infamy, which on this earth settles upon the troubled resting-place of him, who, through cowardice, has shrunk away from his duty, and, on the day of trial, has broken the bond which bound him to his country.

Surely there needed no arrear of sorrow to consummate this disaster. Yet two aggravations there were, which afterwards transpired, irritating the British soldiers to madness. One was soon reported, viz. that 120 sick or wounded men, lying in an hospital, had been massacred without a motive, by the children of hell with whom we were contending. The other was not discovered until 1815. Then first it became known, that in the whole stores of the Kandyan government, (*à fortiori* then in the particular section of the Kandyan forces which we faced,) there had not been more gunpowder remaining at the hour of Major Davie's infamous capitulation than 750 lbs. avoirdupois; other munitions of war having been in the same state of bankruptcy. Five minutes more of resistance, one inspiration of English pluck, would have placed the Kandyan army in our power—would have saved the honour of the country—would have redeemed our noble soldiers—and to Major Davie, would have made the total difference between lying in a traitor's grave, and lying in Westminster Abbey.

Was there no vengeance, no retribution, for these things? Vengeance there was, but by accident. Retribution there was, but partial and remote. Infamous it was for the English government at Colombo, as Mr Bennett insinuates, that having a large fund disposable annually for secret

service, between 1796 and 1803, such a rupture *could* have happened and have found us unprepared. Equally infamous it was, that summary chastisement was not inflicted upon the perfidious court of Kandy. What *real* power it had, when unaided by villany amongst ourselves, was shown in 1804; in the course of which year, one brave officer, Lieutenant Johnstone of the 19th, with no more than 150 men, including officers, marched right through the country, in the teeth of all opposition from the king, and resolutely took * Kandy in his route. However, for the present, without a shadow of a reason, since all reasons ran in the other direction, we ate our leek in silence; once again, but now for the last time, the bloody little bantam crowed defiance from his dunghill, and tore the British flag with his spurs. What caused his ruin at last, was literally the profundity of our own British humiliation; had *that* been less, had it not been for the natural reaction of that spectacle, equally hateful and incredible, upon a barbarian chief, as ignorant as he was fiendish, he would have returned a civil answer to our subsequent remonstrances. In that case, our government would have been conciliated; and the monster's son, who yet lives in Malabar, would now be reigning in his stead. But *Diis aliter visum est*—earth was weary of this Kandyan nuisance; and the infatuation, which precipitated its doom, took the following shape. In 1814, certain traders, ten in number, not British but Cinghalese, and therefore British subjects, entitled to British protection, were wantonly molested in their peaceable occupations by this Kandyan king. Three of these traders one day returned to our frontier, wearing upon necklaces, inextricably attached to their throats, their own ears, noses, and other parts of their own persons, torn away by the pincers of the Kandyan executioners. The seven others had sunk under their sufferings. Ob-

serve that there had been no charge or imputation against these men, more or less: *stet pro ratione voluntas*. This was too much even for our all-suffering † English administration. They sent off a kind of expostulation, which amounted to this—"How now, my good sir? What are you up to?" Fortunately for his miserable subjects, (and, as this case showed, by possibility for many who were *not* such,) the vain-glorious animal returned no answer; not because he found any diplomatic difficulty to surmount, but in mere self glorification, and in pure disdain of *us*. What a commentary was *that* upon our unspeakable folly up to that hour!

We are anxious that the reader should go along with the short remainder of this story, because it bears strongly upon the true moral of our Eastern policy, of which, hereafter, we shall attempt to unfold the casuistry, in a way that will be little agreeable to the calumniators of Clive and Hastings. We do not intend that these men shall have it all their own way in times to come. Our Eastern rulers have erred always, and erred deeply, by doing too little rather than too much. They have been *too* long-suffering; and have tolerated many nuisances, and many miscreants, when their duty was—when their power was—to have destroyed them for ever. And the capital fault of the East India Company—that greatest benefactor for the East that ever yet has arisen—has been in not publishing to the world the grounds and details of their policy. Let this one chapter in that policy, this Kandyan chapter, proclaim how great must have been the evils from which our "usurpations" (as they are called) have liberated the earth. For let no man dwell on the rarity, or on the limited sphere, of such atrocities, even in Eastern despotisms. If the act be rare, is not the anxiety eternal? If the personal suffering be transitory, is not the outrage upon human sensibilities, upon the

* "*Took Kandy in his route.*" This phrase is equivocal; it bears two senses—the traveller's sense, and the soldier's. But *we* rarely make such errors in the use of words; the error is original in the Government documents themselves.

† Why were they "all-suffering?" will be the demand of the reader; and he will doubt the fact simply because he will not apprehend any sufficient motive. That motive we believe to have been this: war, even just or necessary war, is costly; now, the governor and his council knew that their own individual chances of promotion were in the exact ratio of the economy which they could exhibit.

majesty of human nature, upon the possibilities of light, order, commerce, civilization, of a duration and a compass to make the total difference between man viler than the brutes, and man a little lower than the angels?

It happened that the first noble, or "Adikar," of the Kandyan king, being charged with treason at this time, had fled to our protection. That was enough. Vengeance on *him*, in his proper person, had become impossible: and the following was the vicarious vengeance adopted by God's vicegerent upon earth, whose pastime it had long been to study the ingenuities of malice, and the possible refinements in the arts of tormenting. Here follows the published report on this one case:—"The ferocious miscreant determined to be fully revenged, and immediately sentenced the Adikar's wife and children, together with his brother and the brother's wife, to death after the following fashion. The children were ordered to be decapitated before their mother's face, and their heads to be pounded in a rice-mortar by their mother's hands; which, to save herself from a diabolical torture and exposure," (concealments are here properly practised in the report, for the sake of mere human decency,) "she submitted to attempt. The eldest boy shrunk (shrank) from the dread ordeal, and clung to his agonized parent for safety; but his younger brother stepped forward, and encouraged him to submit to his fate, placing himself before the executioner by way of setting an example. The last of the children to be beheaded was an infant at the breast, from which it was forcibly torn away, and its mother's milk was dripping from its innocent mouth as it was put into the hands of the grim executioner." Finally, the Adikar's brother was executed, having no connexion (so much as alleged) with his brother's flight; and then the two sisters-in-law, having stones attached to their feet, were thrown into a tank. These be thy gods, O Egypt! such are the processes of Kandyan law, such is its horrid religion, and such the morality which it generates! And let it not be said, these were the excesses of a tyrant. Man does not brutalize, by possibility, in pure insulation. He gives, and he receives. It is by sympathy, by the contagion of example, by reverberation of feelings, that every

man's heart is moulded. A prince, to have been such as this monster, must have been bred amongst a cruel people: a cruel people, as by other experience we know them to be, naturally produce an inhuman prince; and such a prince reproduces his own corrupters.

Vengeance, however, was now at hand: a better and more martial governor, Sir Robert Brownrigg, was in the field since 1812. On finding that no answer was forthcoming, he marched with all his forces. But again these were inadequate to the service; and once again, as in 1803, we were on the brink of being sacrificed to the very lunacies of retrenchment. By a mere godsend, more troops happened to arrive from the Indian continent. We marched in triumphal ease to the capital city of Kandy. The wicked prince fled: Major Kelly pursued him—to pursue was to overtake—to overtake was to conquer. Thirty-seven ladies of his *zenana*, and his mother, were captured elsewhere: and finally the whole kingdom capitulated by a solemn act, in which we secured to it what we had no true liberty to secure, viz. the *inviolability* of their horrid idolatries. Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's—but this was *not* Cæsar's. Whether in some other concessions, whether in volunteering certain civil privileges of which the conquered had never dreamed, and which, for many a long year they will not understand, our policy were right or wrong—may admit of much debate. Oftentimes, but not always, it is wise and long-sighted policy to presume in nations higher qualities than they have, and developments beyond what really exist. But as to religion, there can be no doubt, and no debate at all. To exterminate their filthy and bloody abominations of creed and of ritual practice, is the first step to any serious improvement of the Kandyan people: it is the *conditio sine qua non* of all regeneration for this demoralized race. And what we ought to have promised, all that in mere civil equity we had the right to promise, was—that we would *tolerate* such follies, would make no war upon such superstitions as should not be openly immoral. One word more than this covenant was equally beyond the powers of one party to that covenant, and the highest interests of all parties.

Philosophically speaking, this great

revolution may not close perhaps for centuries : historically, it closed about the opening of the Hundred Days in the *annus mirabilis* of Waterloo. On the 13th of February 1815, Kandy, the town, was occupied by the British troops, never again to be resigned. In March, followed the solemn treaty by which all parties assumed their constitutional stations. In April, occurred the ceremonial part of the revolution, its public notification and celebration, by means of a grand processional entry into the capital, stretching for upwards of a mile ; and in January 1816, the late king, now formally deposed, "a stout, good-looking Malabar, with a peculiarly keen and roving eye, and a restlessness of manner, marking unbridled passions," was conveyed in the governor's carriage to the jetty at Trincomalee, from which port H.M.S. Mexico conveyed him to the Indian continent : he was there confined in the fortress of Vellore, famous for the bloody mutiny amongst the Company's sepoy troops, so bloodily suppressed. In Vellore, this cruel prince, whose name was Sree Wickremé Rajah Singha, died some years after ; and one son whom he left behind him, born during his father's captivity, may still be living. But his ambitious instincts, if any such are working within him, are likely to be seriously baffled in the very outset by the precautions of our diplomacy ; for one article of the treaty proscribes the descendants of this prince as enemies of Ceylon, if found within its precincts. In this exclusion, pointed against a single family, we are reminded of the Stuart dynasty in England, and the Bonaparte dynasty in France. We cannot, however, agree with Mr Bennett's view of this parallelism—either in so far as it points our pity towards Napoleon, or in so far as it points the regrets of disappointed vengeance to the similar transportation of Sree.

Pity is misplaced upon Napoleon, and anger is wasted upon Sree. He ought to have been hanged, says Mr Bennett ; and so said many of Napoleon. But it was not our mission to punish either. The Malabar prince had broken no faith with us : he acted under the cursed usages of a cruel people and a bloody religion. These influences had trained a bad heart to corresponding atrocities. Courtesy we did right to pay him, for our own

sakes as a high and noble nation. What we could not punish judicially, it did not become us to revile. And finally, we much doubt whether hanging upon a tree, either in Napoleon's case or Sree's, would not practically have been found by both a happy liberation from that bitter cup of mortification which both drank off in their latter years.

At length, then, the entire island of Ceylon, about a hundred days before Waterloo, had become ours for ever. Hereafter Ceylon must inseparably attend the fortunes of India. Whosoever in the East commands the sea, must command the southern empires of Asia ; and he who commands those empires, must for ever command the Oriental islands. One thing only remains to be explained ; and the explanation, we fear, will be harder to understand than the problem : it is—how the Portuguese and Dutch failed, through nearly three centuries, to master this little obstinate *nucleus* of the peach. It seems like a fairy tale to hear the answer : Sinbad has nothing wilder. "They were," says Mr Bennett, "repeatedly masters of the capital." What was it, then, that stopped them from going on ? "At one period, the former (*i. e.* the Portuguese) had conquered all but the impregnable position called *Kandi Udda*." And what was it then that lived at Kandi Udda ? The dragon of Wantley ? or the dun cow of Warwick ? or the classical Hydra ? No ; it was thus :—*Kandi* was "in the centre of the mountainous region, surrounded by impervious jungles, with secret approaches for only one man at a time." Such tricks might have answered in the time of Ali Baba and the forty thieves ; but we suspect that, even then, an "*open sesame*" would have been found for this pestilent defile. Smoking a cigar through it, and dropping the sparks, might have done the business in the dry season. But, in very truth, we imagine that political arrangements were answerable for this long failure in checkmating the king, and not at all the cunning passage which carried only one inside passenger. The Portuguese permitted the Kandyan natives to enter their army ; and that one fact gives us a short solution of the case. For, as Mr Bennett observes, the principal features of these Kandyans are merely "human imitations of their own indi-

genous leopards—treachery and ferocity,” as the circumstances may allow them to profit by one or the other. Sugarcandy, however, appears to have given very little trouble to us; and, at all events, it is ours now, together with all that is within its gates. It is proper, however, to add, that since the conquest of this country in 1815, there have been three rebellions, viz. in 1817-18, in 1834, and finally in 1842. This last comes pretty well home to our own times and concerns; so that we naturally become curious as to the causes of such troubles. The two last are said to have been inconsiderable in their extent. But the earlier of the three, which broke out so soon after the conquest as 1817, must, we conceive, have owed something to intrigues promoted on behalf of the exiled king. His direct lineal descendants are excluded, as we have said, from the island for ever; but his relatives, by whom we presume to be meant his *cognati* or kinspeople in the female line, not his *agnati*, are allowed to live in Kandy, suffering only the slight restriction of confinement to one street out of five, which compose this ancient metropolis. Meantime, it is most instructive to hear the secret account of those causes which set in motion this unprincipled rebellion. For it will thus be seen how hopeless it is, under the present idolatrous superstition of Ceylon, to think of any attachment in the people, by means of good government, just laws, agriculture promoted, or commerce created. More stress will be laid, by the Ceylonese, on our worshipping a carious tooth two inches long, ascribed to the god Buddha, (but by some to an ourang-outang,) than to every mode of equity, good faith, or kindness. It seems that the Kandians and we reciprocally misunderstood the ranks, orders, precedencies, titular distinctions, and external honours attached to them in our several nations. But none are so deaf as those that have no mind to hear. And we suspect that our honest fellows of the 19th Regiment, whose comrades had been murdered in their beds by the cursed Kandyan “nobles,” neither did nor would understand the claim of such assassins to military salutes, to the presenting of arms, or to the turning out of the guard. Here, it is said, began the ill-blood, and also on the claim of the Buddhist priests to similar honours. To say the simple

truth, these soldiers ought not to have been expected to show respect towards the murderers of their brethren. The priests, with their shaven crowns and yellow robes, were objects of mere mockery to the British soldier. “Not to have been kicked,” it should have been said, “is gain; not to have been cudged, is for you a ground of endless gratitude. Look not for salutes; dream not of honours.” For our own part—again we say it—let the government look ahead for endless insurrections. We tax not the rulers of Ceylon with having caused the insurrections. We hold them blameless on that head; for a people so fickle and so unprincipled will never want such matter for rebellion as would be suspected, least of all, by a wise and benevolent man. But we *do* tax the local government with having ministered to the possibility of rebellion. We British have not sowed the ends and objects of conspiracies; but undoubtedly, by our lax administration, we have sowed the *means* of conspiracies. We must not transfer to a Pagan island our own mild code of penal laws: the subtle savage will first become capable of these, when he becomes capable of Christianity. And to this we must now bend our attention. Government must make no more offerings of musical clocks to the Pagan temples; for such propitiations are understood by the people to mean—that we admit their god to be naturally stronger than ours. Any mode or measure of excellence but that of power, they understand not, as applying to a deity. Neither must our government any longer wink at such monstrous practices as that of children ejecting their dying parents, in their last struggles, from the shelter of their own roofs, on the plea that death would pollute their dwellings. Such compliances with Paganism, make Pagans of ourselves. Nor, again, ought the professed worship of devils to be tolerated, more than the Fetish worship, or the African witchcraft, was tolerated in the West Indies. Having, at last, obtained secure possession of the entire island, with no reversionary fear over our heads, (as, up to Waterloo, we always had,) that possibly at a general peace we might find it diplomatically prudent to let it return under Dutch possession, we have no excuse for any longer neglecting the jewel in our

power. We gave up to Holland, through unwise generosity, already one splendid island, viz. Java. Let one such folly suffice for one century.

For the same reason—namely, the absolute and undivided possession which we now hold of the island—it is at length time that our home government should more distinctly invite colonists, and make known the unrivaled capabilities of this region. So vast are our colonial territories, that for every class in our huge framework of society we have separate and characteristic attractions. In some it is chiefly labour that is wanted, capital being in excess. In others these proportions are reversed. In some it is great capitalists that are wanted for the present; in others almost exclusively small ones. Now, in Ceylon, either class will be welcome. It ought also to be published every where, that immediately after the conquest of Kandy, the government entered upon the Roman career of civilization, and upon that also which may be considered peculiarly British. Military roads were so carried as to pierce and traverse all the guilty fastnesses of disease, and of rebellion by means of disease. Bridges, firmly built of satin-wood, were planted over every important stream. The Kirimé canal was completed in the most eligible situation. The English institution of mail-coaches was perfected in all parts of the island. At this moment there are three separate modes of itinerating through the island—viz. by mail-coach, by buggy, or by palanquin; to say nothing of the opportunities offered at intervals, along the maritime provinces, for coasting by ships or boats. To the botanist, the mineralogist, the naturalist, the sportsman, Ceylon offers almost a virgin Eldorado. To a man wishing to combine the lucrative pursuits of the colonist with the elegances of life, and with the comforts of compatriot society, not (as in Australia, or in American back settlements) to weather the hardships of Robinson Crusoe, the invitations from the infinite resources of Ceylon are past all count or estimate. “For my own part,” says Mr Bennett, who is *now* a party absolutely disinterested, “having visited all but the northern regions of the globe, I have seen nothing to equal this incomparable country.” Here a man may purchase land, with secure title and of a good tenure,

at five shillings the acre; this, at least, is the upset price, though in some privileged situations it is known to have reached seventeen shillings. A house may be furnished in the Morotto style, and with luxurious contrivances for moderating the heat in the hotter levels of the island, at fifty pounds sterling. The native furniture is both cheap and excellent in quality; every way superior, intrinsically, to that which, at five times the cost, is imported from abroad. Labour is pretty uniformly at the rate of sixpence English for twelve hours. Provisions of every sort and variety are poured out in Ceylon from an American *cornucopia* of some Saturnian age. Wheat, potatoes, and many esculent plants, or fruits, were introduced by the British in the great year, (and for this island, in the most literal sense, the era of a new earth and new heavens)—the year of Waterloo. From that year dates, for the Ceylonese, the day of equal laws for rich and poor, the day of development out of infant and yet unimproved advantages; finally—if we are wise, and they are docile—the day of a heavenly religion displacing the *avowed* worship of devils, and giving to the people a new nature, a new heart, and hopes as yet not dawning upon their dreams. How often has it been said by the vile domestic calumniators of British policy, by our own anti-national deceivers, that if to-morrow we should leave India, no memorial would attest that ever we had been there. Infamous falsehood! damnable slander! Speak, Ceylon, to *that*. True it is, that the best of our gifts—peace, freedom, security, and a new standard of public morality—these blessings are like sleep, like health, like innocence, like the eternal revolutions of day and night, which sink inaudibly into human hearts, leaving behind (as sweet vernal rains) no flaunting records of ostentation and parade; we are not the nation of triumphal arches and memorial obelisks; but the sleep, the health, the innocence, the grateful vicissitudes of seasons, reproduce themselves in fruits and products enduring for generations, and overlooked by the slanderer only because they are too diffusive to be noticed as extraordinary, and benefiting by no light of contrast, simply because our own beneficence has swept away the ancient wretchedness that could have furnished that

contrast. Ceylon, of itself, can reply victoriously to such falsehoods. Not yet fifty years have we held this island; not yet thirty have we had the *entire* possession of the island; and (what is more important to a point of this nature) not yet thirty have we had that secure possession which results from the consciousness that our government is not meditating to resign it. Previously to Waterloo, our tenure of Ceylon was a provisional tenure. With the era of our Kandyan conquest coincides the era of our absolute appropriation, signed and countersigned for ever. The arrangements of that day at Paris, and by a few subsequent Congresses of revision, are like the arrangements of Westphalia in 1648—valid until Christendom shall be again convulsed to her foundations. From that date is, therefore, justly to be inaugurated our English career of improvement. Of the roads laid open through the island, we have spoken. The attempts at improvement of the agriculture and horticulture furnish matter already for a romance, if told of any other than this wonderful labyrinth of climates. The openings for commercial improvement are not less splendid. It is a fact infamous to the Ceylonese, that an island, which might easily support twenty millions of people, has been liable to famine, not unfrequently, with a population of fifteen hundred thousand. This has already ceased to be a possibility: is *that* a blessing of British rule? Not only many new varieties of rice have been introduced, and are now being introduced, adapted to opposite extremes of weather and soil—some to the low grounds warm and abundantly irrigated, some to the dry grounds demanding far less of moisture—but also other and various substitutes have been presented to Ceylon. Manioc, maize, the potato, the turnip, have all been cultivated. Mr Bennett himself would, in ancient Greece, have had many statues raised to his honour for his exemplary bounties of innovation. The food of the people is now secure. And, as regards their clothing or their exports, there is absolutely no end to the new prospects opened before them by the English. Is *cotton* a British gift? Is *sugar*? Is *coffee*? We are not the men lazily and avariciously to anchor our hopes on a pearl fishery; we rouse the natives to cultivate their salt fish and

shark fisheries. Tea will soon be cultivated more hopefully than in Assam. Sugar, coffee, cinnamon, pepper, are all cultivated already. Silk worms and mulberry-trees were tried with success, and opium with *virtual* success, (though in that instance defeated by an accident,) under the auspices of Mr Bennett. Hemp (and surely it is wanted?) will be introduced abundantly: indigo is not only grown in plenty, but it appears that a beautiful variety of indigo, a violet-coloured indigo, exists as a weed in Ceylon. Finally, in the running over hastily the *summa genera* of products by which Ceylon will soon make her name known to the ends of the earth, we may add, that salt provisions in every kind, of which hitherto Ceylon did not furnish an ounce, will now be supplied redundantly; the great mart for this will be in the vast bosom of the Indian ocean; and at the same time we shall see the scandal wiped away—that Ceylon, the headquarters of the British navy in the East, could not supply a cock-boat in distress with a week's salt provisions, from her own myriads of cattle, zebus, buffaloes, or cows.

Ceylon has this one disadvantage for purposes of theatrical effect; she is like a star rising heliacally, and hidden in the blaze of the sun: any island, however magnificent, becomes lost in the blaze of India. But that does not affect the realities of the case. She has *that* within which passes show. Her one calamity is in the laziness of her native population; though in this respect the Kandians are a more hopeful race than the Cinghalese. But the evil for both is, that they want the *motives* to exertion. These will be created by a new and higher civilization. Foreign labourers will also be called for; a mixed race will succeed in the following generations; and a mixed breed in man is always an improved breed. Witness every where the people of colour contrasted with the blacks. Then will come the great race between man indefinitely exalted, and a glorious tropical nature indefinitely developed. Ceylon will be born again; in our hands she will first answer to the great summons of nature; and will become, in fact, what, by Providential destiny, she is—the queen lotus of the Indian seas, and the Pandora of islands.

COMMERCIAL POLICY.

SHIPS, COLONIES, AND COMMERCE.

In our September number, we succeeded in establishing the fact, upon the best official records which could be accessible either to ourselves or to Mr Cobden, that the renowned Leaguer had magnified that portion of the army estimates, or expenditure, falling properly under the head of colonial charge, by about thirty-five per cent beyond its real amount, as tested *seriatim* and starting upon his own arithmetical elements of gross numbers and values. We arrived at the truth by the careful process of dissecting, analysing, and classifying, under each colonial head, the various items of which his gross sum of aggregates must necessarily be composed; and the result was, that of the *four millions and a-half sterling*, with such dauntless assurance set down as the proportion of army charge incurred for the colonies by the parent state, it was found, and proved in detail by official returns, colony by colony, and summed up in tabular array at the close, that the very conscientiously calculating Leaguer had made no scruple, under his lumping system, of overlaying colonial trade with upwards of one million and a half of army expenditure, one million and a quarter of which, in all probability, appertaining to, and forming part of the cost nationally at which foreign trade was carried on. The cunning feat was bravely accomplished by ranging Gibraltar, Malta, &c. &c., as trading and producing colonies, for the purpose of swelling out the colonial army cost; whilst, to complete the cheat cleverly, they were again turned to account in his comparative statistics of foreign and colonial trade, to the detriment of the latter, by carrying all the commerce with, or through them, to the credit of foreign trade. This was ringing the changes to one tune with some effect, for the time being—and so astutely timed and intended, that no discussion could be taken in the House of Commons upon the informal motion, serving as the peg on which to hang the prepared

speech of deceptive figures and assertions inflicted on the House the 22d of June last; whilst thus, as the Leaguer shrewdly anticipated, it might run uncontroverted for months to come until another session, and, through *Anti-Corn-Law circulars* and tracts of the League, do the dirty work of the time for which concocted, when no matter how consigned and forgotten afterwards among the numberless other lies of the day, fabricated by the League. Unluckily for the crafty combination, *Blackwood* was neither slow to detect, nor tardy in unmasking, the premeditated imposture, the crowning and final points of which we now propose to deal with and demolish. Betwixt the relative importance in the cost, and in the profit and loss sense, of foreign and colonial trade, on which the question of the advantages or disadvantages attending the possession or retention of colonies is made exclusively to hinge, with a narrow-mindedness incapable of appreciating the other high political and social interests, the moral and religious considerations, moreover, involved—we shall now proceed with the task of arbitrating and striking the balance. If that balance should little correspond with the bold and unscrupulous allegations of Mr Cobden—if it should be found to derogate from the assumed super-eminence of the foreign trading interest over the colonial, let it be remembered that the invidious discussion was not raised by us, nor by any member of the Legislature who can rightfully be classed as the representative of great national and constitutional principles; that the distinction and disjunction of interests, both national, with the absurd attempt unduly to elevate the one by unjustly depreciating the other, is the work of the League alone, which, having originated the senseless cry of “class interests,” would seem doggedly determined to establish the fact, *per jus et nefas*, as the means of founding and perpetuating class divisions.

In our last number, we left Mr Cobden's sum total of army expenditure for colonial account charged by him, at	L.4,500,000
Reduced by deductions for military and other stations, maintained for the protection and promotion of foreign trade, for the suppression of slave dealing, and as penal colonies, in the total amount of	1,550,000
To apparent colonial charge,	L.2,950,000

We have, however, to reform this statement, so far as Mr Cobden's basis upon which founded. Accustomed to his blunders undesigned and mistatements intentional as we are, it is not always easy to ascertain their extent at the moment. Thus, the army estimates for 1843, amounting to L.6,225,000 in the whole, as he states, include a charge of, say about L.2,300,000 for "half pay, pensions, superannuations, &c.," for upwards of 80,000 officers and men. This fact it suited his convenience to overlook. Now, of this number of men it is not perhaps too much to assume, that more than one-half consists

of the noble wreck and remainder of those magnificent armies led to victory by the illustrious Wellington, but certainly not in the colonies, and the present cost of half-pay and invaliding not therefore chargeable to colonial account. It may be taken for granted, that at least to the amount of L.1,300,000 should be placed against ancient foreign service, separate from colonial; whilst, for the balance, home, foreign, and colonial service since the war may be admitted to enter in certain proportions each. Deducting, in the first place, from the total estimates of, say

The "dead-weight" of pensions, &c.,	L.6,225,000
	2,300,000

We have, as expenditure for military force on foot, L.3,925,000, but say	L.4,000,000
Taking the Cobden dictum of three-fourths of this charge for the colonies, we have in round numbers, say	3,000,000

And the incredibly absurd sum left for home and foreign service of	L.1,000,000
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As we have, in our last number, established deductions from the gross sum of L.4,500,000 put down to the colonies by Mr Cobden, to the amount of L.1,550,000, we shall now remodel our table thus:—

To colonial account, as per Mr Cobden, of active force,	L.3,000,000
Add colonial proportion of half pay, pensions, &c., as per id., three-fourths of L.1,000,000	750,000
	L.3,750,000
Deduct military and other stations, falsely called colonial, as per former account,	L.1,550,000
Deduct again charges for the Chinese war, exact amount unknown, deceptively included in colonial account—say for only	250,000
	1,800,000
Approximate, but still surcharged proportion of army estimates for colonial service, on Mr Cobden's absurd basis of three-fourths,	L.1,950,000

This is a woful falling off from Mr Cobden's wholesale colonial invoice of *four and a half millions sterling!* It amounts to a discount or rebate upon his statistical ware of L.2,550,000, or say, not far short of sixty per cent. Had the Leaguer been in the habit of dealing cotton wares to his customers, so damaged in texture or colours as

are his wares political and economical, we are inclined to conceit, that he would long since have arrived at the *finiquito de todas cuentas*.

We now come to his naval cost of colonies, with a margin for ordnance as well. On this head, Mr Cobden remarks, with much sagacity—and, for once, Mr Cobden states one fact in

which we may agree with him:—"But the colonies had no ships to form a navy. The mother country had to send them ships to guard their territories, which were not paid for by the colonies, but out of the taxation of this country. The navy estimates for this year amounted to L.6,322,000. He had no means of ascertaining what proportion of this large amount was required for their colonies; but a very large proportion of it was taken for the navy in their colonies. The ordnance estimate was L.1,849,142, a large share of which was required for their colonial expenditure. The House would find, that from the lowest estimate, from L.5,000,000 to L.6,000,000 out of the taxes of this country were required for maintaining their colonial army and navy." True it is, the colonies have no ships of war; true, the navy expenses count for the gigantic sum stated—in the estimates at least, and estimates seldom fall short, however budgets may; true, also, that ordnance is the heavy item represented. And we also are without the means for any, not to say accurate, but fair approximative estimate of the proportion of this expenditure which may be incurred for, and duly chargeable against the colonies. In the case of the army, as we have shown, the possession and facilities of reference to documents, enabled us to resolve Mr Cobden's bill of totals, in one line, into the elements of which composed, to classify the items under distinct heads, and so to detect the errors, and redress the balance of his own account. The authorities, of official origin mostly, to which we had recourse, were equally open to Cobden, had he been actuated by an anxious desire to arrive at the truth, earnest in his enquiries after the means of information, laborious in his investigations, and, beyond all, with honesty of purpose resolved nothing to withhold, nor ought to set down in malice, as the result of his researches. Unfortunately, the navy is not a stationary body, as the army may be said to be; squadrons are not fixtures like corps in garrison; here to day and gone to morrow. The naval strength on the various stations, never permanent, escapes calculation, as the due apportionment of expenditure between each, and again of the quotas corresponding to the colo-

nies or to foreign commerce alone, defies any approach to accurate analysis. But we have at least common observation and common sense to satisfy us that but a small proportion of the naval outlay can be justly laid to colonial account, because so unimportant a proportion of the naval armament afloat, can be required for colonial service or defence. We have, assuredly, a certain number of gunboats and schooners on the Canadian lakes, which are purely for colonial purposes; and we may have some half-a-dozen vessels of war prowling about the St Lawrence and the British American waters, which may range under the colonial category. Wherever else our eyes be cast, it would be difficult to find one colony, east or west, which can be said to need, or gratuitously to be favoured with, a naval force for protection. We have a naval station at Halifax chargeable colonially. We have also a naval station, with headquarters at Jamaica, but certainly that forms no part of a colonial appendage. The whole of the force on that station is employed either in cruising after slavers, and assisting to put down the slave trade, or it is hovering about the shores of the Spanish Main and the Gulf of Mexico, for the protection of British foreign commerce, for redressing the wrongs to British subjects and interests in Colombia, Guatemala, Mexico, Cuba, or Hayti, or for conveying foreign specie and bullion from those countries for the behoof of British merchants at home. We have a naval station at the Cape of Good Hope, with the maintenance of which, that colony, Australia, New Zealand, &c., may be partly debited. And we have a naval station in India, the expense of which, so far as required for that great colonial empire, is, we believe, borne entirely by India herself. But by far the largest proportion of the expense is incurred, as the great bulk of the force is destined, for the protection of foreign commerce in the Indian and Chinese seas.

If we are to seek where the British navy is really to be found and heard of in masses, we have only to voyage to Brazil, where whole squadrons divide their occupations betwixt courting slavers and waiting upon foreign commerce. Further south, we find the River Plate blocked up with Bri-

tish war ships, watching over the interests of British commerce, and interposing betwixt the lives and properties of thousands of British subjects, and the unslaked thirst of the daggers of Rosas and his sanguinary *Mas-horcas*, that Ægis flag before which the most fearless and ferocious have quailed, and quail yet. So also, rounding Cape Horn, traversing the vast waters of the Great Pacific, the British ensign may ever be met, and swarming, too, on those west and north-western coasts of Spanish America, where, as from Bolivia to California, war and anarchy eternal seem to reign. Assuredly, no colonial interests, and as little do political combinations, carry to those far off regions, and there keep, such large detachments of the British fleet. Nearer home we need not signalize the Mediterranean and Levant, where British navies range as if hereditary owners of those seas; nor the western coasts of Spain, along which duly cruise our men-of-war, keeping watch and ward; certainly in neither one case nor the other for colonial objects.

From this sweep over the seas, it may readily be gathered how comparatively insignificant the proportion in which the British colonies are amenable for the cost of the British navy; and, on the contrary, how large the

cost incurred for the guardianship of the foreign commerce of Great Britain. In the absence of those authentic data which would warrant the construction of approximate estimates, we are willing, however, as before, to accept the basis of Mr Cobden's—not calculations, but—rough guesses; and as the colonial share of army, navy, and ordnance estimates altogether, he taxes in “from five to six millions,” of which four and a half millions, according to a previous statement of his, were for the army alone, we arrive at the simple fact, that the navy and ordnance are rated rather widely at a cost ranging from half a million to one million and a half sterling per annum. The mean term of this would be three quarters of a million; but truth may afford to be liberal, and so we throw in the other quarter, and debit the colonies with one million sterling for naval service, which, so far as isolated sections of the great body political, they can hardly be said, with exceptions noted before, either to receive or need. We have before, and we believe conclusively, disposed of Mr Cobden's colonial army estimates; and now we arrive at the total burden, under the weight of which the empire staggers on colonial account.

Army charge,	L.1,950,000, but say	L.2,000,000
Navy and Ordnance,		1,000,000

Total to Colonial debit,	L.3,000,000
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Mr Cobden enumerates a variety of expenditure against the colonies besides, under the head of civil establishments, public works, and grants for educational and religious purposes.

We need not—there is no occasion to discuss these minutiae with him; we prefer to make him a bargain at once, and so we throw in, against these civil contingencies for the colonies, the whole lump of the estimates for the diplomatic and consular service, Dr Bowring's commissionerships inclusive; all the charges for civil government, education, religion, public works, &c., besides of those stations, such as Gibraltar, Malta, the Ionian Isles, Singapore, Penang, &c., occupied altogether, or chiefly, for the purposes of foreign commerce, partially from political views, but assuredly not at all with reference to colonial objects.

If he be not content with this bargain of a set-off, we are quite ready to call over the account with him at any time, crediting him not more liberally than justly besides, with all the prodigal waste imposed upon the country by the colonial imposture facetiously styled the “self-supporting system,” in his smart exposure of which our sympathies are all with him, zealous advocates though we be of colonization, of colonization on a national scale moreover, and therefore on a national and commensurate scale of expenditure; which, however, can only be undertaken by the government when the fiat of financial insolvency which, with the Exchequer bill fraud, was the last legacy of Mr Spring Rice and Lord Monteagle, shall be superseded, and the Treasury rehabilitated, and then only by slow

degrees, but sure. An individual may, perchance, thrive upon an imposture, a government never; the late Ministry are the living evidence of the truth. We can comprehend "self-supporting colonization" in the individual sense of the pioneers and backwoodsmen of the United States; in the "squatting" upon wild lands in Canada and the West Indies; in the settlement of isolated adventurers among the savages of New Zealand; but the "self-supporting" settlement of communities, or, as more fancifully expressed, of "society in frame," is just as sound in principle, and as possible in practice, as would be the calculation of the Canadian shipwright, who should nail together a mass of boards and logs as a leviathan lumber ship for the transport of timber, on the calculation that at the end of the voyage it would be rated A 1 at Lloyd's, or grow into the solid power and capacity of a first-rate Indiaman, or man-of-war. We all know that such timber floaters went to wreck in the first gale on our coasts; the crews, indeed, did not always perish, they were only tossed about at the mercy of the winds and waves with the wooden lumber which would not sink, so long as hunger and helplessness did not disable hands and limbs from holding fast. And just so with the "self-supporting system of colonization."

Having ascertained, upon bases laid down by Mr Cobden himself, but without adopting his slashing unproved totals, the extent to which colonial

trade is criminally accessory to the financial burdens of the United Kingdom, (not, by the way, of the empire of which they form a component part,) it behoves us now to establish the proportion in which we are taxed for foreign trade, for there is clearly more than one vulture preying upon the vitals of this unhappy land.

We established, in our September number, an army cost of about L.1,200,000 against foreign trade for Gibraltar, Malta, the Ionian Islands, Singapore, Penang, &c. We may add, as a very low valuation, in the absence of accounts, L.250,000 more for the war with China. Of the estimates for the navy, L.6,322,000, and ordnance, L.1,849,000—total, L.8,175,000—we are fully entitled to charge about three-eighths to foreign commerce, or say L.3,000,000. The numerous and extensive naval stations kept up for the protection of our foreign commerce exclusively, together with the Mediterranean, Levant, and Spanish coast naval expenditure, to no inconsiderable extent for the same object, will sufficiently justify this estimate. We have apportioned one million of the naval and ordnance estimates for colonial purposes; one million more may be safely placed to the account of the slave trade; the remainder, L.3,175,000, is certainly an ample allowance for home naval stations, Channel fleet, if there be any, Mediterranean and other naval armaments, so far as for political objects only. We remain, therefore, for foreign trade with—

Garrisons, Gibraltar, &c., and reliefs at home,	L.1,200,000	
War with China,	250,000	
Navy and Ordnance,	3,000,000	
Total cost of foreign trade,	.	L.4,450,000
Id. colonial, as before stated,	.	3,000,000
Excess foreign,	.	L.1,450,000

This excess might justly be swelled to at least half a million more by a surcharge of army expenditure in China; of navy expenditure on foreign stations; that for China is not taken into account at all; and in respect of various other items of smaller consideration, separately, although in the aggregate of consideration, the account might still more be aggravated. There would be some diffi-

culty, it must be allowed, in clearly disinvolving them from masses of general statements, although for an approximate valuation it might not amount to an impossibility; we prefer, however, to leave Mr Cobden in possession of all the advantages we cannot make a clear title to. The advantages, indeed, are of dubious title, and something of the same kind as the entry into a house of

which the owner cannot be found, or of which he cannot lay his hands on the title-deeds.

We have now disposed of the preposterous exaggerations of the anti-colonial school, so far as that school can be said to be represented by Mr Alderman Cobden, under the head of colonial cost to the metropolitan state. We have reduced his amount of that cost to its fair approximate proportions, item by item, of gross charge, so far as we are enabled by those parliamentary or colonial documents, possessing the character of official or quasi-official origin. We have necessarily followed up this portion of our vindication of the colonies from unjust aspersions by a concurrent enquiry into the cost at which our foreign trade is carried on, in the national sense of the military, naval, and other establishments required and kept up for its protection and encouragement. And, finally, we have struck the balance between the two, the results of which are already before the public.

There remains one other essential part of the duty we have undertaken to fulfill. It is true that it did not suit the purposes of Mr Cobden to enter himself into any investigation of the comparative profitableness of foreign and colonial commerce, nor did he, doubtless, desire to provoke such an investigation on the part of others. With the cunning of a prejudiced partizan, he was content to skim superficially the large economical question he had not scrupled to raise from the depths of discomfiture and oblivion, in which abandoned by the colonial detractors, his predecessors, who had tried their art to conjure "spirits from the vasty deep," which would not come when they did "call for them." With gross numerical proportions apparently in his favour, but well-

grounded convictions that more might be discovered than met the eye, or squared with the desire, should the component elements of those proportions be respectively submitted to the process of dissection, he preferred to leave the tale half told, the subject less than half discussed, rather than challenge the certain exposure of the fallacious assumptions on which he had reconstructed a seemingly plausible, but really shallow dogma. A foreign export trade of thirty-five millions he wished the world to believe must represent, proportionally, a larger amount of profit, than sixteen millions of colonial export trade; that the difference, in fact, would be as thirty-five to sixteen, and so, according to his Cockerian rule of calculation, it should be. But, it is said and agreed, that two and two do not always make four, as in the present case will be verified. We may, indeed, place the matter beyond dispute, by a homely illustration level to every man's capacity. For example, a Manchester banker, dealing in money, shall turn over in discounts and accounts-current, with a capital of L.100,000, the sum of one million sterling per annum. As he charges interest in current-account at the rate of 5 per cent, so he allows the same. His profit, therefore, *quoad* the interest on current-accounts and balances in hand, is *nil*; but for the trouble of managing accounts and for discounts, his charge is five shillings per L.100. In lending out his capital, he realises five per cent more upon that. But the return upon capital embarked, say, in the cotton manufacture, is calculated, at the least, at an average of fifteen per cent. What, then, are the relative profit returns upon the same sum-total of operations for the banker and manufacturer?

Manufacturer's Balance Sheet.

Operations, L.1,000,000	Capital, L.100,000	Profit, 15 per cent, L.15,000
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Banker's Balance Sheet.

Operations, L.1,000,000	Profit thereon, 5s. per L.100,	L.2500
Capital, 100,000	Interest thereon, 5 per cent,	5000
	Return on Capital,	7500

Excess manufacturing profit, L.7500

That is, double the amount, or, as greater profit for the manufacturer rateably may be said, 100 per cent than the banker. Now, what is true

of banking and commerce, may be—often is, true of one description of commerce, as compared with another.

It is not meant to be inferred, however, that applied to colonial trade, as compared with foreign trade, the analogy holds good to all the extent; but that it does in degree, there can be no doubt, and we are prepared to show. It will, we know, be urged, that there can be no two *sale* prices for the same commodity in the same market, a dictum we are not disposed to impugn; but we shall not so readily subscribe to the doctrine, that the prices in the home and colonial markets are absolutely controlled and equalized by those of the foreign market. This is a rule absolute, not founded in truth, but contradicted by every day's experience. It would be equally correct to assert, that the lower rates of labour in the European foreign market, or the higher rates in the North American, controlled and equalized in the one sense, and in the other opposing, the rates in this country, than which no assertion could be more irreconcilable with fact. Prices and labour rates elsewhere, exercise an influence doubtless, and would have more in the absence of other conditions and counteracting influences, partly arising from natural, partly from artificially created causes. Prices, in privileged home and colonial markets, cannot generally fall to the same level as in foreign neutral markets, or, as in foreign protected markets, where the rates of labour are low. Keen as is the competition in the privileged home and colonial trade among the domestic and entitled manufacturers themselves, it will hardly be denied that larger as well as more steady profits are realized from those trades than from the foreign and fluctuating trade, exposed, as in most cases the latter is, to high fiscal, restrictive, and capricious burdens. These, *pro tanto*, shut out competition with the protected foreign producer, unless the importer consent to be cut down to such a modicum of price or profit, as shall barely, or not at all, return the simple interest of capital laid out. Such is the position of foreign, in comparison with home trade.

The foreign glut, in such case, reacts upon the privileged home and colonial markets, no doubt affecting

prices in some degree, and if not always the rates of labour, at all events the sufficiency of employment, which is scarcely less an evil. But the reaction presses with nothing like the severity, which in a similar case, and to the same extent only, would follow from a glut in the home privileged markets. The cause must be sought in the general rule, that the inferior qualities of merchandise and manufactures are for the most part the objects of exportation only. Consequently, in case of a glut, or want of demand abroad, as such are not suited by quality for home taste and consumption, the superabundance of accumulated and unsaleable stock, with the depression of prices consequent, affects comparatively in a slight degree only the value and vent of the wares prepared expressly for home consumption. But a different and more modified action takes place in case of over-production of the latter, or upon a failure of demand, arising from whatever cause. For, being then pressed upon the foreign market, the superior quality of the goods commands a decided preference at once, and that preference ensures comparatively higher rates of price in the midst of the piled up packages of warehouse sweepings and goods, made, like Peter's razors, for special sale abroad, which are vainly offered at prime or any cost. These and other specialties escape, and not unaccountably, the view and the calculation of the speculative economist, who is so often astounded to find how a principle, or a theory, of unquestionable truth abstractedly, and apparently of general application, comes practically to be controlled by circumstances beyond his appreciation, or even to be negated altogether. An example or two in illustration, may render the question more clearly to the economical reader; although taken from the cotton trade, they are not the less true, generally, of all other branches of home manufacturing industry. As we shall have to mention names, a period long past is purposely selected; but although the parties, so far as commercial pursuits, may be considered as no longer in existence, yet they cannot fail to be well remembered. The former firm of Phillips and Lee of Manchester, were extensive spinners of cotton yarn for

exportation, and extensive purchasers of other cotton yarns for exportation also; but for home manufacture they never could produce a quality of yarn equally saleable in the home market with other yarn of the same counts, and nominally classed of the same quality. The principal reason was, that they spun with machinery solely adapted for a particular trade, and the production of quantity was more an object than first-rate quality; to these ends their machinery was suited, and to have produced a first-rate article, extensive and expensive alterations in that machinery would have been required. Mr Lee himself, the managing partner, was an ingenious and theoretically scientific man, and often experimentalizing, but in general practically with little success. When, therefore, the export trade in yarns fell off, as, in some years during the war and the continental system of Bonaparte, we believe it was almost entirely suspended, the yarns so described of this firm, and of many others the same, could find no vent—abroad no opening—at home not suited for the consumption. As the firm were extremely wealthy the accumulation of stock was, however, of small inconvenience; time was no object, the Continent was not always sealed. With the great spinner Arkwright the case was entirely different; at home as abroad his yarn products were always first in demand; his qualities unequalled; his prices far above all others of even the first order; his machinery of the most finished construction. If, perchance, home demand flagged, the export never failed to compensate in a great degree.

So with all other subdivisions of the same or other manufactures, more or less. And this may explain the seeming phenomenon why, when the foreign trade has been so prostrate as we have seen it during the last three years, the home trade did not cease to be almost as prosperous as before. Political economy would arbitrarily insist that, repelled from the foreign market, or suffering from a cessation of foreign demand, the manufacturer for exportation had only to direct his attention, carry his stocks to, and hasten to swell competition and find relief in, the home market. In products requiring little skill, such as common calicoes, such efforts might,

to some extent, be successful; but there the invasion ends. In all the departments requiring greater skill, more perfect machinery, more taste, and the peculiar arts of finish which long practice alone can give, the old accustomed manufacturer for the home trade remains without a rival, still prospering in the midst of depression around, and whilst secure against intrusion in his own special monopoly of home supply, commanding also a superiority in foreign markets for his surplus wares, in the event of stagnation in home consumption, over the less finished and reputed products of his less-skilled brethren of the craft.

In the enquiry into the advantages relatively of foreign and colonial export trade, it is not pretended literally to build upon the premises here established; the analogy would not always be strictly in point, but the fact resulting of the greater gainfulness of one description of trade over another is incontestable, and in the national sense perhaps much more than the individual. We shall take it for granted that British and Irish products and manufactures enjoy a preference on import into the colonies, over imports from foreign countries, of at least five per cent, resulting from differential duties in favour of the parent state: it may be more, and we believe it will be found more; but such is the preference. This profit must be all to the account of the British exporter; for it is not received by the colonial custom-house, and whatever the reduction of prices by excess of competition, it is clear prices would be still more deranged by the introduction of another element of competition in more cheaply produced foreign products at only equal rates of duty. Take, for examples, Saxon hose, French silks, American domestics, but more especially all sorts of foreign made up wares, clothes, &c. *Quoad* the foreigner, the preferential duties make two prices therefore, by the very fact of which he is barred out. We shall now proceed to assess the mercantile profits respectively upon the sums-total of foreign and colonial trade by the correct standard; and then we shall endeavour to arrive at a rough but approximate estimate of the value respectively of foreign and colonial export trade in respect of the descriptions of commodities exported from

this country, classified as finished or partly finished, in cases where the raw material is wholly or partially of foreign origin, and measured accordingly by the amount of profit on capital, and profit in the shape of wages, which each leave respectively in the country. It will be understood that no more than a rough estimate of leading points is pretended; the calculation, article by article, would involve a labour of months perhaps, and the results in detail fill the pages of *Maga* for a year, and after all remain incomplete from the inaccessibility or non-existence of some of the necessary materials. There are, however, certain landmarks by which we may steer to something like general conclusions.

The profits on exports, as on all other trade, exceptional cases apart, which cannot impeach the general rule, are measured to a great extent by the distance of the country to which the exports take place, and therefore the length of period, besides the extra risk, before which capital can be replaced and profits realized. Within the compass of a two months' distance from England, we may include the Gulf of Mexico west, the Baltic and White Seas north, the Black Sea south-east, the west coast of Africa to the Gulf of Guinea, and the east coast of South America to Rio Janeiro. We come thus to the limits within which the smaller profits only are realized; and all beyond will

range under the head of larger returns. It is not necessary to determine the exact amount of the profit in each case, the essential point being the ratio of one towards the other. An average return in round numbers of seven and a half per cent may, therefore, be taken for the export commerce carried on within the narrower circle, and of twenty per cent for the *voyages à long cours*, say those to and round the two Capes of Good Hope and Horn. It is making a large allowance to say that each shipment to Holland, France, or even the United States, for example, realizes seven and a half per cent clear profit, or that the aggregate of the exports cited yields at that rate. Twenty per cent on exports to China and the East Indies, in view of the more than double distance, and increase of risk attendant, does not seem proportionally liable to the same appearance of exaggeration. Under favourable circumstances returns cannot be looked for in less than a year on the average, and then the greater distance the greater the risk of all kinds. Classifying the exports upon this legitimate system, we find that, in round numbers, not very far from eight-ninths of the total amount of foreign trade exports come under the denomination of the shorter voyage. Thus of these total exports of thirty-five millions, less than four millions belong to the far off traffic. The account will, therefore, stand thus:—

Foreign trade profit of $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent on	L.31,000,000,	-	L.2,325,000
Do. 20 do.	4,000,000,	-	800,000

Total mercantile profit,	L.3,125,000
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The quantities colonial would range thus:—

Colonial trade profit, long voyage, of 20 per cent on L.8,820,000,	L.1,764,000
Colonial trade profit, short voyage, of $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent on L.7,180,000,	538,000
Total colonial profit,	L.2,302,000

Truth, like time, is a great leveller— a fact of which no living man has had proof and reproof administered to him more frequently and severely than Mr Cobden himself. As culprits, however, harden in heart with each repetition of crime, until from petty larceny, the initiating offence, they ascend unscrupulously to the perpetration of felony without benefit of clergy; so he,

with effrontery only the more deeply burnt in, and conscience the more callous from each conviction, will still lie on, so long as lungs are left, and vulgar listeners can be found in the scum of town populations. How grandiloquent was Mr Cobden with his "*new facts*," bran new, as he solemnly assured the House of Commons, which was not convulsed with

irrepressible derision on the announcement! How swelled he, "big with the fate" of corn and colony, as the mighty secret burst from his labouring breast, "that the whole amount of their trade in 1840 was, exports, L.51,000,000; out of that L.16,000,000 was (were) exported to the colonies, including the East Indies; but not one-third went to the colonies. Take away L.6,000,000 of the export trade that went to the East Indies, and they had L.10,000,000 of exports," &c. Oh! rare Cocker; 10 not the third of 16; "take away" one leg and there will only be the other to stand upon. Cut off, in like manner, the twenty-one millions of exports to Europe, and what becomes of the foreign trade? "An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth," is the old *lex talionis*, and we have no objection to part with a limb on our side on the reciprocal condition that he shall be amputated of another. We engage to wage fair battle with him on the stumps which are left; he with his fourteen millions of foreign against our ten millions of colonial trade, like two *razées* of first and second rates cut down. Before next he adventures into conflict again—better had he so bethought him before his colonial debut in the House last June—would it not be the part of wisdom to take counsel with his dear friend and neighbour Mr Samuel Brookes, the well-known opulent calico-printer, manufacturer, and exporting merchant of Manchester, who proved, some three or four years ago, as clearly as figures—made up, like the restaurateur's *pain*, at discretion—can prove any

Colonial trade—cost in Army, Navy, Ord-	
nance, &c.,	L.3,000,000
Colonial trade—profit to exporters,	2,302,000

Deficit—loss to the country,	
Foreign trade—cost in Army, Navy, Ord-	
nance, &c.	L.4,500,000
Foreign trade exporting profit,	3,125,000

Deficit—loss to the country,	
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	L.698,000
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	L.1,375,000
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As nearly, therefore, as may be, foreign trade costs the country twice as much as colonial. Such are the conclusions, the rough but approximately accurate conclusions, to which the *new facts* of Mr Cobden and the old hobby of Joseph Hume, mounted by the *new philosopher*, have led; and

thing, that the larger the foreign trade he carried on, the greater were his losses, in various instances cited of hundreds per cent; from whence, seeing how rotund and robust grows the worthy alderman, deplorable balance-sheets notwithstanding, which would prostrate the Bank of England like the Bank of Manchester, it should result that he, like another Themistocles, might exclaim to his family, clad in purple and fine linen, "My children, had we not been ruined, we should have been undone!"

But *revenus à nos moutons*. According to Mr Cobden's *new facts*, borrowed from Porter's Tables, so far as the figures, the superior importance and profit of foreign trade should be measured by the gross quantities, and be, say, as 35 to 16. We have shown that the relation of profit really stands as 31 to 23, starting from the same basis of total amounts as himself. The total profit upon a foreign trade of thirty-five millions, to place it on an equal rateable footing with colonial, should be, not three millions and an eighth, but upwards of five millions; or the colonial trade of sixteen millions, if no more gainful than foreign, should be, not L.2,300,000, but about one million less. And here the question naturally recurs, assuming the principle of Mr Cobden to be correct—as so, for his satisfaction, it has been reasoned hitherto—at what rate of charge nationally are these profits, colonial and foreign, purchased? Fortunately the materials for the estimates are already in hand, and here they are:—

the public exposition of which has been provoked by his ignorance or malevolence, or both. In order to gain less than 9 per cent average upon a foreign trade of thirty-five millions, the country is saddled, for the benefit of Messrs Brookes and Cobden, *inter alios*, with a cost of nearly 13 per cent upon

the same amount; whilst the cost of colonial trade is about $18\frac{3}{4}$ per cent on the total of sixteen millions, but the profit nearly fifteen per cent. In the account of colonial profit, be it observed, moreover, no account is here taken of the supplementary advantage derived from the differential duties against foreign imports.

In the national point of view, the profitableness of the foreign export trade, as compared with colonial, would seem more dubious still, when the values left and distributed among the producing classes are taken into calculation. Of the total foreign exports of thirty-five millions, considerably above one-fifth—say, to the value of nearly seven and a half millions sterling—were exported in the shape of cotton, linen, and woollen yarns in 1840, the year selected by Mr Cobden, of which, in cotton yarn alone, to the value of nearly 6,200,000. According to *Burn's Commercial Glance* for 1842, the average price of cotton-yarn so exported, exceeds by some 50 per cent the average price of the cotton from which made. Applying the same rule to linen yarn as made from foreign imported flax, and to woollen yarn as partly, at least, from foreign wool, we come to a gross sum of about L.3,750,000 left in the country, as values representing the wages of labour, and the profits of manufacturing capital in respect of yarn. The quantity of yarn, on the contrary, exported colonially, does not reach to one-sixteenth of the total colonial exports. In order to manifest the immense superiority nationally of a colonial export trade in finished products, over a foreign trade in *quasi* raw materials, we need only take the article of "apparel." Of the total value of wearing apparel exported in 1840, say for L.1,203,000, the colonial trade alone absorbed the best part of one million. Now, it may be estimated with tolerable certainty, that the average amount, over and above the cost of the raw material, of the values expended upon and left in the country, in the shape of wages and profits, upon this description of finished product, does not fall short of the rate of 500 per cent. So that apparel to the total value of one million would leave behind an expenditure of labour, and a realization of profits, substan-

tially existing and circulating among the community, over and above the cost of raw material, of about L.800,000, upon a basis of raw material values of about L.160,000. Assuming for a moment, that yarns were equally improved and prolific in the multiplication of values, the seven millions and a half of foreign exports should represent a value proportionally of forty-five millions sterling. The colonial exports comprise a variety of similar finished and made-up articles, to the extent of probably about four millions sterling, to which the same rate of home values, so swelled by labour and profits, will apply.

It remains only to add, that the foreign export trade gave employment in 1840—the date fixed by Mr Cobden, but to which, in some few instances, it has been impossible to adhere for want of necessary documents, as he himself experienced—to 10,970 British vessels, of 1,797,000 aggregate tonnage outwards, repeated voyages inclusive, for the verification of the number of which we are without any returns, those made to Parliament by the public offices bearing the simple advertence on their face, with official nonchalance, that "there are no materials in this office by which the number of the crews of steam and sailing vessels respectively (including their repeated voyages) can be shown." And yet a "statistical department" has now been, for some years, founded as part of the Board of Trade, whose pretensions to the accomplishment of great works have hitherto been found considerably to transcend both the merit and the quantity of its performances. The proportion of foreign vessels sharing in the same export traffic in 1840, was little inferior to that of the British. Thus, 10,440 foreign vessels, of 1,488,888 tonnage, divided the foreign export trade with 10,970 British vessels. The returns for 1840 give 6663 as the number of British vessels, and 1,495,957 as the aggregate tonnage, carrying on the export trade with the colonies; thus it will be seen that the exportation of *thirty five millions* of pounds' worth of British produce and manufactures to foreign countries, employed only about 300,000 tons of British shipping more than the export to the colonies of *sixteen millions* of pounds' worth

of products, or say, less than one half. Proportions kept according to values exported respectively, foreign trade should have occupied about 3,250,000 tons of British shipping, against the colonial employment of 1,496,000 tons.

Nor is this all the difference, large as it is, in favour of colonial over foreign trade, with respect to the employment of shipping. For it may be taken for granted that, in fact, so far as the amount of tonnage, *repeated voyages not included*, the colonial does actually employ a much larger quantity relatively than foreign trade. It may be fairly assumed that, on the average, the shipping in foreign trade make one and a half voyages outwards—that is, outwards and inwards together, three voyages in the year; for, upon a rough estimate, it would appear that not one-tenth of this shipping was occupied in mercantile enterprise beyond the limits of that narrower circle before assigned, and within which repeated voyages of twice and thrice in the year, and frequently more often, are not practicable only but habitually performed. Taking one-tenth as representing the one voyage and return in the year of the more distant traffic, and one and a half outward sailings for the other nine-tenths of tonnage, we arrive at the approximative fact, that the foreign trade does in reality employ no more (repeated voyages allowed for as before stated) than the aggregate tonnage of 1,258,000, instead of the 1,797,000 gross tonnage as apparent. Applying the same rule, we find that the long or one year's colonial voyage traffic is equal to something less than two-ninths of the whole tonnage employed in the colonial trade, and that, assuming one and a half voyages per annum for the remainder trafficking with the colonies nearer home, the result will be, that the colonial traffic absorbs an aggregate of 1,113,000 actual tonnage, exclusive of repeated voyages of the same shipping. Here, for the satisfaction of colonial maligners, like Mr Cobden, we place the shipping results for foreign and colonial traffic respectively.

The registered tonnage of the 13,927 British vessels above fifty tons burden, stood, on the 31st of December 1841, (the returns for 1840 or 1839, we do not chance to have,)

	Tons.
At	2,578,862
Of which foreign trade, in the export of products and manufactures to the value of <i>thirty-five millions</i> sterling, absorbed	1,258,000
Colonial trade in the transport of <i>sixteen millions</i> only of values,	1,113,000
Considering the greater mass of values transported, the foreign trade should have employed, to have kept its relative shipping proportion and importance with colonial trade, above	2,400,000

We are, however, entirely satisfied, and it would admit of easy proof, were time and space equally at our disposal for the elaborate development of details, not only that the colonial trade gives occupation to an equal, but to a larger proportion of registered British shipping than the foreign trade. But we have been obliged to limit ourselves to the consideration of such facts as are most readily accessible, so as to enable the general reader to test at once the approximative fidelity of the vindication we present, and the falsehood, scarcely glozed over with a coating of plausibility, of the vague generalities strung together as a case against the colonies by Mr Cobden and the anti-colonial faction. We have, moreover, to request the reader to observe, that we have proceeded all along on the basis of the wild assumptions of Mr Cobden's own self-created and unexplained calculations; that by his own figures we have tried and convicted his own conclusions of monstrous exaggeration, and ignorant, if not wilful, deception. The three-fourths charge of army expenditure upon the colonies, is a mere mischievous fabrication of his own brain. In ordinary circumstances the colonial charge would not enter for more than half that amount; and even with the extraordinary expenditure rendered necessary by Gosford and Durham misrule in Canada, the colonial charge is not equal to the amount so wantonly asserted. We have likewise not insisted with sufficient force, and at suitable length of evidence, upon the fact of the infinitely greater values proportionally left in the country, in

the shape of the wages of labour, and the profits upon capital, by colonial than by foreign trade. It would not, however, be too much to assume, and indeed the proposition is almost self-evident, that whereas about 150 per cent may be taken as the average improved value of the products absorbed by the foreign trade, over and above the first cost of the raw material from which fabricated, where such material is of foreign origin, the similarly improved excess of values absorbed by the colonial trade, would not average less than from 250 to 300 per cent. Other occasions may arise, hereafter, more convenient than the present, for throwing these truths into broader relief; we are content, indeed, now to leave Mr Cobden to chew the cud of reflection upon his own colonial blunders and misrepresentations.

Here, therefore, we stay our hand; we have redeemed our pledge; we have more than proved our case. Various laborious researches into the real values of colonial and foreign exported commodities, have amply satisfied our mind, as they would those of any impartial person capable of investigation into special facts, of the superior comparative value, in the mercantile and manufacturing, or individual sense, as well, more specially, as in the economical and social, or national sense, of colonial over foreign trade. Do we therefore seek to disparage foreign trade? Far from it: our anxious desire is to see it prosper and progress daily and yearly, fully impressed with the conviction that it is, as it long has been, one of the sheet-anchors of the noble vessel of the State, by the aid of which it has swung securely in, and weathered

bravely, many a hurricane—and holding fast to which, the gallant ship is again repairing the damage of the late long night of tempest. But we deprecate these invidious attacks and comparisons by which malice and ignorance would depreciate one great interest, for the selfish notion of unduly elevating another; as if both could not equally prosper without coming into collision; nay, as if each could not contribute to the welfare of the other, and, in combined result, advance the glory and prosperity of the common country.

We have not deemed it proper, to mix up with the special argument of this article those political, moral, and social considerations of gravest import, as connected with the possession, the government, and the improvement of colonial dependencies, which constitute a question apart, the happy solution of which is of the highest public concernment; and separately, therefore, may be left for treatment. But in the economical view, we may take credit for having cleared the ground and prepared the way for its discussion to no inconsiderable extent. Nor have we thought it fitting to mix up the debate on differential duties in favour of the colonies with the other objects which have engaged our labour. We are as little disposed as any free trader to view differential duties in excess, with favour and approval. The candid admission of Mr Deacon Hume on that head, that in reference to the late Slave colonies the question of those duties is "taken entirely out of the category of free trade," should set that debate at rest for the present, at all events.

A SPECULATION ON THE SENSES.

How can that which is a purely subjective affection—in other words, which is dependent upon us as a mere modification of our sentient nature—acquire, nevertheless, such a distinct objective reality, as shall compel us to acknowledge it as an independent creation, the permanent existence of which, is beyond the control of all that we can either do or think? Such is the form to which all the questions of speculation may be ultimately reduced. And all the solutions which have hitherto been propounded as answers to the problem, may be generalized into these two: either consciousness is able to transcend, or go beyond itself; or else the whole pomp, and pageantry, and magnificence, which we miscall the external universe, are nothing but our mental phantasmagoria, nothing but states of our poor, finite, subjective selves.

But it has been asked again and again, in reference to these two solutions, can a man overstep the limits of himself—of his own consciousness? If he can, then says the querist, the reality of the external world is indeed guaranteed; but what an insoluble, inextricable contradiction is here: that a man should overstep the limits of the very nature which is *his*, just because he cannot overstep it! And if he cannot, then says the same querist, then is the external universe an empty name—a mere unmeaning sound; and our most inveterate convictions are all dissipated like dreams.

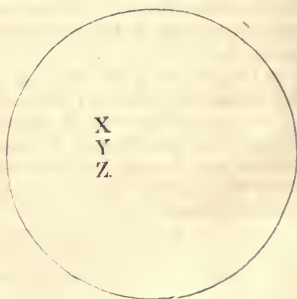
Astute reasoner! the dilemma is very just, and is very formidable; and upon the one or other of its horns, has been transfixed every adventurer that has hitherto gone forth on the knight-errantry of speculation. Every man who lays claim to a direct knowledge of something different from himself, perishes impaled on the contradiction involved in the assumption, that consciousness can transcend itself: and every man who disclaims such knowledge, expires in the vacuum of idealism, where nothing grows but the dependent and transitory productions of a delusive and constantly shifting consciousness.

But is there no other way in which the question can be resolved? We think that there is. In the following

demonstration, we think that we can vindicate the objective reality of things—(a vindication which, we would remark by the way, is of no value whatever, in so far as that objective reality is concerned, but only as being instrumental to the ascertainment of the laws which regulate the whole process of sensation;)—we think that we can accomplish this, without, on the one hand, forcing consciousness to overstep itself, and on the other hand, without reducing that reality to the delusive impressions of an understanding born but to deceive. Whatever the defects of our proposed demonstration may be, we flatter ourselves that the dilemma just noticed as so fatal to every other solution, will be utterly powerless when brought to bear against it: and we conceive, that the point of a third alternative must be sharpened by the controversialist who would bring us to the dust. It is a new argument, and will require a new answer. We moreover pledge ourselves, that abstruse as the subject is, both the question, and our attempted solution of it, shall be presented to the reader in such a shape as shall *compel* him to understand them.

Our pioneer shall be a very plain and palpable illustration. Let A be a circle, containing within it X Y Z.

A



X Y and Z lie within the circle; and the question is, by what art or artifice—we might almost say by what sorcery—can they be transplanted out of it, without at the same time being made to overpass the limits of the sphere? There are just four conceivable answers to this question—answers illustrative of three great

schools of philosophy, and of a fourth which is now fighting for existence.

1. One man will meet the difficulty boldly, and say—"X Y and Z certainly lie within the circle, but I believe they lie without it. *How* this should be, I know not. I merely state what I conceive to be the fact. The *modus operandi* is beyond my comprehension." This man's answer is contradictory, and will never do.

2. Another man will deny the possibility of the transference—"X Y and Z," he will say, "are generated within the circle in obedience to its own laws. They form part and parcel of the sphere; and every endeavour to regard them as endowed with an extrinsic existence, must end in the discomfiture of him who makes the attempt." This man declines giving any answer to the problem. We ask him *how* X Y and Z can be projected beyond the circle without transgressing its limits; and he answers that they never are, and never can be so projected.

3. A third man will postulate as the cause of X Y Z a transcendent X Y Z—that is, a cause lying external to the sphere; and by referring the former to the latter, he will obtain for X Y Z, not certainly a real externality, which is the thing wanted, but a *quasi-externality*, with which, as the best that is to be had, he will in all probability rest contented. "X Y and Z," he will say, "are projected, *as it were*, out of the circle." This answer leaves the question as much unsolved as ever. Or,

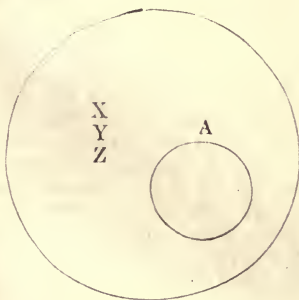
4. A fourth man (and we beg the reader's attention to this man's answer, for it forms the fulcrum or cardinal point on which our whole demonstration turns)—a fourth man will say, "If the circle could only be brought *within itself*, so—

then the difficulty would disappear—the problem would be completely solved. X Y Z must now of necessity fall as extrinsic to the circle A; and this, too, (which is the material part of the solution,) without the limits of the circle A being overstepped."

Perhaps this may appear very like quibbling; perhaps it may be regarded as a very absurd solution—a very shallow evasion of the difficulty. Nevertheless, shallow or quibbling as it may seem, we venture to predict, that when the breath of life shall have been breathed into the bones of the above dead illustration, this last answer will be found to afford a most exact picture and explanation of the matter we have to deal with. Let our illustration, then, stand forth as a living process. The large circle A we shall call our whole sphere of sense, in so far as it deals with objective existence—and X Y Z shall be certain sensations of colour, figure, weight, hardness, and so forth, comprehended within it. The question then is—how can these sensations, without being ejected from the sphere of sense within which they lie, assume the status and the character of real independent existences? How can they be objects, and yet remain sensations?

Nothing will be lost on the score of distinctness, if we retrace, in the living sense, the footprints we have already trod in explicating the inanimate illustration. Neither will any harm be done, should we employ very much the same phraseology. We answer, then, that here, too, there are just four conceivable ways in which this question can be met.

1. The man of common sense, (so called,) who aspires to be somewhat of a philosopher, will face the question boldly, and will say, "I feel that colour and hardness, for instance, lie entirely within the sphere of sense, and are mere modifications of my subjective nature. At the same time, I feel that colour and hardness constitute a real object, which exists out of the sphere of sense, independently of me and all my modifications. *How* this should be, I know not; I merely state the fact as I imagine myself to find it. The *modus* is beyond my comprehension." This man belongs to the school of Natural Realists. If he merely affirmed or



postulated a miracle in what he uttered, we should have little to say against him, (for the whole process of sensation is indeed miraculous.) But he postulates more than a miracle; he postulates a contradiction, in the very contemplation of which our reason is unhinged.

2. Another man will deny that our sensations ever transcend the sphere of sense, or attain a real objective existence. "Colour, hardness, figure, and so forth," he will say, "are generated within the sphere of sense, in obedience to its own original laws. They form integral parts of the sphere; and he who endeavours to construe them to his own mind as embodied in extrinsic independent existences, must for ever be foiled in the attempt." This man declines giving any answer to the problem. We ask, *how* can our sensations be embodied in distinct permanent realities? And he replies, that they never are and never can be so embodied. This man is an Idealist—or as we would term him, (to distinguish him from another species about to be mentioned, of the same genus,) an *Acosmical* Idealist; that is, an Idealist who absolutely denies the existence of an independent material world.

3. A third man will postulate as the cause of our sensations of hardness, colour, &c., a transcendent something, of which he knows nothing, except that he feigns and fables it as lying external to the sphere of sense: and then, by referring our sensations to this unknown cause, he will obtain for them, not certainly the externality desiderated, but a *quasi-externality*, which he palms off upon himself and us as the best that can be supplied. This man is a *Cosmothetical* Idealist: that is, an Idealist who postulates an external universe as the unknown cause of certain modifications we are conscious of within ourselves, and which, according to his view, we never really get beyond. This species of speculator is the commonest, but he is the least trustworthy of any; and his fallacies are all the more dangerous by reason of the air of plausibility with which they are invested. From first to last, he represents us as the dupes of our own perfidious nature. By some inexplicable process of association, he refers certain known effects to certain unknown causes; and would

thus explain to us how these effects (our sensations) come to assume, *as it were*, the character of external objects. But we know not "as it were." Away with such shuffling phraseology. There is nothing either of reference, or of inference, or of quasi-truthfulness in our apprehension of the material universe. It is ours with a certainty which laughs to scorn all the deductions of logic, and all the props of hypothesis. What we wish to know is, *how* our subjective affections can be, not *as it were*, but in God's truth, and in the strict, literal, earnest, and unambiguous sense of the words, real independent, objective existences. This is what the cosmothetical idealist never can explain, and never attempts to explain.

4. We now come to the answer which the reader, who has followed us thus far, will be prepared to find us putting forward as by far the most important of any, and as containing in fact the very kernel of the solution. A fourth man will say—"If the whole sphere of sense could only be withdrawn *inwards*—could be made to fall somewhere *within itself*—then the whole difficulty would disappear, and the problem would be solved at once. The sensations which existed previous to this retraction or withdrawal, would then, of necessity, fall without the sphere of sense, (see our second diagram;) and in doing so, they would necessarily assume a totally different aspect from that of sensations. They would be real independent objects: and (what is the important part of the demonstration) they would acquire this *status* without overstepping by a hair's-breadth the primary limits of the sphere. Were such phraseology allowable, we should say that the sphere has *understepped* itself, and in doing so, has left its former contents high and dry, and stamped with all the marks which can characterize objective existences."

Now the reader will please to remark, that we are very far from desiring him to accept this last solution at our bidding. Our method, we trust, is any thing but dogmatical. We merely say, that *if* this can be shown to be the case, then the demonstration which we are in the course of unfolding, will hardly fail to recommend itself to his acceptance. Whether or not it is the case, can only be established by an appeal to our experience.

We ask, then—does experience inform us, or does she not, that the sphere of sense falls within, and very considerably within, itself? But here it will be asked—what meaning do we attach to the expression, that sense falls within its own sphere? These words, then, we must first of all explain. Every thing which is apprehended as a sensation—such as colour, figure, hardness, and so forth—falls within the sentient sphere. To be a sensation, and to fall within the sphere of sense, are identical and convertible terms. When, therefore, it is asked—does the sphere of sense ever fall within itself? this is equivalent to asking—do the senses themselves ever become sensations? Is that which apprehends sensations ever itself apprehended as a sensation? Can the senses be seized on within the limits of the very circle which they prescribe? If they cannot, then it must be admitted that the sphere of sense never falls within itself, and consequently that an objective reality—*i. e.* a reality extrinsic to that sphere—can never be predicated or secured for any part of its contents. But we conceive that only one rational answer can be returned to this question. Does not experience teach us, that much if not the whole of our sentient nature becomes itself in turn a series of sensations? Does not the sight—that power which contains the whole visible space, and embraces distances which no astronomer can compute—does it not abjure its high prerogative, and take rank within the sphere of sense—itsself a sensation—when revealed to us in the solid atom we call the eye? Here it is the touch which brings the sight within, and very far within, the sphere of vision. But somewhat less directly, and by the aid of the imagination, the sight operates the same introtraction (pardon the coinage) upon itself. It ebbs inwards, so to speak, from all the contents that were given in what may be called its primary sphere. It represents itself, in its organ, as a minute visual sensation, out of, and beyond which, are left lying the great range of all its other sensations. By imagining the sight as a sensation of colour, we diminish it to a speck within the sphere of its own sensations; and as we now regard the sense as for ever enclosed within this small embrasure, all the other sensations which were its, previous to our

discovery of the organ, and which are its still, are built up into a world of objective existence, *necessarily* external to the sight, and altogether out of its control. All sensations of colour are necessarily out of one another. Surely, then, when the sight is subsumed under the category of colour—as it unquestionably is whenever we think of the eye—surely all other colours must, of necessity, assume a position external to it; and what more is wanting to constitute that real objective universe of light and glory in which our hearts rejoice?

We can, perhaps, make this matter still plainer by reverting to our old illustration. Our first exposition of the question was designed to exhibit a general view of the case, through the medium of a dead symbolical figure. This proved nothing, though we imagine that it illustrated much. Our second exposition exhibited the illustration in its application to the living sphere of sensation *in general*; and this proved little. But we conceive that therein was foreshadowed a certain procedure, which, if it can be shown from experience to be the actual procedure of sensation *in detail*, will prove all that we are desirous of establishing. We now, then, descend to a more systematic exposition of the process which (so far as *our* experience goes, and we beg to refer the reader to his own) seems to be involved in the operation of seeing. We dwell chiefly upon the sense of sight, because it is mainly through its ministrations that a real objective universe is given to us. Let the circle A be the whole circuit of vision. We may begin by calling it the eye, the retina, or what we will. Let it be provided with the ordinary complement of sensations—the colours X Y Z. Now, we admit that these sensations cannot be extruded beyond the periphery of vision; and yet we maintain that, unless they be made to fall on the outside of that periphery, they cannot become real objects. How is this difficulty—this contradiction—to be overcome? Nature overcomes it, by a contrivance as simple as it is beautiful. In the operation of seeing, admitting the canvass or background of our picture to be a retina, or what we will, with a multiplicity of colours depicted upon it, we maintain that we cannot stop here, and that we never

do stop here. We invariably go on (such is the inevitable law of our nature) to complete the picture—that is to say, we fill in our own eye as a colour within the very picture which our eye contains—we fill it in as a sensation within the other sensations which occupy the rest of the field; and in doing so, we of necessity, by the same law, turn these sensations out of the eye; and they thus, by the same necessity, assume the rank of independent objective existences. We describe the circumference infinitely within the circumference; and hence all that lies on the outside of the intaken circle comes before us stamped with the impress of real objective truth. We fill in the eye greatly within the sphere of sight, (or within the eye itself, if we insist on calling the primary sphere by this name,) and the eye thus filled in is the only eye we know any thing at all about, either from the experience of sight or of touch. *How* this operation is accomplished, is a subject of but secondary moment; whether it be brought about by the touch, by the eye itself, or by the imagination, is a question which might admit of much discussion; but it is one of very subordinate interest. The *fact* is the main thing—the fact that the operation *is* accomplished in one way or another—the fact that the sense comes before itself (if not directly, yet virtually) as *one* of its own sensations—that is the principal point to be attended to; and we apprehend that this fact is now placed beyond the reach of controversy.

To put the case in another light. The following considerations may serve to remove certain untoward difficulties in metaphysics and optics, which beset the path, not only of the uninitiated, but even of the professors of these sciences.

We are assured by optical metaphysicians, or metaphysical opticians, that, in the operations of vision, we never get beyond the eye itself, or the representations that are depicted therein. We see nothing, they tell us, but what is delineated within the eye. Now, the way in which a plain man should meet this statement, is this—he should ask the metaphysician *what* eye he refers to. Do you allude, sir, to an eye which belongs to my visible body, and forms a small part of the same; or do you allude to

an eye which does not belong to my visible body, and which constitutes no portion thereof? If the metaphysician should say, that he refers to an eye of the latter description, then the plain man's answer should be—that he has no experience of any such eye—that he cannot conceive it—that he knows nothing at all about it—and that the only eye which he ever thinks or speaks of, is the eye appertaining to, and situated within, the phenomenon which he calls his visible body. Is *this*, then, the eye which the metaphysician refers to, and which he tells us we never get beyond? If it be—why, then, the very admission that this eye is a part of the visible body, (and what else can we conceive the eye to be?) proves that we *must* get beyond it. Even supposing that the whole operation were transacted within the eye, and that the visible body were nowhere but within the eye, still the eye which we invariably and inevitably fill in as belonging to the visible body, (and no other eye is ever thought of or spoken of by us,)—*this* eye, we say, must necessarily exclude the visible body, and all other visible things, from its sphere. Or, can the eye (always conceived of as a visible thing among other visible things) again contain the very phenomenon (*i. e.* the visible body) within which it is itself contained? Surely no one will maintain a position of such unparalleled absurdity as that.

The science of optics, in so far as it maintains, according to certain physiological principles, that in the operation of seeing we never get beyond the representations within the eye, is founded on the assumption, that the visible body has no visible eye belonging to it. Whereas we maintain, that the only eye that we have—the only eye we can form any conception of, is the visible eye that belongs to the visible body, as a part does to a whole; whether this eye be originally revealed to us by the touch, by the sight, by the reason, or by the imagination. We maintain, that to affirm we never get beyond this eye in the exercise of vision, is equivalent to asserting, that a part is larger than the whole, of which it is only a part—is equivalent to asserting, that Y, which is contained between X and Z, is nevertheless of larger compass than X and Z, and comprehends them both.

The fallacy we conceive to be this, that the visible body can be contained within the eye, without the eye of the visible body also being contained therein. But this is a procedure, which no law, either of thought or imagination, will tolerate. If we turn the visible body, and all visible things, into the eye, we must turn the eye of the visible body also into the eye; a process which, of course, again turns the visible body, and all visible things, *out* of the eye. And thus the procedure eternally defeats itself. Thus the very law which appears to annihilate, or render impossible, the objective existence of visible things, as creations independent of the eye—this very law, when carried into effect with a thorough-going consistency, vindicates and establishes that objective existence, with a logical force, an iron necessity, which no physiological paradox can countervail.

We have now probably said enough to convince the attentive reader, that the sense of sight, when brought under its own notice as a sensation, either directly, or through the ministry of the touch or of the imagination, (as it is when revealed to us in its organ,) falls very far—falls almost infinitely within its own sphere. Sight, revealing itself as a sense, spreads over a span commensurate with the diameter of the whole visible space; sight, revealing itself as a sensation, dwindles to a speck of almost unappreciable insignificance, when compared with the other phenomena which fall within the visual ken. This speck is the organ, and the organ is the sentient circumference drawn inwards, far within itself, according to a law which (however unconscious we may be of its operation) presides over every act and exercise of vision—a law which, while it contracts the sentient sphere, throws, at the same time, into necessary objectivity every phenomenon that falls external to the diminished circle. This is the law in virtue of which subjective visual sensations are real visible objects. The moment the sight becomes one of its own sensations, it is restricted, in a peculiar manner, to that particular sensation. It now falls, as we have said, within its own sphere. Now, nothing more was wanting to make the other visual sensations real independent existences; for, *quâ* sensations, they are all originally inde-

pendent of each other, and the sense itself being now a sensation, they must now also be independent of it.

We now pass on to the consideration of the sense of touch.

Here precisely the same process is gone through which was observed to take place in the case of vision. The same law manifests itself here, and the same inevitable consequence follows, namely—that sensations are things—that subjective affections are objective realities. The sensation of hardness (softness, be it observed, is only an inferior degree of hardness, and therefore the latter word is the proper generic term to be employed)—the sensation of hardness forms the contents of this sense. Hardness, we will say, is originally a purely subjective affection. The question, then, is, how can this affection, without being thrust forth into a fictitious, transcendent, and incomprehensible universe, assume, nevertheless, a distinct objective reality, and be (not as it were, but in language of the most unequivocating truth) a permanent existence altogether independent of the sense? We answer, that this can take place only provided the sense of touch can be brought under our notice *as itself hard*. If this can be shown to take place, then (as all sensations which are presented to us in space necessarily exclude one another, are reciprocally *out* of each other) all other instances of hardness must of necessity fall as extrinsic to that particular hardness which the sense reveals to us as its own; and, consequently, all these other instances of hardness will start into being, as things endowed with a permanent and independent substance.

Now, what is the verdict of experience on the subject? The direct and unequivocal verdict of experience is, that the touch reveals itself to us as one of its own sensations. In the finger-points more particularly, and generally all over the surface of the body, the touch manifests itself not only as that which apprehends hardness, but as that which is itself hard. The sense of touch vested in one of its own sensations (our tangible bodies namely) is the sense of touch brought within its own sphere. It comes before itself as *one* sensation of hardness. Consequently all its *other* sensations of hardness are necessarily ex-

cluded from this particular hardness ; and, falling beyond it, they are by the same consequence built up into a world of objective reality, of permanent substance, altogether independent of the sense, self-betrayed as a sensation of hardness.

But here it may be asked, If the senses are thus reduced to the rank of sensations, if they come under our observation as themselves sensations, must we not regard them but as parts of the subjective sphere ; and though the other portions of the sphere may be extrinsic to these sensations, still, must not the contents of the sphere, taken as a whole, be considered as entirely subjective, *i. e.* as merely *ours*, and consequently must not real objective existence be still as far beyond our grasp as ever ? We answer. No, by no means. Such a query implies a total oversight of all that experience proves to be the fact with regard to this matter. It implies that the senses have *not* been reduced to the rank of sensations—that they have *not* been brought under our cognizance as themselves sensations, and that they have yet to be brought there. It implies that vision has not been revealed to us as a sensation of colour in the phenomenon the eye—and that touch has not been revealed to us as a sensation of hardness in the phenomenon the finger. It implies, in short, that it is not the sense itself which has been revealed to us, in the one case as coloured, and in the other case as hard, but that it is something else which has been thus revealed to us. But it may still be asked, How do we know that we are not deceiving ourselves ? How can it be proved that it is the senses, and not something else, which have come before us under the guise of certain sensations ? That these sensations are the senses themselves, and nothing but the senses, may be proved in the following manner.

We bring the matter to the test of actual experiment. We make certain experiments, *seriatim*, upon each of the items that lie within the sentient sphere, and we note the effect which each experiment has upon that portion of the contents which is not meddled with. In the exercise of vision, for example, we remove a book, and no change is produced in our perception of a house ; a cloud disappears, yet our apprehension of the sea and

the mountains, and all other visible things, is the same as ever. We continue our experiments, until our test happens to be applied to one particular phenomenon, which lies, if not directly, yet virtually, within the sphere of vision. We remove or veil this small visual phenomenon, and a totally different effect is produced from those that took place when any of the other visual phenomena were removed or veiled. The whole landscape is obliterated. We restore this phenomenon—the whole landscape reappears : we adjust this phenomenon differently—the whole landscape becomes differently adjusted. From these experiments we find, that this phenomenon is by no means an ordinary sensation, but that it differs from all other sensations in this, that it is the sense itself appearing in the form of a sensation. These experiments prove that it is the sense itself, and nothing else, which reveals itself to us in the particular phenomenon the eye. If experience informed us that the particular adjustment of some other visual phenomenon (a book, for instance) were essential to our apprehension of all the other phenomena, we should, in the same way, be compelled to regard this book as our sense of sight manifested in one of its own sensations. The book would be to us what the eye now is : it would be our bodily organ : and no *à priori* reason can be shown why this might not have been the case. All that we can say is, that such is not the finding of experience. Experience points out the eye, and the eye alone, as the visual sensation essential to our apprehension of all our other sensations of vision, and we come at last to regard this sensation as the sense itself. Inveterate association leads us to regard the eye, not merely as the organ, but actually as the sense of vision. We find from experience how much depends upon its possession, and we lay claim to it as a part of ourselves, with an emphasis that will not be gainsaid.

An interesting enough subject of speculation would be, an enquiry into the gradual steps by which each man is led to *appropriate* his own body. No man's body is given him absolutely, indefeasibly, and at once, *ex dono Dei*. It is no unearned hereditary patrimony. It is held by no *à priori* title on the part of the possessor. The

credentials by which its tenure is secured to him, are purely of an *a posteriori* character; and a certain course of experience must be gone through before the body can become his. The man acquires it, as he does originally all other property, in a certain formal and legalized manner. Originally, and in the strict legal as well as metaphysical idea of them, all bodies, living as well as dead, human no less than brute, are mere *waifs*—the property of the first finder. But the law, founding on sound metaphysical principles, very properly makes a distinction here between two kinds of finding. To entitle a person to claim a human body as his own, it is not enough that he should find it in the same way in which he finds his other sensations, namely, as impressions which interfere not with the manifestations of each other. This is not enough, even though, in the case supposed, the person should be the first finder. A subsequent finder would have the preference, if able to show that the particular sensations manifested as this human body were essential to his apprehension of all his other sensations whatsoever. It is this latter species of finding—the finding, namely, of certain sensations as the essential condition on which the apprehension of all other sensations depends; it is this finding alone which gives each man a paramount and indisputable title to that “treasure trove” which he calls his own body. Now, it is only after going through a considerable course of experience and experiment, that we can ascertain what the particular sensations are upon which

all our other sensations are dependent. And therefore were we not right in saying, that a man's body is not given to him directly and at once, but that he takes a certain time, and must go through a certain process, to acquire it?

The conclusion which we would deduce from the whole of the foregoing remarks is, that the great law of *living** sensation, the *rationale* of sensation as a *living* process, is this, that the senses are not merely *presentative*—*i. e.* they not only bring sensations before us, but that they are *self-presentative*—*i. e.* they, moreover, bring themselves before us as sensations. But for this law we should never get beyond our mere subjective modifications; but in virtue of it we necessarily get beyond them; for the results of the law are, 1st, that we, the subject, restrict ourselves to, or identify ourselves with, the senses, not as displayed in their primary sphere, (the large circle A,) but as falling within their own ken as sensations, in their secondary sphere, (the small circle A.) This smaller sphere is our own bodily frame; and does not each individual look upon himself as vested in his own bodily frame? And 2dly, it is a necessary consequence of this investment or restriction, that every sensation which lies beyond the sphere of the senses, viewed as sensations, (*i. e.* which lies beyond the body,) must be, in the most unequivocal sense of the words, a real independent object. If the reader wants a name to characterise this system, he may call it the system of *Absolute or Thorough-going presentationism*.

* We say *living*, because every attempt hitherto made to explain sensation, has been founded on certain appearances manifested in the *dead* subject. By inspecting a dead carcass we shall never discover the principle of life; by inspecting a dead eye, or a camera obscura, we shall never discover the principle of vision. Yet, though there is no seeing in a dead eye, or in a camera obscura, optics deal exclusively with such inanimate materials; and hence the student who studies them will do well to remember, that optics are the science of vision, with the *fact* of vision left entirely out of the consideration.

ON THE BEST MEANS OF ESTABLISHING A COMMERCIAL INTERCOURSE
BETWEEN THE ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC OCEANS.

To shorten the navigation between the eastern and western divisions of our globe, either by discovering a north-west passage into the Pacific, or opening a route across the American continent, with European philosophers and statesmen has for centuries been a favourite project, and yet in only one way has it been attempted. Large sums of money were successively voted and expended, in endeavouring to penetrate through the Arctic sea; and such is the persevering enterprise of our mariners, that in all likelihood this gigantic task eventually will be accomplished: but, even if it should, it is questionable whether a navigable opening in that direction would prove beneficial to commerce. The floating ice with which those high latitudes are encumbered; the intricacy of the navigation; the cold and tempestuous weather generally prevailing there, and the difficulty of obtaining aid, in cases of shipwreck, must continue to deter the ordinary navigator from following that track.

Enquiry, therefore, naturally turns to the several points on the middle part of the American continent, where, with the aid of art, it is supposed that a communication across may be effected. These are five in number, and the facilities for the undertaking which each affords, have been discussed by a few modern travellers, commencing with Humboldt. On a close investigation into the subject, it will, however, appear evident, that although the cutting of a canal on some point or other, may be within the compass of human exertion, still the undertaking would require an enormous outlay of capital, besides many years to accomplish it; and even if it should be completed, the result could never answer the expectations formed upon this subject in Europe. On all the points proposed, and more especially in reference to the long lines, the difficulty of rendering rivers navigable, which in the winter are swelled into impetuous torrents; the want of population along the greater

part of the distances to be cut; the differences of elevation; and, above all, the shallowness of the water on all the extremities of the cuts projected, thus only affording admission to small vessels, are among the impediments which, for the time being at least, appear almost insuperable.

Without entering further into the obstacles which present themselves to the formation of a canal along any one of the lines alluded to, I shall at once come to the conclusion, that for all the practical purposes of commercial intercourse which the physical circumstances of the country allow, a railroad is preferable, and may be constructed at infinitely less expense. This position once established, the question next to be asked is, which is the most eligible spot for the work proposed? On a careful examination of the relative merits of the several lines pointed out, that of the isthmus of Panama unquestionably appears to be the most eligible. From its central position, and the short distance intervening between the two oceans, it seems, indeed, to be providentially destined to become the connecting link between the eastern and western worlds; and hence its being made a thoroughfare for all nations, must be a subject of the utmost importance to those engaged in commerce.

Some of our most eminent public writers of the day, anticipating the advantages likely to result from the emancipation of Spanish America, considered the opening of a passage across that isthmus as one of the mightiest events which could present itself to the enterprise of man; and it is well known, that during Mr Pitts administration projects on this subject were submitted to him—some of them even attempting to show the feasibility of cutting a canal across, sufficiently deep and wide to admit vessels of the largest class. Report says, that the minister frequently spoke in rapturous terms on the supposed facilities of this grand project; and it is believed, that the sanguine

hopes of its realization had great weight with him when forming his plans for the independence of the southern division of the New World. The same idea prevailed in Europe for the greater part of the last century; but yet no survey was instituted—no steps taken to obtain correct data on the subject. Humboldt revived it; and yet this great and beneficial scheme again remained neglected, and, to all appearance, forgotten. At length the possession of the Marquesas islands by the French, brought the topic into public notice, when, towards the close of last April, and while submitting the project of a law to the Chamber of Deputies for a grant of money to cover the expenses of a government establishment in the new settlements, Admiral Roussin expressed himself thus:—"The advantages of our new establishments, incontestable as they are even at present, will assume a far greater importance hereafter. They will become of great value, should a plan which, at the present moment, fixes the attention of all maritime nations, be realized, namely, to open, through the isthmus of Panama, a passage between Europe and the Pacific, instead of going round by Cape Horn. When this great event, alike interesting to all naval powers, shall have been effected, the Society and Marquesas islands, by being brought so much nearer to France, will take a prominent place among the most important stations of the world. The facility of this communication will necessarily give a new activity to the navigation of the Pacific ocean; since this way will be, if not the shortest to the Indian and Chinese seas, certainly the safest, and, in a commercial point of view, unquestionably the most important."

In his speech in support of the grant, M. Guizot, in the sitting of the 10th inst., asserted that the project of piercing the isthmus of Panama was not a chimerical one; and proceeded to read a letter from Professor Humboldt, dated August 1842, in which that learned gentleman observed, that "it was twenty-five years since a project for a communication between the two oceans, either by the isthmus of Panama, the lake of Nicaragua, or by the isthmus of Capica, had been proposed and topographically discuss-

ed; and yet nothing had been yet commenced." The French minister also read extracts from a paper addressed to the Academy of Sciences, by an American gentleman named Warren, advocating the practicability of a canal, by means of the rivers Vintinto, Beverardino, and Farren; after which he enthusiastically exclaimed, that should this great work ever be accomplished—and in his own mind he had no doubt that some day or other it would—then the value of Oceana would be greatly increased, and France would have many reasons to congratulate herself on the possession of them. This has thus become one of the most popular topics in France, where the views of the minister are no longer concealed, and in England are we slumbering upon it? Certainly we have as great an interest in the accomplishment of the grand design as the French, and possibly possess more correct information on the subject than they do. Why, then, is it withheld from the public? What are our government doing?

To supply this deficiency, as far as his means allow, is the object of the writer of these pages; and in order to show the degree of credit to which his remarks may be entitled, and his reasons for differing from the French as regards the means by which the great desideratum is to be achieved, he will briefly state, that in early life he left Europe under the prevailing impression that the opening of a canal across the isthmus of Panama was practicable; but while in the West Indies, some doubts on the subject having arisen in his mind, he determined to visit the spot, which he did at his own expense, and at some personal risk—the Spaniards being still in possession of the country. With this view he ascended the river Chagre to Cruces, and thence proceeded by land to Panama, where he stopped a fortnight. In that time he made several excursions into the interior, and had a fair opportunity of hearing the sentiments of intelligent natives; but, although he then came to the conclusion that a canal of large dimensions was impracticable, he saw the possibility of opening a railroad, with which, in his opinion, European nations ought to be satisfied, at least for the present. Why he assumed this position, a description of the locality will best explain.

The river Chagre, which falls into the Atlantic, is the nearest transitable point to Panama, but unfortunately the harbour does not admit vessels drawing more than twelve feet water.* There the traveller embarks in a *bonjo*, (a flat-bottomed boat,) or in a canoe, made of the trunk of a cedar-tree, grown on the banks to an enormous size. The velocity of the downward current is equal to three miles an hour, and greater towards the source. The ascent is consequently tedious; often the rowers are compelled to pole the boat along, a task, under a burning sun, which could only be performed by negroes. In the upper part of the stream the navigation is obstructed by shallows, so much so as to render the operation of unloading unavoidable. Large trunks of trees, washed down by the rains, and sometimes embedded in the sands, also occasionally choke up the channel, impediments which preclude the possibility of a steam power being used beyond a certain distance up. No boat can ascend higher than Cruces, a village in a direct line not more than twenty-two miles from Chagre harbour; but owing to the sinuosities of the river, the distance to be performed along it is nearly double. To stem the current requires from three to eight days, according to the season, whereas the descent does not take more than from eight to twelve hours.

From Cruces to Panama the distance is five leagues, over a broken and hilly country. The town is situated at the head of the gulf, on a neck of land washed by the waters of the Pacific; but the port is only accessible to flat-bottomed boats, owing to which it is called *Las Piraguas*. The harbour, or rather the roadstead, is formed by a cluster of small islands lying about six miles from the shore, under the shelter of which vessels find safe anchorage. The tides rise high,

and, falling in the same proportion, the sloping coast is left dry to a considerable distance out—a circumstance which precludes the possibility of forming an outlet in front of Panama. The obstacles above enumerated at once convinced the writer that a ship canal in this direction was impracticable. The Spanish plan was to make the Chagre navigable a considerable distance up, by removing the shallows and deepening the channel; but owing to the great inclination in the descent, and the immense volumes of water rushing down in winter, the task would be a most herculean one; and, even if accomplished, this part of the route could only serve for small craft. A canal over five leagues of hilly ground would still remain to be cut.

Although the plan, so long and so fondly cherished in Europe, and now revived in France, must, for the reasons here assigned, be abandoned, on this account we ought not to be deterred from availing ourselves of such facilities as the locality affords. The geographical position of the isthmus of Panama is too interesting to be any longer disregarded. "When the Spanish discoverers first overcame the range of mountains which divide the western from the Atlantic shores of South America," said a distinguished statesman,† "they stood fixed in silent admiration, gazing on the vast expanse of the Southern ocean which lay stretched before them in boundless prospect. They adored—even those hardened and sanguinary adventurers adored—the gracious providence of Heaven, which, after a lapse of so many centuries, had opened to mankind so wonderful a field of untried and unimagined enterprise." The very same point of land where, in 1515, the Spaniards first beheld the Pacific, is the spot formed by nature for the realization of those advantages which their cau-

* This is the first impediment to an oceanic canal, and one equally felt on the other proposed lines. Captain Sir Edward Belcher, when recently surveying the western coasts of America, availed himself of the opportunity to explore the Estero Real, a river on the Pacific side, which he did by ascending it to the distance of thirty miles from its mouth, but he found that it only admits a vessel drawing ten feet water. That intelligent officer considered this an advantageous line for a canal, which, by lake navigation, he concluded might be connected with San Salvador, Honduras, Nicaragua, and extended to the Atlantic; but the distance is immense, the country thinly inhabited, and besides unhealthy, and, after all, it could only serve for boats.

† Lord Grenville in his speech on Indian affairs, April 9, 1813.

tious policy caused them to overlook. The Creator seems to have intended it for general use—as the highway of nations; and yet, after a period of more than three centuries, scarcely has the solitude which envelopes this interesting strip of land been broken. Is Europe or America to blame for this?

In the present state of our trade, and the increasing competition which we are likely to experience, unquestionably it would be advisable for British subjects to exert themselves in securing a free passage across the isthmus above-named. It is not, however, to be imagined that this is a new project in our history. Towards the close of the seventeenth century, one was formed in Scotland for the establishment of a national company to trade with the Indies through the Pacific, which became so popular that most of the royal burghs subscribed to it. The scheme originated with William Patterson, a Scotchman, of a bold and enterprising character, who, in early life, is supposed to have been a Bucanier, and to have traversed several sections of South America. At all events, he seems to have been acquainted with the views of Captain, afterwards Sir Henry Morgan, who, in 1670, took and burned Panama.

In England, the "Scots Company" was strenuously opposed by the incorporated traders to the East Indies, as well as by the West India merchants. Parliament equally took the alarm, and prayed the king not to sanction the scheme. So powerful did this opposition at length become, that the sums subscribed were withdrawn. Nothing daunted by this failure, Patterson resolved to engraft upon his original plan one for the establishment of an emporium on the Isthmus of Darien, whither he anticipated that European goods would be sent, and thence conveyed to the western shores of America, the Pacific islands, and Asia; and, in order to attract notice and gain support, he proposed that the new settlement should be made a free port, and all distinctions of religion, party, and nation banished. The project was much liked in the north of Europe, but again scouted at the English court; when the Scotch, indignant at the opposition which their commer-

cial prospects experienced from King William's ministers, which they attributed to a contrariety of interests on the part of the English, subscribed among themselves L.400,000 for the object in view, and L.300,000 more were, in the same manner, raised at Hamburg; but, in consequence of a remonstrance presented to the senate of that city by the English resident, the latter sum was called in.

Eventually, in 1699, Patterson sailed with five large vessels, having on board 1200 followers, all Scotch, and many of them belonging to the best families, furnished with provisions and merchandise; and, on arriving on the coast of Darien, took possession of a small peninsula lying between Porto Bello and Carthagena, where he built the Fort of St Andrew. The settlement was called New Caledonia; and the directors having taken every precaution for its security, entered into negotiations with the independent Indians in the neighbourhood, by whom it is believed that the tenure of the "Scots Company" was sanctioned. The Spaniards took offence at this alleged aggression, and angry complaints were forwarded to the court of St James's. To these King William listened with something like complacency, his policy at the time being to temporize with Spain, in order to prevent the aggrandizement of the French Bourbons. The new settlement was accordingly denounced, in proclamations issued by the authorities of Jamaica, Barbadoes, and the American plantations, and soon afterwards attacked by a Spanish force. Pressed on all sides, the adventurers, for a period of eight months, bore up against accumulated misfortunes; when at length, receiving no succours from their copartners at home, convinced that they had to contend against the hostility of the English government, and their provisions being exhausted, the survivors were compelled to abandon their enterprise and return to Scotland. To add to their chagrin, a few days after their departure two vessels arrived with supplies and a small reinforcement of men.

Incensed at the second failure of their favourite scheme, the Scotch endeavoured to obtain from King William an acknowledgment of the national right to the territory of New

Caledonia, and some reparation for the loss sustained by the disappointed settlers. Unsuccessful in their application, they next presented an address to the ruling power, praying that their parliament might be assembled, in order to take the matter into consideration; when, at the first meeting, angry and spirited resolutions were passed upon the subject. No redress was, however, obtained; and thus terminated the Darien scheme of the seventeenth century, founded, no one will venture to deny, on an enlarged view of our commercial interests, and a just conception of the means by which they might have been promoted. In the state of our existing treaties with Spain, the seizure of territory possibly was unjust, the moment unseasonable, and the plan, in one respect, obviously defective, inasmuch as the projectors had not taken into account the hostility of the Spaniards, and could not, consequently, rely on an outlet for their merchandize in the Pacific. Had the scheme been delayed, or had the settlement survived some months longer, the War of Succession would, however, have given to the adventurers a right of tenure stronger than any they could have obtained from the English court; for it is to be borne in mind that, on the 3d of November 1700, Charles II. of Spain died, leaving his crown to a French branch of the House of Bourbon—an event which threw Europe into a blaze, and, in the ensuing year, led to the formation of the Grand Alliance.

This short digression may serve to show the spirit of the age towards the close of the seventeenth century, and more particularly the light in which the Scotch viewed an attempt, made nearly a century and a half ago, to establish a commercial intercourse with the Pacific; and, had they then succeeded, other objects of still mightier import than those at first contemplated—other benefits of a more extended operation, would have been included in the results. The opportunity was lost, evidently through the want of support from the ruling power; but it must have been curious to see the English government, at the

close of the war, endeavouring to have conceded to them by the Spanish court, and in virtue of the memorable Aziento contract of 1713, those very same advantages which the "Scots Company" sought to secure, by their own private efforts, and almost in defiance of a most powerful interest. And when our prospects in the same quarter have been enlarged, to an extent far beyond the most sanguine expectations of our forefathers—when, through the independence of South America, we have had the fairest opportunities of entering into combinations with the natives for the accomplishment of the grand design—is it yet to be said that spirited and enlightened Englishmen are not to be found, ready and willing enough to support a scheme advantageous to the whole commercial community of Europe? It is confidently understood, that the best information on the subject has been submitted to her Majesty's government, even recently. If so, is it then a fact that no one member of the Cabinet has shown a disposition to lend a helping hand?

But what have the South Americans done in furtherance of the scheme in question? Among the projects contemplated by Bolivar, the Liberator, for the improvement of his native land, as soon as its independence should have been consolidated, was one to form a junction between the neighbouring oceans, so far as nature and the circumstances of the country would allow. In November 1827, he accordingly commissioned Mr John Augustus Lloyd, an Englishman, to make a survey of the isthmus of Panama, "in order to ascertain," as that gentleman himself tells us, "the best and most eligible line of communication, whether by road or canal, between the two seas." In March 1828 the commissioner arrived at Panama, where he was joined by a Swedish officer of engineers in the Colombian service, and, provided with suitable instruments, they proceeded to perform the task assigned to them.* Their first care was to determine the relative height of the two oceans, when, from their observations, it appeared that the tides are regular on both

* The result of their labours was published in the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1830, accompanied by drawings.

sides of the isthmus, and the time of high water 'nearly the same at Panama and Chagre. The rise in the Pacific is, however, the greatest, the mean height at Panama being rather more than three feet above that of the Atlantic at Chagre; but, as in every twelve hours the Pacific falls six feet more than the Atlantic, it is in that same proportion lower; yet, as soon as the tide has flowed fully in, the level assumes its usual elevation. Although the measurements of Bolivar's commissioners were not, perhaps, performed with all the exactitude that could have been wished, sufficient was then and since ascertained to establish the fact, that the difference between the levels of the two oceans is not so great as to cause any derangement, in case the intervening ground could be pierced.

In the pursuit of his object, Mr Lloyd seems altogether to set aside the idea of a canal, and leaving his readers to judge which is the best expedient to answer the end proposed, he thus describes the topography and capabilities of the country:—"It is generally supposed in Europe that the great chain of mountains, which, in South America, forms the Andes, continues nearly unbroken through the isthmus. This, however, is not the case. The northern Cordillera breaks into detached mountains on the eastern side of the province of Vevagna, which are of considerable height, extremely abrupt and rugged, and frequently exhibit an almost perpendicular face of bare rock. To these succeed numerous conical mountains, rising out of savannahs or plains, and seldom exceeding from 300 to 500 feet in height. Finally, between Chagre on the Atlantic side, and Chorrera on the Pacific side, the conical mountains are not so numerous, having plains of great extent, interspersed with occasional insulated ranges of hills, of inconsiderable height and extent. From this description, it will be seen," continues Mr Lloyd, "that the spot where the continent of America is reduced to nearly its narrowest limits, is also distinguished by a break for a few miles of the great chain of mountains, which otherwise extend, with but few exceptions, to its extreme northern and southern limits. This combination of circumstances

points out the peculiar fitness of the isthmus of Panama for the establishment of a communication across."

Here, then, we have an avowal, from the best authority before the public, and founded on a survey of the ground, that the intervening country is sufficiently open, even for a canal, if skilfully undertaken, and with adequate funds—consequently it cannot present any physical obstacles in the way of a railroad which cannot readily be overcome. The same opinion was formed by the writer of these pages, when, at a much earlier period, he viewed the plains from the heights at the back of Panama; and that opinion was borne out by natives who had traversed the ground as far as the forests and brushwood allowed. In the sitting of the Royal Academy of Sciences, held in Paris on the 26th of last December, Baron Humboldt reported, that the preparatory labours for cutting a canal across the isthmus of Panama were rapidly advancing; to which he added that the commission appointed by the government of New Granada had terminated their survey of the localities, after arriving at a result as fortunate as it was unexpected. "The chain of the Cordilleras," he observed, "does not extend, as it was formerly supposed, across, since a valley favourable to the operation had been discovered, and the natural position of the waters might also be rendered useful. Three rivers," the Baron proceeded to say, "had been explored, over which an easy control might be established; and these rivers, there was every reason to think, might be made partially navigable, and afterwards connected with the proposed canal, the excavations for which would not extend beyond 12½ miles in length. It was further expected that the fall might be regulated by four double locks, 138 feet in length; by which means the total extent of the canal would not be more than 49 miles, with a width of 136 feet at the surface, 56 at the base, and 20 in depth, sufficiently capacious for the admission of a vessel measuring 1000 to 1400 tons. It was estimated by M. Morel, a French engineer, that the cost of these several works would not be more than fourteen millions of francs."

This is a confirmation of the fact, that on the isthmus facilities exist for

either cutting a canal, or constructing a railroad; but while the French seem inclined to revive the primitive project, it is to be feared that they overlook the paramount difficulty, which, as already noticed, occurs on both sides, through the want of water. Unless admission and an outlet can be obtained for men-of-war, and the usual class of vessels trading to India, it would scarcely be worth while to attempt a canal, and it has not been ascertained that both those essential requisites can be found. The other plan must therefore be held to be the surest and most economical. This also seems to have been the conclusion at which Mr Lloyd arrived. Having made up his mind that a railroad is best adapted to the locality, he proceeds to trace two lines, starting from the same terminus, near the Atlantic, and terminating at different points on the Pacific, respecting which he expresses himself thus:—"Two lines are marked on the map, commencing at a point near the junction of the rivers Chagre and Trinidad, and crossing the plains, the one to Chorrera, and the other to Panama. These lines indicate the directions which I consider the best for a railroad communication. The principal difficulty in the establishment of such a communication, would arise from the number of rivulets to be crossed, which, though dry in summer, become considerable streams in the rainy season. The line which crosses to Chorrera is much the shortest, but the other has the advantage of terminating in the city and harbour of Panama. The country intersected by these lines is by no means so abundant in woods as in other parts, but has fine savannahs, and throughout the whole distance, as well as on each bank of the Trinidad, presents flat, and sometimes swampy country, with occasional detached sugar-loaf mountains, interspersed with streams that mostly empty themselves into the Chagre."

Would it not, then, be more advisable to act on this suggestion, than run the risk and incur the expense of a canal? On all hands it is agreed, that as far as the mouth of the Trinidad the Chagre is navigable for vessels drawing twelve feet water, by which means twelve or fourteen miles of road, and a long bridge besides,

would be saved. Under this supposition, the proposed line from the junction of the two rivers to Panama would be about thirty miles, and to Chorrera twenty-four; while on neither of them does any other difficulty present itself than the one mentioned by Mr Lloyd. "Should the time arrive," says that gentleman, "when a project of a water communication across the isthmus may be entertained, the river Trinidad will probably appear the most favourable route. That river is for some distance both broad and deep, and its banks are also well suited for wharfs, especially in the neighbourhood of the spot whence the lines marked for a railroad communication commence."

It therefore only remains to be determined which of the two lines is the preferable one; and this depends more on the facilities afforded by the bay of Chorrera for the admission of vessels, than the difference in the distances. However desirable it might be to have Panama as the Pacific station, it will already have been noticed, that the great distance from the shore at which vessels are obliged to anchor, is a serious impediment to loading and unloading—operations which are rendered more tedious by the heavy swell at certain seasons setting into the gulf. The distance from Chorrera to Panama, over a level part of the coast, is only ten miles. Should it therefore be deemed expedient, these two places may afterwards be connected by means of a branch line. As regards the difficulty mentioned by Mr Lloyd, arising out of "the number of rivulets to be crossed," it may be observed that this section of the country remains in nearly the same state as that in which it was left by nature. No artificial means have been adopted for drainage; but the assurances of intelligent natives warrant the belief, that by cross-cuts the smaller rivulets may be made to run into the larger ones, whereby the number to be crossed would be materially diminished. The contiguous lands abound in superior stone, easily dug, and well suited for the construction of causeways as well as arches; while the magnificent forests, which rear their lofty heads to the north of the projected line, would for sleepers furnish any quantity of an almost in-

corruptible and even incombustible wood, resembling teak.*

The Honourable P. Campbell Scarlett, one of the last travellers of note who crossed the isthmus, and favoured the public with the result of his observations, says, "that for a ship canal the locality would not answer, but presents the greatest facilities for the transfer of merchandize by river and canal, sufficiently deep for steam-boats, at a comparatively trifling expense."† He then proceeds to remark, "that Mr Lloyd seemingly turned his attention more to the practicability of a railroad along the level country between the mouth of the Trinidad and the town or river of Chorrera, and no doubt a railroad would be very beneficial;" adding, "that an explicit understanding would be necessary to prevent interruption, (meaning with the local government and ruling power:) and the subject assuredly is of sufficient magnitude and importance to justify, if not call on, the British government, or any other power, to encourage and sanction the enterprise by a solemn treaty."

In proportion to its size, no town built by the Spaniards in the western world contains so many good edifices as Panama, although many of them are now falling to decay. It was re-

built subsequent to the fire in 1737, and from the ornamental parts of some structures, it is evident that superior workmen were employed in their erection;‡ and should notice at any time be given that public works were about to commence there, accompanied by an assurance that artisans would meet with due encouragement, thither able-bodied men would flock, even from the West Indies and the United States. Hardy Mulattoes, Mezizoes, free Negroes, and Indians, may be assembled upon the spot, among whom are good masons and experienced hewers of wood; and, being intelligent and tractable, European skill and example alone would be requisite to direct them. The existence of coal along the shores of Chili and Peru, is also another encouraging feature in the scheme;§ and as the ground for a railroad would cost a mere trifle, if any thing, the whole might be completed at a comparatively small expense.

The profits derivable from the undertaking, when accomplished, are too obvious to require enumeration. The rates levied on letters, passengers, and merchandize, after leaving a proportionate revenue to the local government, must produce a large sum, which would progressively increase as

* Ulloa (Book iii. chap. 11) remarks, that although the greater part of the houses in Panama were formerly built of wood, fires very rarely occurred; the nature of the timber being such, that if lighted embers are laid upon the floor, or wall made of it, the only consequence is, that it makes a hole without producing a flame.

† America and the Pacific, 1838.

‡ Ulloa affirms, that the greater part of the houses in Panama are now built of stone; all sorts of materials for edifices of this kind being found there in the greatest abundance. Mr Scarlett also acknowledges that he there saw more specimens of architectural beauty than in any other town of South America which he had occasion to visit.

§ In 1814 the writer had coal in his possession, in London, brought from the vicinity of Lima, which he had coked and tried in a variety of ways. It was gaseous, and resembled that dug in the United States. Since that period coal has been found near Talcahuano and at Valdivia, on the coast of Chili; on the island of Chiloe, and on that of San Lorenzo, opposite to Lima; in the valley of Tambo, near Islay; at Guacho, and even further down on the coast of Guayaquil. Mr Scarlett quotes a letter from the Earl of Dundonald, (Lord Cochrane,) in which his lordship affirms, "that there is plenty of coal at Talcahuano, in the province of Concepcion." It was used on board of her Majesty's ship Blossom; and Mr Mason, of her Majesty's ship Seringapatam, pronounced it good when not taken too near the surface. Mr Wheelright, the American gentleman who formed the Steam Navigation Company along the western coast, coked the coal found there; and in the general plan for the formation of his company, assured the public that "coal exists on various parts of the Chili coast in great abundance, and will afford an ample supply for steam operations on the Pacific at a very moderate expense." The fact is confirmed by various other testimonies, and there is every reason to believe that coal will be hereafter found at no great distance from Panama.

the route became more frequented. Mines exist in the neighbourhood, at present, neglected owing to the difficulty of the smelting process. It may hereafter be worth while for return vessels to bring the rough mineral obtained from them to Europe, as is now done with copper ore from Cuba, Colombia, and Chili. Ship timber, of the largest dimensions and best qualities, may also be had. The charges on the transit of merchandize would never be so heavy as even the rates of insurance round Cape Horn and the Cape of Good Hope. The first of these great headlands mariners know full well is a fearful barrier, advancing into the cheerless deep amidst storms, rocks, islands, and currents, to avoid which the navigator is often compelled to go several degrees more to the south than his track requires; whereby the voyage is not only lengthened, but his water and provisions so far exhausted, that frequently he is under the necessity of making the first port he can in Chili, or seeking safety on the African coast.

To escape from the perils and delays of this circuitous route has long been the anxious wish of all commercial nations, and to a certain extent this may be accomplished in the manner here pointed out. In the course of time, and in case prospects are sufficiently encouraging—or, in other words, should the surveys required for a ship canal correspond with the hopes entertained upon this subject by the French—the great desideratum might then be attempted. The work done would not interfere with any other afterwards undertaken on an increased scale. On the contrary, a railroad would continue its usual traffic, and afford great assistance. Fortunately the obstruction to the admission of vessels into Chagre harbour, on the Atlantic side, may be obviated, as will appear from the following passage in Mr Lloyd's report—a point of extreme importance in the prosecution of any ulterior design; but even then the great difficulty remains to be overcome on the Pacific shore:—

"The river Chagre," says the Colombian commissioner, "its channel, and the banks which in the dry season embarrass its navigation, are laid down in my manuscript plan with great care and minuteness. It is subject to one great inconvenience; viz. that vessels

drawing more than twelve feet water cannot enter the river, even in perfectly calm weather, on account of a stratum of slaty limestone which runs, at a depth at high water of fifteen feet, from a point on the mainland to some rocks in the middle of the entrance into the harbour, and which are just even with the water's edge. This, together with the lee current that sets on the southern shore, particularly in the rainy season, renders the entrance extremely difficult and dangerous. The value of the Chagre, considered as the port of entrance for all communication, whether by the river Chagre, Trinidad, or by railroad, across the plains, is greatly limited owing to the above-mentioned cause. It would, in all cases, prove a serious disqualification, were it not one which admits of a simple and effectual remedy, arising from the proximity of the bay of Limon, otherwise called Navy Bay, with which the river might be easily connected. The coves of this bay afford excellent and secure anchorage in its present state, and the whole harbour is capable of being rendered, by obvious and not very expensive means, one of the most commodious and safe in the world."

After expressing his gratitude for the good offices of her Majesty's consul at Panama, and the services rendered to him by the officers of her Majesty's ship *Victor*, with the aid of whose boats, and the assistance of the master, he made his survey of the bay of Limon, obtained soundings, and constructed his plan, (the shores of which bay, he says, are therein laid down trigonometrically from a base of 5220 yards)—Mr Lloyd remarks thus, "It will be seen by this plan that the distance from one of the best coves, in respect to anchorage, across the separating country from the Chagre, and in the most convenient track, is something less than three miles to a point in the river about three miles from its mouth. I have traversed the intervening land, which is perfectly level, and in all respects suitable for a canal, which, being required for so short a distance, might well be made of a sufficient depth to admit vessels of any reasonable draught of water, and would obviate the inconvenience of the shallows at the entrance of the Chagre."

Granting, however, that the admis-

sion from the Atlantic into the Chagre of a larger class of vessels than those drawing twelve feet might be thus facilitated, according to Mr Lloyd's own avowal a breakwater would still be necessary at the entrance of Limon Bay, which is situated round Point Brujas, about eight geographical miles higher up towards Porto Bello than the mouth of that river, as the heavy sea setting into the bay would render the anchorage of vessels insecure. An immense deal of work would consequently still remain to be performed before a corresponding outlet into the Pacific could be obtained; and whether this can be accomplished is yet problematical. In the interval, a railroad, on the plan above suggested, would answer many, although not all the purposes desired by the commercial community, and serve as a preparatory step for a canal, should it be deemed feasible. After the country has been cleared of wood and properly explored—after the population has been more concentrated, and the opinions of experienced men obtained—a project of oceanic navigation may succeed; but, for the present, we ought to be content with the best and cheapest expedient that can be devised; and the distance is so short, and the facilities for the enterprise so palpable, that a few previous combinations, and a small capital only, are required to carry it into effect. By using the waters of the Chagre and Trinidad, a material part of the distance across is saved; * and as, as before explained, the ground will cost nothing, and excellent and cheap materials exist, the work might be performed at a comparatively trifling expense. When completed, the trip

from sea to sea would not take more than from six to eight hours.

Avowedly, no ocean is so well adapted for steam navigation as the Pacific. Except near Cape Horn, and in the higher latitudes to the north-west, on its glassy surface storms are seldom encountered. With their heavy ships, the Spaniards often made voyages from Manilla to Acapulco in sixty-five days, without having once had occasion to take in their light sails. The ulterior consequences, therefore, of a more general introduction of steam power into that new region, connected with a highway across the isthmus of Panama, no one can calculate. The experiment along the shores of Chili and Peru has already commenced; and the cheap rate at which fossil fuel can be had, has proved a great facility. Under circumstances so peculiarly propitious, to what an extent, then, may not steam navigation be carried on the smooth expanse of the Southern ocean? If there are two sections of the globe more pre-eminently suited for commercial intercourse than others, they are the western shores of America and Southern Asia. To these two markets, consequently, will the attention of manufacturing nations be turned; and, should the project here proposed be carried into effect, depots of merchandize will be formed on and near the isthmus, when the riches of Europe and America will move more easily towards Asia; while, in return, the productions of Asia will be wafted towards America and Europe. If we entertain the expectation, that at no distant period of time our West India possessions will become advanced posts, and aid in the development of

* Mr Scarlett says, that the depth of water at Chagre is sufficient for steamers and large schooners, which can be navigated without obstruction as far up as the mouth of the Trinidad. By descending that river, he himself crossed the isthmus in seventeen hours—viz. from Panama to Cruces, eight; and thence to Chagre, nine. Mr Wheelright, the American gentleman above quoted, says that the transit of the isthmus during the dry season, (from November to June—and wet from June to November,) is neither inconvenient nor unpleasant. The canoes are covered, provisions and fruits cheap along the banks of the Chagre, and there is always personal security. The temperature, although warm, is healthy. At the same time it must be confessed, that in the rainy season a traveller is subject to great exposure and consequent illness; but if the railroad was roofed this objection might be removed. It is on all hands agreed, that the climate of the isthmus would be greatly improved by drainage, and clearing the country of the immense quantities of vegetable matter left rotting on the ground. The beds of seaweed, in a constant state of decomposition on the Pacific shore, create miasmata unquestionably injurious to health.

the resources abounding in that extended and varied region at the entrance of which they are stationed—if the several islands there which hoist the British flag are destined to be resting-places for that trade between Great Britain and the Southern sea, now opening to European industry—these two great interests cannot be so effectually advanced as by the means above suggested.

It has generally been thought that the long-neglected isthmus of Suez is the shortest road to India; but besides being precarious, and suited only for the conveyance of light weights, that line only embraces one object; whereas the establishment of a communication across that of Panama, would be like the creation of a new geographical and commercial world—it would bring two extremities of the earth closer together, and, besides, connect many intermediate points. It would open to European nations the portals to a new field of enterprise, and complete the series of combinations forming to develop the riches with which the Pacific abounds, by presenting to European industry a new group of producers and consumers. The remotest regions of the East would thus come more under the influence of European civilization; while, by a quicker and safer intercourse, our Indian possessions would be rendered more secure, and our new connexion with China strengthened. Besides the wealth arriving from Asia and the islands in the wide Pacific, the produce of Acapulco, San Blas, California, Nootka Sound, and the Columbia river, on the one side, and of Guayaquil, Peru, and Chili, on the other, would come to the Atlantic by a shorter route, at the same time that we might receive advices from New Holland and New Zealand with only half the delay we now do.

The mere recurrence to a map will at once show, that the isthmus of Panama is destined to become a great commercial thoroughfare, and, at a moderate expense, might be made the seat of an extensive trade. By the facilities of communication across, new wants would be created; and, as fresh markets open to European enterprise, a proportionate share of the supplies would fall to our lot. In the present depressed state of our commercial relations, some effort must be

made to apply the industry of the country to a larger range of objects. A century of experiments and labour has changed the face of nature in our own country, quadrupled the produce of our lands, and extended a green mantle over districts which once wore the appearance of barren wastes; but the consumption of our manufactures abroad has not risen in the same proportion. It behoves us, then, to explore and secure new markets, which can best be done by connecting ourselves with those regions to which the isthmus of Panama is the readiest avenue. In a mercantile point of view, the importance of the western coasts of America is only partially known to us. With the exception of Valparaiso and Lima, our merchants seldom visit the various ports along that extended line, to which the establishment of the Hudson's Bay Company on the Columbia river gives a new feature. Although abounding in the elements of wealth, in many of these secluded regions the spark of commercial life has scarcely been awakened by foreign intercourse. Our whale-fisheries in the Pacific may also require more protection than they have hitherto done; and if we ever hope to have it in our power to obtain live alpacas from Peru as a new stock in this country, and at a rate cheap enough for the farmer to purchase and naturalize them, it must be by the way of Panama, by which route guano manure may also be brought over to us at one half of the present charges. We are now sending bone-dust and other artificial composts to Jamaica and our other islands in the West Indies, in order to restore the soil, impoverished by successive sugarcane crops, while the most valuable fertilizer, providentially provided on the other side of the isthmus, remains entirely neglected.

The establishment of a more direct intercourse with the Pacific, it will therefore readily be acknowledged, is an undertaking worthy of a great nation, and conformable to the spirit of the age in which we are living—an undertaking which would do more honour to Great Britain, and ultimately prove more beneficial to our merchants, than any other that possibly could be devised. Nor is it to be imagined that other nations are insensible to the advantages which

they would derive from an opening of this kind. The feelings and sentiments of the French upon this subject have already been briefly noticed. The King of Holland has expressed himself favourable to the undertaking, nor are the Belgians behind hand in their good wishes for its accomplishment. If possible, the North Americans have a larger and more immediate interest in its success than the commercial nations of Europe. Ever since their acquisition of Louisiana, a general spirit of enterprise has directed a large portion of their population towards the head waters of the Mississippi and Missouri—a spirit which impels a daring and thrifty race of men gradually to advance towards the north-west. Captain Clark's excursion in 1805, had for its object the discovery of a route to the Pacific by connecting the Missouri and Columbia rivers, a subject on which, even at that early period, he expressed himself thus:—"I consider this track across the continent of immense advantage to the fur trade, as all the furs collected in nine-tenths of the most valuable fur country in America, may be conveyed to the mouth of the Columbia river, and thence shipped to the East Indies by the 15th of August in each year, and will, of course, reach Canton earlier than the furs which are annually exported from Montreal arrive in Great Britain."

This extract will suffice to show the spirit of emulation by which the citizens of the Union were, even at so remote a period, actuated in reference to the north-west coast of America—a spirit which has since manifested itself in a variety of ways, and in much stronger terms. The distance overland is, however, too great, and the population too scanty, for this route to be rendered available for the general purposes of traffic, at least for many years to come. The North Americans have, therefore, turned their attention to other points offering facilities of communication with the Pacific; and the line to which they have usually given the preference is the Mexican, or more northern one, across the isthmus of Tehuantepec, situated partly in the province of Oaxaca and partly in that of Vera Cruz. The facilities afforded by this locality have been described by several tourists; but supposing that the river Guassacualco, on the Atlantic,

is, or can be made navigable for large vessels as high up as the isthmus of Tehuantepec, (as to deep water at the entrance, there is no doubt,) still a carriage road for at least sixteen leagues would be necessary. The intervening land, although it may contain some favourable breaks, is nevertheless avowedly so high, that from some of the mountain summits the two oceans may be easily seen. The obstacles to a road, and much more so to a canal, are therefore very considerable; and a suitable and corresponding outlet into the Pacific, besides, has not yet been discovered.

This, then, is by no means so eligible a spot as the isthmus of Panama. From its situation, the Tehuantepec route would, nevertheless, be extremely valuable to the North Americans; and it must not be forgotten that, in this stirring age, there is scarcely an undertaking that baffles the ingenuity of man. Owing to their position, the North Americans would gain more by shortening the passage to the Pacific than ourselves; and Tehuantepec being the nearest point to them suited for that object, and also the one which they could most effectually control, it is more than probable that, at some future period, they will use every effort to have it opened. The country through which the line would pass is confessedly richer, healthier, and more populous, than that contiguous to the Lake of Nicaragua, or across the isthmus of Panama; but should the work projected ever be carried into execution, eventually this route must become an American monopoly.

The citizens of the United States, it will therefore readily be believed, are keenly alive to the subject, and calculate thus:—A steamer leaving the Mississippi can reach Guassacualco in six days; in seven, her cargo might be transferred across the isthmus of Tehuantepec to the Pacific, and in fifty more reach China—total, sixty-three days. As an elucidation, let us suppose that the usual route to the same destination, round Cape Horn, from a more central part of the Union—Philadelphia, for example—is 16,150 miles; in that case the distance saved, independent of less sea risk, would be as follows:—From the Delaware to Guassacualco, 2100 miles; across Tehuantepec to the Pacific, 120; to the Sandwich Islands,

3835; to the Ladrone do., 3900; and to Canton, 2080—total, 12,035 miles; whereby the saving would be 4115, besides affording greater facilities for the application of steam. Their estimate of the saving to the Columbia river is still more encouraging. From one of their central ports the distance round Cape Horn is estimated at 18,261 miles; whereas by the Mexican route it would be, to Guassacualco and overland to the Pacific, 2220 miles, and thence to the Columbia river, 2760—total, 4980; thus leaving the enormous difference of 13,281 miles—two-thirds of the distance, besides the advantage of a safer navigation. By the new route, and the aid of steam, a voyage to the destination above named may be performed in thirty instead of a hundred and forty days; and as the population extends towards the north-west, the Columbia river must become a place of importance. Hitherto the Pacific ports of Mexico and California have chiefly been supplied with goods carried overland from Vera Cruz, surcharged with heavy duties and expenses. More need not be said to show that the United States are on the alert; nor can it be imagined that they will allow any favourable opportunity of securing to themselves an easier access to the Pacific to escape them. On finding another road open, they would, however, be inclined to desist from seeking a line of communication for themselves. There is, indeed, every reason to expect that they would cheerfully concur in a work, the completion of which would so materially redound to their advantage.

Nothing, indeed, can be more evident than the fact, that not only Great Britain and the United States, but also all the commercial nations of Europe, are deeply interested in securing for themselves a shorter and safer passage into the great Pacific, on terms the most prompt and economical that circumstances will allow; and the success which has attended civilization within the present century, demands that this effort should be made, in which, from her position, Great Britain is peculiarly called upon to take the initiative. For the last twenty years the Panamense have been buoyed up with the hope, that an attempt, of some kind or other, would be made to open a communica-

tion across their isthmus, calculated to compensate them for all their losses; and hence they have always been disposed to second the exertions of any respectable party prepared to undertake a work which they cannot themselves accomplish. They have heard of the time of the *Galeones*, when the fleet, annually arriving from Peru, landed its treasures in their port, which were exultingly carried overland to Porto Bello, where the fair was held. "On that occasion," says Ulloa, "the road was covered with droves of mules, each consisting of above a hundred, laden with boxes of gold and silver," &c. Panama then rose into consequence, attaining a state of wealth and prosperity which ceased when the trade from the western shores took another direction. The natives and local authorities would consequently rejoice at an event so favourable to them, and vie with each other in affording to the projectors every aid and protection. Provisions and rents are cheap, and, under all circumstances, the work might be completed at half the expense it would cost in Europe.

At various periods foreign individuals have obtained grants to carry the project into execution; but time proved that they were mere speculators, unprovided with capital, and unfortunately death prevented Bolivar from realizing his favourite scheme. For the same object, attempts have also been made to form companies; but, owing to the hitherto unsettled state of the government in whose territory the isthmus is situated, the unpopularity of South American enterprizes, and the fact that no grant made to private individuals could afford sufficient security for the outlay of capital, these schemes fell to the ground. The non-performance of the promises made by the grantees, at length induced the Congress of New Granada to annul all privileges conferred on individuals for the purpose of opening a canal, or constructing a railroad across the isthmus, and notifying that the project should be left open for general competition. This determination, and the ulterior views of the French in that quarter, have again brought the subject under discussion; and it is thought that a fresh attempt will, ere long, be made to organize a company. It must, however, be evident

to every reflecting mind, that although the scheme has a claim on the best energies of our countrymen, and is entitled to the efficient patronage of government, yet, even if the funds were for this purpose raised through private agency, the works never could be carried into execution in a manner consistent with the magnitude of the object in view, or the concern administered on a plan calculated to produce the results anticipated. No body of individuals ought, indeed, to receive and hold such a grant as would secure to them the tenure of the lands required for the undertaking. If such a privilege could be rendered valid, it would place in their hands a monopoly liable to abuses.

The best expedient would be for the several maritime and commercial nations interested in the success of the enterprize, to unite and enter into combinations, so as to secure for themselves a safe and permanent transit for the benefit of all; and then let the work be undertaken with no selfish or ambitious views, but in a spirit of mutual fellowship; and, when completed, let this be a highway for each party contributing to the expense, enjoyed and protected by all. At first sight this idea may appear romantic—the combinations required may be thought difficult; but every where the extension of commerce is now the order of the day, and the good understanding which prevails among the parties who might be invited to concur in the work, warrants the belief that, at a moment so peculiarly auspicious, little diplomatic ingenuity would be required to procure their assent and co-operation. By means of negotiations undertaken by Great Britain, and conducted in a right spirit, trading nations would be induced to agree and contribute to the expenses of the enterprize in proportion to the advantages which they may hope to derive from its completion. If, for example, the estimate of the cost amounted to half a million sterling, Great Britain, France, and the United States might contribute L.100,000 each, and the remainder be divided among the minor European states—each having a common right to the property thereby created, and each a commissioner on the spot, to watch over their respective interests.

This would be the most honourable

and effectual mode of improving facilities to which the commerce and civilization of Europe have a claim. It is the settled conviction of the most intelligent persons who have traversed the isthmus, that these facilities exist to the extent herein described; and unity of purpose is therefore all that is wanting for the attainment of the end proposed. Jealousies would be thus obviated; and to such a concession as the one suggested, the local government could have no objection, as its own people would participate in the benefits flowing from it. This is indeed a tribute due from the New to the Old World; nor could the other South American states hesitate to sanction a grant made for a commercial purpose, and for the general advantage of mankind. The isthmus of Panama, that interesting portion of their continent, has remained neglected for ages; and so it must continue, at least as regards any great and useful purpose, unless called into notice by extraordinary combinations. With so many prospective advantages before us, it is therefore to be hoped that the time has arrived when Great Britain will take the initiative, and promote the combinations necessary to establish a commercial intercourse between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, an event that would widen the scope for maritime enterprizes more than any that has happened within the memory of the present generation, and connect us more closely with those countries which have lately been the theatre of our triumphs. The East India and Hudson's Bay Companies, the traders to China and the Indian archipelago, the Australian and New Zealand colonists, together with their connexions at home—in a word, all those who are desirous of shortening the tedious and perilous navigation round Cape Horn and the Cape of Good Hope—would be benefited by the construction of a railroad; which, by making Panama an entrepot of supplies for the western shores of America and the islands in the Pacific, either in direct communication with Great Britain or the West India colonies, our manufacturers would participate in the profits of an increased demand for European commodities, which necessarily must follow the accomplishment of so grand a design.

TWO DREAMS.

THE Germans and French differ more from each other in the art and mystery of story-telling than either of them do from the English. It would be very easy to point out tales which are very popular in Paris, that would make no sensation at Vienna or Berlin; and, *vice versa*, we cannot imagine how the French can possibly enter into the spirit of many of the best known authors of Deutschland. In England, we are happy to say we can appreciate them all. History, philology, philosophy—in short, all the modes and subdivisions of heavy authorship—we leave out of the question, and address ourselves, on this occasion, to the distinctive characteristics of the two schools of *light* literature—schools which have a wider influence, and number more scholars, than all the learned academies put together.

In this country an outcry has been raised against the French authors in this department, and in favour of the Germans, on the ground of the frightful immorality of the first, and the sound principles of the other. French impiety is not a more common expression, applied to their writings, than German honesty. It will, perhaps, be right at starting to state, that, in regard to decency and propriety, the two nations are on a par; if there is any preponderance, one way or other, it certainly is not in favour of the Germans, whose derelictions in those respects are more solemn, and apparently sincere, than their flippant and superficial rivals. Many authors there are, of course, in both countries, whose works are unexceptionable in spirit and intention; but as to the assertion, that one literature is of a higher tone of morals than the other, it is a mistake. The great majority of the entertaining works in both are unfit *pueris virginibusque*.

Before the Revolution, Voltaire was as popular in England as in the rest of Europe; his powers as highly admired, and his short *historiettes* as much quoted: their wit being considered a sufficient counterbalance of their coarseness. But with the war between the two nations, arose a hatred between the two literatures; with Swift and Tristram Shandy in our

hands, we turned up our eyes in holy indignation at Candide; we saw nothing to admire in any thing French; and as our condition in politics became more isolated, and we grew like our ancestors, *toto divisos orbe Britannos*—we could see no beauty in any thing foreign. The Orders in Council extended to criticism; and all continental languages were placed in blockade. The first nation who honestly and zealously took our part against the enemy was the German; and from that time we began to study *achs* and *dochs*. Leipsic, that made Napoleon little, made Goethe great; and to Waterloo we are indebted for peace and freedom, and also for a belief in the truth and talent of a host of German authors, whose principal merit consisted in the fact of their speaking the same language in which Blucher called for his tobacco. The opposite feelings took rise from our enmity to the French; and though by this time we have sense enough to be on good terms with the *crapauds*, and on visiting terms with Louis Philippe, we have not got over our antipathy to their tongue. During the contest, we had constantly refreshed our zeal by fervent declarations of contempt for the frog-eating, spindle-shanked mounseers, and persuaded ourselves that their whole literature consisted in atheism and murder; and though we now know that frogs are by no means the common food of the peasantry—costing about a guinea a dish—and that it is possible for a Frenchman to be a strapping fellow of six feet high, the taint of our former persuasion remains with us still as to their books; and, in some remote districts, we have no doubt that Peter Pindar would be thought a more harmless volume in a young lady's hands than *Pascal's Thoughts*—in French.

It is not unlikely that the Customs' Union may lower our estimate of Weimar; a five years' war with Austria and Prussia, especially if we were assisted by the French, would make us rank Schiller himself—the greatest of German names—on the same humble level where we now place Victor Hugo. But there are thousands of people in this good realm of England, who actually consider such beings a

Spindler and Vandervelde superior to the noble genius who created *Notre Dame de Paris*. Poor as our own novel-writers, by profession, have shown themselves of late years, their efforts are infinitely superior to the very best of the German novelists; and yet we see advertisements every day in the newspapers, of new translations from fourth or fifth-rate scribblers for Leipsic fair, which would lead one to expect a far higher order of merit than any of our living authors can show. "A new work by the Walter Scott of Germany!" A new work by the Newton of Stoke Pogis! A new picture by the Apelles of the Isle of Man! The Walter Scott of Germany, according to somebody's saying about Milton, is a very *German* Walter Scott; and, if under this ridiculous puff is concealed some drivelling historical hash by Spindler or Tromlits, the force of impudence can no farther go.

But we must take care not to be carried too far in our depreciation of German light literature by our indignation at the over-estimate formed of some of its professors. Let us admit that there are admirable authors—a fact which it would be impossible to deny with such works before us as Tieck's, and Hoffman's, and a host of others—*quos nunc perscribere longum est*. Let us leave the small fry to the congenial admiration of the devourers of our circulating libraries, and form our judgment of the respective methods of conducting a story of the French and Germans, from a comparison of the heroes of each tongue. Let us judge of Greek and Roman war from the Phalanx and the Legion, and not from the suttlers of the two camps. A great excellence in a German novelist is the prodigious faith he seems to have in his own story; he relates incidents as if he knew them of his own knowledge; and the wilder and more incredible they are, the more firm and solemn becomes his belief. The Frenchman never descends from holding the wires of the puppets to be a puppet himself, or even to delude spectators with the idea that they are any thing but puppets; he never forfeits his superiority over the personages of the story, by allowing the reader to lose sight of the author; no, he piques himself on being the great showman, and would scarcely take it as a compliment if you entered into

the interest of the tale, unless as an exhibition of the narrator's talent. But then he handles his wires so cleverly, and is really so immensely superior to the fictitious individuals whom he places before us, that it is no great wonder if we prefer Alexander Dumas or Jules Janin to their heroes. The Germans, relying on their own powers of belief, have taxed their readers' credulity to a pitch which sober Protestants find it very difficult to attain. Old Tieck or Hoffman introduces you to ghouls and ghosts, and they look on them, themselves, with such awe-struck eyes, and treat them in every way with such demonstrations of perfect credence in their being really ghouls and ghosts, that it is not to be denied that strange feelings creep over one in reading their stories at the witching hour, when the fire is nearly out, and the candle-wicks are an inch and a half long. The Frenchman seldom introduces a ghost—never a ghoul; but he makes up for it by describing human beings with sentiments which would probably make the ghoul feel ashamed to associate with them. The utmost extent of human profligacy is depicted, but still the profligacy is human; it is only an amplification—very clever and very horrid—of a real character; but never borrows any additional horrors from the other world. A French author knows very well that the wickedness of this world is quite enough to set one's hair on end—for we suspect that the *Life in Paris* would supply any amount of iniquity—and professors of the shocking, like Frederick Soulie or Eugene Sue, can afford very well to dispense with vampires and gentlemen who have sold their shadows to the devil. The German, in fact, takes a short cut to the horrible and sublime, by bringing a live demon into his story, and clothing him with human attributes; the Frenchman takes the more difficult way, and succeeds in it, by introducing a real man, and endowing him with the sentiments of a fiend. The fault of the one is exaggeration; of the other, miscreation: redeemed in the first by extraordinary cleverness; in the other, by wonderful belief. What a contrast between La Motte Fouqué and Balzac! how national and characteristic both! No one can read a chapter of the *Magic Ring* without seeing that the Baron believes

in all the wonders of his tale; a page of the other suffices to show, that there are few things on the face of the earth in which he believes at all. Dim, mystic, childish, with open mouth and staring eyes, the German sees the whole phantasmagoria of the nether world pass before him: keen, biting, sarcastic—egotistic as a beauty, and cold-hearted as Mephistopheles—the Frenchman walks among his figures in a gilded drawing-room; probes their spirits, breaks their hearts, ruins their reputation, and seems to have a profound contempt for any reader who is so carried away by his power as to waste a touch of sympathy on the unsubstantial pageants he has clothed for a brief period in flesh and blood. We confess the sober *super-naturalism* of the German has less attractions with us, than the grinning *infra-naturalism* of the Frenchman. There is more sameness in it, and, besides, it is to be hoped we have at all times less sympathy for the very best of devils than for the very worst of men. Luckily for the Frenchman, he has no need to go to the lower regions to procure monsters to make us shudder. His own tremendous Revolution furnishes him with names before which Lucifer must hide his diminished head; and from this vast repertory of all that is horrid and grotesque—more horrid on account of its grotesqueness—the *feuilletonists*, or short story-tellers, are not indisposed to draw. We back Danton any day against Old Nick. And how infinitely better the effect of introducing a true villain in plain clothes, relying for his power only on the known and undeniable atrocity of his character, than all the pale-faced, hollow-eyed denizens of the lower pit, concealing their cloven feet in polished-leather Wellington boots, and their tails in a fashionable surtout. We shall translate a short story of Balzac, which will illustrate these remarks, only begging the reader to fancy to himself how different the *denouement* would have been in the hands of a German; how demons, instead of surgeons and attorneys, would have disclosed themselves at the end of the story; how blue the candles would have burned; and what an awful smell of brimstone would have been perceptible when they disappeared. It is called the *Two Dreams*, and, we think, is a sketch of great power.

Bodard de St James, treasurer of the navy in 1786, was the best known, and most talked of, of all the financiers in Paris. He had built his celebrated Folly at Neuilly, and his wife had bought an ornament of feathers for the canopy of her bed, the enormous price of which had put it beyond the power of the Queen. Bodard possessed the magnificent hotel in the Place Vendôme which the collector of taxes, Dangé, had been forced to leave. Madame de St James was ambitious, and would only have people of rank about her—a weakness almost universal in persons of her class. The humble members of the lower house had no charms for her. She wished to see in her saloons the nobles and dignitaries of the land who had, at least, the *grand entrées* at Versailles. To say that many *cordons bleus* visited the fair financier would be absurd; but it is certain she had managed to gain the notice of several of the Rohan family, as came out very clearly in the celebrated process of the neck-lace.

One evening, I think it was the 2d of August 1786, I was surprised to encounter in her drawing-room two individuals, whose appearance did not entitle them to the acquaintance of a person so exclusive as the Treasurer's wife. She came to me in an embrasure of the window where I had taken my seat.

"Tell me," I said, with a look towards one of the strangers, "who in the world is that? How does such a being find his way here?"

"He is a charming person, I assure you."

"Oh—you see him through the spectacles of love!" I said, and smiled.

"You are not mistaken," she replied, smiling also. "He is horribly ugly, no doubt, but he has rendered me the greatest service a man can do to woman."

I laughed, and I suppose looked maliciously, for she hastily added—"He has entirely cured me of those horrid eruptions in the face, that made my complexion like a peasant's."

I shrugged my shoulders. "Oh—he's a quack!" I said.

"No, no," she answered, "he is a surgeon of good reputation. He is very clever, I assure you; and, moreover, he is an author. He is an excellent doctor."

"And the other?" I enquired.

"Who? What other?"

"The little fellow with the starched, stiff face—looking as sour as if he had drunk verjuice."

"Oh! he is a man of good family. I don't know where he comes from. He is engaged in some business of the Cardinal's, and it was his Eminence himself who presented him to St James. Both parties have chosen St James for umpire; in that, you will say, the provincial has not shown much wisdom; but who can the people be who confide their interests to such a creature? He is quiet as a lamb, and timid as a girl; but his Eminence courts him—for the matter is of importance—three hundred thousand francs, I believe."

"He's an attorney, then?"

"Yes," she replied; and, after the humiliating confession, took her seat at the Faro-table.

I went and threw myself in an easy chair at the fireplace; and if ever a man was astonished it was I, when I saw seated opposite me the Controller-General! M. de Calonne looked stupefied and half-asleep. I nodded to Beaumarchais, and looked as if I wished an explanation; and the author of Figaro, or rather Figaro himself, made clear the mystery in a manner not very complimentary to Madame de St James's character, whatever it might be to her beauty. "Oho! the minister is caught," I thought; "no wonder the Collector lives in such style."

It was half-past twelve before the card-tables were removed, and we sat down to supper. We were a party of ten—Bodard and his wife, the Controller-General, Beaumarchais, the two strangers, two handsome women whose names I will not mention, and a collector of taxes, I think a M. Lavoisier. Of thirty who had been in the drawing-room when I entered, these were all who remained. The supper was stupid beyond belief. The two strangers and the Collector were intolerable bores. I made signs to Beaumarchais to make the surgeon tipsy, while I undertook the same kind office with the attorney, who sat on my left. As we had no other means of amusing ourselves, and the plan promised some fun, by bringing out the two interlopers and making them more ridiculous than we had found them already, M. de Calonne entered

into the plot. In a moment the three ladies saw our design, and joined in it with all their power. The surgeon seemed very well inclined to yield; but when I had filled my neighbour's glass for the third time, he thanked me with cold politeness, and would drink no more. The conversation, I don't know from what cause, had turned on the magic suppers of the Count Cagliostro. I took little interest in it; for, from the moment of my neighbour's refusal to drink, I had done nothing but study his pale and small featured countenance. His nose was flat and sharp-pointed at the same time, and occasionally an expression came to his eyes that gave him the appearance of a weasel. All at once the blood rushed to his cheeks when he heard Madame St James say to M. de Calonne—

"But I assure you, sir, I have actually seen Queen Cleopatra."

"I believe it, madame," exclaimed my neighbour; "for I have spoken to Catharine de Medicis."

"Oh! oh!" laughed M. De Calonne.

The words uttered by the little provincial had an indefinable sonorousness. The sudden clearness of intonation, from a man who, up to this time, had scarcely spoken above his breath, startled us all.

"And how was her late Majesty?" said M. De Calonne.

"I can't positively declare that the person with whom I supped last night was Catharine de Medicis herself, for a miracle like that must be incredible to a Christian as well as to a philosopher," replied the attorney, resting the points of his fingers on the table, and setting himself up in his chair, as if he intended to speak for some time; "but I can swear that the person, whoever she was, resembled Catharine de Medicis as if they had been sisters. She wore a black velvet robe, exactly like the dress of that queen given in her portrait in the Royal Gallery; and the rapidity of her evocation was most surprising, as M. De Cagliostro had no idea of the person I should desire him to call up. I was confounded. The sight of a supper at which the illustrious women of past ages were present, took away my self-command. I listened without daring to ask a question. On getting away at midnight from the power of his enchantments, I almost doubted of my own

existence. But what is the most wonderful thing about it is, that all those marvels appear to me quite natural and commonplace compared to the extraordinary hallucination I was subjected to afterwards. I don't know how to explain the state of my feelings to you in words; I will only say that, from henceforth, I am not surprised that there are spirits—strong enough or weak enough, I know not which—to believe in the mysteries of magic and the power of demons."

These words were pronounced with an incredible eloquence of tone. They were calculated to arrest our attention, and all eyes were fixed on the speaker. In that man, so cold and self-possessed, there burned a hidden fire which began to act upon us all.

"I know not," he continued, "whether the figure followed me in a state of invisibility; but the moment I got into bed, I saw the great shade of Catharine rise before me: all of a sudden she bent her head towards me—but I don't know whether I ought to go on," said the narrator, interrupting himself; "for though I must believe it was only a dream, what I have to tell is of the utmost weight."

"Is it about religion?" enquired Beaumarchais.

"Or, perhaps, something not fit for ladies' ears?" added M. de Calonne.

"It is about government," replied the stranger.

"Go on, then," said the Minister; "Voltaire, Diderot, and Company, have tutored our ears to good purpose."

"Whether it was that certain ideas rose involuntarily to my mind, or that I was acting under some irresistible impulse, I said to her—'Ah, madame, you committed an enormous crime.'

"What crime?' she asked me in a solemn voice.

"That of which the Palace clock gave the signal on the 24th of August."

"She smiled disdainfully. 'You call that a crime?' she said: 'twas nothing but a misfortune. The enterprise failed, and has, therefore, not produced all the good we expected from it—to France, to Europe, to Christianity itself. The orders were ill executed, and posterity makes no allowance for the want of communication which hindered us from giving

all the unity to our effort which is requisite in affairs of state;—that was the misfortune. If on the 25th of August there had not remained the shadow of a Huguenot in France, the latest posterity would have looked upon me with awe, as a Providence among men. How often have the clear intellects of Sextus the Fifth, of Richelieu, and Bossuet, secretly accused me of having failed in the design, after having had the courage to conceive it; and therefore how my death was regretted! Thirty years after the St Bartholomew, the malady existed still; and cost France ten times the quantity of noble blood that remained to be spilt on the 26th August 1572. The revocation of the Edict of Nantes, in honour of which medals were struck, cost more blood, more tears, and more treasure, and has been more injurious to France, than twenty St Bartholomews. If on the 25th August 1572, that enormous execution was necessary, on the 25th August 1685 it was useless. Under the second son of Henry de Valois heresy was almost barren; under the second son of Henry de Bourbon she had become a fruitful mother, and scattered her progeny over the globe. You accuse *me* of a crime, and yet you raise statues to the son of Anne of Austria!"

"At these words—slowly uttered—I felt a shudder creep over me. I seemed to inhale the smell of blood."

"He dreamt that to a certainty," whispered Beaumarchais; "he could not have invented it."

"My reason is confounded," I said to the queen. 'You plume yourself on an action which three generations have condemned and cursed, and'—

"Add," she interrupted, "that history has been more unjust to me than my contemporaries were. Nobody has taken up my defence. I am accused of ambition—I, rich and a queen—I am accused of cruelty; and the most impartial judges consider me a riddle. Do you think that I was actuated by feelings of hatred; that I breathed nothing but vengeance and fury?" She smiled. 'I was calm and cold as Reason herself. I condemned the Huguenots without pity, it is true, but without anger. If I had been Queen of England, I would have done the same to the Catholics if they had been seditious. Our country required at that time one God, one faith, one

master. Luckily for me, I have described my policy in a word. When Birague announced to me the defeat at Dreux—well, I said, we must go to the Conventicle.—Hate the Huguenots, indeed! I honoured them greatly, and I did not know them. How could I hate those who had never been my friends?’

“‘But, madame, instead of that horrible butchery, why did you not try to give the Calvinists the wise indulgences which made the reign of the Fourth Henry so peaceable and so glorious?’

“She smiled again, and the wrinkles in her face and brow gave an expression of the bitterest irony to her pale features.

“‘Henry committed two faults,’ she said. ‘He ought neither to have abjured, nor to have left France Catholic after having become so himself. He alone was in a position to change the destinies of France. There should have been either no Crosier or no Conventicle. He should never have left in the government two hostile principles, with nothing to balance them. It is impossible that Sully can have looked without envy on the immense possessions of the church. But,’ she paused, and seemed to consider for a moment—‘is it the niece of a pope you are surprised to see a Catholic? After all,’ she said, ‘I could have been a Calvinist with all my heart. Does any one believe that religion had any thing to do with that movement, that revolution, the greatest the world has ever seen, which has been retarded by trifling causes, but which nothing can hinder from coming to pass, since I failed to crush it? A revolution,’ she added, fixing her eye on me, ‘which is even now in motion, and which you—yes, you—you who now listen to me—can finish.’

“I shuddered.

“‘What! has no one perceived that the old interests and the new have taken Rome and Luther for their watchwords? What! Louis the Ninth, in order to avoid a struggle of the same kind, carried away with him five times the number of victims I condemned, and left their bones on the shores of Africa, and is considered a saint; while I——but the reason is soon given—I failed!’

“She bent her head, and was silent a moment. She was no longer a queen, but one of those awful druid-

esses who rejoiced in human sacrifices, and unrolled the pages of the Future by studying the records of the Past. At length she raised her noble and majestic head again. ‘You are all inclined,’ she said, ‘to bestow more sympathy on a few worthless victims than on the tears and sufferings of a whole generation! And you forget that religious liberty, political freedom, a nation’s tranquillity, science itself, are benefits which Destiny never vouchsafes to man without being paid for them in blood!’

“‘Cannot nations, some day or other, obtain happiness on easier terms?’ I asked, with tears in my eyes.

“‘Truths never leave their well unless to be bathed in blood. Christianity itself—the essence of all truth, since it came from God—was not established without its martyrs. Blood flowed in torrents.’

“Blood! blood! the word sounded in my ear like a bell.

“‘You think, then,’ I said, ‘that Protestantism would have a right to reason as you do.’

“But Catharine had disappeared, and I awoke, trembling and in tears, till reason resumed her sway, and told me that the doctrines of that proud Italian were detestable, and that neither king nor people had a right to act on the principles she had enounced, which I felt were only worthy of a nation of atheists.”

When the unknown ceased to speak, the ladies made no remark. M. Bordard was asleep. The surgeon, who was half tipsy, Lavoisier, Beaumarchais, and I, were the only ones who had listened. M. de Calonne was flirting with his neighbour. At that moment there was something solemn in the silence. The candles themselves seemed to me to burn with a magic dimness. A hidden power had riveted our attention, by some mysterious links, to the extraordinary narrator, who made me feel what might be the inexplicable influence of fanaticism. It was only the deep hollow voice of Beaumarchais’ neighbour that awakened us from our surprise.

“I also had a dream,” he said.

I looked more attentively at the surgeon, and instinctively shuddered with horror. His earthy colour—his features, at once vulgar and imposing, presented the true expression of the *canaille*. Hé had dark pimples spread

over his face like patches of dirt, and his eyes beamed with a repulsive light. His countenance was more horrid, perhaps, than it might otherwise have been, from his head being snow-white with powder.

"That fellow must have buried a host of patients," I said to my neighbour the attorney.

"I would not trust him with my dog," was the answer.

"I hate him—I can't help it," I said.

"I despise him."

"No—you're wrong there," I replied.

"And did you also dream of a queen?" enquired Beaumarchais.

"No! I dreamt of a people," he answered with an emphasis that made us laugh. "I had to cut off a patient's leg on the following day, and"—

"And you found the people in his leg?" asked M. de Calonne.

"Exactly," replied the surgeon.

"He's quite amusing," tittered the Countess de G——.

"I was rather astonished, I assure you," continued the man, without minding the sneers and interruptions he met with, "to find any thing to speak to in that leg. I had the extraordinary faculty of entering into my patient. When I found myself, for the first time, in his skin, I saw an immense quantity of little beings, which moved about, and thought, and reasoned. Some lived in the man's body, and some in his mind. His ideas were living things, which were born, grew up, and died. They were ill and well, lively, sorrowful; and in short had each their own characteristics. They quarrelled, or were friendly with each other. Some of these ideas forced their way out, and went to inhabit the intellectual world; for I saw at a glance that there were two worlds—the visible and the invisible, and that earth, like man, had a body and soul. Nature laid itself bare to me; and I perceived its immensity, by seeing the ocean of beings who were spread every where, making the whole one mass of animated matter, from the marbles up to God. It was a noble sight! In short, there was a universe in my patient. When I inserted the knife in his gangrened leg I annihilated millions of those beings. You

laugh, ladies, to think you are possessed by animals."

"Don't be personal," sneered M. de Calonne—"speak for yourself and your patient."

"He, poor man, was so frightened by the cries of those animals, and suffered such torture, that he tried to interrupt the operation. But I persevered, and I told him that those noxious animals were actually gnawing his bones. He made a movement, and the knife hurt my own side."

"He is an ass," said Lavoisier.

"No—he is only drunk," replied Beaumarchais.

"But, gentlemen, my dream has a meaning in it," cried the surgeon.

"Oh! oh!" exclaimed Bodard, who awoke at the moment—"my legs asleep."

"Your animals are dead, my dear," said his wife.

"That man has a destiny to fulfill," cried my neighbour the attorney, who had kept his eyes fixed on the narrator the whole time.

"It is to yours, sir," replied the frightful guest, who had overheard the remark, "what action is to thought—what the body is to the soul." But at this point his tongue became very confused from the quantity he had drunk, and his further words were unintelligible.

Luckily for us, the conversation soon took another turn, and in half an hour we forgot all about the surgeon, who was sound asleep in his chair. The rain fell in torrents when we rose from table.

"The attorney is no fool," said I to Beaumarchais.

"He is heavy and cold," he replied; "but you see there are still steady, good sort of people in the provinces, who are quite in earnest about political theories, and the history of France. It is a heaven that will work yet."

"Is your carriage here?" asked Madame de St James.

"No"—I replied coldly. "You wished me, perhaps, to take M. de Calonne home?"

She left me, slightly offended at the insinuation, and turned to the attorney.

"M. de Robespierre," she said, "will you have the kindness to set M. Marat down at his hotel? He is not able to take care of himself."

THE GAME UP WITH REPEAL AGITATION.

"The game is up."—Such were the words uttered with a somewhat different intonation, which last month, in speaking of Mr O'Connell's crusade against the peace of Ireland, we used tentatively, almost doubtfully, but still in the spirit of hope, in reference to the crisis then apparently impending, that the agitation might prolong itself by transmigrating into some other shape, for that case we allowed. But in any result, foremost amongst the auguries of hope was this—that the evil example of Mr O'Connell's sedition would soon redress itself by a catastrophe not less exemplary. And no consummation could satisfy us as a proper euthanasia of this memorable conspiracy, which should not fasten itself as a *moral* to the long malice of the agitation growing out of it, as a natural warning, and saying audibly to all future agitators—try not this scheme again, or look for a similar humiliation. Those auguries are, in one sense, accomplished; that consummation substantially is realized. Sedition has, at last, countermined itself, and conspiracy we have seen in effect perishing by its own excesses. Yet still, ingenuously speaking, we cannot claim the merit of a felicitous foresight. That result *has* come round which we foreboded; but not in that sense which we intended to authorize, nor exactly by those steps which we wished to see. We looked for the extinction of this national scourge by its own inevitable decays: through its own organization we had hoped that the Repeal Association should be confounded: we trusted that an enthusiasm, founded in ignorance, and which, in no one stage, could be said to have prospered, must finally droop *spontaneously*; and that once *having* drooped, through mere defect of actions that bore any meaning, or tendencies that offered any promise, by no felicities of intrigue could it ever be revived. Whether we erred in the philosophy of our anticipations, cannot now be known; for, whether wrong or right in theory, in practice our expectation has been abruptly cut short. *A deus ex machinâ* has descended amongst us abruptly, and intercepted

the natural evolution of the plot: the executive Government has summarily effected the *peripetieia* by means of a *coup d'état*; and the end, such as we augured, has been brought about by means essentially different.

Yet, if thus far we were found in error, would *not that* argue a corresponding error in the Government? If we, relying on the self-consistency of the executive, and *because* we relied on that self-consistency, predicted a particular solution for the *nodus* of Repeal, which solution has now become impossible; presuming a perseverance in the original policy of ministers, now that its natural fruits were rapidly ripening—whereas, after all, at the eleventh hour we find them adopting that course which, with stronger temptation, they had refused to adopt in the first hour—were this the true portrait of the case, would it be ourselves that erred, or Government?—ourselves in counting on steadiness, or Government in acting with caprice? Meantime, *is* this the portrait of the case?

That we shall know when Parliament meets; and possibly not before. At present the attempts to explain, to reconcile, and, as it were, to construe the Government system of policy, in first almost neglecting the Irish sedition, and then (after half-a-year's sedentary and distant skirmishing, by means of Chancery letters) suddenly, on the 7th day of October, leaping into the arena armed cap-a-pie, dividing themselves like a bomb-shell amongst the conspirators, rending—shattering—pursuing to the right and to the left;—all attempts, we say, to harmonize that past quiescence (almost acquiescence) with this present demoniac energy, have seemed to the public either false or feeble, or in some way insufficient. Five such attempts we have noticed; and of the very best we may say that perhaps it tells the truth, but not the whole truth. *First* came the solution of a great morning journal—to the effect that Government had, knowingly and wilfully, altered their policy, treading back their own steps upon finding the inefficiency of gentler measures. On this view no harmonizing principle was called for;

the discord existed! confessedly, and the one course had been the *palinode* of the other. But such a theory is quite inadmissible to our minds; it tallies neither with the long-headed and comprehensive sagacity of Sir Robert Peel, nor with the spirit of simplicity, directness, and determination in the Duke of Wellington. Next came an evening paper, of high character for Conservative honesty and ability, which (having all along justified the past policy of vigilant neutrality) could not be supposed to acknowledge any fickleness in ministers: the time for moderation and indulgence, according to this journal, had now passed away: the season had arrived for law to display its terrors. Not in the Government, but in the conspirators had occurred the change: and so far—to the extent, namely, of taxing these conspirators with gradual increase of virulence—it may ultimately turn out that this journal is right. The fault for the present is—that the nature of the change, its signs and circumstances, were not specified or described. How, and by what memorable feature, did last June differ from this October? and what followed, by its false show of subtlety, discredited the whole explanation. It seems that notice was required of this change: in mere equity, proclamation must be made of the royal pleasure as to the Irish sedition: *that* was done in the Queen's speech on adjourning the two Houses. But time also must be granted for this proclamation to diffuse itself; and *therefore* it happened that the Clontarf meeting was selected for the *coup d'essai* of Government, in its new character for “handseling” the new system of rigour, this Clontarf assembly having fallen out just about six weeks from the Royal speech. But this attempt to establish a metaphysical relation between the time for issuing a threat, and the time for acting upon it, as though forty and two days made that act to be reasonable which would *not* have been so in twenty and one, being suited chiefly to the universities in Laputa, did not meet the approbation of our captious and beef-eating island: and this second solution also, we are obliged to say, was exploded as soon as it was heard. *Thiraly*, stepped forward one who promised to untie the knot upon a

more familiar principle: the thunder was kept back for so many months in order to allow time for Mr O'Connell to show out in his true colours, on the hint of an old proverb, which observes—that a baboon, or other mischievous animal, when running up a scaffolding or a ship's tackling, exposes his most odious features the more as he is allowed to mount the higher. In that idea, there is certainly some truth. “Give him rope enough, and every knave will hang himself”—is an old adage, a useful adage, and often a consolatory one. The objection, in the case before us, is—that our Irish hero *had* shown himself already, and most redundantly, on occasions notorious to every body, both previously to 1829, (the year of Clare,) and subsequently. If, however, it should appear upon the trial of the several conspirators for seditious language, that they, or that any of them, had, by good *affidavits*, used indietable language in September, not having used it sooner, or having guarded it previously by more equivocal expressions, then it must be admitted that the spirit of this third explanation *does* apply itself to the case, though not in an extent to cover the entire range of the difficulty. But a *fourth* explanation would evade the necessity of showing any such difference in the actionable language held: according to this hypothesis, it was not for subjects to prosecute that the Government waited, but for strength enough to prosecute with effect, under circumstances which warned them to expect popular tumults. In this statement, also, there is probably much truth; indeed, it has now become evident that there is. Often we have heard it noticed by military critics as the one great calamity of Ireland, that in earlier days she had never been adequately conquered—not sufficiently for extirpating barbarism, or sufficiently for crushing the local temptations to resistance. Rebellion and barbarism are the two evils (and, since the Reformation, in alliance with a third evil—religious hostility to the empire) which have continually sustained themselves in Ireland, propagated their several curses from age to age, and at this moment equally point to a burden of misery in the forward direction for the Irish, and backwards

to a burden of reproach for the English. More men applied to Ireland, more money and more determined legislation spent upon Ireland in times long past, would have saved England tenfold expenditure of all these elements in the three centuries immediately behind us, and possibly in that which is immediately a-head. Such men as Bishop Bedell, as Bishop Jeremy Taylor, or even as Bishop Berkeley, meeting in one generation and in one paternal council, would have made Ireland long ago, by colonization and by Protestantism, that civilized nation which, with all her advances in mechanic arts* of education, as yet she is not; would have made her that tractable nation, which, after all her lustrations by fire and blood, for her own misfortune she never has been; would have made her that strong arm of the empire, which hitherto, with all her teeming population, for the common misfortune of Europe she neither has been nor promises to be. By and through this neglect it is, that on the inner hearths of the Roman Catholic Irish, on the very altars of their *lares* and *penates*, burns for ever a sullen spark of disaffection to that imperial household, with which, nevertheless and for ever, their own lot is bound up for evil and for good; a spark always liable to be fanned by traitors—a spark for ever kindling into rebellion; and in this has lain perpetually a delusive encouragement to the hostility of Spain and France, whilst to her own children it is the one great snare which besets their feet. This great evil of imperfect possession—if now it is almost past healing in its general operation as an engine of civilization, and as applied to the social training of the people—is nevertheless open to relief as respects any purpose of the Government, towards which there may be reason to anticipate a martial resistance. That part of the general policy fell naturally under the care of our present great Commander-in-chief. Of him it was that we spoke last month as watching Mr O'Connell's slightest

movements, searching him and nailing him with his eye. We told the reader at the same time, that Government, as with good reason we believed, had not been idle during the summer; their work had proceeded in silence; but, upon any explosion or apprehension of popular tumult, it would be found that more had been done by a great deal, in the way of preparation, than the public was aware of. Barracks have every where been made technically defensible; in certain places they have been provisioned against sieges; forts have been strengthened; in critical situations redoubts, or other resorts of hurried retreat, or of known rendezvous in cases of surprise, have been provided; and in the most merciful spirit every advantage on the other side has been removed or diminished which could have held out encouragement to mutiny, or temptation to rebellion. Finally, on the destined moment arriving, on the *casus fœderis* (whatever that were) emerging, in which the executive had predetermined to act, not the perfection of clockwork, not the very masterpieces of scenical art, can ever have exhibited a combined movement upon one central point—so swift, punctual, beautiful, harmonious, more soundless than an exhalation, more overwhelming than a deluge—as the display of military force in Dublin on Sunday the 8th of October. Without alarm, without warning—as if at the throwing up of a rocket in the dead of night, or at the summons of a signal gun—the great capital, almost as populous as Naples or Vienna, and far more dangerous in its excitement, found itself under military possession by a little army—so perfect in its appointments as to make resistance hopeless, and by that very hopelessness (as reconciling the most insubordinate to a necessity) making irritation impossible. Last month we warned Mr O'Connell of “the uplifted thunderbolt” suspended in the Jovian hands of the Wellesley, but ready to descend when the “*dignus vindice nodus*” should announce itself. And this, by the way, must have been the

* “*Mechanic arts of education* :”—Merely in reading and writing, the reader must not forget, that according to absolute documents laid before Parliament, Ireland, in some counties, takes rank before Prussia; whilst probably, in both countries, that real education of life and practice, which moves by the commerce of thought and the contagion of feelings, is at the lowest ebb,

"thunderbolt," this military demonstration, which, in our blind spirit of prophecy doubtless, we saw dimly in the month of September last; so that we are disposed to recant our confession even of partial error as to the coming fortunes of Repeal, and to request that the reader will think of us as of very decent prophets. But, whether we were so or not, the Government (it is clear) acted in the prophetic spirit of military wisdom. "The prophetic eye of taste"—as a brilliant expression for that felicitous *prolepsis* by which the painter or the sculptor sees already in its rudiments what will be the final result of his labours—is a phrase which we are all acquainted with; and the spirit of prophecy, the far-stretching vision of sagacity, is analogously conspicuous in the arts of Government, military or political, when providing for the contingencies that may commence in pseudo-patriotism, or the possibilities that may terminate in rebellion. Whether Government saw those contingencies, whether Government calculated those possibilities in June last—that is one part of the general question which we have been discussing; and whether it was to a different estimate of such chances in summer and in autumn, or to a necessity for time in preparing against them, that we must ascribe the very different methods of the Government in dealing with the sedition at different periods—that is the other part of the question. But this is certain—that whether seeing and measuring from the first, or suddenly awakened to the danger of late—in any case, the Government has silently prepared all along; forestalling evils that possibly never were to arise, and shaping remedies for disasters which possibly to themselves appeared romantic. To provide for the worst, is an ordinary phrase; but what is the worst? Commonly it means the last calamity that experience suggests; but in the admirable arrangements of Government it meant the very worst that imagination could conceive—building upon treason at home in alliance with hostility from abroad. At a time when resistance seemed supremely improbable, yet, because amongst the headlong desperations of a confounded faction even this was possible, the ministers deter-

mined to deal with it as a certainty. Against the possible they provided as against the probable; against the least of probabilities as against the greatest. The very outside and remote extremities of what might be looked for in a civil war, seem to have been assumed as a basis in the calculations. And under that spirit of vista-searching prudence it was, that the Duke of Wellington saw what we have insisted on, and practically redressed it—viz. the defective military net-work by which England has ever spread her power over Ireland. "This must not be," the Duke said; "never again shall the blood of brave men be shed in superfluous struggles, nor the ground bestrewed with supernumerary corpses—as happened in the rebellion of 1798—because forts were wanting and loopholed barracks to secure what had been won; because retreats were wanting to overawe what, for the moment, had been lost. Henceforth, and before there is a blushing in the dawn of that new rebellion which Mr. O'Connell disowns, but to which his frenzy may rouse others having less to lose than himself, we will have true technical possession, in the military sense, of Ireland." Such has been the recent policy of the Duke of Wellington: and for this, in so far as it is a violence done to Ireland, or a badge of her subjection, she has to thank Mr. O'Connell: for this, in so far as it is a merciful arrangement, diminishing bloodshed by discouraging resistance, she has to thank the British Government. Mr. O'Connell it is, that, by making rebellion probable, has forced on this reaction of perfect preparation which, in such a case, became the duty of the Government. The Duke of Wellington it is, that, by using the occasion advantageously for the perfecting of the military organization in Ireland, has made police do the work of war; and by making resistance maniacal, in making it hopeless, has eventually consulted even for the feelings of the rebellious, sparing to them the penalties of insurrection in defeating its earliest symptoms; and for the land itself, has been the chief of benefactors, by removing systematically that inheritance of desolation attached to all civil wars, in cutting away from below the feet of conspirators the very ground on

which they could take their earliest stand. Finally, it is Mr O'Connell who has raised an anarchy in many Irish minds, in the minds of all whom he influences, by placing their national feelings in collision with their duty; it is the Duke of Wellington who has reconciled the bravest and most erroneous of Irish patriots to his place in a federal system, by taking away all dishonour from submission under circumstances where resistance has at length become notoriously as frantic as would be a war with gravitation.

As to the *fourth* hypothesis, therefore, for explaining the apparent inconsistencies of the Executive, we not only assent to it heartily as involving part of the truth, but we have endeavoured to show earnestly that the truth is a great truth; no casual aspect, or momentary feature of truth, depending upon the particular relation at the time between Ireland and the Horse Guards, or pointing simply to a better cautionary distribution of the army; but a truth connected systematically with the policy for Ireland in past times and in times to come. Where men like Mr O'Connell can arise, it is clear that the social condition of Ireland is not healthy; that, as a country, she is not fused into a common substance with the rest of the empire; that she is not fully to be trusted; and that the road to a more effectual union lies, not through stricter coercion, but through a system of instant defence making itself apparent to the people as a means of provisional or potential coercion in the proper case arising. One traitor cannot exist as a public and demonstrative character without many minor traitors to back him. To Great Britain it ought to cost no visible effort, resolutely and instantly to trample out every overture of insubordination as quietly, peacefully, effectually, as the meeting of conspirators at Clontarf on the 8th day of October 1843. Ireland is notoriously, by position and by imaginary grievances—grievances which, had they ever been real for past generations, would long since have faded away, were it not through the labours of mercenary traders in treason—Ireland is of necessity, and at any rate, the vulnerable part of our empire. Wars will soon gather again in Christendom. Whilst it is yet

daylight and fair weather in which we can work, this open wound of the empire must be healed. We cannot afford to stand another era of collusion from abroad with intestine war. Now is the time for grasping this nettle of domestic danger, and, by crushing it without fear, to crush it for ever. Therefore it is that we rejoice to hear of attention in the right quarter at length drawn to the *radix* of all this evil; of efforts seriously made to grapple with the mischief; not by mere accumulation of troops, for that is a spasmodic effort—sure to relax on the return of tranquillity; but by those appliances of military art to the system of attack and defence as connected with the soil and buildings of Ireland, which will hereafter make it possible for even a diminished army to become all potent over disaffection, by means of permanent preparations, and through systematic links of concert.

Fifthly comes Mr Stuart Wortley, the Parliamentary representative for Bute, who tells his constituents at Bute, that the true secret of the apparent incoherency in the conduct of Government, of that subsultory movement from almost passive *surveillance* to the most intense development of power, is to be found in some error, some lapse as yet unknown, on the part of the conspirators. Hitherto Mr Wortley, as a lawyer, had persuaded himself that the craft of sedition had prevailed over its zeal. Whatever might be the *animus* of the parties, hitherto their legal adroitness had kept them on the right side of the fence which parts the merely virulent or wicked language from the indictable. But security, and apparently the indifference of the Government, had tempted them beyond their safeguards. Government, it is certain, have latterly watched the proceedings of the Repeal Association in a more official way; they have sent qualified and vigilant reporters to the scene; and have showed signs of meaning speedily "to do business" upon a large scale. We do not, indeed, altogether agree with Mr Wortley, that the earlier language, if searched with equal care, would be found less offending than the later; but this later we believe it to be which, as an audacious reiteration of

sentiments that would have been overlooked had they seemed casual or not meant for continued inculcation, will be found in fact to have provoked the executive energies. We believe also, in accord with Mr Wortley, that something or other has transpired by secret information to Government in relation to this last intended meeting at Clontarf, which authorized a separate and more sinister construction of *that*, or of its consequences, than had necessarily attended the former assemblies, however similar in bad meaning and in malice. This secret information, whether it pointed to words uttered, to acts done, or to intentions signified, must have been sudden, and must have been decisive; an impression which we draw from the hurried summoning of cabinet councils in England on or about the 4th of October, from the departures for Ireland, apparently consequent upon these councils—of the Lord-Lieutenant, of the Chancellor, and other great officers, all instant and all simultaneous—and finally, from the continued consultations in Dublin from the time when these functionaries arrived; viz. immediately after their landing on Friday morning, October 6th, until the promulgation and enforcement of that memorable proclamation which crushed the Repeal sedition. A Paris journal of eminence says, that we are not to exult as if much progress were made towards the crushing of Repeal, simply by the act of crushing a single meeting; and, strange to say, the chief morning paper of London echoes this erroneous judgment as if self-evident, saying, that “it needs no ghost to tell us *that*.” We, however, utterly deny this comment, and protest against it as an absurdity. Were *that* true, were it possible that the Clontarf meeting had been suppressed on its own separate merits, as presumed from secret information, and without ulterior meaning or application designed for the act—in that case nothing has been done. But this is not so: Government is bound henceforward by its own act. That proclamation as to one meeting establishes a precedent as to all. It is not within the *power* of Government, having done that act of suppression, and still more having spoken that language of pro-

clamation, now to retreat from their own rule, and to apply any other rule to any subsequent meeting. The act of suppression was enough. The commentary on the proclamation is more than enough. Therefore it is, that we began by saying “the game is up;” and, because it is of consequence to know the principle on which any act is done, therefore it is that we have discussed, at some length, the various hypotheses now current as to the particular principle which, in this instance, governed our Executive. Our own opinion is, that all these hypotheses, except the first, which ascribes blank inconsistency to the Government, and so much of the second as stands upon some fanciful limitation of time within which Government could not equitably proceed to action, are partially true. If this be so, there is an answer in full to the Whigs, who at this moment (October 23) are arguing that no circumstances of any kind have changed since our ministers treated the Repeal cause with neglect. Neglect it, comparatively, they never did: as the cashiering of magistrates ought too angrily to remind the Whigs. But if the different solutions, which we have here examined, should be carefully reviewed, it will be seen that circumstances *have* changed; and, under the fourth head, it will be seen that they have changed in a way which required time, selection, and great efforts: what is more, it will be seen that they have changed in a way critically important for the future interests of the empire.

Yes; the game is up! And what now remains is, not to suffer the coming trials to sink into fictions of law—as a *brutum fulmen* of menace, never meant to be realized. Verdicts must be had: judgments must be given: and then a long farewell to the hopes of treason!

Yes, by a double proof the Repeal sedition is at an end: were it not, upon Clontarf being prohibited, the Repealers would have announced some other gathering in some other place. You that say it is *not* at an end, tell us why did they forbear doing *that*? Secondly, Mr O’Connell has substituted for Repeal—what? The miserable, the beggarly petition, for a dependent House of Assembly, an upper sort of “Select Vestry,” for

Ireland; and *that* too as a *bonus* from the Parliament of the empire. This reminds us of a capital story related by Mr Webster, and perhaps within the experience of American statesmen, in reference to the claims of electors upon those candidates whom they have returned to Congress. Such a candidate, having succeeded so far as even to become a Secretary for Foreign Affairs, was one day waited on by a man, who reminded him that some part of this eminent success had been due to *his* vote; and really—Mr Secretary might think as he pleased—but *him* it struck, that a “pretty considerable of a debt” was owing in gratitude to his particular exertions. Mr Secretary bowed. The stranger proceeded—“His ambition was moderate: might he look for the office of postmaster-general?” Unfortunately, said the secretary, that office required special experience, and it was at present filled to the satisfaction of the President. “Indeed! *that* was unhappy: but he was not particular; perhaps the ambassador to London had not yet been appointed?” There, said the secretary, you are still more unfortunate: the appointment was open until 11 P. M. on this very day, and at that hour it was filled up. “Well,” said the excellent and Christian supplicant, “any thing whatever for me; beggars must not be choosers: possibly the office of vice-president might soon be vacant; it was said that the present man lay shockingly ill.” Not at all; he was rapidly recovering; and the reversion, even if he should die, required enormous interest, for which a canvass had long since commenced on the part of fifty-three candidates. Thus proceeded the assault upon the secretary, and thus was it evaded. So moved the chase, and thus retreated the game, until at length nothing under heaven remained amongst all official prizes which the voter could ask, or which the secretary could refuse. Pensively the visitor reflected for a few minutes, and, suddenly raising his eye doubtfully, he said, “Why then, Mr Secretary, have you ever an old black coat that you could give me?” Oh, aspiring genius of ambition! from that topmast round of thy aerial ladder that a man should descend thus awfully!—from the office

of vice-president for the U. S. that he should drop, within three minutes, to “an old black coat!” The secretary was agast: he rang the bell for such a coat; the coat appeared; the martyr of ambition was solemnly inducted into its sleeves; and the two parties, equally happy at the sudden issue of the interview, bowing profoundly to each other, separated for ever.

Even upon this model, sinking from a regal honour to an old black coat, Mr O’Connell has actually agreed to accept—has volunteered to accept—for the name and rank of a separate nation, some trivial right of holding county meetings for local purposes of bridges, roads, turnpike gates. This privilege he calls by the name of “federalism;” a misnomer, it is true; but, were it the right name, names cannot change realities. These local committees could not possibly take rank above the Quarter Sessions; nor could they find much business to do which is not already done, and better done, by that respectable judicial body. True it is, that this descent is a thousand times more for the benefit of Ireland than his former ambitious plan. But we speak of it with reference to the sinking scale of his ambition. Now this it is—viz. the aspiring character of his former promises, the assurance that he would raise Ireland into a nation distinct and independent in the system of Europe, having her own fleets, armies, peerage, parliament—which operated upon the enthusiasm of a peasantry the vainest in Christendom after that of France, and perhaps absolutely the most ignorant. Is it in human nature, we demand, that hereafter the same enthusiasm should continue available for Mr O’Connell’s service, after the transient reaction of spitefulness to the Government shall have subsided, which gave buoyancy to his ancient treason? The chair of a proconsul, the saddle of a pasha—these are golden baits; yet these are below the throne and diadem of a sovereign prince. But from these to have descended into asking for “an old black coat,” on the American precedent! Faugh! What remains for Ireland but infinite disgust, for us but infinite laughter?

No, no. By Mr O’Connell’s own act and capitulation, the game is up.

Government has countersigned this result by the implicit pledge in their proclamation, that, having put down Clontarf, for specific reasons there assigned, they will put down all future meetings to which the same reasons apply. At present it remains only to express our fervent hope, that ministers will drive "home" the nail which they have so happily planted. The worst spectacle of our times was on that day when Mr O'Connell, solemnly reprimanded by the Speaker of the House of Commons, was suffered—was tolerated—in rising to reply; in retorting with insolence; in lecturing and reprimanding the Senate through their representative officer; in repelling just scorn by false scorn; in riveting his past offences; in

adding contumely to wrong. Never more must this be repeated. Neither must the Whig policy be repeated of bringing Mr O'Connell before a tribunal of justice that had, by a secret intrigue, agreed to lay aside its terrors.* No compromise now; no juggling: no collusion! We desire to see the majesty of the law vindicated, as solemnly as it has been notoriously insulted. Such is the demand, such the united cry, of this great nation, so long and so infamously bearded. Then, and thus only, justice will be satisfied, reparation will be made: because it will go abroad into all lands, not only that the evil has been redressed, but that the author of the evil has been forced into a plenary atonement.

* The allusion is to Mr O'Connell's *past* experience as a defendant, on political offences, before the Court of Queen's Bench in Dublin; an experience which most people have forgotten; and which we also at this moment should be glad to forget as the ominous precedent for the present crisis, were it not that Conservative honesty and Conservative energy were now at the helm, instead of the Whig spirit of intrigue with all public enemies.

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LECTURES AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

HENRY FUSELI.

At a time when the eye of the public is more remarkably, and we trust more kindly, directed to the Fine Arts, we may do some service to the good cause, by reverting to those lectures delivered in the Royal Academy, composed in a spirit of enthusiasm honourable to the professors, but which kindled little sympathy in an age strangely dead to the impulses of taste. The works, therefore, which set forth the principles of art, were not read extensively at the time, and had little influence beyond the walls within which they were delivered. Favourable circumstances, in conjunction with their real merit, have permanently added the discourses of Sir Joshua Reynolds to the standard literature of our country. They have been transferred from the artist to the scholar; and so it has happened, that while few of any pretension to scholarship have not read the "The Discourses," they have not, as they should have, been continually in the hands of artists themselves. To awaken a feeling for this kind of professional reading—yet not so professional as not to be beneficial—reflecting upon classical learning; indeed, we might say, education in general, and therefore more comprehensive in its scope—we commenced our remarks on the discourses of Sir Joshua Reynolds, which have appeared in the pages of *Maga*. There are now more than symptoms of the departure of that general apathy

which prevailed, when most of the Academy lectures were delivered. It will be, therefore, a grateful, and may we hope a useful, task, by occasional notices to make them more generally known.

The successors of Reynolds labour under a twofold disadvantage; they find that he has occupied the very ground they would have taken, and written so ably and fully upon all that is likely to obtain a general interest, as to leave a prejudice against further attempts. Of necessity, there must be, in every work treating of the same subject, much repetition; and it must require no little ingenuity to give a novelty and variety, that shall yet be safe, and within the bounds of the admitted principles of art. On this account, we have no reason to complain of the lectures of Fuseli, which we now purpose to notice. Bold and original as the writer is, we find him every where impressed with a respect for Reynolds, and with a conviction of the truth of the principles which he had collected and established. If there be any difference, it is occasionally on the more debatable ground—particular passages of criticism.

In the "Introduction," the student is supplied with a list of the authorities he should consult for the "History and Progress of his Art." He avoids expatiating on the books purely elementary—"the van of which is led by Leonardo da Vinci and Albert

Durer, and the rear by Gherard Lavresse—as the principles which they detail must be supposed to be already in the student's possession, or are occasionally interwoven with the topics of the lectures;” and proceeds “to the historically critical writers, who consist of all the ancients yet remaining, Pausanias excepted.” Fortunately, there remain a sufficient number of the monuments of ancient art “to furnish us with their standard of style;” for the accounts are so contradictory, that we should have little to rely upon. The works of the ancient artists are all lost: we must be content with the “hasty compilations of a warrior,” Pliny, or the “incidental remarks of an orator,” (rhetorician,) Quintilian. The former chiefly valuable when he quotes—for then, as Reynolds observed, “he speaks the language of an artist:” as in his account of the glazing method of Apelles; the manner in which Protogenes embodied his colours; and the term of art *circumlitio*, by which Nicias gave “the line of correctness to the models of Praxiteles;” the foreshortening the bull by Pausias, and throwing his shade on the crowd—showing a forcible chiaroscuro. “Of Quintilian, whose information is all relative to style, the tenth chapter of the XII.th book, a passage on expres-

sion in the XI.th, and scattered fragments of observations analogous to the process of his own art, is all that we possess; but what he says, though comparatively small in bulk, with what we have of Pliny, leaves us to wish for more. His review of the revolutions of style in painting, from Polygnotus to Apelles, and in sculpture, from Phidias to Lysippus, is succinct and rapid; but though so rapid and succinct, every word is poised by characteristic precision, and can only be the result of long and judicious enquiry, and perhaps even minute examination.” Still less have we scattered in the writings of Cicero, who, “though he seems to have had little native taste for painting and sculpture, and even less than he had taste for poetry, had a conception of nature; and with his usual acumen, comparing the principles of one art with those of another, frequently scattered useful hints, or made pertinent observations. For many of these he might probably be indebted to Hortensius, with whom, though his rival in eloquence, he lived on terms of familiarity, and who was a man of declared taste, and one of the first collectors of the time.” He speaks somewhat too slightly of Pausanias,* as “the indiscriminate chronicler of legitimate tradition and legen-

* Perhaps the author of the lectures received this ill opinion of Pausanias from Julius Cæsar Scaliger, who treats him as an impostor; but he is amply vindicated by Vossius. He lived in the second century, and died very old at Rome. In his account of the numerous representations of the Χάριτες, he seems to throw some light upon a passage in Xenophon's Memorabilia, which, as far as we know, has escaped the notice of the commentators. It is in the dialogue between Socrates and the courtesan Theodote. She wishes that he would come to her, to teach her the art of charming men. He replies, that he has no leisure, being hindered by many matters of private and public importance; and he adds, “I have certain mistresses which will not allow me to be absent from them day nor night, on account of the spells and charms, which learning, they receive from me”—εἶσι δὲ καὶ φίλαι μοι, αἱ οὔτε ἡμέρας οὔτε νυκτὸς ἀφ' αὐτῶν ἑάσωσί με ἀπέναι, φίλτρα τε μάθανούσαι παρ' ἐμοῦ καὶ ἐπαδάς. Who were these φίλαι? Had he meant the virtues or moral qualities, he would have spoken plainer, as was his wont; but here, where the subject is the personal beauty, the charms of Theodote, it is more in the Socratic vein that he refers to other *personal* charms, which engage his thoughts night and day, and keep him at home. Now, it appears too, that Socrates was taken to see her, on account of the fame of her beauty, and goes to her when she is sitting, or rather standing, to a painter; and it is evident from the dialogue, that she did not refuse the exhibition of her personal charms. It seems, then, not improbable, that Socrates was induced to go to her as the painter went, for the advantage of his art as a sculptor, and that the art was that one at home, the *τις φιλατέρα σου ἔδον*. Be that as it may, it is extremely probable that the φίλαι were some personifications of feminine beauty, upon which he was then at work. Are there, then, any such recorded as from his hand? Pausanias says there were. “Thus Socrates, the son of Sophroniscus, made for the Athenians statues of the Graces, before the vestibule of the citadel,” And adds the curious

dary trash," considering that he praises "the scrupulous diligence with which he examined what fell under his own eye." He recommends to the epic or dramatic artist the study of the heroes of the elder, and the Eicones or Picture Galleries of the elder and younger Philostratus.

"The innumerable hints, maxims, anecdotes, descriptions, scattered over Lucian, Cælian, Athenæus, Achilles Tatius, Tatian Pollux, and many more, may be consulted to advantage by the man of taste and letters, and probably may be neglected without much loss by the student." "Of modern writers on art Vasari leads the van; theorist, artist, critic, and biographer, in one. The history of modern art owes, no doubt, much to Vasari; he leads us from its cradle to its maturity with the anxious diligence of a nurse; but he likewise has her derelictions: for more loquacious than ample, and less discriminating styles than eager to accumulate descriptions, he is at an early period exhausted by the superlatives lavished on inferior claims, and forced into frigid rhapsodies and astrologic nonsense to do justice to the greater. He swears by the divinity of M. Agnolo. He tells us that he copied every figure of the Capella Sistina and the stanze of Raffaelle, yet his memory was either so treacherous, or his rapidity in writing so inconsiderate, that his account of both is a mere heap of errors and unpardonable confusion, and one might almost fancy he had never entered the Vatican." He is less pleased with the "rubbish of his contemporaries, or followers, from Condior to Ridolfi, and on to Malvasia." All is little worth "till the appearance of Lanzi, who, in his '*Storia Pittorica della Italia*,' has availed himself of all the information existing in his time, has corrected most of those who wrote before him, and, though perhaps not possessed of great discriminative powers, has accumulated more instructive anecdotes, rescued more deserving names from oblivion, and opened a wider prospect of art, than all his predecessors." But for the valuable notes

of Reynolds, the idle pursuit of Du Fresnoy to clothe the precepts of art in Latin verse, would be useless. "The notes of Reynolds, treasures of practical observation, place him among those whom we may read with profit." De Piles and Felibien are spoken of next, as the teachers of "what may be learned from precept, founded on prescriptive authority more than on the verdicts of nature." Of the effects of the system pursued by the French Academy from such precepts, our author is, perhaps, not undeservedly severe.

"About the middle of the last century the German critics, established at Rome, began to claim the exclusive privilege of teaching the art, and to form a complete system of antique style. The verdicts of Mengs and Winkelmann, become the oracles of antiquaries, dilettanti, and artists, from the Pyrenees to the utmost north of Europe, have been detailed, and are not without their influence here. Winkelmann was the parasite of the fragments that fell from the conversation or the tablets of Mengs—a deep scholar, and better fitted to comment on a classic than to give lessons on art and style, he reasoned himself into frigid reveries and Platonic dreams on beauty. As far as the taste or the instruction of his tutor directed, he is right when they are; and between his own learning and the tuition of the other, his history of art delivers a specious system, and a prodigious number of useful observations." "To him Germany owes the shackles of her artists, and the narrow limits of their aim." Had Fuseli lived to have witnessed the "revival" at Munich, he would have appreciated the efforts made, and still making, there. He speaks of the works of Mengs with respect. "The works of Mengs himself are, no doubt, full of the most useful information, deep observation, and often consummate criticism. He has traced and distinguished the principles of the moderns from those of the ancients; and in his comparative view of the design, colour, composition, and expression of Raffaelle, Correggio, and Tiziano, with

fact, that after that time the Graces were represented naked, and that these were clothed. *Σωκράτης τε ὁ Σωφρονίσκου πρὸ τῆς ἐς τὴν ἀκρόπολιν ἐσόδου Χαρίτων εἰργάσατο ἀγάλματα Ἀθηναίους. Καὶ ταῦτα μὲν ἔστιν ὁμοίως ἅπαντα ἐν ἐσθήτι. Οἱ δὲ ὕστερον, οὐκ οἶδα ἐφ' ὅτῃ, μεταβεβλήκασι τὸ σχῆμα αὐταῖς. Χάριτας γοῦν, οἱ κατ' ἐμὲ ἐπλασάν τε καὶ ἔγραψον γυμνάς.*" Did not Socrates allude to these his statues of the Graces?—*Pausanias*, cap. xxxv. lib. 9.

luminous perspicuity and deep precision, pointed out the prerogative or inferiority of each. As an artist, he is an instance of what perseverance, study, experience, and encouragement can achieve to supply the place of genius." He then, passing by all English critics preceding Reynolds, with the petty remark, that "the last is undoubtedly the first," says—"To compare Reynolds with his predecessors, would equally disgrace our judgment, and impeach our gratitude. His volumes can never be consulted without profit, and should never be quitted by the student's hand but to embody, by exercise, the precepts he gives and the means he points out." It is useful thus to see together the authorities which a student should consult, and we have purposely characterized them as concisely as we could, in our extracts, which strongly show the peculiar style of Mr Fuseli. If this introduction was, however, intended for artists, it implies in them a more advanced education in Greek and Latin literature than they generally possess. Mr Fuseli was himself an accomplished scholar. How desirable is it that the arts and general scholarship should go together! The classics, fully to be enjoyed, require no small cultivation in art; and as the greater portion of ancient art is drawn from that source, Greek mythology, and classical history and literature, such an education would seem to be the very first step in the acquirements of an artist. We believe that in general they content themselves with Lempriere's Dictionary; and that rather for information on subjects they may see already painted, than for their own use; and thus, for lack of a feeling which only education can give, a large field of resources is cut off from them. If it be said that English literature—English classics, will supply the place, we deny it; for there is not an English classic of value to an artist, who was not, to his very heart's core, imbued with a knowledge and love of the ancient literature. We might instance but two, Spenser and Milton—the statute-books of the better English art—authors whom, we do not hesitate to say, no one can thoroughly understand or enjoy, who has not far advanced in classical education. We shall never cease to throw out remarks of this kind, with the hope that our universities will yet find room to foster the art within them; satisfied as we are

that the advantages would be immense, both to the art and to the universities. How many would then pursue pleasures and studies most congenial with their usual academical education, and, thus occupied, be rescued from pursuits that too often lead to profligacy and ruin; and sacrifice to pleasures that cannot last, those which, where once fostered, have ever been permanent!

THE FIRST LECTURE is a summary of ancient art—one rather of research than interest—more calculated to excite the curiosity of the student than to offer him any profitable instruction. The general matter is well known to most, who have at all studied the subject. Nor have we sufficient confidence in any theory as to the rise and growth of art in Greece, to lay much stress upon those laid down in this lecture. We doubt if the religion of Greece ever had that hold upon the feelings of the people, artists, or their patrons, which is implied in the supposition, that it was an efficient cause. A people that could listen to the broad farce of Aristophanes, and witness every sort of contempt thrown upon the deities they professed to worship, were not likely to seek in religion the advancement of art; and their licentious liberty—if liberty it deserved to be called—was of too watchful a jealousy over greatness of every kind, to suffer genius to be free and without suspicion. We will not follow the lecturer through his conjectures on the mechanic processes. It is more curious than useful to trace back the more perfect art through its stages—the "Polychrom," the "Monochrom," the "Monogram," and "Skiagram"—nor from the pencil to the "cestrum." Polygnotus is said to be the first who introduced the "essential style," which consisted in ascertaining the abstract, the general form, as it is technically termed the central form. Art under Polygnotus was, however, in a state of formal "parallelism;" certainly it could boast no variety of composition. Apollodorus "applied the essential principles of Polygnotus to the delineation of the species, by investigating the leading forms that discriminate the various classes of human qualities and passions." He saw that all men were connected together by one general form, yet were separated by some predominant power into classes; "thence he drew his line of imitation, and per-

sonified the central form of the class, to which his object belonged, and to which the rest of its qualities administered, without being absorbed." Zeuxis, from the essential of Polygnotus and specific discrimination of Apollodorus, comparing one with the other, formed his ideal style. Thus are there the three styles—the essential, the characteristic, the ideal.

Art was advanced and established under Parrhasius and Timanthes, and refined under Eupompus, Apelles, Aristides, and Euphranor. "The correctness of Parrhasius succeeded to the genius of Zeuxis. He circumscribed the ample style, and by subtle examination of outline, established that standard of divine and heroic form which raised him to the authority of a legislator, from whose decisions there was no appeal. He gave to the divine and heroic character in painting, what Polycletus had given to the human in sculpture by his Doryphorus, a canon of proportion. Phidias had discovered in the nod of the Homeric Jupiter the characteristic of majesty, *inclination of the head*. This hinted to him a higher elevation of the neck behind, a bolder protrusion of the front, and the increased perpendicular of the profile. To this conception Parrhasius fixed a maximum; that point from which descends the ultimate line of celestial beauty, the angle within which moves what is inferior, beyond which what is portentous. From the head conclude to the proportions of the neck, the limbs, the extremities; from the Father to the race of gods; all, the sons of one, Zeus; derived from one source of tradition, Homer; formed by one artist, Phidias; on him measured and decided by Parrhasius. In the simplicity of this principle, adhered to by the succeeding periods, lies the uninterrupted progress and the unattainable superiority of Grecian art."

In speaking of Timanthes as the competitor with Parrhasius, as one who brought into the art more play of the mind and passions, the lecturer takes occasion to discuss the often discussed and disputed propriety of Timanthes, in covering the head of Agamemnon in his picture of the sacrifice of Iphigenia. He thinks it the more incumbent on him so to do, as the "late president" had passed a censure upon Timanthes. Sir Joshua expressed his *doubt* only, not his censure absolutely, upon the delivery of the

prize at the Academy for the best picture painted from this subject. He certainly dissents from bestowing the praise, upon the supposition of the intention being the avoiding a difficulty. And as to this point, the well-known authorities of Cicero, Quintilian, Valerius Maximus, and Pliny, seem to agree. And if, as the lecturer observes in a note, the painter is made to waste expression on inferior actors at the expense of a principal one, he is an improvident spendthrift, not a wise economist. The pertness of Falconet is unworthy grave criticism and the subject, though it is quoted by Sir Joshua Reynolds. He assumes that Agamemnon is the principal figure. Undoubtedly Mr Fuseli is right—Iphigenia is the principal figure; and it may be fairly admitted, that the overpowering expression of the grief of the father would have divided the subject. It might be more properly a separate picture. Art is limited; nothing should detract from the principal figure, the principal action—passion. Our sympathy is not called for on behalf of the father here: the grief of the others in the picture is the grief in perfect sympathy with Iphigenia; the father would have been absorbed in his own grief, and his grief would have been an unsympathetic grief towards Iphigenia. It was his own case that he felt; and it does appear to us an aggravation of the suffering of Iphigenia, that, at the moment of her sacrifice, she saw indeed her father's person, but was never more—and knew she was never more—to behold his face again. This circumstance alone would justify Timanthes, but other concurrent reasons may be given. It was no want of power to express the father's grief, for it is in the province of art to express every such delineation; but there *is* a point of grief that is ill expressed by the countenance at all; and there is a natural action in such cases for the sufferer himself to hide his face, as if conscious that it was not in agreement with his feelings. Such grief is astounding: we look for the expression of it, and find it not: it is better than receive this shock to hide the face. We do it naturally; so that here the art of the painter, that required that his picture should be a whole, and centre in Iphigenia, was mainly assisted by the proper adoption of this natural action of Agamemnon. Mr Fuseli, whose criticism

is always acute, and generally just and true, has well discussed the subject, and properly commented upon the flippancy of Falconet. After showing the many ways in which the painter might have expressed the parent's grief, and that none of them would be *decere, pro dignitate, digne*, he adds—
 'But Timanthes had too true a sense of nature to expose a father's feelings, or to tear a passion to rags; nor had the Greeks yet learned of Rome to steel the face. If he made Agamemnon bear his calamity as a man, he made him also feel it as a man. It became the leader of Greece to sanction the ceremony with his presence: it did not become the father to see his daughter beneath the dagger's point: the same nature that threw a real mantle over the face of Timoleon, when he assisted at the punishment of his brother, taught Timanthes to throw an imaginary one over the face of Agamemnon; neither height nor depth, *propriety* of expression was his aim." It is a question whether Timanthes took the idea from the text of Euripides, or whether it is his invention, and was borrowed by the dramatist. The picture must have presented a contrast to that of his rival Parrhasius, which exhibited the fury of Ajax.

Whether the invention was or was not the merit of Euripides, certainly this is not the only instance wherein he has turned it to dramatic advantage. No dramatist was so distinct a painter as Euripides; his mind was ever upon picture. He makes Hecuba, in the dialogue with Agamemnon, say, "Pity me, and, standing apart as would a painter, look at me, and see what evils I have,"

Οἴκτειρον ἡμᾶς, ὡς γράφεις τ' ἀποσταθεῖς,

Ἴδῃ με κἀνάβρησον, οἳ ἔχω κακά.

And this Hecuba, when Talthylbius comes to require her presence for the burial of Polyxena, is found lying on the ground, *her face covered with her robe*:—

Αὐτὴ πέλας σε, νῶτ' ἔχουσ' ἐπὶ χθονί,
 Τάλθυβις, κείται, συγκεκλεισμένη πέ-
 πλοισ.

And in the same play, Polyxena bids Ulysses to cover her head with a robe, as he leads her away, that she might not see her mother's grief.

Κόμιζ', Ὀδυσσεῦ, μ' ἀμφιδεῖς πέπλοισ
 κάρα.

But in the instance in question, in the Iphigenia, there is one circumstance that seems to have been overlooked by the critics, which makes the action of Agamemnon the more expressive, and gives it a peculiar force: the dramatist takes care to exhibit the more than common parental and filial love; when asked by Clytemnestra what would be her last, her dying request, it is instantly, on her father's account, to avert every feeling of wrath against him:—

Πατέρα γε τὸν ἐμὸν μὴ στύγῃ, πόσιν τε
 σὺν.

And even when the father covers his face, she is close beside him, *tells him that she is beside him*, and her last words are to comfort him. Now, whether Timanthes took the scene from Euripides or Euripides from Timanthes, it could not be more powerfully, more naturally conceived; for this dramatic incident, the tender movement to his side, and speech of Iphigenia, could not have been imagined, or at least with little effect, had not the father first covered his face. Mr Fuseli has collected several instances of attempts something similar in pictures, particularly by Massaccio, and Raffaele from him; and he well remarks—"We must conclude that Nature herself dictated to him this method, as superior to all he could express by features; and that he recognized the same dictate in Massaccio, who can no more be supposed to have been acquainted with the precedent of Timanthes than Shakspeare with that of Euripides, when he made Macduff draw his hat over his face." From Timanthes Mr Fuseli proceeds to eulogize Aristides, whom history records as, in a peculiar excellence, the painter of the passions of nature. "Such, history informs us, was the suppliant whose voice you seemed to hear, such his sick man's half-extinguished eye and labouring breast, such Byblis expiring in the pangs of love, and, above all, the half-slain mother shuddering lest the eager babe should suck the blood from her palsied nipple."—"Timanthes had marked the limits that discriminate terror from the excess of horror; Aristides drew the line that separates it from disgust." Then follows a very just criticism upon instances in

which he considered that Raffaello himself and Nicolo Poussin had overstepped the bounds of propriety, and averted the feelings from their object, by ideas of disgust. In the group of Raffaello, a man is removing the child from the breast of the mother with one hand, while the other is applied to his nostrils. Poussin, in his plague of the Philistines, has copied the loathsome action—so, likewise, in another picture, said to be the plague of Athens, but without much reason so named, in the collection of J. P. Mills, Esq. Dr Waagen, in his admiration for the executive part of art, speaks of it as “a very rich masterpiece of Poussin, in which we are reconciled by his skill to the horrors of the subject.”

In the commencement of the lecture, there are offered some definitions of the terms of art, “nature, grace, taste, copy, imitation, genius, talent.” In that of nature, he seems entirely to agree with Reynolds; that of beauty leaves us pretty much in the dark in our search for it, “as that harmonious whole of the human frame, that unison of parts to one end, which enchants us. The result of the standard set by the great masters of our art, the ancients, and confirmed by the submissive verdict of modern imitation.” This is unphilosophical, unsatisfactory; nor is that of grace less so—“that artless balance of motion and repose, sprung from character, founded on propriety, which neither falls short of the demands, nor overleaps the modesty of nature. Applied to execution, it means that dexterous power which hides the means by which it was attained, the difficulties it has conquered.” We humbly suggest, that both parts of this definition may be found where there is little grace. It is evident that the lecturer did not subscribe to any theory of lines, as *per se* beautiful or graceful, and altogether disregarded Hogarth's line of beauty. Had Mr Hay's very admirable short works—his “Theory of Form and Proportion”—appeared in Mr Fuseli's day, he would have taken a new view of beauty and grace. By taste, he means not only a knowledge of what is right in art, but a power to estimate degrees of excellence, “and by comparison, proceeds from justness to refinement.” This, too, we think inadequate to express what we mean by taste, which appears to us to have something of a sense, independent of knowledge. Using words in a tech-

nical sense, we may define them to mean what we please, but certainly the words themselves, “copy” and “imitation,” do not mean very different things. He thinks “precision of eye, and obedience of hand, are the requisites for copy, without the least pretence to choice, what to select, what to reject; whilst choice, directed by judgment or taste, constitutes the essence of imitation, and alone can raise the most dexterous copyist to the noble rank of an artist.” We do not exactly see how this judgment arises out of his definition of “taste.” But it may be fair to follow him still closer on this point. “The imitation of the ancients was, *essential, characteristic, ideal*. The first cleared nature of accident, defect, excrecence, (which was in fact his definition of nature, as so cleared;) the second found the *stamen* which connects character with the central form; the third raised the whole and the parts to the highest degree of unison.” This is rather loose writing, and not very close reasoning. After all, it may be safer to take words in their common acceptation; for it is very difficult in a treatise of any length, to preserve in the mind or memory the precise ideas of given definitions. “Of genius, I shall speak with reserve; for no word has been more indiscriminately confounded. By genius, I mean that power which enlarges the circle of human knowledge, which discovers new materials of nature, or combines the known with novelty; whilst talent arranges, cultivates, polishes the discoveries of genius.” Definitions, divisions, and subdivisions, though intended to make clear, too often entangle the ground unnecessarily, and keep the mind upon the stretch to remember, when it should only feel. We think this a fault with Mr Fuseli; it often renders him obscure, and involves his style of aphorisms in the mystery of a riddle.

SECOND LECTURE.—This lecture comprises a compendious history of modern art; commencing with Masaccio. If religion gave the impulse to both ancient and modern, so has it stamped each with the different characters itself assumed. The conceptions the ancients had of divinity, were the perfection of the human form; thus form and beauty became godlike. The Christian religion wore a more spiritual character. In ancient

art, human form and beauty were triumphant; in modern art, the greater triumph was in humility, in suffering; the religious inspiration was to be shown in its influence in actions less calculated to display the powers, the energies of form, than those of mind. Mere external beauty had its accompanying vices; and it was compelled to lower its pretensions considerably, submit to correction, and take a more subordinate part. Thus, if art lost in form it gained in expression, and thus was really more divine. Art in its revival, passing through the barbarity of Gothic adventurers, not unencumbered with senseless superstitions, yet with wondrous rapidity, raised itself to the noblest conceptions of both purity and magnificence. Sculpture had, indeed, preceded painting in the works of Ghiberti Donato and Filippo Brunelleschi, when Massaccio appeared. "He first perceived that parts are to constitute a whole; that composition ought to have a centre; expression, truth; and execution, unity. His line deserves attention, though his subjects led him not to investigation of form, and the shortness of his life forbade his extending those elements, which Raffaele, nearly a century afterwards, carried to perfection." That great master of expression did not disdain to borrow from him—as is seen in the figure of "St Paul preaching at Athens," and that of "Adam expelled from Paradise." Andrea Mantegna attempted to improve upon Massaccio, by adding form from study of the antique. Mr Fuseli considers his "taste too crude, his fancy too grotesque, and his comprehension too weak, to advert from the parts that remained to the whole that inspired them; hence, in his figures of dignity or beauty, we see not only the meagre forms of common models, but even their defects tacked to ideal torsos." We think, however, he is deserving of more praise than the lecturer was disposed to bestow upon him, and that his "triumphs," the processions, (at Hampton Court,) are not quite justly called "a copious inventory of classic lumber, swept together with more industry than taste, but full of valuable materials." Yet when it is said, that he was "not ignorant of expression," and that "his Burial of Christ furnished Raffaele with composition, and even "some figures and attitudes," the severity of the opinion seems somewhat

mitigated. Luca Signorelli, more indebted to nature than the study of the antique, "seems to have been the first who contemplated with a discriminating eye his object; saw what was accidental, and what essential; balanced light and shade, and decided the motion of his figures. He foreshortened with equal boldness and intelligence." It was thought by Vasari, that in his "Judgment," Michael Angelo had imitated him. At this period of the "dawn of modern art, Leonardo da Vinci broke forth with a splendour which distanced former excellence; made up of all the elements that constitute the essence of genius; favoured by education and circumstances—all ear, all eye, all grasp; painter, poet, sculptor, anatomist, architect, engineer, chemist, machinist, musician, man of science, and sometimes empiric, he laid hold of every beauty in the enchanted circle, but without exclusive attachment to one, dismissed in her turn each." "We owe him chiaroscuro, with all its magic—we owe him caricature, with all its incongruities." His genius was shown in the design of the cartoon intended for the council-chamber at Florence, which he capriciously abandoned, wherein the group of horsemen might fairly rival the greatness of Michael Angelo himself; and in the well-known "Last Supper," in the refectory of the Dominicans at Milan, best known, however, from the copies which remain of it, and the studies which remain. Fra Bartolomeo, "the last master of this period, first gave gradation to colour, form and masses to drapery, and a grave dignity, till then unknown, to execution." His was the merit of having weaned Raffaele "from the meanness of Pietro Perugino, and prepared for the mighty style of Michael Angelo Buonarroti." Mr Fuseli is inspired by his admiration of that wonderful man, as painter, sculptor, and architect.

"Sublimity of conception, grandeur of form, and breadth of manner, are the elements of Michael Angelo's style. By these principles, he selected or rejected the objects of imitation. As painter, as sculptor, as architect, he attempted—and above any other man, succeeded—to unite magnificence of plan, and endless variety of subordinate parts, with the utmost simplicity and breadth. His line is uniformly grand. Character and beauty were

admitted only as far as they could be made subservient to grandeur. The child, the female, meanness, deformity, were by him indiscriminately stamped with grandeur. A beggar rose from his hand the patriarch of poverty; the hump of his dwarf is impressed with dignity; his women are moulds of generation, his infants teem with man; his men are a race of giants. This is the 'terribile via' hinted at by Agostino Caracci; though, perhaps, as little understood by the Bolognese as by the blindest of his Tuscan adorers, with Vasari at their head. To give the appearance of perfect ease to the most perplexing difficulty, was the exclusive power of Michael Angelo. He is the inventor of epic in painting, in that sublime circle of the Sistine chapel which exhibits the origin, the progress, and the final dispensations of theocracy. He has personated motion in the groups of the cartoon of Pisa; embodied sentiment on the monuments of St Lorenzo; unraveled the features of meditation in the prophets and sibyls of the Sistine chapel; and in the 'Last Judgment,' with every attitude that varies the human body, traced the master-trait of every passion that sways the human heart. Though, as sculptor, he expressed the character of flesh more perfectly than all who went before or came after him, yet he never submitted to copy an individual—Julio the Second only excepted; and in him he represented the reigning passion rather than the man. In painting, he contented himself with a negative colour, and as the painter of mankind, rejected all meretricious ornament. The fabric of St Peter's scattered into infinity of jarring parts by Bramante and his successors, he concentrated; suspended the cupola, and to the most complex, gave the air of the most simple of edifices. Such, take him for all in all, was Michael Angelo, the salt of art; sometimes, no doubt, he had his moments of dereliction, deviated into manner, or perplexed the grandeur of his forms with futile and ostentatious anatomy; both met with armies of copyists, and it has been his fate to have been censured for their folly." This studied panegyric is nevertheless vigorous—emulous as that of Longinus, of showing the author to be—

"Himself, the great sublime he draws."

It hurries away the mind of the

reader till it kindles a congenial enthusiasm; we have the more readily given the quotation, as it is not an unfair specimen of Mr Fuseli's power, both of thought and language. Our author is scarcely less eloquent in his eulogy of Raffaele which follows. He has seized on the points of character of that great painter very happily. "His composition always hastens to the most necessary point as its centre, and from that disseminates, to that leads back, as rays, all secondary ones. Group, form, and contrast are subordinate to the event, and common-place ever excluded. His expression, in strict unison with, and inspired by character, whether calm, agitated, convulsed, or absorbed by the inspiring passion, unmixed and pure, never contradicts its cause, equally remote from tameness and grimace: the moment of his choice never suffers the action to stagnate or expire; it is the moment of transition, the crisis, big with the past, and pregnant with the future."

It is certainly true—the moment generally chosen by Raffaele, is not of the action completed, the end—but that in which it is doing. You instantly acknowledge the power, while your curiosity is not quenched. For instance, in the cartoon of the "Beautiful Gate," you see the action at the word is just breaking into the miracle—the cripple is yet in his distorted infirmity—but you see near him grace and activity of limb beautifully displayed, in that mother and running child; and you look to the perfection which, you feel sure, the miracle will complete. This is by no means the best instance—it is the case in all his compositions where a story is to be told. It is this action which, united with most perfect character and expression, makes the life of Raffaele's pictures. We think, however, that even in so summary a history of art as this, the object of which seems to be to mark the steps to its perfection, the influence of Pietro Perugino should not have been omitted. He is often very pure in sentiment, often more than bordering on grace, and in colour perhaps superior to Raffaele. Notwithstanding Mr Fuseli's eulogy of Raffaele, we doubt if he fully entered into his highest sentiment. This we may show when we comment on another lecture. While Rome and Tuscany were thus fostering the higher principles of art, the fasci-

nation of colour was spreading a new charm to every eye at Venice, from the pencils of Giorgione, and of Titian. Had not Titian been a colourist, his genius was not unequal to the great style; perhaps he has admitted of that style as much as would suit the predominant character of his colouring. He worked less with *chiaroscuro* than colour, which he endowed with all the sentiment of his subject. Mr Fuseli considers landscape to have originated with Titian.

"Landscape, whether it be considered as the transcript of a spot, or the rich combination of congenial objects, or as the scene of a phenomenon, dates its origin from him:" so of portrait, he says—"He is the father of portrait painting, of resemblance with form, character with dignity, and costume with subordination." The yet wanting charm of art—perfect harmony, was reserved for Correggio. "The harmony and grace of Correggio are proverbial; the medium which, by breadth of gradation, unites two opposite principles, the coalition of light and darkness, by imperceptible transition, are the element of his style." "This unison of a whole predominates in all that remains of him, from the vastness of his cupolas to the smallest of his oil pictures. The harmony of Correggio, though assisted by exquisite hues, was entirely independent of colour; his great organ was *chiaroscuro* in its most extensive sense—compared with the expanse in which he floats, the effects of Leonardi da Vinci are little more than the dying ray of evening, and the concentrated flash of Giorgione discordant abruptness. The bland, central light of a globe, imperceptibly gliding through lucid demi-tints into rich reflected shades, composes the spell of Correggio, and affects us with the soft emotions of a delicious dream." Here terminates the great, the primal era. Such were the patriarchs of modern art. Here, it may be said, terminated the great discoverers. Mr Fuseli pauses here to observe, that we should consider the characteristic of each of these painters, not their occasional deviations; for not unfrequently did Titian rise to the loftiness of conception of Michael Angelo, and Correggio occasionally "exceeded all competition in expression in the divine features of his *Ecce Homo*." If Mr Fuseli alludes to the *Ecce Homo* now in our National Gal-

lery, we cannot go along with him in this praise—but in that picture, the expression of the true "*Mater dolorosa*" was never equaled. Art now proceeds to its period of "Refinement." The great schools—the Tuscan, the Roman, the Venetian, and the Lombard—from whatever cause, separated. Michael Angelo lived to see his great style polluted by Tuscan and Venetian, "as the ostentatious vehicle of puny conceits and emblematic quibbles, or the palliative of empty pomp and degraded luxuriance of colour." He considers Andrea del Sarto to have been his copyer, not his imitator. Tibaldi seems to have caught somewhat of his mind. As did Sir Joshua, so does Mr Fuseli mention his Polypheme groping at the mouth of his cave for Ulysses. He expresses his surprise that Michael Angelo was unacquainted with the great talent of Tibaldi, but lavished his assistance on inferior men, Sebastian del Piombo and Daniel of Volterra. We think he does not do fair justice to the merits of these undoubtedly great men. We shall have occasion hereafter to notice his criticism on the great work of Sebastian, in our National Gallery. We are surprised that he should consider Sebastian del Piombo deficient in ideal colour, and that the lines of Daniel of Volterra are meagre and sterile of idea—his celebrated Descent from the Cross being in its lines, as tending to perfect the composition, and to make full his great idea, quite extraordinary. Poor Vasari, who can never find favour with our author, is considered the great depravator of the style of Michael Angelo.

At the too early death of Raffaele, his style fell into gradual decay. Still Julio Romano, and Polidoro da Caravaggio, "deserted indeed the standard of their master, but with a dignity and magnitude of compass which command respect."

The taste of Julio Romano was not pure enough to detach him from "deformity and grimace" and "ungenial colour." Primaticcio and Nicolo dell Abate propagated the style of Julio Romano on the Gallic side of the Alps, in mythologic and allegoric works. These frescoes from the *Odyssey* at Fontainebleau are lost, but are worthy admiration, though in the feeble etchings of Theodore van Fulden. The "ideal light and shade, and tremendous breadth of manner" of Michael

Angelo Amerigi, surnamed Il Caravaggi, are next commended. "The aim and style of the Roman school deserve little further notice here, till the appearance of Nicolo Poussin." His partiality for the antique mainly affected his style. "He has left specimens to show that he was sometimes sublime, and often in the highest degree pathetic." Mr Fuseli takes occasion, by contrasting "the classic regularity" of Poussin with the "wildness of Salvator Rosa"—we think unnecessarily, because there seems to be no true point of comparison, and unjustly to censure that great, we may say, that original painter. We have noticed occasionally a capricious dislike in our author to some artists, for which we are at a loss to account. That Salvator should "hide by boldness of hand his inability of exhibiting her (Nature) impassioned," is a sentence that will scarcely meet with an assenting critic. The wealth and luxury of Venice soon demanded of art, to sacrifice the modesty of nature to ostentation. The principle of Titian was, however, followed by Tintoretto, Bassan, Paul Veronese, and then passed to Velasquez the Spaniard, in Italy. From him "Rubens and Vandyck attempted to transplant it to Flanders, France, and England, with unequal success." The style of Correggio scarcely survived him, for he had more imitators of parts than followers of the whole. His grace became elegance under the hand of Parmegiano. "That disengaged play of delicate forms, the 'saltezza' of the Italians, is the prerogative of Parmegiano, though nearly always obtained at the expense of proportion." We cannot agree with the lecturer, that the Moses of Parmegiano—if he speaks of the Moses referred to in the Discourses of Sir Joshua, of which Mr Burnet, in his second edition, has given a plate—loses "the dignity of the lawgiver in the savage." Such was the state of art to the foundation of the Eclectic School by the Caracci—an attempt to unite the excellences of all schools. The principles are perpetuated in a sonnet by Agostino Caracci. The Caracci were, however, in their practice above their precepts. Theirs, too, was the school of the "Naturalists." Ludovico is particularly praised for his solemnity of hue, most suited to his religious subjects—"that sober twilight,

the air of cloistered meditation, which you have so often heard recommended as the proper tone of historic colour." If the recommendation has at our Academy been often heard, it has entirely lost its influence; our English school is—with an ignorance of the real object of colour, or with a very bad taste as to its harmony—running into an opposite extravagance, destructive of real power, glaring and distracting where it ought to concentrate through vision the ideas of the mind. Annibal Caracci had more power of execution, but not the taste of Agostino. In their immediate scholars, the lecturer seems little disposed to see fairly their several excellences. They are out of the view of his bias. They are not Michael Angelesque. His judgment of Domenichino—a painter who greatly restored the simplicity and severity of the elder schools, and greatly surpassed his masters—is an instance of blindness to a power in art which we would almost call new, that is very strange to see. "Domenichino, more obedient than the rest to his masters, aimed at the beauty of the antique, the expression of Raphael, the vigour of Annibal, the colour of Ludovico; and mixing something of each, fell short of all." Nor do we think him just with regard to Guercino, or even at all describing his characteristic style, when he speaks of his "fierceness of chiaroscuro, and intrepidity of hand." We readily give up to him "the great but abused talents of Pietro da Cortona," a painter without sentiment, and the "fascinating but debauched and empty facility of Luca Giordano."

The German schools here come under consideration, which, simultaneously with those of Italy, and without visible communication, spread the principles of art. "Towards the decline of the fifteenth century, the uncouth essays of Martin Schön, Michael Wolgemuth, and Albrecht Altorfer, were succeeded by the finer polish and the more dexterous method of Albert Durer." His well-known figure of "Melancholy" would alone entitle him to rank. The breadth and power of his wood engravings are worthy of admiration. Mr Fuseli thinks "his colour went beyond his age, and as far excelled, in truth and breadth of handling, the oil-colour of Raphael, as Raphael excels him in every other qua-

lity. His influence was not unfelt in Italy. It is visible in the style of even the imitators of Michael Angelo—Andrea del Sarto, particularly in the angular manner of his draperies. Though Albert Durer had no scholars, he was imitated by the Dutch Lucas of Leyden. Now it was that the style of Michael Angelo, spread by the graver of Giorgio Mantuano, brought to Italy “those caravans of German, Dutch, and Flemish students, who, on their return from Italy, at the courts of Prague and Munich, in Flanders and the Netherlands, introduced the preposterous manner, the bloated excrescence of diseased brains, which, in the form of man, left nothing human; distorted action and gesture with insanity of affectation, and dressed the gewgaws of children in colossal shapes.” But though such as Golzius, Spranger, Heyntz, and Abach, “fed on the husks of Tuscan design, they imbibed the colour of Venice, and spread the elements of that excellence which distinguished the succeeding schools of Flanders and of Holland.” So it was till the appearance of Rubens and Rembrandt—“both of whom, disdaining to acknowledge the usual laws of admission to the temple of Fame, boldly forged their own keys, entered, and took possession, each of a most conspicuous place, by his own power.” Rubens, with many advantages, acquired in his education at Antwerp, and already influenced by the gorgeous pomp of Austrian and Spanish superstition, arrived in Italy rather as the rival than pupil of the masters whom he travelled to study. Whatever he borrowed from the Venetian school—the object of his admiration—he converted into a new manner of florid magnificence. It is just the excellence of Rubens—the completeness, the congruity of his style—that has raised him to the eminence in the temple of fame which he will ever occupy. A little short of Rubens is intolerable: the clumsy forms and improprieties of his imitators are not to be endured. Mr Fuseli excepts Vandyck and Abraham Drepenbeck from the censure passed upon the followers of Rubens. As Drepenbeck is not so well known, we quote the passage respecting him:—“The fancy of Drepenbeck, though not so exuberant, if I be not mistaken, excelled in sublimity the imagination of Rubens. His Bellerophon, Dios-

curi, Hippolytus, Ixion, Sisyphus, fear no competitor among the productions of his master.” Rembrandt he considers a genius of the first class in all but form. Chiaroscuro and colour were the elements, in fact, in which Rembrandt reveled. In these he was the poet—the maker. He made colour and chiaroscuro throw out ideas of sublimity: that he might throw himself the more into these great elements of his art, and depend solely on their power, he seems purposely not to have neglected form, but to have selected such as, without beauty to attract, should be merely the objects of life, the sensitive beings in his world of mystery. That such was his intention we cannot doubt; because we cannot imagine the beautiful but too attractive figures of the Apollo or the Venus adopted into one of his pictures. Excepting in a few instances, we would not wish Rembrandt’s forms other than they are. They appear necessary to his style. Mr Fuseli speaks very favourably of art in Switzerland; but says there are only two painters of name—Holbein, and Francis Mola. The designs of the Passion and Dance of Death of the former, are instanced as works of excellence. Mola, we are surprised to find ranked as Swiss; for he is altogether, in art, Italian. The influence of the school and precepts of the Caracci, produced in France an abundant harvest of mediocrity. In France was the merit of Michael Angelo first questioned. There are, however, names that rescue France from the entire disgrace of the abandonment of the true principles of art: Nicolo Poussin, Le Sueur, Le Brun, Sebastian Bourdon, and Pierre Mignard. The Seven Works of Charity, by Seb. Bourdon, teem with surprising, pathetic, and always novel images; and in the Plague of David, by Pierre Mignard, our sympathy is roused by energies of terror and combinations of woe, which escaped Poussin and Raphael himself.” Of Spanish art he says but little, but that “the degree of perfection attained by Diego Velasquez, Joseph Ribera, and Murillo, in pursuing the same object by means as different as successful, impresses us with deep respect for the variety of their powers.” Art, as every thing else, has its fashion. The Spanish school have, of later years, been more eagerly sought for; and a strange

whim of the day has attached a very extraordinary value to the works of Murillo—a painter in colour generally monotonous, and in form and expression almost always vulgar.

Art in England is the next subject of the lecture. He takes a view of it from the age of Henry VIII. to our own. No great encouragement was here given to art till the time of Charles I.: Holbein, indeed, and Zuccherò, under Elizabeth, were patronized, but “were condemned to Gothic work and portrait painting.” The troubles and death of Charles I. were a sad obstacle to art. “His son, in possession of the Cartoons of Raphael, and with the magnificence of Whitehall before his eyes, suffered Verio to contaminate the walls of his palaces, or degraded Lely to paint the Cymons and Iphigenias of his court; whilst the manner of Kneller swept completely what might yet be left of taste under his successors. Such was the equally contemptible and deplorable state of English art, till the genius of Reynolds first rescued from the mannered depravation of foreigners his own branch; and, soon extending his view to the higher departments of art, joined that select body of artists who addressed the ever open ear, ever attentive mind, of our royal founder with the first idea of this establishment.” After this little parade of our artists as a body, but four are mentioned by name—“Reynolds, Hogarth, Gainsborough, and Wilson.”

We are surprised that, in this summary history of art, no notice has been taken of Van Eyck, and the influence of his discovery on art. Nor are we less surprised that so important a branch as landscape painting should have been omitted; Claude and Gaspar Poussin not mentioned; yet, in the English school, Wilson is spoken of, whose sole merit rested upon his landscape. He should more distinctly have stated his purpose to treat only of high and historical art.

THIRD LECTURE.—In the commencement, there is an unnecessary, and rather affectedly written disquisition of the old question, or rather comparison between poetry and painting, from which nothing is to be learned; nor does it suggest any thing. Nor do we now-a-days want to read pages to tell us what invention is, and how it

differs from creation—nor is it at all important in matters of art, that we should draw any such distinction at all. It is far better to go at once “in medias res,” and take it for granted that the reader both knows and feels, without metaphysical discussion, what that invention is which is required to make a great painter. Nor are we disposed to look upon otherwise than impertinent, while we are waiting for didactic rules, the being told that “he who discovers a gold mine, is surely superior to him who afterwards adapts the metal for use;” especially when it is paraded with comparisons between “Colombo” and “Amerigo Vesputci,” and a misplaced panegyric on Newton. And much of this is encumbered with language that fatigues and makes a plain matter obscure. There is a little affectation sometimes in Mr Fuseli’s writing of Ciceronian *ambages*, that is really injurious to the good sense and just thoughts, which would without this display, come free, open, and with power. Some pages, too, are taken up with a preliminary argument—“*whether it be within the artist’s province or not, to find or to combine a subject from himself, without having recourse to tradition, or the stores of history and poetry.*” We have a display of learning to little purpose, quotations from Latin and Greek, really “*nihil ad rem*,” the “*φαντασίας*” of the Greek, and “*visiones*” of the Romans. Who that ever saw even one work of Hogarth, the “*Marriage à la Mode*,” would for a moment think the question worth a thought. “The misnamed gladiator of Agasias,” seems forced into this treatise, for the sole purpose of showing Mr Fuseli’s reading, and after all, he leaves the figure as uncertain as he finds it. He *once* thought it might have been an Alcibiades rushing from the flames, when his house was fired; but is more satisfied that “it might form an admirable Ulysses bestriding the deck of his ship to defend his companions from the descending fangs of Scylla, or rather, with indignation and anguish, seeing them already snatched up, and writhing in the mysterious gripe.” In such fanciful humours, it might be made to mean any thing or any body. And we are, after all, quite at a loss to know whether the *conjecture* is offered as a specimen of “*invention*.” He considers the cartoon of Pisa “the most

striking instance, of the eminent place due to this *intuitive faculty among the principal organs of invention*—we mark these words in italics, not quite certain of their meaning. The work is engraved for Foster, by Schiavonetti; and a wonderful work it is—the work of Michael Angelo begun in competition with Leonardo da Vinci. The original is said to have been destroyed by Baccio Bandinelli; still there are the ancient prints and drawings which show the design, and there is a small copy at Holkham. Benvenuto Cellini—and could there be a better authority?—denies that the powers afterwards exerted in the Capella Sistina, arrive at half its excellence. Mr Fuselli's description is so good, that we give it entire. "It represents an imaginary moment relative to the war carried on by the Florentines against Pisa; and exhibits a numerous group of warriors, roused from their bathing in the Arno, by the sudden signal of a trumpet, and rushing to arms. This composition may, without exaggeration, be said to personify with unexampled variety, that motion which Agasias and Theon embodied in single figures. In imagining this transient moment from a state of relaxation to a state of energy, the ideas of motion, to use the bold figure of Dante, seem to have showered into the artist's mind. From the chief, nearly placed in the centre, who precedes, and whose voice accompanies the trumpet, every age of human agility, every attitude, every feature of alarm, haste, hurry, exertion, eagerness, burst into so many rays, like sparks flying from the hammer. Many have reached, some boldly step, some have leaped on the rocky shore; here two arms emerging from the water, grapple with the rock, there two hands cry for help, and their companions bend over or rush on to assist them: often imitated, but inimitable, is the ardent feature of the grim veteran, whose every sinew labours to force over the dripping limbs his clothes, whilst gnashing, he pushes the foot through the rending garment. He is contrasted by the slender elegance of a half-averted youth, who, though eagerly buckling the armour to his thigh, methodizes haste; another swings the high-raised hauberk on his shoulder; whilst one, who seems a leader, mindless of his dress, ready for combat, and with brandished spear, overturns a third,

who crouched to grasp a weapon; one, naked himself, buckles on the mail of his companion, and he, turned toward the enemy, seems to stamp impatiently the ground. Experience and rage; old vigour, young velocity; expanded or contracted, vie in exertions of energy. Yet in this scene of tumult, one motive animates the whole—eagerness to engage, with subordination to command. This preserves the dignity of the action, and from a straggling rabble, changes the figures to men, whose legitimate contest interests our wishes." Another example is given—Raffaello's "Incendio del Borgo"—a good description follows: "the enraged elements of *wind and fire*," we do not see in the original, not even in the drapery of the woman with her back to us in the foreground. Speaking of this power of "invention," he says—after having, as we conceive, mistaken the aim of Raffaello in his Madonnas, and Holy families, which was somewhat beyond even the "charities of father, son, and mother"—"Nor shall I follow it in its more contaminated descent, to those representations of local manners and national modifications of society, whose characteristic discrimination and humorous exuberance, for instance, we admire in Hogarth, but which, like the fleeting passions of the day, every hour contributes something to obliterate, which soon become unintelligible by time, or degenerate into caricature, the chronicle of scandal, the history-book of the vulgar." It seems, strangely enough, to have been the fashion among the, in comparison with Hogarth, puny academicians of that day, to underrate that great painter, that moral painter. We really should pity the infatuated prejudice of the man, who could see in the deep tragedy, the moral tragedy, "Marriage à la Mode," any *humorous* exuberance; or not understand that the passions set forth, and for a moral end, are not "the fleeting passions of the day," but as permanent as human nature—who could see, in such a series of pictures, any "caricature," or that their object is to "chronicle scandal." That it is the "history of the vulgar," we dispute not. For it is a drama of the vulgar as of the unvulgar—a deep tragedy of human nature; alas! time has not made "*unintelligible*" these not "fleeting passions of the day." As

long as man is man, will Hogarth be true to nature; and nothing in art is more strange, than that such opinions should emanate from an Academy, and be either ventured upon or received *ex cathedra*.

Invention, according to Mr Fuseli, receives its subjects from poetry or tradition—"they are *epic* or sublime, *dramatic* or impassioned, *historic* or circumscribed by truth. The first *astonishes*, the second *moves*, the third *informs*." We confess ourselves weary of this sort of classification. They only tend to hamper the writer, painter, and critic. It is possible for a work to admit all three, and yet preserve its unity. And such we believe to be the case with Homer. He is epic and dramatic in one, and certainly historic. It is more ingenious than unquestionable, that Homer's purpose was to "impress one forcible idea of war—its origin, its progress, and its end." Nor will the "Iliad" be read with greater delight, by the reader's reception of such an idea. The drawing forth the purpose of Michael Angelo's design—his invention, in the series of frescoes in the Sistine Chapel—is more happy. That theocracy is the subject—the dispensations of Providence to man—the Creation—life and adoration in Adam and Eve, their sin, their punishment, their separation from God—justice and grace in the Deluge and covenant with Noah—prophets, sibyls, herald the Redeemer—and the patriarchs—the Son of Man—the brazen serpent—and the Fall of Haman—the giant subdued by the stripling in Goliath and David—and the conqueror destroyed by female weakness in Judith, are types of his mysterious progress, till Jonah pronounces him immortal." The Last Judgment, and the Saviour the Judge of man, complete the whole—and the Founder and the race are reunited. Such is the spirit of the general invention. "The specific invention of the pictures separate, as each constitutes an independent whole, deserves our consideration next: each has its centre, from which it disseminates, to which it leads back all secondary points, arranged, hid, or displayed, as they are more or less organs of the inspiring plan; each rigorously is circumscribed by its generic character." The more particular criticism on this great work of Michael Angelo, is very good, and we earnestly

refer the reader to it. He thinks the genius of Michael Angelo more generic in its aim—that of Raffaele more specific. That as M. Angelo's aim was the "destiny of man, simply considered as the subject of religion, faithful or rebellious," admitting only a "general feature of the passions;" so, in the hands of Raffaele, the subject would have teemed with a choice of imagery to excite our sympathies; "he would have combined all possible emotions with the utmost variety of probable or real character; all domestic, politic, religious relations—whatever is not local in virtue and in vice; and the sublimity of the greatest events would have been merely the minister of sympathies and passions." The latter mode of representing the subject, that of Raffaele, he considers dramatic. The distinction is, however, doubtful: we do not see why the mode of M. Angelo may not be held to be equally dramatic. The criticism on the comparison between Raffaele's and Michael Angelo's Adam and Eve, if not quite just, is striking. "The elevation of Michael Angelo's soul, inspired by the operation of creation itself, furnished him at once with the feature that stamped on human nature its most glorious prerogative; whilst the characteristic subtility, rather than sensibility, of Raffaele's mind, in this instance, offered nothing but a frigid succedaneum—a symptom incident to all, when, after the subsided astonishment on a great and sudden event, the mind, recollecting itself, ponders on it with inquisitive surmise. In Michael Angelo, all self-consideration is absorbed in the sublimity of the sentiment which issues from the august presence that attracts Eve; 'her earthly,' in Milton's expression, 'by his heavenly overpowered,' pours itself in adoration; whilst, in the inimitable cast of Adam's figure, we trace the hint of that half-conscious moment, when sleep began to give way to the vivacity of the dream inspired. In Raffaele, creation is complete—Eve is presented to Adam, now awake; but neither the new-born charms, the submissive grace, and virgin purity, of the beautiful image; nor the awful presence of her Introducer, draw him from his mental trance, into effusions of love or gratitude; at ease reclined, with fingers pointing at himself and his

new mate, he seems to methodize the surprising event that took place during his sleep, and to whisper the words—"flesh of my flesh." Not subscribing to any criticism which concludes insensibility of mind to Raffaele, and which is rather inconsistent with the judgment made by Mr Fuseli, that he was the painter of expression, from the utmost conflict of passions, to the enchanting round of gentler emotion, and the nearly silent hints of mind and character—we look to the object of the painter in this his series of works called his Bible. The first five pictures represent only the act of creation—the Deity, the Creator—all nature, is as yet passive—even adoration, the point chosen by Michael Angelo, might be said scarcely to have begun—the plan is developed, not put in action. As yet, the Deity is all in all—Eve, his gift to Adam, is the last of this division of the series. As in Genesis, there is the bare, short statement, grand from its simplicity, and our knowledge of its after consequences; but in the words unimpassioned—so Raffaele, that he might make his pictorial language agree with the written book, with utmost forbearance, lest he should tell more, and beyond his authority, in this portion of the series manifestly avoids expression, or the introduction of any feeling that would make the creatures more than the most passive recipients of the goodness of their Maker. Nor is there authority to show, that as yet they were fully, perfectly conscious of the nature of the gifts of life and companionship; and we certainly do not agree with Mr Fuseli, that it was a moment for Adam to show his sensibility to the personal charms of Eve—the pure Adam—nor was he—the as yet untransgressing Adam—to feel fear, in "the awful presence of the Introducer." Raffaele's aim seems to have been, to follow the text in its utmost simplicity, that the unlettered might read—and this justifies in him the personality of the Creator, and the apparently manual act of his creation, corresponding with the words—"God made." The "allegoric drama" of the Church empire, that fills the stanzas of the Vatican, is praised by

Mr Fuseli, with a full understanding of the purpose of the painter, and feeling for its separate parts. He does not cavil, as some have done, at the anachronisms. "When," says an able, reflecting, and very amusing author,* "Aristotle, Plato, Leo X., and Cardinal Bembo, are brought together in the school of Athens, every person must admit, that such offences as these, against truths so obvious, if they do not arise from a defect of understanding, are instances of inexcusable carelessness." Here we think this writer has missed the key of explanation. The very picture is the history of the progress of mind, through science and philosophy, to the acknowledgment of an immortal being. The very subject amalgamates, in one moral idea, times, epochs, localities. It treats of that which passes over time, and embodies only its results. Mr Fuseli notices not these anachronisms, but says aptly of the picture—"What was the surmise of the eye and wish of hearts, is gradually made the result of reason, in the characters of the school of Athens, by the researches of philosophy, which, from bodies to mind, from corporeal harmony to moral fitness, and from the duties of society, ascends to the doctrine of God and hopes of immortality." The very entertaining author whom we have quoted above, we must here, somewhat out of place, observe, has, with Mr Fuseli, mistaken the character of Hogarth's works. He says—"Hogarth has painted comedy!" and what is very strange, he seems to rank him as a comedian with "Pope, Young, and Crabbe"—the last, the most tragic in his pathos of any writer. The invention in the Cartoons comes next under Mr Fuseli's observation. "In whatever light we consider their invention, as parts of *one whole*, relative to each other, or independent *each of the rest*, and as single subjects, there can be scarcely named a beauty or a mystery, of which the Cartoons furnish not an instance or a clue; *they are poised between perspicuity and pregnancy of moment*." We believe we understand the latter sentence; it is, however, somewhat affected, and does not rightly balance the *perspicuity*. We must go back, however, to a pas-

* *The Literary Conglomerate, or Combination of Various Thoughts and Facts.* Oxford: 1839. Printed by Thomas Combe.

sage preceding the remarks on the Cartoons; because we wish, above all things, to vindicate the purest of painters from charges of licentiousness. He sees in Cupid and Psyche a voluptuous history: this may or may not be so—we think it is far from being such; but when he adds, “the voluptuous history of his (Raffaelle’s) own *favourite passion*,” he is following a prejudice, an unfounded story—one which we think, too, has in no slight degree influenced his general criticism and estimation of Raffaelle. We would refer the reader to “Passavant’s Life of Raffaelle,” where he will see this subject investigated, and the tale refuted. It is surprising, but good men affect to speak of amorous passion as if it were a crime; by itself it may disgust, but surely coldness is not the better nature. Insensibilities of all kinds must be avoided, even where “Amor,” as Mr Fuseli calls him, and Psyche are the subjects. It is the happiest genius that shall signify without offence the necessary existence of passion, and leave purity in its singleness and innocence. How exquisitely is this done by Shakspeare in his “Romeo and Juliet!” He keeps the lovers free from every grosser particle of love, while he throws it all upon the subordinate characters, particularly the nurse, whose part in the drama, in no small degree, tends to naturalise to our sympathy the youth, the personal beauty, and whole loveliness, of the unhappy Romeo and Juliet.

The differences of manner in which the same subject, “the Murder of the Innocents,” has been represented by several painters, according to the genius of each, are well noticed. “History, strictly so called, follows the drama; fiction now ceases, and invention consists only in selecting and fixing with dignity, precision, and sentiment, the moments of *reality*.” He instances, by a given subject, that were the artist to choose the “Death of Germanicus,” he is never to forget that he is to represent “a Roman dying amidst Romans,” and not to suffer individual grief to un-Romanize his subject. “Germanicus, Agrippina, Caius, Vitellius, the Legates, the Centurions at Antioch, the hero, the husband, the father, the friend, the leader—the struggles of nature and sparks of hope, must be subjected to the physiognomic character and features of Germanicus, the

son of Drusus, the Cæsar of Tiberius. Maternal, female, connubial passion, must be tinged by Agrippina, the woman absorbed in the Roman, less lover than companion of her husband’s grandeur. Even the bursts of friendship, attachment, allegiance, and revenge, must be stamped by the military ceremonial, and distinctive costume of Rome.” For an instance of this propriety of invention in history, reference is made, we presume as much, to Mr West’s “Death of Wolfe.” Undoubtedly, this is Mr West’s best picture. The praise from Mr Fuseli was, in all probability, purely academic; he frequently showed that he did not too highly estimate the genius of the painter. Having given these outlines of general and specific invention in the epic, dramatic, and historic branches of art, he admits that there is not always a nice discrimination of their limits: “and as the mind and fancy of man, upon the whole, consist of mixed qualities, we seldom meet with a human performance exclusively made up of epic, dramatic, or pure historic materials.” This confession, as it appears to us, renders the classification useless to a student, and shows a yet incomplete view of arrangement, and specification of the power, subjects, and means of art.

Indeed Mr Fuseli proceeds to instances wherein his epic assumes the dramatic, the dramatic the epic, and the historic both. There does seem something wanting in an arrangement which puts the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, two works essentially different, in the same category. We do, therefore, venture the opinion, that such distinctions are, more particularly in painting, not available. With Sir Joshua, he considers borrowing justifiable, and that it does not impair the originality of invention. The instances given of happy adoption are the “Torso of Apollonius,” by Michael Angelo; of the figure of “Adam dismissed from Paradise,” by Raffaelle, borrowed from Massaccio, as likewise the figure of “Paul at Athens;” and for figures of Michael Angelo’s, Raffaelle, Parmegiano, Poussin, are all indebted to the cartoon of Pisa. The lecture concludes with some just remarks upon the “Transfiguration,” and a censure upon the coldness of Richardson, and the burlesque of the French critic Falconet, who could not discover the

point of contact which united the two parts of this celebrated picture. "Raphael's design was to represent Jesus as the Son of God, and, at the same time, the reliever of human misery, by an unequivocal fact. The transfiguration on Tabor, and the miraculous cure which followed the descent of Jesus, united, furnished the fact. The difficulty was, how to combine two successive actions in one moment. He overcame it, by sacrificing the moment of cure to that of the apparition, by implying the lesser miracle in the greater. In subordinating the cure to the vision, he obtained sublimity; in placing the crowd and patient on the foreground, he gained room for the full exertion of his dramatic powers. It was not necessary that the demoniac should be represented in the moment of recovery, if its certainty could be expressed by other means. It is implied, it is placed beyond all doubt, by the glorious apparition above; it is made nearly intuitive by the uplifted hand and finger of the apostle in the centre, who, without hesitation, undismayed by the obstinacy of the demon, unmoved by the clamour of the crowd, and the pusillanimous scepticism of some of his companions, refers the father of the maniac, in an authoritative manner, for certain and speedy help to his Master on the mountain above, whom, though unseen, his attitude at once connects with all that passes below. Here is the point of contact; here is that union of the two parts of the fact in one moment, which

Richardson and Falconet could not discover."

It is with diffidence that we would suggest any thing upon a work that has so nearly exhausted criticism; but we will venture an observation, and if we are correct, the glory of the subject is heightened by its adoption. It has ever appeared to us to have purposed showing at one view, humanity in its highest, its divinely perfected state, the manhood taken into Godhead; and humanity in its lowest, its most forlorn, most degraded state, in the person of a demoniac: and this contrast seems acknowledged—abhorrently felt, by the reluctant spirit within the sufferer, whose attitude, starting from the effulgence and the power which is yet to heal him, being the strong action of the lower part of the picture, and one of suffering, throws the eye and mind of the spectator at once and permanently from earth to the heavenly vision, to ascending prophets, and that bright and central majesty, "whose countenance," Mr Fuseli observes, "is the only one we know expressive of his superhuman nature." This idea of transformation to a higher nature is likewise kept up in the figures of the ascending prophets, and the apostles below.

The Fourth Lecture is in continuation of the subject—Invention; but we have left little space for further remarks. In another number of *Maga* we shall resume our review of the lectures.

SOMETHING ABOUT MUSIC.

GENTLE Christians, pity us! We are just returned from a musical entertainment, and, with aching head and stunned ears, sit down to try to recover our equanimity, sorely disturbed by the infliction which, we regret to say, we have survived. Had we known how to faint, we had done so on the spot, that ours might have been the bliss of being carried out over the heads and shoulders of the audience ere the performance had well begun—a movement that would have insured us the unfeigned thanks of all whom we had rescued from their distressing situation under pretence of bearing us off, splashing us with cold water, causing doors to bang impressively during our exit, and the various other *petit soins* requisite to the conducting a “faint” with dignity.

But it could not be accomplished. We made several awkward attempts, so little like, that their only result was our being threatened with a policeman if we made any more disturbance; so, after a hasty glance round had assured us of the impracticability of making our escape in any more everyday style, we sat down with a stern resolution of endurance—lips firmly compressed, eyes fixed in a stony gaze on the orchestra, whence issued by turns groans, shrieks, and screams, from sundry foully-abused instruments of music; accompanied by equally appalling sounds from flat, shrill signorinas, quavering to distraction, backed by gigantic “basses,” (double ones surely,) who, with voices like the “seven devils” of the old Grecian, bellowed out divers sentimentalisms about dying for love, when assuredly their most proximate danger was of apoplexy.

Well, the affair came to an end, as, it is to be hoped, will every other evil in this wicked world; in a spasm of thankfulness we extricated ourselves from the crush, and reached our home, where, under the genial influence of quiet and a cup of coffee, we can afford to laugh at the past, (our own vehement indignation included,) and ruminate calmly on the “how” and the “why” of the nuisance, which appears to us as well worthy of being put down by act

of parliament, as the ringing of muffin bells and crying “sweep!”

It is a perfect puzzle to us by what process the standard of music has become so lowered, as to make what is ordinarily served up under that name be received as the legitimate descendant of the harmony divine which erst broke on the ear of the listening world, when “the morning stars sang together;” and, in the first freshness of its creation—teeming with melody—angels deigned to visit this terrestrial paradise, nor turned an exile’s gaze to that heaven whose strains were chanted in glad accordance with the murmuring stream, and music of the waving forest—which, in its greenness and beauty, seemed but “a little lower” than its celestial archetype, for

“Earth hath *this* variety from heaven.”

(Blessings on the poet for that line! We have a most firm belief in Milton, and receive his representations of heaven as we would those of a Daguerreotype.)

But it is even so. There is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous, and this entrancing art, it seems, has taken it; sorely dislocating its graceful limbs, and injuring its goodly proportions in the unseemly escapade. There—we have played over a simple air, one that thrills through our heart of hearts; and as the notes die on our ears, soothing though the strain be, we feel our indignation increase, and glow still more fiercely against this—music, as it is by courtesy called, for Heaven knows it has no legitimate claim to the name!—till it reaches the crusading point, and we rush headlong to a war of extermination against bars, rests, crotchets, quavers—undaunted even by “staves,” and formidable inflated semibreves.

We hate your crashing, clumsy chords, and utterly spit at and defy chromatic passages from one end of the instrument to the other, and back again; flats, sharps, and most appropriate “naturals,” spattered all over the page. The essential spirit of discord seems let loose on our modern music, tainted, as it were, with the moral infection that has seized the

land ; it is music for a democracy, not the stately, solemn measure of imperial majesty. Music to soothe ! the idea is obsolete, buried with the ruffs and farthingales of our great-grandmothers ; or, to speak more soberly, with the powdered wigs and hoops of their daughters. There is music to excite, much to irritate one, and much more to drive a really musical soul stark mad ; but none to soothe, save that which is drawn from the hiding-places of the past.

We should like to catch one of the old masters—Handel, for instance—and place him within the range of one of our modern executioners, to whose taste (!) *carte-blanche* had been given. We think we see him under the infliction. Neither the hurling of wig, nor yet of kettle-drum, at the head of the performer, would relieve his outraged spirit : he would strangle the offender on the spot, and hang himself afterwards ; and the jury would, in the first case, return a verdict of justifiable homicide, and, in the second, of justifiable suicide, with a deodand of no ordinary magnitude on the musical instrument that had led to the catastrophe.

There is no repose, no refreshment to the mind, in our popular compositions ; they are like Turner's skies—they harass and fatigue ; leaving you certainly wondering at their difficulty, but, as certainly, wishing they had been "impossible." There is to us more of touching pathos, heart-thrilling expression, in some of the old psalm-tunes, feelingly played, than in a whole batch of modernisms. The strains go *home*, and the "fountains of the great deep are broken up"—the great deep of unfathomable feeling, that lies far, far below the surface of the world-hardened heart ; and as the unwonted, yet unchecked, tear starts to the eye, the softened spirit yields to their influence, and shakes off the moi of earthly care ; rising, purified and spiritualized, into a clearer atmosphere. Strange, inexplicable associations brood over the mind,

"Like the far-off dreams of paradise,"

mingling their chaste melancholy with musings of a still subdued, though more cheerful character. How many glad hearts in the olden time have rejoiced in these songs of praise—how many sorrowful ones sighed out their

complaints in those plaintive notes, that steal sadly, yet sweetly, on the ear—hearts that, now cold in death, are laid to rest around that sacred fane, within whose walls they had so often swelled with emotion ! Tell us not of neatly trimmed "cemeteries," redolent of staring sunflowers, priggish shrubs, and all the modern coxcombray of the tomb ; with nicely swept gravel walks, lest the motrner should get "wet on's feet," and vaults numbered like warehouses, where "parties may bring their own minister," and be buried with any form, or no form, if they like it better. No, give us the village churchyard with its sombre yew-trees, among which

"The dial, hid by weeds and flowers,
Hath told, by none beheld, the solitary
hours ;"

its grassy hillocks, and mouldering grave-stones, where haply all record is obliterated, and nought but a solitary "resurgam" meets the enquiring eye ; its white-robed priest reverently committing "earth to earth," in sure and certain hope "of a joyful resurrection" to the slumbering clay, that was wont to worship within the gray and time-stained walls, whence the mournful train have now borne him to his last rest ; while on the ivy-clad tower fall the slanting golden beams of an autumnal sun, that, in its declining glory, seems to whisper of hope and consolation to the sorrowful ones, reminding them that the night of the tomb shall not endure for ever, but that, so surely as the great orb of day shall return on the wings of the morning to chase away the tears of the lamenting earth, so surely shall the dust, strewed around that temple, scattered though it may be to the winds of heaven, "rise again" in the morning of the Resurrection, when death "shall be swallowed up in victory."

"'Tis fit his trophies should be rife
Around the place where he's subdued ;
The gate of death leads forth to life."

But we are wandering sadly from our subject ; it is perhaps quite as well that we have done so, for we should have become dangerous had we dwelt much longer on it. We were on the point of wishing (Nero-like) that our popular professors of

the tuneful art had but one neck, that we might exterminate them at a blow, or hang them with one gigantic fiddle-string; but now, thanks to our episode, our exacerbated feelings are so far mollified, that we will be content with wishing them sentenced to grind knives on oil-less stones with creaking axles, till the sufferings of their own shall have taught them consideration for the ears of other people.

But music, real music—not in the harsh, exaggerated style now in the ascendant, but simple, pure, melodious, such as might have entranced the soul of a Handel, when, in some vision of night, sounds swept from angelic harps have floated around him, the gifted one, in whose liquid strains and stately harmonies fall on our ravished ears the echoes of that immortal joy—such we confess to be one of our idols, before whose shrine we pay a willing, glad some homage; though now, alas! it must be in dens and caves of the earth, since *modern* heresy has banished it from the temple of Apollo.

See how Toryism peeps out even in the fine arts! *Even* did we say? They are its legitimate province; “The old is better,” is inscribed in glowing characters on the portals of the past. Old Painting! See the throbbing form start from the pregnant canvass—the “Mother of God” folding her Divine Son to her all but celestial arms—the Son of God fainting beneath a load of woe, not his own. Old Poetry! Glorious old Homer, with his magic song; and sturdy, oak-like in his strength, as in his verdure, old Chaucer. Old Music! Hail, ye inspired sons of the lyre! A noble host are ye, enshrined in the hearts of all loyal worshippers of the tuneful god. And yet (we grieve to confess it) we, even we, spite of all our enthusiasm, have been seen laughing at “old music,” the aspiring psalmody of a country church singing-pew.

Oh, to see the row of performers, the consequential choir, transcending in importance (in their own eyes) the clerk, the curate, the rector, and even the squire from the great hall, majestic and stern though he be, with his awful wig and gold-headed cane! There are the fussy boys—copied apparently from cherubim—who, with glowing, distended cheeks, are simpering on the ceiling, *doing*

the tenor, with wide open mouths that would shame e’er a barn-door in the village; their red, stumpy fingers sprawling over the music which they are (not) reading. The pale, lantern-jawed youths, in yellow waistcoats and tall shirt-collars, who look as if they were about to whistle a match, are holloing out what is professionally, and in this instance with most distressing truth, termed counter. “Counter” it is with a vengeance; and not only so, but it is a neck-and-neck race between them and the urchins aforesaid, which shall have done first. The shock-headed man, with chin dropped into his neckerchief, and mouth twisted into every unimaginable contortion, as though grinning through a horse-collar, has the bass confided to his faithful keeping; and emits a variety of growls and groans truly appalling, though evidently to his own great comfort and satisfaction. The bassoon, the clarinet, the flute—but how shall we describe them! Suffice it to say, that they appeared to be suffering inexpressible torments at the hands of their apoplectic-looking performers; who were all at the last gasp, and all determined to die bravely at their posts. And then the entranced audience, with half-shut eyes and quivering palms! Oh, it was too much; we lost our character irretrievably that day; half-suppressed titters from the squire’s pew were not to be borne. In that unhappy moment we sinned away some quarter of a century’s unrivalled reputation for good manners and musical taste. Old Fiddlestrings never forgave us, never did he vouchsafe us another anthem, spite of our entreaties and protestations, and the thousand and one apologies for our ill-timed merriment, which our fruitful brain invented on the spot. To his dying day he preserved the utmost contempt for our judgment, not only in this department of the fine arts, but also on every other subject. Not to admire his music, was condemnation in every thing—an unpardonable offence. We, who had been his great friend, patron, (or rather he was ours,) to whom he had so often condescended on the Saturday evening to hum, whistle, and too too over the tune—of his own composing—that was to be the admiration of the whole parish on the succeeding day—

we were henceforth to be as the uninitiated, and left to find out, and follow, as we best might, the very eccentric windings of his Sunday's asthmatic performance; which always went at the rate of three crotchets and a cough, to the end of the psalm, which he took care should be an especial long one.

Poor old man! we see him now, with his unruly troop of Sunday scholars (in training for some important festival, to the due celebration of which their labours were essential) singing, bawling we should say, out of time and tune, to the utter discomfiture of his irritable temper, (there is nothing like a false note for throwing your musical man into a perfect tantrum,) and the bringing down on their unlucky heads a smart tap with the bow of his violin, which led the harmony. There they stood with their brown cheeks and white heads, fine specimens of the agricultural interest; each one of them looking as if he could bolt a poor, half-starved factory child at a mouthful—but certainly no singers. It was beyond the power even of the accomplished old clerk himself to make them such—an oyster, with its mouth full of sand, would have sung quite as well; but still he laboured on with might and main—with closed eyes, and open mouth—delightedly beating time with his head, as long as matters went on not intolerably; for David's musical soul supplied the deficiency in the sounds that entered his unwearied ears. And then he sang so loud himself, that he certainly could hear no one else, his voice being as monopolizing as the drone of a bagpipe—or as a violent advocate for free trade! Happy urchins when this was the case! for they were sure to be dismissed with the most flattering encomiums on their vocal powers, when, if truth must be told, the good old man had not heard a note.

But he is gathered to his fathers, and now sleeps beneath the sod in the quiet churchyard of —. We well remember his funeral. 'Twas a lovely day in spring, when the long, lifeless trees and fields were bursting into all the glory of May—for May was spring then, and not, as now, cousin-german to winter; while the gay sunbeams played lovingly, like youth caressing age, on the low church-tower, gilding the ivy that waved in

wild luxuriance around it. Slowly moved on the lowly train that bore to the "house appointed for all living" the mortal remains of one whom they well loved, and whose removal from among them—essential as he had always seemed to the very identity of the village—was an event they had never contemplated, and which they now, in its unexpectedness, sorely lamented. The village choir preceded it, singing those strains which poor David's voice had so often led; and surely, for once, the spirit of the old man rested on his refractory pupils; for rarely have I heard sweeter notes than those that swelled on the balmy air, as the dusky procession wound its way across the heath, waving with harebells, and along the narrow lane, whose hedges were beginning to show the first faint rose, till it reached the church porch, where the good rector himself was waiting to pay the last token of respect to his humble friend; while groups of villagers were loitering around to witness the simple rites. Entering within the church, again was the voice of melody heard, and again was as sweetly chanted that mournful psalm, which is appointed, with such affecting appropriateness, for the burial of the dead. "I said, I will take heed to my ways, that I offend not in my tongue; I will keep my mouth, as it were, with a bridle, while the ungodly is in my sight." Then came the dull, hollow sound of "earth to earth, dust to dust, ashes to ashes;" and so, amid many tears, (and we confess our eyes were not dry,) closed the grave over one who, despite some innocent, though mirth-provoking failings, was honoured by all who knew him for the stern, unbending integrity of his character, and the strictness with which he fulfilled all the duties of life. David was an *honest* man; one whose "word was as good as his bond," who "promised to his hurt, and changed not." Would that as much might be said of many who move in a higher sphere, and make far larger professions of sanctity than he did! But he shall be remembered, when their names are blotted out for ever.

"Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet in death, and blossom in the
dust."

The music which we hear in our

social intercourse, is too generally—we say it in grief, but in truth—detestable. “Like figures on a dial-plate,” sit the four-and-twenty Englishmen and Englishwomen, who have been drawn together to receive their friend’s hospitality; till the awful silence convinces the host that some desperate effort must be made to break the spell, and that the best thing is some music to set them a-talking. Some *mimini-pimini* Miss is in consequence selected as the victim, (or rather, the victimizer,) and requested to “pain” the company. She fidgets, bridles, and duly declines, at the same time vigorously pulling off one of her gloves in evident preparation for the attack. After much pressing, she reluctantly yields to what she had from the first made up her mind to do; takes her seat at a grand piano-forte, behind a couple of candles and an enormous music-book, and—crash go the keys in a thundering prelude, (the pedal, and every other means of increasing the noise being unscrupulously resorted to,) which, after superhuman exertions, lands her in what, to our affrighted and stunned ears, is evidently the key of Z flat! Who would have thought those delicate hands could thus descend with the vigour of a pavior’s hammer on the unhappy ivories, that groan and shriek beneath the infliction, as though fully sensible of the surpassing cruelty with which they are treated.

But hark! she sings—“Romè, Romè, thou art *n’more*,” (*sic*)—a furious scramble on the keys, with a concluding bang—“On thy seven hills thou satt’st of yore;”—another still more desperate and discordant flourish, which continues alternating with her “most sweet voice,” till she has piped through the whole of her song: when the group around, apprehensive of a repetition of the torture to which they have been subjected, overwhelm her with thanks and expressions of admiration, under cover of which they hurry her to her seat. Such is the stuff palmed off on us, varied as it is by glees, screamed out by four voices all in different keys; solos, squeaked out by stout gentlemen, and roared by pale lanky lads of eighteen; duets by young ladies, who accidentally set out on discordant notes, and don’t find out the mistake till they come to the finale; with

occasionally a psalm crooned by worthy sexagenarians, guiltless alike of ear and voice, but who, seeming to think it a duty to add their mite to the inexpressible dissonance, perform the same to the unmixed dismay of all their hearers.

We would far rather hear an unpretending street organ than such abominations; and, indeed, some of the itinerant music is, to our unsophisticated ears, sweet beyond expression, especially when accompanied, as it is sometimes, by a rich Italian or reedy German voice; for whose sake we can forgive the tuneless squalls that too often greet our ears from ambulatory minstrels, be they of the Madonna, or fishy, Dutch-swamp style of beauty. A sweet-toned street organ, heard in the distance, when all around is still, is not a thing to be despised, by those who have music enough in their souls to respond to the slightest touches of Apollo’s lyre. If the heart be but attuned to harmony, it will vibrate to the simplest notes, faint though they be; as by the wafting of the evening breeze among the chords of a neglected harp, sadly hung upon the willows; it will cherish the feeblest idea, and nurture it into perfect melody. As love begets love, so does harmony beget its kind in the heart of him who can strike the keynote of nature, and listen to the wild and solemn sounds that swell from her mysterious treasure-house, and echo among her “eternal hills,” while the celestial arch concludes and re-affirms the wondrous cadence. But these are secrets revealed to none but her loving worshipper; he who, with a reverential homage, seeks the hidden recesses of her temple, to bend in awe before her purest shrine. From him who lingers heedlessly in her antechamber with faint loyalty, they are deeply veiled, and the glowing revelations of her favoured ones seem but as the recital of a dream to his cold heart: for “to love is to know.”

But surely of all instruments, the violin, first-rately played, is the most—yes, we will say it—heavenly. Hark! to the clear, vocal melody, now rapturously rising in one soul-exalting strain, anon melting away in the saddest, tenderest lament, as though the soft summer breeze sighed forth a requiem over the dying graces of its favourite flower; then burst-

ing forth in haughty, triumphant notes, swept in gusts from the impassioned strings, as though instinct with life, and glowing with disdain. Any one may see that painters are no musicians, else had they furnished their angels not with harps—beautiful and sparkling as the sea-foam, as are their most graceful chords—but with this, of all instruments the most musical, whose tones admit of more variety than any, (the Proteus organ alone excepted,) and whose delicious long-drawn notes must entrance every one not absolutely soulless. Oh, they are excruciatingly delightful! And yet you shall hear this identical violin, in the hands of an everyday performer, emit such squeals and screams as shall set your teeth on edge for a twelvemonth, curdle your whole frame, and make you vehemently anathematize all benevolent institutions for the relief of deafness.

Verily your violin is an exclusive instrument, and approachable by none but the eldest born of Apollo, who, in all the majesty of hereditary prerogative, calmly sway the dominions of their sire; while usurpers (as is the meed of all who grasp unrighteous

rule) are plunged in utter confusion and ruin.

Warming with our theme, and impatient to manifest our royal descent, in a paroxysm of enthusiasm we clutch our Cremona, clasp him lovingly to our shoulder, and high waving in air our magical bow, which is to us a sceptre, bring it down with a crash, exulting in the immortal harmony about to gush, like a mountain torrent, from the teeming strings; when lo! to our unmitigated disgust, it glides noiselessly along its hitherto resounding path, for—ye gods and little fishes!—some murderous wretch, at the instigation of we know not what evil sprite, has *greased* the horse-hair, for which we solemnly devote him to the “bowstring,” the first time he is caught napping.

Well, it is over now, and we find ourselves once more on earth, after knocking our head against the stars; and, ——— bless us! we have sat the fire out, having precisely one inch of candle left to go to bed by.

Good night, dearest reader. Can you find your way in the dark?

M. J.

THE PURPLE CLOAK; OR, THE RETURN OF SYLOSON TO SAMOS.

HEROD. III. 139.

I.

THE king sat on his lofty throne in Susa's palace fair,
And many a stately Persian lord, and satrap proud, was there:
Among his councillors he sat, and justice did to all—
No suppliant e'er went unredrest from Susa's palace-hall.

II.

There came a slave and louted low before Darius' throne,
“A wayworn suppliant waits without—he is poor and all alone,
And he craves a boon of thee, oh king! for he saith that he has done
Good service, in the olden time, to Hystaspes' royal son.”

III.

“Now lead him hither,” quoth the king; “no suppliant e'er shall wait,
While I am lord in Susa's halls, unheeded at the gate;
And speak thy name, thou wanderer poor, I pray thee let me know
To whom the king of Persia's land this ancient debt doth owe.”

IV.

The stranger bow'd before the king—and thus began to speak—
Full well, I ween, his garb was worn, and with sorrow pale his cheek,
But his air was free and noble, and proudly flash'd his eye,
As he stood unknown in that high hall, and thus he made reply—

V.

“From Samos came I, mighty king, and Syloson my name;
My brother was Polycrates, a chief well known to fame;
That brother drove me from my home—a wanderer forth I went—
And since that hour my weary soul has never known content!

VI.

"Methinks I need not tell to thee my brother's mournful fate ;
He lies within his bloody grave—a churl usurps his state—
Mœandrius lords it o'er the land, my brother's base-born slave ;
Restore me to that throne, oh king ! this, this, the boon I crave.

VII.

"Nay, start not ; let me tell my tale ! I pray thee look on me,
And, prince, thou soon shalt know the cause that I ask this gift of thee ;
Round Persia's king a bristling ring of spearmen standeth now,
But when Cambyzes wore the crown—a wanderer poor wast thou !

VIII.

"Remember'st not, oh king ! the day when, in old Memphis town,
Upon the night ye won the fight, thou wast pacing up and down ?
The costly cloak that then I wore, its colours charm'd thy eye—
In sooth it was a gorgeous robe, of purple Tyrian dye—

IX.

"Let base-born peasants buy and sell, I gave that cloak to thee !
And for that gift on thee bestow'd, grant thou this boon to me—
I ask not silver, ask not gold—I ask of thee to stand
A prince once more on Samos' shore—my own ancestral land !"

X.

"Oh ! best and noblest," quoth the king, "thou ne'er shalt rue the day,
When to Cambyzes' spearman poor thou gav'st thy cloak away ;
The faithless eye each well-known form and feature may forget,
But the deeds of generous kindness done—the heart remembers yet.

XI.

"To-day thou art a wanderer sad, but thou shalt sit, erelong,
Within thy fair ancestral halls, and hear the minstrel's song ;
To-day thou art a homeless man—to-morrow thou shalt stand—
A conqueror and a sceptred king—upon thy native land.

XII.

"A cloud is on thy brow to-day—thy lot is poor and low,
To all who gaze on thee thou seem'st a man of want and wo ;
But thou shalt drain the bowl erelong within thy own bright isle,
A wreath of roses round thy head, and on thy brow a smile."

XIII.

And he called the proud Otanes, one of the seven was he
Who laid the Magian traitor low, and set their country free ;
And he bade him man a gallant fleet, and sail without delay,
To the pleasant isle of Samos, in the fair Icarian bay.

XIV.

"To place yon chief on Samos' throne, Otanes, be thy care,
But bloodless let thy victory be, his Samian people spare !"
For thus the generous chieftain said, when he made his high demand,
"I had rather still an exile roam, than waste my native land."

PART II.

I.

Oh, "monarchs' arms are wondrous long !"* their power is wondrous great,
But not to them 'tis given to stem the rushing tide of fate.
A king may man a gallant fleet, an island fair may give,
But can he blunt the sword's sharp edge, or bid the dead to live ?

* Greek proverb.

II.

They leave the strand, that gallant band, their ships are in the bay,
It was a glorious sight, I ween, to view that proud array ;
And there, amid the Persian chiefs, himself he holds the helm,
Sits lovely Samos' future lord—he comes to claim his realm !

III.

Mœandrius saw the Persian fleet come sailing proudly down,
And his troops he knew were all too few to guard a leaguer'd town ;
So he laid his crown and sceptre down, his recreant life to save—
Who thus resigns a kingdom fair deserves to be a slave.

IV.

He calls his band—he seeks the strand—they grant him passage free—
“ And shall they then,” his brother cried, “ have a bloodless victory ?
No—grant me but those spears of thine, and I soon to them shall show,
There yet are men in Samos left to face the Persian foe.”

V.

The traitor heard his brother's word, and he gave the youth his way ;
“ An empty land, proud Syloson, shall lie beneath thy sway.”
That youth has arm'd those spearmen stout—three hundred men in all—
And on the Persian chiefs they fell, before the city's wall.

VI.

The Persian lords before the wall were sitting all in state,
They deem'd the island was at peace—they reck'd not of their fate ;
When on them came the fiery youth*—with desperate charge he came—
And soon lay weltering in his gore full many a chief of fame.

VII.

The outrage rude Otanes view'd, and fury fired his breast—
And to the winds the chieftain cast his monarch's high behest.
He gave the word, that angry lord—“ War, war unto the death !”
Then many a scimitar flash'd forth impatient from its sheath.

VIII.

Through Samos wide, from side to side, the carnage is begun,
And ne'er a mother there is seen, but mourns a slaughter'd son ;
From side to side, through Samos wide, Otanes hurls his prey,
Few, few, are left in that fair isle, their monarch to obey !

IX.

The new-made monarch sits in state in his loved ancestral bow'rs,
And he bids his minstrel strike the lyre, and he crowns his head with flow'rs ;
But still a cloud is on his brow—where is the promised smile ?
And yet he sits a sceptred king—in his own dear native isle.

X.

Oh ! Samos dear, my native land ! I tread thy courts again—
But where are they, thy gallant sons ? I gaze upon the slain—
“ A dreary kingdom mine, I ween,” the mournful monarch said,
“ Where are my subjects good and true ? I reign but o'er the dead !

XI.

“ Ah ! woe is me—I would that I had ne'er to Susa gone,
To ask that fatal boon of thee, Hystaspes' generous son.
Oh, deadly fight ! oh, woeful sight ! to greet a monarch's eyes !
All desolate—my native land, reft of her children, lies !”

XII.

Thus mourn'd the chief—and no relief his regal state could bring.
O'er such a drear unpeopled waste, oh ! who would be a king ?
And still, when desolate a land, and her sons all swept away,
“ The waste domain of Syloson,” 'tis call'd unto this day !

* “ The fiery youth, with desperate charge,
Made for a space an opening large.”—MARMION.

LOVE AND DEATH.

O STRONG as the Eagle,
 O mild as the Dove!
 How like, and how unlike,
 O Death and O Love!

Knitting Earth to the Heaven,
 The Near to the Far—
 With the step on the dust,
 And the eyes on the star!

Interweaving, commingling,
Both rays from God's light!
 Now in sun, now in shadow,
 Ye shift to the sight!

Ever changing the sceptres
 Ye bear—as in play;
 Now Love as Death rules us,
 Now Death has Love's sway!

Why wails so the New-born?
 Love gave it the breath.
 The soul sees Love's brother—
 Life enters on Death!

Why that smile the wan lips
 Of the dead man above?
 The soul sees Death changing
 Its shape into Love.

So confused and so blending
 Each twin with its brother,
 The frown of one melts
 In the smile of the other.

Love warms where Death withers,
 Death blights where Love blooms;
 Death sits by our cradles,
 Love stands by our tombs!

EDWARD LYTTON BULWER.

Nov. 9, 1843.

THE BRIDGE OVER THE THUR.

FROM THE GERMAN.—GUSTAV SCHWAB.

SPURNING the loud THUR's headlong march,
 Who hath stretcht the stony arch?
 That the wayfarer blesses his path!
 That the storming river wastes his wrath!

Was it a puissant prince, in quelling
 This watery vassal, oft rebelling?—
 Or earthly Mars, the bar o'erleaping,
 That wrong'd his war of its onward sweeping?

Did yon high-nesting Castellan
 Lead the brave Street, for horse and man?
 And, the whiles his House creeps under the grass,
 The Road, that he built, lies fair to pass?

Nay! not for the Bridge, which ye look upon,
Manly hest knit stone with stone.
The loved word of a woman's mouth
Bound the thundering chasm with a rocky growth.

She, in turret, who sitteth lone,
Listing the broad stream's heavier groan,
Kenning the flow, from his loosen'd fountains,
From the clouds, that have wash'd a score of mountains.

A skiff she notes, by the shelvy marge,
Wont deftly across to speed its charge;
Now jumping and twisting, like leaf on a lynn,
Wo! if a foot list cradle therein!

Sooner, than hath she THOUGHT her FEELING,
With travellers twain is the light plank reeling.
Who are they? . . . Marble watcher! Who?
Thy beautiful, youthful, only two!

Coming, glad, from the greenwood slaughter,
They reach the suddenly-swollen water;
But the nimble, strong, and young,
Boldly into the bark have sprung.

The game in the forest fall, stricken and bleeding;
Those river-waves are of other breeding!
And the shriek of the mother helpeth not,
At seeing turn upwards the keel of the boat.

Whilst her living pulses languish,
As she taketh in her anguish,
By the roar, her soul which stuns,
On the corpses of her sons.

Needs must she upon the mothers think,
Who yet may stand beholding sink,
Under the hastily-roused billow,
Sons, upthriven to be their pillow.

Till, in her deeply-emptied bosom,
There buds a melancholy blossom,
Tear-nourisht:—the will the wo to spare
To others, which hath left her bare.

Ere doth her sorrow a throe abate,
Is chiseling and quarrying, early, late.
The hoarse flood chafes, with straiten'd tides:
Aloft, the proud Arch climbs and strides.

How her eyes, she fastens on frolicsome boys,
O'er the stone way racing, with careless noise.
Hark!—hark!—the wild Thur, how he batters his rocks!
But YE gaze, laugh, and greet the gruff chider, with mocks.

Or, she vieweth with soft footfall,
Mothers, following their children all.
A gleam of pleasure, a spring of yearning,
Sweetens her tears, dawns into her mourning.

And her pious work endureth!
And her pain a slumber cureth!
Heareth not yonder torrent's jars!
Hath her young sons above the stars!

THE BANKING-HOUSE.

A HISTORY IN THREE PARTS. PART II.

CHAPTER I.

A NEGOTIATION.

It is vastly amusing to contemplate the activity and perseverance which are exhibited in the regard shown by every man for his individual interests. Be our faults what they may—and our neighbours are not slow to discover them—it is very seldom indeed that we are charged with remissness in this respect. So far from this being the case, a moralist of the present day, in a work of no mean ability, has undertaken to prove that selfishness is the great and crying evil of the age. Without venturing to affirm so wholesale a proposition, which necessarily includes in its censure professors and professions *par excellence* unsecular and liberal, we may be permitted in charity to express our regret, that the rewards apportioned to good men in heaven are not bestowed upon those in whom the selfish principle is most rampant, instead of being strictly reserved for others in whom it is least influential; since it is more pleasing to consider celestial joys in connexion with humanity at large, than with an infinitesimal minority of mortals.

Whilst Michael Allcraft coolly and designedly looked around him, in the hope of fixing on the prey he had resolved to find—whilst, cautious as the midnight housebreaker, who dreads lest every step may wake his sleeping victim, he almost feared to do what most he had at heart, and strove by ceaseless effort to bring into his face the show of indifference and repose;—whilst he was thus engaged, there were many, on the other hand, eager and impatient to crave from him, as for a boon, all that he himself was but too willing to bestow. Little did Michael guess, on his eventful wedding day, as his noble equipage rattled along the public roads, what thoughts were passing in the minds of some who marked him as he went, and followed him with longing eyes. His absorbing passion, his exhilaration and delight, did not suffer him to see one thin and anxious-looking gen-

tleman, who, spyglass in hand, sat at his cottage window, and brought as near as art allowed—not near enough to satisfy him—the entranced and happy pair. That old man, with nine times ten thousand pounds safe and snug in the stocks, was miserable to look at, and as miserable in effect. He was a widower, and had a son at Oxford, a wild, scapegrace youth, who had never been a joy to him, but a trial and a sorrow even from his cradle. Such punishments there are reserved for men—such visitations for the sins our fathers wrought, too thoughtless of their progeny. How the old man envied the prosperous bridegroom, and how vainly he wished that his boy might have done as well; and how through his small grey eye, the labouring tear-drops oozed, as he called fresh to mind again all that he had promised himself at the birth of his unhappy prodigal! What would he not give to recover and reform the wayward boy? The thought occurred to him, and he daltied with it for his pleasure. “If I could but settle him with this young Allcraft! Why should it not be done? I will give him all I have at once, if necessary, and live in a garret, if it will save my poor Augustus. I will speak to him on his return. What a companion and example for my boy! Open and straightforward—steady as a rock—as rich as Croesus. Most certainly I’ll see him. I knew his father. I’ll not grudge a few thousands to establish him. Stick him to business, and he shall do yet.” The equipage rolled on as unconscious of the old man’s dreams as were its animated inmates; and in due time it passed a massive lodge, which led through green and winding paths to the finest park and mansion in the parish. Close to the lodge’s porch there stood a tall and gloomy-looking man, neatly dressed—alone. His arms were folded, and he eyed the carriage thoughtfully and seriously, as though he had an interest there,

known to himself, and to no one else. He was a very proud man that—the owner of this vast estate, master of unnumbered acres, and feared rather than loved by the surrounding people. Wealth is the most royal of despots—the autocrat of all the world. Men whose sense of liberty forbids them to place their worst passions under wise control, will crawl in fetters to lick the basest hand well smeared with gold. There was not an individual who could say a good word for the squire behind his back. You would hardly believe it, if you saw individual and squire face to face. And there he stood, with as ill-omened a visage as ever brought blight upon a party of pleasure. He watched the panting horses out of sight—opened his gate, and walked the other way. He, like the old man, had his plans, and an itching for a share in Michael Allcraft's fortune. How he, so wealthy and respected, could need a part of it, remains a mystery at present. The squire knew his business. He went straightway to the banking-house, and made enquiry respecting Allcraft's destination. He gained intelligence, and followed him at once. They met abroad—they returned home in company. They became great friends, and within three months—PARTNERS. And the old man had been, as he threatened to be, very busy likewise. He had fought his son's battle very hardly and very successfully, as he believed, and with twenty thousand pounds had purchased for him a junior partner's interest in the estate. The hopeful boy was admitted into the concern during his residence in Oxford. He had never been seen, but his father was a man of substance, well known and esteemed. The character which he gave with his son was undeniable. Its truth could not be questioned, backed as it was by so liberal an advance.

Let it not be supposed that Michael, in his anxiety to involve other men in his own fearful responsibility, was injudicious enough to act without all forethought and consideration. Not he. He had inherited from his sire the valuable faculty of detecting the wishes and views of men in their external evidences. On the countenances of men he read their hearts. It did not take long to discover that the venerable Mr Brammel and the haughty Mr Bellamy were bent upon the partner-

ship, and would secure it at any cost. Satisfied of this, like a lazy and plethoric fish he kept within sight of his bait, close upon it, without deigning for a time as much as a nibble. It was his when he chose to bite. But there were deep enquiries to make, and many things to do, before he could implicate himself so far. In every available quarter he sought information respecting the one partner, and the father of the other, and of both; the intelligence that he received well repaid his trouble. Nothing could be more promising and satisfactory. Nor did he content himself with such arms against the selfishness of gentlemen, who, he was shrewd enough to know, were seeking only their own advantage in their earnest desire of a union with him. He had an eye to the balance of power. Two men, united and active, in the firm, pulling together on all occasions, might, not by one blow perhaps, but in the course of time, and by accumulating force and skill, oust him from his present elevated and natural position. Once admit them to authority, and the limits of their dominion must be prescribed by their own sense of honour, or by the opportunities afforded them of supremacy and independent action. Michael the impulsive saw and felt this most acutely, and took occasion, from their eagerness, to insure a proper equilibrium of the forces before permitting them to coalesce. There lived in the same city with Michael, and within a quarter of a mile of the banking-house, an individual to whom he turned his thoughts in his emergency. Mr Planner was his name, and his character is worth more than a mere passing observation. He was a study for an artist—a lesson for mankind. He was a man of surprising abilities, ill directed, and badly educated; at any period of his life capable of any thing—to the last moment of his existence accomplishing nothing. From a child he had displayed a love of admiration and applause, a craving after superiority and distinction, a burning ambition for fame. He had the body of a giant, and a giant's mental apparatus. But with all his gifts, physical and spiritual, all his energies and aims, he arrived at middle life a melancholy spectacle of failure and incompetency. There was no one object which he could pursue with stea-

diness and patience—no single mark to which he could perseveringly apply the combined powers of his gifted intellect. He frittered his faculties upon a hundred trifles, never concentrated them upon a worthy purpose once. Pride, emulation, and the internal consciousness of strength, led him, year after year, and day after day, into difficulties and trials, and carried him through them only to drag him into deeper. There was no one man whom he would allow to perform any one thing so skilfully as himself. There was no branch of knowledge into which he did not grope his way, and from which he would not manage to extract sufficient learning to render his conceit intolerable, and his opposition dangerous to a more erudite antagonist. He could build a church—dam a river—form a company—warm a house—cool a room—one and all he would undertake at a minute's notice, and engage to execute better than any person living. He asserted it with confidence, and you believed him when he spoke with all the earnestness of self-conviction and of truth. He despised all works—all theories but his own; and these were unapproachable, inimitable. He wrote with his own invented pen, used his own ink, sat on his own chair, made with his own incomparable tools. Men were ignorant, behind their age—burdened with superstitions, clogged by false principles. This was a text from which he never ceased to preach. As a youth he was engaged in profitable business. Before he reached his thirtieth year he had realized a handsome competency. He retired from his occupation, and went abroad to found a city across the ocean, with views that were unknown to man, and which, well carried out, must prove infallible. He chose a spot removed from civilized society—lived for three years amongst a tribe of savages, and came home at last without a farthing in his scrip—beggared but not depressed. He had dwelt for many months in a district of swamps, and he had discovered a method of draining lands cheaper and more effectual than any hitherto attempted. He contracted to empty some thousand acres—began his work, succeeded for a time, and failed at last, from having falsely calculated his expenses, and for lack of means to carry out

his plans. There were few public matters in which Mr Planner did not meddle. He wrote pamphlets, and “hints,” and “original views” by dozens. His articles on the currency and corn-laws were full of racy hits and striking points—his criticisms on the existing state of art worthy of the artist's best attention. The temper of Mr Planner was such as might be expected from such a mass of arrogance and conceit. A man who, in the easiness of his heart, would listen humbly, patiently, approvingly to Mr Planner, must pronounce the ardent character an angel. The remarkable docility which Mr Planner evinced under such treatment, was only to be equalled by the volubility and pleasure with which he communicated his numerous and ingenious ideas. Sceptics—nay, men who had ventured only to contend for the soundness of their preconceived ideas, and who had been met with a torrent of vituperation and reproach in consequence—did not hesitate to call Mr Planner—the devil incarnate. Such as he was, he had become an agent and a tool in the hands of Allcraft's father. Michael had been his friend for years, and Planner liked the boy who had ever regarded him with awe and veneration. The youth had been taught by his parent to note the faults and inconsistencies of his character; but these had not rendered him insensible to the talents which had commanded even that discerning parent's respect and admiration. It was this personage, for some years the hanger-on at the bank, and the traveller and negotiator of many things for Allcraft senior, whose name suggested to Michael the means of providing against the encroachments of his future brethren. Planner could be relied upon. The smallest possible interest in the business would excite in him a corresponding interest in its prosperity, and secure his steadiness and good behaviour. Why not offer it then, and make his entrance into the firm a *sine qua non* in the bargain with Bellamy and Brammell? He revolved the matter, and saw no real objection to it. Planner was reputed a first-rate accountant; his services would be important, no remuneration could be too great, provided he would settle down, and fix his energies upon the one great object of advancing the welfare of the esta-

blishment. His friendship was secured, and a word or two would suffice to gain his faithful support and co-operation. So far from his becoming burdensome and useless in the bank, his talents would be in every way desirable. A coadjutor, such as he might be, firm and trusty, was invaluable. And why should he not be? A day had been fixed for accepting or rejecting the propositions of the gentlemen. The time was drawing on, when Michael visited his friend to sound him on his purpose.

Planner lived in a very humble part of a very humble house, in a very humble street. The two-pair back was his domain, and his territory was less adorned than crowded with the evidences of his taste and handiwork. In the remote corner of his unclean apartment was a lathe for turning ivory—near it the material, a monstrous elephant's tusk. Shelves, carried round the room, supported bottles of various sizes, externally very dirty, and internally what you please; for eyes could not penetrate so far, and determine the contents. A large label, crowning all, announced them to be "samples." Books were strewed every where—manuscripts met you at every turn. The walls were filled with charts and drawings; one of the former representing the field of Waterloo, dissected and intersected, with a view to prove Lord Wellington guilty of winning a battle, which, in conformity with every law of strategy, he should have lost. One drawing was a rough sketch of his unhappy swamp; another, the elaborate delineation of a hydraulic pump. In the niche corresponding to that in which the lathe was fixed, there was a small iron bedstead; and in this, although it was nearly noon when Michael paid his friendly visit, Mr Allcraft caught sight of Mr Planner when he opened the door, in obedience to the very sharp and loud voice which invited him to "walk in." The ingenious gentleman had breakfasted. The tea things were on a stool at his side. He wore his nightcap, and he was busy in examining a crimson liquid, which he held in a glass close to his eyes. "That man was murdered, Allcraft!" exclaimed Mr Planner after the briefest possible salutation. "Murdered, as I am a living Christian!"

"What man?" asked Allcraft.

"Him they hanged last week for

poisoning his father. What was the evidence? Why, when they opened the body, they found a grain or two of arsenic. Hang a man upon that! A pretty state of things—look here, sir—look here!"—and he pointed triumphantly to his crimson liquid.

"What is that, Mr Planner?" inquired the visitor.

"What? My blood, sir. I opened a vein the very day they hanged him. I suspected it all along, and there it is. There is more arsenic there, sir, than they found in the entire carcass of that man. Arsenic! Why, it's a prime ingredient in the blood. This it is to live in the clouds. Talk of dark ages—when shall we get light?"

"I was not aware, Mr Planner,"

"Of course you were not. How should you be? It is the interest of the ruling powers to darken the intellect of society. Why am I kept down? Why don't I prosper? Why don't my works sell? Ah, Allcraft—put that small pamphlet in your pocket—there it is—under the model—take care what you are about—don't break it—there, that's right! What is it called?"

"Popular delusions."

"Ah, true enough!—put it into your pocket and read it. If Pitt could be alive to read it!—Well, never mind! I say, Allcraft, how does that back room flue get on—any smoke now?"

"None."

"No. I should think not. Michael, I must say it, though the old gentleman is dead, he was one of the hardest fellows to move I ever met. He would have been smoke-dried—suffocated, years ago, if it hadn't been for me. I was the first man that ever sent smoke up that chimney. Nobody could do it, sir. A fellow came from London, tried, and failed."

"It is a pity, Mr Planner, that, with abilities like yours, you have not been more successful in life. Pardon me if I say that success would have made you a quieter and a happier man."

"Ah, Michael, so your father used to say! Well, I don't know—people are such fools. They will not think for themselves, and they are ready to crush any one who offers to think for them. It has ever been so. Men in advance of their generation have always fared badly. Ages ago they

were put to death cruelly and violently. Now they are left to starve, and die. The creatures are ignorant, but they are worse than that; they are selfish and jealous, and will rather sit in gloom, than owe light, and confess they owe it, to a fellow mortal and a superior spirit."

"I am afraid, Mr Planner, after such an observation, that you will hardly give me credit for the feeling which has induced me to visit you this morning."

"You are a good fellow, Michael. You were always a generous-hearted lad—an exception to the general rule. When you were five years old, you used to share your biscuits with me. It was a fine trait in your character. Proceed."

"You are aware, Mr Planner, that through my father's death increased responsibilities have come upon me."

"You may say that. He never would take my advice about the bank-notes. Stop—remind me before you go, of the few hints to bankers, which I drew up. You will do well to look at them. You'll see the advantages of my system of paper issues. Your father, sir, was stone-blind to his own interests—but I am interrupting you."

"I have for some time past determined to associate with me in the bank, two gentlemen of noble fortunes and the first respectability. I would not willingly carry on the concern alone, and the accession of two such gentlemen as I describe, cannot but be in every way desirable."

"Humph—go on."

"Now Mr Planner, you are a very, very old friend of my father's, and I know he valued your advice as it deserved to be."

"The old gentleman was good in the main, Michael."

"Had he been aware of my position, he would have recommended the step which I am about to adopt. Mr Planner, I am young, and therefore inexperienced. These gentlemen are very worthy persons no doubt; indeed, I am assured they are; still, they

are comparatively strangers to me, and I am certain you would advise me to be most cautious."

"Proceed."

"What I feel to want is the constant presence of a friend—one who, from personal attachment, may have my welfare and interest at heart, and form as it were a second self at all times—let me be present or absent—and absent I must be very often—you perceive?"

"Precisely."

"A sort of counterpoise to the opposite weight, in fact, if I may be allowed to call it so. Now, I can sincerely affirm that I know no person, Mr Planner, in whom I could rely so entirely and unreservedly as yourself; and nothing would give me greater pleasure than to serve a man so highly gifted, so long connected with our family by the closest friendship. If you think the occupation of a banker suitable to your present tastes, I believe that I can offer you an appointment worthy your serious consideration."

Mr Planner rose in his bed, and grasped firmly the hand of Mr Michael Allcraft. The latter sat at the bedside until past three o'clock, and then retired, leaving his friend in a state of great mental excitement. When Michael, upon taking his departure, reached the street door, he stopped short, and retraced his steps. Entering the apartment for a second time, he discovered Mr Planner in his night clothes, standing before a looking glass, and repeating one of his own compositions in a voice of thunder, and with the most vehement gesticulation.

"I beg your pardon. You told me to remind you, Planner, of your hints to bankers. Have you the book handy?"

"It is here, Michael. Read it attentively, my boy—trust to me. I'll make the house's name ring throughout the country. Don't forget what I have said. We must have a new façade to the old building after a while. I have such a plan for it!"

CHAPTER II.

A LULL.

Allcraft, Bellamy, Brammel, and Planner. It was a goodly ship that

bore the name, and fair she looked at the launching; her sails well set, her

streamers flying, and the music of men's voices cheering her on her career. Happy and prosperous be her course! We think not of winter's cold in the fervent summer time, and wreck and ruin seem impossible on the smooth surface of the laughing sea; yet cold and winter come, and the smiling, sweet-tempered ripple can awaken from slumber, and battle and storm with the heavens. Never had bark left haven with finer promises of success. We will follow her from the port, and keep watchfully in the good ship's wake.

Michael formed a just conclusion when he reckoned upon increase of business. His own marriage, and the immense wealth of his lady, had inspired the world with unbounded confidence. The names of two of his partners were household words in the county, and stood high amongst the best. A convulsion of nature may destroy the world in half an hour, as love, it is said, *may* transform a man into an oyster; but either of these contingencies was as remote as the possibility of Allcraft's failure. Silently and successfully the house went on. For a quarter of a year the sun shone brightly, and profit, and advantage, and honour, looked Michael in the face. Thriving abroad, happy at home, what did he need more? His spirit became buoyant—his heart care-free and light. He congratulated himself upon the prudence and success of his measures, and looked for his reward in the brilliant future which he had created for himself and earned. His soul was calmed; and so are the elements, fearfully and oppressively, sometimes an hour before the tempest and the storm.

At the end of three months, Michael deemed it necessary to go abroad. The heaviest of his father's debts had been contracted with a house in Lyons, and notices as to payment had been conveyed to him—*notices* as full of politeness as they were of meaning. The difficulties in which he had found himself at the death of his parent—the seriousness of his engagements—and the wariness which he had been compelled to exercise—had gone far to sober down the impetuous youth, and to endue him with the airs and habits of a man of business. He had attended to his duties at the banking-house faithfully and punctually. He had entered into its affairs with the energy

and resolution of a practical and working mind. He had given his heart to the work, and had put his shoulder to the wheel, honestly and earnestly. Whatsoever may have been his faults previously to his connexion with his partners, it is due to him to say that he was no sluggard afterwards, and that he grudged neither time nor labour that could be in any way productive to the house—could add a shilling to its profits, or a breath of reputation to its name. To pay his father's debts from the earnings of the bank—to keep those debts a secret—and to leave the fortune of his wife untouched, were the objects for which he lived, and soon began to slave. Believing that a favourable arrangement could be effected with his father's creditors, he determined to visit them in person. He had not been absent from the bank even for a day; and now, before he could quit it with comfort, he deemed it necessary to have a few parting words with his right hand and factotum, Planner.

Planner was the only member of the firm who lived in the establishment. His specimens, his bottles, his maps, and drawings, had been removed to a spacious apartment over the place of business, and he rejoiced in the possession of an entire first floor. His bed-room had now a distinct existence. He had not enjoyed it for a week, before the water with which he performed his daily ablutions was insinuated by a cunning contrivance through the ceiling, and dismissed afterwards, as cleverly, through the floor. Hot water came through the wall at any hour of the day, and a constant artificial ventilation was maintained around his bed by night and day. There was no end to the artifices which the chamber exhibited. Michael, although he lived at a considerable distance from the bank, was always the first at his post, after Planner himself. He arrived unusually early on the day fixed for his visit to the Continent. Planner and he sat for an hour together, and in the course of their conversation, words to the following effect escaped them:—

"You will be careful and attentive, Planner. Let me hear from you by every post. Do not spare ink and paper."

"Trust me. I shall not forget it. But don't you miss the opportunity,

Alleraft, of doing something with those mines. Your father wouldn't touch them—but he repented it. I tell you, Michael, if we bought them, and worked them ourselves, we might coin money! I'd go abroad and see the shafts sunk. I could save a fortune in merely setting them to rights."

"It is rather strange, Planner, that Brammel is so long absent. He should come home, and settle down to work. It isn't well to be away. It hasn't a fair appearance to the world. You saw his father yesterday. What said he?"

"Oh, that young Brammel had a good many things to arrange in Oxford and in the neighbourhood, and would soon be back now. But never mind him, Alleraft. Between ourselves, he is better where he is; he is a horrible ass."

"Hush. So he is, Planner, but he must not run wild. We must keep him at home. He has been a ractory one, and I fear he is not much better now. I question whether I should have received him here, if I had known as much of him at first as I have heard lately. But his father deceived me."

"Queer old man that, Michael! How he takes the boy's part always, and how frightened he seems lest you should think too badly of him. Young Brammel will have every farthing of the old man's money at his death. A pretty sum, too. A hundred thousand pounds, isn't it?"

"Well, Planner, let me know when he returns. That was a curious report about his marriage. Can it be true?"

"His father denies it, but you mustn't trust the old sinner when he talks about his son. He'll lie through thick and thin for him. They do say he lived with the girl at the time he was at college, and married her at last because her brother threatened to kick him."

"Nonsense, Planner."

"Why nonsense? More than half the marriages you hear of are scarcely a whit better. What are the rules for a correct match? Who obeys them? Where do you ever hear, now-a-days, of a proper marriage? People are inconsistent in this respect as in other things. A beauty marries a beast. A philosopher weds a fool. They can't tell you why, but they do it. It's the perversity of human nature."

"I shall look sharp after Brammel."

"Take my advice, Michael, and look after the mines. Brammel can take care of himself, or his wife and brother-in-law can do it. The timber on the property will realize the purchase-money."

"Well, we shall see; but here is Mr Bellamy. Mind you write to me, and be explicit and particular."

"I shall do it, Michael."

"And mark, Planner; prudence—prudence."

And so saying, Michael advanced to Bellamy with a smiling countenance. An hour afterwards, both he and his lovely bride were comfortably seated in a post-chaise and four, admiring the garden-land of Kent, and speeding to Dover fast as their horses could carry them.

CHAPTER III.

A SWEET COUPLE.

The very emphatic and somewhat vulgar expression of Mr Planner, was by no means ill-chosen to express the character of Augustus Theodore Brammel. He had been lovingly spoiled from his cradle—humoured and ruined with the most praiseworthy care and perseverance. His affectionate parents had studiously neglected the few goodly shoots which the youth had brought into the world with him, and had embarked all their energies in the cultivation of the weeds

that grew noxious and numerous around the unhappy boy's heart. His mother lived to see her darling expelled from Eton—the father to see much worse, and yet not the worst that the hopeful one was doomed to undergo. Gross vices, if not redeemed, are rendered less hideous by intellectual power and brilliancy. Associated with impotency and ignorance, they are disgusting beyond expression. Augustus Brammel was the most sensual and self-engrossed of men—

the most idle and dissipated; and, as if these were not enough to render him an object of the deepest aversion, he was as self-willed, thick-headed, overbearing a dunce as ever moved a man to that contempt "which wisdom holds unlawful ever;" and Brammel was not only a fool, but a conceited, upstart, irritating fool. He considered himself the shrewdest of mortals, and presumed to dictate, to be impertinent, to carry matters with a high hand and a flourish. As for modesty, the word was not in his dictionary. He had never known its meaning; and therefore, perhaps, in justice is not to be blamed for the want of it. Augustus, being a great blusterer, was of course a low coward. He bullied, oppressed, and crushed the helpless and the weak, who were avenged as often as he cowered and sneaked beneath the look of the strong and the brave. The companions and friends of such creatures as Brammel, are generally selected from the lower grades of life. The tone of feeling found amongst the worst members of these classes, harmonizes with their own. They think the like thoughts, talk the same language. They are led to them by the true Satanic impulse, for it is their triumph to reign in hell—their misery to serve in heaven. Flattered by the dregs and refuse of society, they endeavour to forget that they are avoided, spurned, trodden on, by any thing higher. Just when it was too late to profit by the discovery, old Brammel found out his mistake; and then he sagaciously vowed, that if his time were to come over again, he would educate his boy in a very different manner. His first attempt had certainly been a failure. Augustus had been rusticated at the university; he had run away from his home; he had committed all kinds of enormity. He had passed weeks in the sinks of London, and had been discovered at last by his heartbroken parent amongst the stews of Shadwell, in a fearful state of disease and destitution. Years were passed in proceedings of this nature, and every attempt at recovery proved abortive and useless. His debts had been discharged a dozen times, and on every occasion under a solemn engagement that it should be the last. When Brammel senior signed the deed of partnership on behalf of his son, the

latter, as I have already said, was in Oxford, having returned to the university only a month before, at the termination of his period of banishment. Whilst the father was engaged in publishing the imaginary virtues of his son to most admiring listeners, the promising youth himself was passing his days in the very agreeable society of Miss Mary Anne Waters, the eldest daughter of the cook of his college—a young lady with some pretension to beauty, but none whatever to morality, being neither more nor less than Mr Augustus Brammel's very particular and *chère amie*. The letter which arrived with the unwelcome intelligence of the arrangement, found the charming pair together. A specimen of their discourse at the time, will show the temper with which the communication was received.

"I sha'n't go," ejaculated the youth. "I can't be nailed down to a desk. What business had the old man to do any thing without me? Why can't he mind his own affairs? He's old and ugly enough. It's cursed impudence in him, and that's a fact."

"Oh ducky!" interposed Miss Mary Anne, with a rueful face, "I know how it will be. You'll have to go home for good, and you won't think of me no more."

"Don't you bother yourself. I sha'n't do any thing of the kind. If I go home, Molly, you go with me."

"Do you mean it, dear bless-ed?"

"Don't I? that's all. I say it is blasted impertinent in the old man, and I shall tell him so. I shall have blunt enough when his toes are up. What is the good of working for more?"

"Oh dear me, bless-ed!"

"What is the matter, old girl?"

"If you should ever forget me!"

"Don't you fear."

"I should hang myself up to the bedpost with my garters. I know I should. Don't leave me, there's a dear ducky."

"Well, haven't I said I won't?"

"Ah, you think you won't, dear bless-ed!"

"I tell you I won't."

"Yes, but when they get you up, they'll just be trying to marry you to some fine rich woman; and I am sure she won't know how to take care of you as I do. They ain't brought up to air and mend linen, to darn stock-

ings, and to tack on shirt-buttons. They'll never suit you, ducky."

"Catch me marrying a fine woman, Moll!"

"Ha, won't you though, bless-ed? Oh, dear me!" Mary Anne burst into tears.

"What's the matter, Moll, now?"

"Oh, dear ducky! I wish I was an honest woman. I might go every where with you, and not be ashamed of it either; and I do love you so. I shall die if you leave me—I know I shall!"

"But I won't leave you."

"Oh, there's a ducks! But you know what you promised me, Tiddy dear?"

"Yes, I know, Molly, and I'll keep my word with you. If father makes a partner of me, he shall make partners of both of us."

"No, do you mean it though?"

"Haven't I said it, you stupid?"

"Yes, you dear ducks of diamonds! You do look so handsome this morning! And when shall it be? If you are to go to this business, the sooner the better, you know, darling. Oh, I shall be so happy!"

Happy or not, the lady was at least successful. In the course of a week Mary Anne Waters became extinct, and from her ashes rose the surprizingly fine, and surpassingly vulgar, Mrs Augustus Brammel. Augustus, notwithstanding his vapoury insubjection, visited his father and the partners in the bank, leaving his bride in snug lodgings at a respectable distance from all. He remained a few days at the banking-house, and then absented himself on the plea of finally arranging his incompleted affairs in Oxford and elsewhere. He had engaged to return to business at the end of a month. Nearly three had passed away, and no tidings whatever had been heard of him. Allcraft, as it has been seen, grew anxious—less perhaps for his partner's safety, than for the good name and credit of the firm. He had heard of his precious doings, and reports of his inauspicious marriage were already abroad. No wonder that the cautious and apprehensive Michael trembled somewhat in his state of uncertainty. As for Mr Augustus Brammel himself, the object of his fears, he, in conformity with general custom, and especially in compliance with the wishes of his

wife, had quitted England on a wedding tour. With five hundred pounds in his purse—a sum advanced by his father to liquidate his present outstanding liabilities—he steamed from Dover on the very day that he was supposed to have reached Oxford for his final arrangements. From Boulogne, he, his wife, and suite, proceeded to Paris; and there they were, up to their eyes in the dissipation of that fascinating city, when Allcraft started on their track, followed them, unwittingly enough, from town to town, and came upon them at length in the great city itself, and in the very hotel in which they lodged. It was at night that Michael first caught sight of the runaway. And where? In a gaming-house, the most fashionable of the many legalized haunts of devils in which, not many years since, Paris abounded. Allcraft had entered upon the scene of iniquity as into a theatre, to behold a sight—the sight of human nature in its lowest, most pitiable, and melancholy garb; in its hour of degradation, craziness, and desperation. He had his recreation in such a spectacle, as men can find their pleasure in the death-struggle of a malefactor on the gibbet. He came, not to join the miserable throng that crowded round the tables, exhibiting every variety of low, unhealthy feeling; nor did he come, in truth, prepared to meet with one in whose affairs and conduct he had so deep an interest. It was with inexpressible astonishment and horror that he beheld his colleague, busy and active amongst the busiest of the crew, venturing roulean after roulean, losing stake upon stake, and growing more reckless and madder with every new defeat. For a time Michael would not, could not, believe his own eyes. It was one of the curious resemblances which we meet every now and then in life; it was any thing but what he dreaded it to be—the actual presence of Augustus Brammel. Michael retreated to a distant part of the room, and watched his man. The latter spoke. He used a disgusting English oath, and flung his last roulean across the table like a drunken fiend. The heart of Allcraft grew sick, but still he kept his eye upon the gamester. Losing his stake, Brammel quitted the apartment, and retired to a spacious saloon, splendidly furnished. He call-

ed for champagne—drank greedily—finished the bottle—returned to the gaming-room flushed and feverish—looked at the players savagely, but sottishly, for a few moments, and then left the house altogether. Michael was on his heels. The worthy Brammel stopped at many small public-houses on his road, in each drank off a glass of brandy, and so went on. Michael had patience, and kept to his partner like a leech. It was midnight when he found himself once more before his hotel.

Brammel had rung at the porter's bell, and gained admittance. A quarter of an hour afterwards Allcraft followed his example. Before he retired to rest he learnt that Brammel and himself were inmates of the same house. About eleven o'clock on the following morning, Augustus quitted his dressing-room. Michael had been waiting some hours for this operation. A few minutes afterwards Mr Brammel's servant announced a visitor. Great was the consternation of Augustus Brammel when Mr Michael Allcraft looked him in the face. First the delinquent turned very white, like a guilty man—then his colour returned to him, and he tried to laugh like an innocent and careless one; but he was not so happy in the second instance. As a third experiment, he smoothed his hair with his fingers—pointed to a chair—and held out his hand. Mrs Brammel was at the breakfast table, reading an English newspaper.

"Ah! Mr Allcraft—glad to see you—glad to see you. Out on the same business, eh? Nothing like it—first weeks of marriage are delightful—there's nothing like a honey-moon on the Continent to my thinking. Mrs Brammel, my wife—Mr Allcraft, my partner, my dear."

Mrs Brammel looked up from her newspaper and giggled.

"I cannot tell you, Mr Brammel," said Allcraft in a serious tone, "how surprised I am to find you here. Are you aware, sir, that neither your father, nor any one of your partners, have the least knowledge of your movements. You were supposed to be in England. You gave your word to return to business within a month of your departure. You have not written or given the slightest account of yourself."

"Come, that's very good, Mister. Given an account of myself, indeed! Pray, whom am I accountable to?"

"To those, sir," replied Allcraft, quickly and angrily, "with whom you are associated in business, and who have an interest in your good conduct—who suffer by your acts, and will be blamed for your folly and indiscretion."

"Come, I say, that's all very fine in you, Mr Allcraft; but what brings you here, I should like to know? Haven't I as much right to bring my wife to Paris as you have? Give and take, if you please"—

"No, bless-ed," sagely and sarcastically interposed Mrs Brammel, "I ain't so rich as Mrs Allcraft; I can't dress so fine; we ain't sich gentle-folks"—

"Mr Brammel, pray let us have no more recrimination. I have met you here by the merest chance. It is my duty to speak to you at once, and very seriously, on your position. You are mistaken if you suppose that my own pleasure has brought me here; business—important, weighty business—is the sole cause, I can assure you."

"*Ally-ally*," answered Brammel with a knowing leer, attempting a little *facetie* in French.

"I tell you the truth, sir," continued Michael, reddening with anger, "and I warn you in good time to look to yourself, and to your course of conduct. You may bring infamy upon yourself, as you have brought sorrow and anguish upon the head of your aged father; but you shall not with impunity involve and disgrace others who are strangers to you, although unfortunately connected with you by their occupation. Depend upon it, you shall not."

"My aged father, as you call him, didn't stump up all that money, I'm thinking, Mr Allcraft, to bind me apprentice. Perhaps you'd like to kick me next. I am as much a partner in that concern as you are; and if I think proper to take my lady abroad, I am at liberty to do it as well as you. You ain't the first man because you married a rich widow, and because your name begins with A. Certainly not, monswear."

"In course not, bless-ed. Besides, ducky, your name begins with B—and that's A's next door neighbour."

"You shall take your own course,

sir," proceeded Michael; "but it shall be at you own peril, and with your eyes opened. It is my part to give you good counsel. I shall do so. You may act as you then think fit."

"I haven't done any thing to disgrace you, as you call it. It is cursed impudent in you to say so."

"You have. You disgraced yourself and me, and every one associated with you, only last night, when you were pleased to exhibit to the world as a public gamester. (Augustus Theodore changed colour.) You see that your actions are observed; they will become more so. The house shall not lose its good name through your misconduct, sir. Assure yourself of that. There are means to rid ourselves of a nuisance, and to punish severely, if we choose to use them."

"What do you mean by punish?" asked Augustus, unfeignedly alarmed by his partner's threat, and yet not liking to be bullied. "Don't you insult me, sir, in my own room; better not, I can tell you."

"Pshaw, you are an idiot;" exclaimed Michael most contemptuously.

"I'll just thank you to go, sir, and not call my husband names," said Mrs Brammel, rising from her chair. "You are a nasty ill-bred fellow, I'm sure. Talk of high people! I never see such airs in all my life. If your wife ain't no better behaved, there's a nice pair of you, I don't think. Never mind him, ducky dear—don't you fret. We are as good as them any day. Let's go up stairs, there's a bless-ed. Call the *garsoon*."

Poor Michael knew not what step to take, what language to employ, in order to effect his purpose. He could not think of quitting Paris, leaving his partner behind him, open to the seductions of the city, and eager to avail himself of every license and indulgence. He had hoped to frighten him into better behaviour, and perhaps he would have succeeded but for the presence of the lady, whose appearance and demeanour, more than any thing else, confounded and annoyed him. He remained silent for a few seconds, and then, in a quieter tone, he asked Brammel when he really thought of getting back to business.

"Why, very soon," replied the youth, himself reduced to civility by Michael's more peaceful aspect; "and

I should have been back before now, if I hadn't been bothered about a lot of things. If you hadn't come in blustering, I should have told you so. I shall be all right enough, don't you fear, when I get home. I promised father I should settle, and so I mean—but a wedding trip is a wedding trip, and ladies mustn't be baulked."

"Certainly not," answered Allcraft, grateful for as much as this—"then, when do you think of reaching home?"

"Oh, before you, I'll wager! We haven't got much more to see. We went to the Jordan de Plants yesterday. We are going to the Pantheon to-morrow. We shall soon get done. Make your mind easy."

"As soon as you have visited these places, I am to understand, then, that you return to business?"

"Exactly so."

"And may I venture to intreat you to abstain from visiting the gambling-house again?"

"Oh, don't you worry yourself! If you had only spoken at first like a gentleman, I should have promised you without being asked."

"Both you and Mrs Brammel must see, I am sure, the very great propriety of avoiding all such scenes."

"Yes," answered Mary Anne; and then repeating her husband's words, "but if you had only spoken at first like a gentlemen!"

"Perhaps I was too hasty, madam. It is a fault that I have. We shall understand one another much better for the future. You will be at home in about—ten days we'll say, from the present time, at latest."

"Oh, don't fix days, I never could bear it! We shall be all right. Will you stay breakfast?"

Michael excused himself, and, having done all that was permitted him, departed. With a sad spirit he encountered his lady, and with gloomy forebodings his mind was filled that day. Augustus Brammel was destined to be his thorn, his trial, and his punishment. He could see it already. His house, otherwise so stable, so promising, and so prosperous, would receive a mortal blow from this one threatening point. It must be ward-ed off. The hurtful limb must by degrees be got away. He must, from this time forward, engage himself in its removal. It was, after all, a con-

solution to have met the pair, and to have succeeded so far in frightening them home again, as he fully believed he had. For a time at least, he conceived that Brammel was still safe. This conviction gave him courage, and carried him on his road to Lyons, with a heart not altogether ill at ease, and without good hope. In the meanwhile Mrs Brammel had inveighed, in the most unmeasured terms, against the insolent behaviour of Mr Allcraft, the pride and arrogance of his wife, whom she had never seen—the marked, unpardonable insult she had offered her in not accompanying Allcraft on his visit; and had succeeded, in short, in effectually driving from her

husband's mind the little good effect which had been produced by the partner's just remonstrance. Ignorant and vulgar as she was, the woman had unbounded influence and power. How much, may be guessed from the fact, that before Michael Allcraft was ten miles on his journey to Lyons, she had prevailed upon her husband to draw his first cheque upon his house to the tune of L.500, and to prolong their holiday by visiting in succession the south of France, Switzerland, and Italy. The fool, after an inane resistance, consented; his cheque was converted to money—the horses were ordered—and on they dashed.

CHAPTER IV.

A SPECULATION.

“When the cat is away, the mice begin to play.” It is an old and a true saying, and Michael, had he been an experienced mouser, would have remembered it to his advantage, when he thought of leaving the banking-house to the tender mercies of his colleagues. His confidence in Planner was very great, and I will not say undeserved; still some account should have been taken of his previous habits, and the positive abiding infirmity of human nature. It was surely dangerous to surround a man so fickle, and so easily led by the delusions of his sanguine spirit, with every temptation to walk astray, and to remove every check that had hitherto kept down the capricious movements of his most unsteady will. The daily, almost hourly presence of Allcraft, his vigorous and immediate superintendence of affairs, had subdued the speculative soul of Planner, and rendered him a useful man of business. He was, in truth, a good accountant, ardent in his pursuits, a faithful friend, an honest man. With the needful restraints upon him, he proved, as Allcraft had believed he would, a warm and active partisan. Had those restraints been continued for any time—had he been trained, and so reconciled and accustomed to his yoke, all might have prospered and been well with him. His own happiness might have been secured,

and the hopes of his friend and patron would not have been blasted. It was the misfortune of Allcraft, with all his long-sightedness, not to see far enough. He was to blame, deeply to blame, for the desertion of a man whom he knew to be at the mercy of his own wayward spirit, and utterly incapable of self-defence. Yet, called abroad, what could he do? It is the fate of cunning, as it is of suspicion and other mortal weaknesses, to fall into toils of its own weaving. Michael too soon was called to pay the penalty. Allcraft had been in France a fortnight, when Planner received a fatal visit at the bank from a very old friend and stanch ally—a creature as excitable and sanguine as himself, as full of projects, and as unsuccessful. They had known each other in the early and distant days of their prosperity—they had grown poor together—they were united by the uniformity of their fortunes as by the similarity of their natures. They had both for years regarded themselves as the persecuted and injured of society—and both were satisfied of their ability to achieve miracles, time and the occasion serving. It is not for speculative spirits to be disheartened by failure, but rather to be encouraged by ill success to fresh extravagance, else had the poor result of all their schemes long since extinguished the fire at work within them. Not one of their

innumerable plans had shown a gleam, a spark, of reality and life. One morning, about five years before the present visit, Mr William Wedge rose from bed with the pleasing notion that he would ruin all the public gaming-houses in the world. He had suddenly discovered the secret of their success—the cause of their enormous gains—and had arranged, with minutest care and skill, a systematic course of play to bring against them. It was with difficulty that he contained himself until he mentioned his good fortune to his friend. They met time after time in secret, grew fearfully mysterious—closed their windows in the open day—played cards from morning till night, and sometimes through the night—with no other eye upon them than the very feeble, faint-glimmering one of their farthing rushlight;—they carried directions in their pocket—learnt them off—repeated them until they grew familiar as their oaths, and more familiar than their prayers. To realize between them a standing capital of five pounds, a sum essential to their operations, they pawned all the available clothing they possessed; and on the very night that they obtained the cash, they sallied forth to carry devastation and affright throughout the camps of innocent and unsuspecting blacklegs. As might be expected, it took about as many minutes as they had pounds to effect the ruin of the adventurers. Did they despond? Not they; a flaw existed in their calculations. They looked for it with care, and were torn from their employment only by the exigencies of the time, and the pressing demands of nature for immediate bread. Mr Wedge had from this period struggled on, living as he knew how, and nobody could tell, until Planner's unexpected good fortune and ascent provided him with an allowance and a quiet mind to follow out his views. Since Planner's introduction into the bank, he had behaved faithfully and well to his ancient crony; in addition to a pension, paid weekly and in advance, he gave him a right of entrée to his rooms after the hours of business, a certain supper three times a week, and an uncertain quantity of brandy and water on the same occasions. One stipulation only he deemed necessary for his protection. He had given his word to Allcraft to avoid all trading unconnected with the bank

—to abstain from speculation. Weak at the best of times, he knew himself to be literally helpless with the *ignis fatuus* of a hopeful project before his eyes; and he made a condition of Wedge's visits—his silence upon matters of business, private or public. It was a wise resolution, nobly formed, and for a season well carried out. Wedge promised to be cautious, and did not break his word. Peace of mind, a regular diet, and a full stomach, were such extraordinary circumstances in the daily doings of the latter, that the restraint upon his tongue was, in the first month or two of the new excitement, scarcely felt as an inconvenience. Planner himself, with the eye of Allcraft upon him, kept his natural inclination safely in the rear of *his* promise, and so the days and nights passed pleasantly. On the evening above alluded to—that is to say, just a fortnight after Michael's departure—Wedge came as usual for his supper, grog, and conversation. The clock had just struck eleven—the friends were sitting together, their feet upon the fender, their hands upon their tumblers. As was usual with them, they discussed the doings of the nation, and called in question the proceedings of the existing government. One subject after another was dismissed—politics, law, love, and religion—they abused every thing, and agreed marvellously. It was getting very near midnight, the hour at which, it is said, devils are let loose upon earth for mischief—when a rascally little imp crawled up to Planner's ear, and put it into his head to talk about the amusements of the poor, and their effects upon the rising generation.

“They will be sorry for it, Wedge—mark my words. All this stabbing and killing comes from too much work and no play. Jack's at his tools for ever—gets a dull boy—and then stabs and cuts about him for the sake of getting lively. Government should have playgrounds in every parish. They would save the expense in the rapid diminution of the standing army. I wrote a letter once to the prime minister”——

Wedge sighed.

“What do you mean by that, Wedge? Ah, quite right—I see! You are a good fellow, Wedge. You have kept the compact. I won't be the first to break it. Let us change

the subject. I burnt all my letters and papers the day I got here. What was the good of keeping them? This is an ungrateful country, Wedge!"

Wedge sipped his grog, and sighed again.

"What is the matter, boy?" enquired his patron. "Speak your mind—relieve your heart."

"No, I won't, Planner—I won't be the first. You sha'n't say it is me. I don't mean to be blamed, that's a fact—but if I dared, oh, that's all!"

"Is it any thing very good?"

"Good! Good, did you say? Well, an agreement's an agreement, Planner. It isn't for me to introduce the subject; but I could tell you something, if we were differently situated, that would be a fortune to you. Ah, Planner, I sha'n't be a burden upon you long! I have hit upon a thing at last—I am a made man!"

"Now I tell you what, Wedge," said Planner, pulling out his watch, and looking very serious, "we'll have just five minutes' private conversation on this matter, and then have done with it. Only five minutes, mind you, by the watch. If we mutually agree to lay aside our compact for a minute or so, there's no great harm done, provided it isn't made a precedent. I should like to see you set a-going, Wedge. You may open your mind to me, and be sure of good advice. It's now seven minutes to twelve. Till twelve, Wedge, you are at liberty to talk on business."

"What were you saying just now about amusements, Planner? Do you recollect?"

"I do."

"I have thought about it for the last six months. We have formed a company."

"A company!"

Wedge was as full of mystery as an Oxford tractman. He rose on tiptoe from his chair, proceeded to the passage, listened on the stairs, returned as carefully, closed the door, resumed his seat.

"A company!" repeated Planner.

"Such an undertaking!" proceeded the ungagged and self-deluded Wedge. "It's the finest thing that has been thought of for these hundred years. I am surprised it never once occurred to you. Your mind, Planner, should have grasped it."

"What can it be?"

"We mean to call it the *Panta-*

morphica, because it takes all shapes.

We are in treaty now for a hundred acres of land within three miles of London. We are to have a race-course—public gardens with fountains and promenades—a gymnasium for callisthenic and other exercises—boating—a menagerie—a library—lecture-rooms—conservatories"—

"By Jove, I see!" ejaculated Planner. "Capital!—a universal playground; trust me, I have thought of it before. Go on."

"These are for the daylight. At night we have a concert-room—a theatre—saloons for dancing—halls for refreshment—museums for *conversatione*. In the centre of the public walks we have a synagogue, a church, and chapel for Sabbath visitors. Then we shall have aviaries—apiaries—caves—alpine scenery"—

"Upon my soul, Wedge, it's a grand conception!" There was a large clock at the bottom of the stairs which struck twelve, loud enough to awake the sleeping household; but, strange to say, neither Planner nor his friend heard a single chime. "Who are your men?" continued Planner.

"Oh, first-rate men! Three of the first London bankers, two of the chief architects, the richest capitalist in England"—

"What, have you got them all?"

"No, but we mean to ask them to take shares, and to take part in the direction. They'll jump, sir, at the offer."

"Ah, that they will! What's your capital?"

"Half a million—five thousand shares of a hundred each. It's nothing at all!"

"No, nothing really. What is your appointment?"

"I am secretary; and I am to have a bonus of five thousand pounds when the thing is fairly started."

"You well deserve it, Wedge. Ah, sir, I have dreamt of this before!"

"No—have you?"

"It must do, Wedge. It can't help itself. People will be amused—people will pay for it. Amuse them from morning till night—change the scene every hour of the day—vary the pleasures. Wedge, you are a national benefactor."

"It is past twelve," said Wedge hesitatingly, looking at the watch.

"No—is it?" asked Planner, looking at it likewise. "There must be

some mistake. Have you heard the clock strike?"

"No."

"Nor I; my watch is out of order—too fast a great deal. Let us go by the big clock. Now, when that strikes twelve, Wedge, you shall go home, and I'll to bed—an understanding is an understanding, Wedge."

"And so you like it, Planner—eh?"

"Like it, sir"—

It was exactly a quarter to four o'clock when Planter put out his bedroom candle, and Wedge tucked himself up as well as he could on the hard horsehair sofa in Planner's sitting-room. Having enlarged upon the *Pantamorphica* speculation until the above unreasonable hour, it was not deemed respectable for Mr Wedge to quit the banking-house on the dark side of sunrise. The latter gentleman had worked himself up to such a pitch of excitement in blowing out his bubble, that it was very nearly six o'clock before he could be pronounced in a condition to say his prayers like a rational being, and go to sleep. As for Planner, he had heard too much to

be quiet. He tossed his head on his pillow—turned from side to side—sat up and lay down again at intervals, until the break of day. He had resolved to take an active interest in this glorious undertaking. Nothing should hinder him. Its returns must necessarily be immense. He had promised Allcraft to enter into no business foreign to the banking-house. But what of that? He should be without an excuse for his blindness if he closed his eyes to the advantages which stared him in the face. He would not be selfish. Allcraft should share in the reward. He, who had acted so friendly a part to him, should be repaid for his noble conduct. "Share and share alike," should be his motto. And he would not hesitate or postpone his intentions. He would look thoroughly into the affair at once, and go boldly forward. It should be his pleasure and his pride to greet and surprise his partner with the unexpected news the instant he returned. Sweet are the visions of life, sleeping or waking. It is the substance and the truth that pass like iron to the soul, and kill it. Poor Planner!

CHAPTER V.

A LANDED PROPRIETOR.

After Michael had spent a month in France, he discovered that he must still travel on, and still sacrifice time and exertion, if he hoped to bring his unfortunate parent's affairs to a satisfactory issue. Many things had happened since his arrival to give him great pain and annoyance. In the first place, he had learned, with a sickening heart, that the private debts of his father considerably exceeded in amount those which had appeared in the testamentary memorandum. He had seen with his own eyes his father's acknowledgment of liabilities, the existence of which was thus revealed to him for the first time. In his immediate and violent disgust, he burned to expose his parent's cupidity and dishonesty, and to rid himself of the burden which he had voluntarily taken as his own; but pride, shame, and other low incentives, came between him and the fulfilment of a rash resolution, and he had nothing to do but to look his difficulty fully and bravely

in the face. In addition to this trial, he found it necessary to proceed without delay as far eastward as Vienna; for thither his chief creditor had taken himself on urgent business, which threatened to detain him on the spot until the following year. Nor was this all; a Lyonesse merchant, who held old Allcraft's note of hand for a considerable sum, advanced under assurances of early payment, had grown obstinate and restive with disappointment and anxiety. He insisted upon the instant discharge of his claim, and refused to give another hour's grace. To rid himself of this plague, Michael had not hesitated to draw upon his house for a sum somewhat greater than five thousand pounds. The act had not been committed without some distress of mind—some murmurings of conscience; but the necessity was great—the compulsion not to be avoided. To put an end to all further and importunate demands, he posted into Austria fast as he could be conveyed.

The chief creditor was destined to be Michael's chief misery. He was an obdurate, unyielding man, and, after days of negotiation, would finally listen to nothing but the chink of the gold that was due to him. And how much that was, Michael dared not trust himself to think. Now, what was to be done? To draw again upon the bank—to become himself, to his partners, an example of recklessness and extravagance, was out of the question. He had but one course before him, and it was one which he had solemnly vowed never to adopt. To beg a loan from his wife so early in the morning of their union, seemed a thing impossible—at least it seemed so in the outset, when the thought first blushed upon him, and there remained a chance, a hope, of escaping from the miserable alternative. But as the creditor got clamorous, and every prospect of satisfying his demand—every means save one—grew dim, and shadowy, and blank, the wrongfulness, the impropriety of making an appeal to her, whose heart was willing as her hand was able to release him from despair, became less evident, and by degrees not evident at all. It would have been well for Allcraft, and for Margaret too, had the latter resisted his demand, or opposed it with one kind word of remonstrance. Michael was prepared for this, and the gentlest opposition would have saved them both. But what did Margaret possess, which she wished not to share with him who was her idol—dearer to her than her life—the joy and light of life! He hinted his request; she hardly suffered him to hint it. She placed her substance at his command, and bade him use it. Like a guilty man—one guilty of his first but heavy fault—blushing and faltering, Allcraft thanked his Margaret for the loan, promised speedy payment, and vowed that he would beg no more. Fond Margaret! she kissed the vow away, and bade him clear his brow, smile, and be happy. It was a woman's part, who loves not wisely, but too well. The day that gave him the means of satisfying the claims of one great creditor, bound Allcraft more seriously to another; but he rejoiced at his success, which brought him temporary ease, and he congratulated himself upon his deliverance from failure and exposure. There was little to do. The lady's

broker was written to; the legal adviser of the gentleman, at Michael's own request, prepared an instrument to secure repayment of the loan; the money came—the debts of Allcraft senior to the last farthing were discharged, and scarcely discharged before Michael, eager and anxious to be at home, quitted Vienna, ready to travel by night and day, and longing to feel his footing safely in the banking-house again.

It is now proper to state, that on the very day that Michael's draft of five thousand pounds applied for honourable reception at the counter of his most respectable establishment, by a curious coincidence another demand for double that amount appeared there likewise; not in the shape of cheque or written order, but in that of a request, personal and oral, proceeding from the proud and high-born lips of Walter Bellamy, Esquire, lord of the manor—gentleman and banker. Mr Bellamy was not the first man, by a great number, who has attempted to clothe and conceal real poverty in the stately apparel of arrogance and offensive self-sufficiency. He, man of the world, knew well enough, that, thus disguised, *necessity* need never fear discovery—might look and laugh in secret at mankind—might feed and thrive upon its faults and weaknesses. How comparatively easy it is to avoid the shoals and rocks of life—to sail smoothly and pleasantly on its waters, when we take for our rudder and our guide the world's great axiom, "*RICHES ARE VIRTUE—POVERTY IS VICE.*" "*Assume the virtue, if you have it not;*" assume its shows and appearances, its tricks, its offences, and its crimes, rather than confess your nakedness. Be liberal and prodigal, if it must be, with the crown you need to pay your necessary lodging; adorn with velvet and with silk the body that grows sick for lack of wholesome food; bribe, beyond their expectation, the pampered things in livery that stand between you and the glory you aspire to—bribe them, though to part with money is to lose your meal. Upon this broad principle it was, that Walter Bellamy existed—in virtue of it he held lands, and by its means he had become a partner in the bank, an active one, as very soon he proved himself to be. His property was estimated by shrewd calculators at a

hundred thousand pounds—that, at the very least. And Bellamy chuckled at his fireside—no one being by—at the universal gullibility of man. A hundred thousand pounds! Why, he could not—at any one period during the last twenty years, command as many farthings. What right had strangers to calculate for him? What right had Allcraft to depend upon such calculations? We may well ask the question, since Mr Bellamy did so, when he endeavoured, as the worst of us will do, to justify bad conduct to an unfaithful conscience. Why, what was he? a simple *locum tenens* of a dozen mortgagees, who had advanced upon the estate a great deal more money than it would ever realize, if forced to sale—a haughty, overbearing man, (though very benevolent to postboys and other serving men,) a magistrate, and a great disciplinarian. This was the amount of his pretensions, and yet men worshipped him. It was surely not the fault of Mr Bellamy, but rather his good fortune; and if he chose to make the most of it, he was a wise and prudent personage. When it is borne in mind that the possessions of Mr Bellamy were involved beyond their actual worth—that for some time he had lived in a perpetual dread of exposure and utter ruin—that for years he had looked abroad for some kind friend, who, if not altogether willing, might still be prevailed upon to release him from his difficulties—it will be easy to understand his very great desire to confer on Michael Allcraft all the advantages of his own position and high character.

The part which Bellamy had taken in the business of the house, was very inconsiderable until Michael's departure. Up to that time, he came to the bank in his carriage with much ceremony—spoke to the dependents there with becoming *hauteur*, and took his leave, on all occasions, as a rich man should, with abundant fuss, scarcely troubling himself with the proceedings of the day. "He had," he was always repeating the words, "he had the greatest confidence in Allcraft. It was unbounded. He felt that he could trust to him entirely and unreservedly." Gratefully did such expressions fall upon the flattered ear of Michael, applauding himself ever upon his victory—upon the acquisi-

tion of such a man. Of what service he would be to him in his well-laid plans! Of what use was his name already—and how much more serviceable than all would be the noble sum of money which he had *promised* to bring into the bank at the close of the year! Michael, in his moments of chivalry, standing in the presence of Bellamy, looked upon him almost with an eye of pity and self-reproach. Whilst he himself could only plead guilty to a most refined and cunning policy, his innocent partner was but too full of trust; too simple and too unsuspecting. Somebody remarks, that God reserves unto himself that horrid sight—a naked, human heart. Had Allcraft and Bellamy, during one of their early interviews, suddenly stripped, and favoured each other with reciprocal glances—one or both would have been slightly startled by the unexpected exhibition. Planner had always looked upon Mr Bellamy as a very great man indeed—had contemplated him with that exact admixture of awe and admiration, that was pleasing and acceptable to the subject of it. Mr Bellamy, in his turn, conducted himself towards the schemer with much cordiality and kindness. Proud men never unbend until their supremacy is acknowledged through your servility. Your submission turns their gall to honey—converts their vinegar to milk—to the very cream of human complaisance. Mr Bellamy acted his part in this respect, as in every other—well; a tiger to such as would not cringe, he could become a playful lamb to all who were content to fawn. Planner and he were on the best possible terms. Looking into what is called the nature of things, we shall think it very natural on the part of Mr Bellamy, when he found himself so agreeably situated in regard to the circulating medium, if he took an early opportunity to help himself of the abundance by which he was surrounded. The truth is, that some time before the visit of Allcraft to the Continent, he had entertained a very serious intention of drawing out of the concern the anticipatory profits of a few years, in order to relieve himself and fine estate from certain engagements which pressed inconveniently on both—but his object had not, for many reasons, been carried into effect. In the first place, a mode-

rate degree of actual shame withheld him—and again, he had begged for time from his creditor, and obtained it. Allcraft absent, the sense of shame diminished; before he could return to England, the grateful respite was at an end. It was a fine bright morning when Mr Bellamy's grand carriage drew up in state before the banking-house, and the highly respectable proprietor descended from it with his accustomed style and dignity. Mr Planner was, at the moment, at his desk, very busy with the prospectus of the *Pantamorphica* Association, in which he had just completed some very striking additions—but perceiving his respected colleague, he jumped from his seat, and hastened to give him greeting.

"Don't let me disturb you, my dear friend," said the gracious Mr Bellamy. "I beg you'll prosecute your labours."

"Don't mention it, I pray—so like you, Mr Bellamy—always considerate and kind."

"Busy, Mr Planner—eh?—a deal to do now in the absence of our good friend?"

"Enough, enough sir, I assure you—but business, sir, is pleasure to the active mind."

"Very true—we feel your worth, sir—the house acknowledges your ability, Mr Planner."

"Dear Mr Bellamy—you are very flattering."

"No—not at all. Have you any engagement, Mr Planner, for this evening? Can you find time to dine with us at the Hall? I am positively angry with you for your repeated excuses."

"I shall be too proud, sir—business hitherto"—

"Ay—ay—but, my good sir, we must not sacrifice ourselves to business. A little recreation is absolutely necessary."

"So it is, sir—so it is—and you, sir, with your splendid fortune and superior taste"—

"Ah, ah—*apropos*! have you heard from Mr Allcraft lately?"

"This morning, sir."

"When does he return, pray?"

"In about a week from this. He writes he leaves Vienna this very day."

"Dear me, how very inconvenient, how very vexing!"

"What is it, may I ask, sir?"

"Oh, a trifle, Mr Planner. Dear me—dear me—it is annoying too!"

"Is it nothing that we can do, sir? Any thing the bank can offer?"

"Why—my dear sir—it is rather awkward, certainly. I have engaged to complete a purchase, and it must be done to-morrow. What cash have we in the house? There can be no impropriety in withdrawing a few thousand pounds for a short time. What do you think—Mr Allcraft being away?"

Now, Planner himself, during the last few days, had been very busy with the cash-box, in order to meet the expenses of certain preliminaries essential to the success of the infant *Pantamorphica*—into which speculation, by the way, he had entered heart and soul—and it was quite a relief and a joy to him to find his partner turning his attention to the same quarter; so true it is, that no pleasure is so sweet to a sinner, as the wickedness and companionship of a brother criminal.

"Impropriety, sir!" exclaimed the schemer. "Certainly not. Draw your cheque, sir. If we have not the money here, we have a heavy purse in London—and I beg you will command it."

"You think, then, that until our friend's return"—

"I am perfectly satisfied, Mr Bellamy," said Planner, with an emphasis on every word, as men will sometimes use, feeling and believing all that they assert. "I am thoroughly convinced that nothing would give Mr Allcraft greater pain than to know you had needed a temporary loan, and had not availed yourself of every opportunity that the bank affords you. I entreat you not to hesitate one instant. How much may you require?"

"Well, my dear sir—you will dine with us this evening. We will talk the matter over. Don't be late. Upon consideration, it may be quite as well, perhaps, to draw upon the bank."

"Much better, sir, I am sure, in every way. Will you walk into the private room? You'll find pen, ink, and paper there. We can accommodate you, sir—no doubt."

"Thank you, Mr Planner, thank you."

How very few of the numerous clients of Messrs Allcraft, Bellamy, Brammel, and Planner, in their worst dreams that night, dreamt of the havoc which was making with their beloved and hard-earned cash!

COLLEGE THEATRICALS.

It wanted but two or three weeks to the Christmas vacation, and we—the worshipful society of under-graduates of — College, Oxford—were beginning to get tired of the eternal round of supper parties which usually marked the close of our winter's campaign, and ready to hail with delight any proposition that had the charm of novelty. A three weeks' frost had effectually stopped the hunting; all the best tandem leaders were completely screwed; the freshmen had been "larked" till they were grown as cunning as magpies; and the Dean had set up a divinity lecture at two o'clock, and published a stringent proclamation against rows in the Quad. It was, in short, in a particularly uninteresting state of things, with the snow falling lazily upon the grey roofs and silent quadrangle, that some half dozen of us had congregated in Bob Thornhill's rooms, to get over the time between lunch and dinner with as little trouble to our mental and corporal faculties as possible. Those among us who had been for the last three months promising to themselves to begin to read "next week," had now put off that too easy creditor, conscience, till "next term." One alone had settled his engagements of that nature, or, in the language of his "*Testamur*"—the prettified bit of Latin, he declared, that he ever saw—"satisfecit examinatori-bus." Unquestionably, in his case, the examiners must have had the rare virtue of being very easily satisfied. In fact, Mr Savile's discharge of his educational engagements was rather a sort of "whitewashing" than a payment in full. His passing was what is technically called a "shave," a metaphor alluding to that intellectual density which finds it difficult to squeeze through the narrow portal which admits to the privileges of a Bachelor of Arts. As Mr S. himself, being a sporting man, described it, it was "a very close run indeed;" not that he considered that circumstance to derogate, in any way, from his victory; he was rather inclined to consider, that, having shown the field of examiners capital sport, and fairly got away from them in the end with-

out the loss of his brush, his examination had been one of the very best runs of the season. In virtue whereof he was now mounted on the arm of an easy-chair, with a long *chibouque*, which became the gravity of an incipient bachelor better than a cigar, and took upon himself to give Thornhill (who was really a clever fellow, and professing to be reading for a first) some advice as to his conducting himself when his examination should arrive.

"I'll tell you what, Thornhill, old boy, I'll give you a wrinkle; it doesn't always answer to let out all you know at an examination. That sly old varmint, West of Magdalen, asked me who Hannibal was. 'Aha!'—said I to myself—'that's your line of country, is it? You want to walk me straight into those botheration Punic Wars; it's no go, though; I sha'n't break cover in that direction.' So I was mute. 'Can't you tell me something about Hannibal?' says old West again. 'I can,' thinks I, 'but I won't.' He was regularly flabbergasted; I spoilt his beat entirely, don't you see? so he looked as black as thunder, and tried it on in a fresh place. If I had been fool enough to let him dodge me in those Punic Wars, I should have been run into in no time. Depend upon it, there's nothing like a judicious ignorance occasionally."

"Why," said Thornhill, "'when ignorance is bliss,' (*i. e.* when it gets through the schools,) 'tis folly to be wise.'"

"Ah! that's Shakspeare says that, isn't it? I wish one could take up Shakspeare for a class! I'm devilish fond of Shakspeare. We used to act Shakspeare at a private school I was at."

"By Jove!" said somebody from behind a cloud of smoke—whose the brilliant idea was, was afterwards matter of dispute—"why couldn't we get up a play?"

"Ah! why not? why not? Capital!"

"It's such a horrid bore learning one's part," lisped the elegant Horace Leicester, half awake on the sofa.

"Oh, stuff!" said Savile, "it's the

very thing to keep us alive! We could make a capital theatre out of the hall; don't you think the little vice-principal would give us leave?"

"You had better ask for the chapel at once. — Why, don't you know, my dear fellow, the college hall, in the opinion of the dean and the vice, is held rather more sacred of the two? Newcome, poor devil, attempted to cut a joke at the high table one of the times he dined there after he was elected, and he told me that they all stared at him as if he had insulted them; and the vice (in confidence) explained to him that such 'levity' was treason against the '*reverentia loci*!'"

"Ay, I remember when that old villain Solomon, the porter, fined me ten shillings for walking in there with spurs one day when I was late for dinner; he said the dean always took off his cap when he went in there by himself, and threatened to turn off old Higgs, when he had been scout forty years, because he heard him whistling one day while he was sweeping it out! Well," continued Savile, "you shall have my rooms; I sha'n't trouble them much now. I am going to pack all my books down to old Wise's next week, to turn them into ready *tin*; so you may turn the study into a carpenter's shop, if you like. Oh, it can be managed famously!"

So, after a few *pros* and *cons*, it was finally settled that Mr Savile's rooms should become the Theatre Royal, — College; and I was honoured with the responsible office of stage-manager. What the play was to be was a more difficult point to settle. Savile proposed *Romeo and Juliet*, and volunteered for the hero; but it passed the united strength of the company to get up a decent *Juliet*. *Richard the Third* was suggested; we had "six *Richards* in the field" at once. We soon gave up the heroics, and decided on comedy; for, since our audience would be sure to laugh, we should at least have a chance of getting the laugh in the right place. So, after long discussion, we fixed on *She Stoops to Conquer*. There were a good many reasons for this selection. First, it was a piece possessing that grand desideratum in all amateur performances, that there were several parts in it of equal calibre, and none which implied de-

cided superiority of talent in its representative. Secondly, there was not much *love* in it; a material point where, as an Irishman might say, all the ladies were gentlemen. Thirdly, the scenery, dresses, properties, and decorations, were of the very simplest description: it was easily "put upon the stage." We found little difficulty in casting the male characters; old Mrs Hardcastle, not requiring any great share of personal attractions, and being considered a part that would tell, soon found a representative; but when we came to the "donnas"—*prima* and *secunda*—then it was that the manager's troubles began. It was really necessary, to ensure the most moderate degree of success to the comedy, that Miss Hardcastle should have at least a lady-like deportment. The public voice, first in whispers, then audibly, at last vociferously, called upon Leicester. Slightly formed, handsome, clever and accomplished, with naturally graceful manners, and a fair share of vanity and affectation, there was no doubt of his making a respectable heroine if he would consent to be made love to. In vain did he protest against the petticoats, and urge with affecting earnestness the claims of the whiskers which for the last six months he had so diligently been cultivating; the chorus of entreaty and expostulation had its effect, aided by a well-timed compliment to the aristocratically small hand and foot, of which Horace was pardonably vain. Shaving was pronounced indispensable to the due growth of the whiskers; and the importance of the character, and the point of the situations, so strongly dwelt upon, that he became gradually reconciled to his fate, and began seriously to discuss the question whether Miss Hardcastle should wear her hair in curls or bands. A freshman of seventeen, who had no pretensions in the way of whiskers, and who was too happy to be admitted on any terms to a share in such a "fast idea" as the getting up a play, was to be the Miss Neville; and before the hall bell rang for dinner, an order had been despatched for a dozen acting copies of "*She Stoops to Conquer*."

Times have materially changed since Queen Elizabeth's visit to Christ-Church; the University, one of the earliest nurses of the infant drama,

has long since turned it out of doors for a naughty child; and forbid it, under pain of worse than whipping, to come any nearer than Abingdon or Bicester. Taking into consideration the style of some of the performances, in which under-graduates of some three hundred years ago were the actors, the "Oxford Theatre" of those days, if it had more wit in it than the present, had somewhat less decency: the ancient "moralities" were not over moral, and the "mysteries" rather Babylonish. So far we have had no great loss. Whether the judicious getting up of a tragedy of Sophocles or Æschylus, or even a comedy of Terence—classically managed—as it could be done in Oxford—and well acted, would be more unbecoming the gravity of our collected wisdom, or more derogatory to the dignity of our noble "theatre," than the squalling of Italian singers, masculine, feminine, and neuter—is a question which, when I take my M.A., I shall certainly propose in convocation. Thus much I am sure of, if a classical play-bill were duly announced for the next grand commemoration, it would "draw" almost as well as the Duke; the dresses might be quite as showy, the action hardly less graceful, than those of the odd-looking gentlemen who are dubbed doctors of civil law on such occasions; and the speeches of Prometheus, Œdipus, or Antigone, would be more intelligible to the learned, and more amusing to the ladies, than those Latin essays or the Creweian oration.

However, until I am vice-chancellor, the legitimate drama, Greek, Roman, or English, seems little likely to revive in Oxford. Our branch of that great family, I confess, bore the bar-sinister. The offspring of our theatrical affections was unrecognized by college authority. The fellows of — would have done any thing but "smile upon its birth." The dean especially would have burked it at once had he suspected its existence. Nor was it fostered, like the former Oxford theatricals to which we have alluded, by royal patronage; we could not, consistently with decorum, request her Majesty to encourage an illegitimate. Nevertheless—spite of its being thus born under the rose—it grew and prospered. Our plan of rehearsal was original. We used to

adjourn from dinner to the rooms of one or other of the company; and there, over our wine and dessert, instead of quizzing freshmen and abusing tutors, open each our copy, and, with all due emphasis and intonation, go regularly through the scenes of "She Stoops to Conquer." This was all the study we ever gave to our parts: and even thus it was difficult to get a muster of all the performers, and we had generally to play dummy for some one or more of the characters, or "double" them, as the professionals call it. The excuses for absenteeism were various. Mrs Hardcastle and Tony were gone to Woodstock with a team, and were not to be waited for; Diggory had a command to dine with the principal; and once an interesting dialogue was cut short by the untoward event of Miss Neville's being "confined"—in consequence of some indiscretion or other—"to chapel." It was necessary in our management, as much as in Mr Bunn's or Mr Macready's, to humour the caprices of the stars of the company: but the lesser lights, if they became eccentric at all in their orbits, were extinguished without mercy. Their place was easily supplied; for the moment it became known that a play was in contemplation, there were plenty of candidates for dramatic fame, especially among the freshmen: and though we mortally offended one or two aspiring geniuses by proffering them the vacant situations of Ralph, Roger, and Co., in Mr Hardcastle's household, on condition of having their respective blue dress coats turned up with yellow to represent the family livery, there were others to whom the being admitted behind the scenes, even in these humble characters, was a subject of laudable ambition. Nay, unimportant as were some parts in themselves, they were quite enough for the histrionic talent of some of our friends. Till I became a manager myself, I always used to lose patience at the wretched manner in which some of the underlings on the stage went through the little they had to say and do: there seemed no reason why the "sticks" should be so provokingly sticky; and it surprised me that a man who could accost one fluently enough at the stage door, should make such a bungle as some of them did in a message of some half dozen words "in character."

But when I first became initiated into the mysteries of amateur performances, and saw how entirely destitute some men were of any notion of natural acting, and how they made a point of repeating two lines of familiar dialogue with the tone and manner, but without the correctness of a schoolboy going through a task—then it ceased to be any matter of wonder that those to whom acting was no joke, but an unhappily earnest mode of getting bread, should so often make their performance appear the uneasy effort which it is. There was one man in particular, a good-humoured, gentlemanly fellow, a favourite with us all; not remarkable for talent, but a pleasant companion enough, with plenty of common sense. Well, “he would be an actor”—it was his own fancy to have a part, and, as he was “one of us,” we could not well refuse him. We gave him an easy one, for he was not vain of his own powers, or ambitious of theatrical distinction; so he was to be “second fellow”—one of Tony’s pot-companions. He had but two lines to speak; but, from the very first time I heard him read them, I set him down as a hopeless case. He read them as if he had just learned to spell the words; when he repeated them without the book, it was like a clergyman giving out a text. And so it was with a good many of the rank and file of the company; we had more labour to drill them into something like a natural intonation than to learn our own longest speeches twice over. So we made their attendance at rehearsals a *sine qua non*. We dismissed a promising “Mat Muggins” because he went to the “Union” two nights successively, when he ought to have been at “The Three Pigeons.” We superseded a very respectable “landlord” (though he had actually been measured for a corporation and a pair of calves) for inattention to business. The only one of the supernumeraries whom it was at all necessary to conciliate, was the gentleman who was to sing the comic song instead of Tony, (Savile, the representative of the said Tony, not having music in his soul beyond a view-holloa.) He was allowed to go and come at our readings *ad libitum*, upon condition of being very careful not to take cold.

When we had become tolerably

perfect in the words of our parts, it was deemed expedient to have a “dress rehearsal”—especially for the ladies. It is not very easy to move safely—let alone gracefully—in petticoats, for those who are accustomed to move their legs somewhat more independently. And it would not have been civil in Messrs Marlow and Hastings to laugh outright at their lady-loves before company, as they were sure to do upon their first appearance. A dress rehearsal, therefore, was a very necessary precaution. But if it was difficult to get the company together at six o’clock under the friendly disguise of a wine-party, doubly difficult was it to expect them to muster at eleven in the morning. The first day that we fixed for it, there came a not very lady-like note, evidently written in bed, from Miss Harcastle, stating, that having been at a supper-party the night before, and there partaken of brandy-punch to an extent to which she was wholly unaccustomed, it was quite impossible, in the present state of her nervous system, for her to make her appearance in character at any price. There was no alternative but to put off the rehearsal; and that very week occurred a circumstance which was very near being the cause of its adjournment *sine die*.

“Mr Hawthorne,” said the dean to me one morning, when I was leaving his rooms, rejoicing in the termination of lecture, “I wish to speak with you, if you please.” The dean’s communications were seldom of a very pleasing kind, and on this particular morning his countenance gave token that he had hit upon something more than usually *piquant*. The rest of the men filed out of the door as slowly as they conveniently could, in the hope, I suppose, of hearing the dean’s fire open upon me; but he waited patiently till my particular friend, Bob Thornhill, had picked up carefully, one by one, his miscellaneous collection of note-book, pencil, pen-knife, and other small wares, and had been obliged at length to make an unwilling exit; when, seeing the door finally closed, he commenced with his usual—“Have the goodness to sit down, sir.”

Experience had taught me, that it was as well to make one’s-self as com-

fortable as might be upon these occasions; so I took the easy-chair, and tried to look as if I thought the dean merely wanted to have a pleasant half-hour's chat. He marched into a little back-room that he called his study, and I began to speculate upon the probable subject of our conference. Strange! that week had been a more than usually quiet one. No late knocking in; no cutting lectures at chapel; positively I began to think that, for once, the dean had gone on a wrong scent, and that I should repel his accusations with all the dignity of injured innocence; or had he sent for me to offer his congratulations on my having commenced in the "steady" line, and to ask me to breakfast? I was not long to indulge such delusive hopes. Re-enter the dean, O. P., as our stage directions would have had it, with—a pair of stays!

By what confounded ill-luck they had got into his possession I could not imagine; but there they were. The dean touched them as if he felt their very touch an abomination, threw them on the table, and briefly said—"These, sir, were found in your rooms this morning. Can you explain how they came there?"

True enough, Leicester had been trying on the abominable articles in my bedroom, and I had stuffed them into a drawer till wanted. What to say was indeed a puzzle. To tell the whole truth would, no doubt, have ended the matter at once, and a hearty laugh should I have had at the dean's expense; but it would have put the stopper on "*She Stoops to Conquer*." It was too ridiculous to look grave about; and blacker grew the countenance before me, as, with a vain attempt to conceal a smile, I echoed his words, and stammered out—"In my rooms, sir?"

"Yes, sir, in your bed-room." He rang the bell. "Your servant, Simmons, most properly brought them to me."

The little rascal! I had been afraid to let him know any thing about the theatricals; for I knew perfectly well the dean would hear of it in half an hour, for he served him in the double capacity of scout and spy. Before the bell had stopped, Dick Simmons made his appearance, having evidently been kept at hand. He did look rather ashamed of him-

self, when I asked him, what business he had to search my wardrobe?

"Oh dear, sir! I never did no sich a thing; I was a-making of your bed, sir, when I sees the tag of a stay-lace hanging out of your topmost drawer, sir—"("I am a married man, sir," to the dean apologetically, "and I know the tag of a stay-lace, sir")—"and so I took it out, sir; and knowing my duty to the college, sir, though I should be very sorry to bring you into trouble, Mr Hawthorne, sir!"

"Yes, yes, Simmons, you did quite right," said the dean. "You are bound to give notice to the college authorities of all irregularities, and your situation requires that you should be conscientious."

"I hope I am, sir," said the little rascal; "but indeed I am very sorry, Mr Hawthorne, sir!"

"Oh! never mind," said I; "you did right, no doubt. I can only say those things are not mine, sir; they belong to a friend of mine."

"I don't ask who they belong to, sir," said the dean indignantly; "I ask, sir, how came they in your rooms?"

"I believe, sir, my friend (he was in my rooms yesterday) left them there. Some men wear stays, sir," continued I, boldly; "it's very much the fashion, I'm told."

"Eh! hum!" said the dean, eyeing the brown jean doubtingly. "I have heard of such things. Horrid puppies men are now. Never dreamt of such things in my younger days; but then, sir, *we* were not allowed to wear white trousers, and waistcoats of I don't know what colours; we were made to attend to the statutes, sir. '*Nigri aut suspici*,' sir. Ah! times are changed—times are changed, indeed! And do you mean to say, sir, you have a friend, a member of this university, who wears such things as these?"

I might have got clear off, if it had not been for that rascal Simmons. I saw him give the dean a look, and an almost imperceptible shake of the head.

"But I don't think, sir," resumed he, "these can be a man's stays—eh, Simmons?" Simmons looked diligently at his toes. "No," said the dean, investigating the unhappy garment more closely—"no; I fear, Simmons, these are female stays!"

The conscientious Simmons made no sign.

"I don't know, sir," said I, as he looked from Simmons to me. "I don't wear stays, and I know nothing about them. If Simmons were to fetch a pair of Mrs Simmons's, sir," resumed I, "you could compare them."

Mrs Simmons's figure resembled a sack of flour, with a string round it; and, if she did wear the articles in question, they must have been of a pattern almost unique—made to order.

"Sir," said the dean, "your flippancy is unbecoming. I shall not pursue this investigation any further; but I am bound to tell you, sir, this circumstance is suspicious—very suspicious." I could not resist a smile for the life of me. "And doubly suspicious, sir, in your case. The eyes of the college are upon you, sir." He was evidently losing his temper, so I bowed profoundly, and he grew more irate. "Ever since, sir, that atrocious business of the frogs, though the college authorities failed in discovering the guilty parties, there are some individuals, sir, whose conduct is watched attentively. Good-morning, sir."

The "business of the frogs," to which the dean so rancorously alluded, had, indeed, caused some consternation to the fellows of—. There had been a marvellous story going the round of the papers, of a shower of the inelegant reptiles in question having fallen in some part of the kingdom. Old women were muttering prophecies, and wise men acknowledged themselves puzzled. The Ashmolean Society had sat in conclave upon it, and accounted so satisfactorily for the occurrence, that the only wonder seemed to be that we had not a shower of frogs, or some equally agreeable visitors, every rainy morning. Now, every one who has strolled round Christ-Church meadows on a warm evening, especially after rain, must have been greeted at intervals by a whole gamut of croaks; and, if he had the curiosity to peer into the green ditches as he passed along, he might catch a glimpse of the heads of the performers. Well, the joint reflections of myself and an ingenious friend, who were studying this branch of zoology while waiting for the com-

ing up of the boats one night, tended to the conclusion, that a very successful imitation of the late "Extraordinary Phenomenon" might be got up for the edification of the scientific in our own college. Animals of all kinds find dealers and purchasers in Oxford. Curs of lowest degree have their prices. Rats, being necessary in the education of terriers, come rather expensive. A pole-cat—even with three legs only—will command a fancy price. Sparrows, larks, and other small birds, are retailed by the dozen on Cowley Marsh to gentlemen under-graduates who are aspiring to the pigeon-trap. But as yet there had been no demand for frogs, and there was quite a glut of them in the market. They were cheap accordingly; for a shilling a hundred we found that we might inflict the second plague of Egypt upon the whole university. The next evening, two hampers, containing, as our purveyor assured us, "very prime 'uns," arrived at my rooms "from Mr S—, the wine merchant;" and, by daylight on the following morning, were judiciously distributed throughout all the comfortable premises within the college walls. When I awoke the next morning, I heard voices in earnest conversation under my window, and looked out with no little curiosity. The frogs had evidently produced a sensation. The bursar, disturbed apparently from his early breakfast, stood robed in an ancient dressing-gown, with the *Times* in his hand, on which he was balancing a frog as yellow as himself. The dean, in cap and surplice, on his way from chapel, was eagerly listening to the account which one of the scouts was giving him of the first discovery of the intruders.

"Me and my missis, sir," quoth John, "was a-coming into college when it was hardly to say daylight, when she, as I reckon, sets foot upon one of 'em, and was like to have been back'ards with a set of breakfast chiney as she was a-bringing in for one of the fresh gentlemen. She scratches out in course, and I looks down, and then I sees two or three a' 'oppin about; but I didn't take much notice till I gets to the thoroughfare, when there was a whole row on 'em a-trying to climb up the bottom step; and then I calls Solomon the porter, and"—

Here I left my window, and, making a hasty toilet, joined a group of under-graduates, who were now collecting round the dean and bursar. I cast my eyes round the quadrangle, and was delighted with the success of our labours. There had been a heavy shower in the night, and the frogs were as lively as they could be on so ungenial a location as a gravelled court. In every corner was a goodly cluster, who were making ladders of each other's backs, as if determined to scale the college walls. Some, of more retiring disposition, were endeavouring to force themselves into crevices, and hiding their heads behind projections to escape the gaze of academic eyes; while a few active spirits seemed to be hopping a sweepstakes right for the common-room door. Just as I made my appearance, the principal came out of the door of his lodgings, with another of the fellows, having evidently been summoned to assist at the consultation. Good old soul! his study of zoology had been chiefly confined to the class edibles, and a shower of frogs, authenticated upon the oaths of the whole Convocation, would not have been half so interesting to him as an importation of turtle. However, to do him justice, he put on his spectacles, and looked as scientific as any body. After due examination of the specimen of the genus *Zana* which the bursar still held in captivity, and pronouncing an unanimous opinion, that, come from where he would, he was a *bona fide* frog, with nothing supernatural about him, the conclave proceeded round the quadrangle, calculating the numbers, and conjecturing the probable origin of these strange visitors. Equally curious, if not equally scientific, were the undergraduates who followed them; for, having strictly kept our own secret, my friend and myself were the only parties who could solve the mystery; and though many suspected that the frogs were unwilling emigrants, none knew to whom they were indebted for their introduction to college. The collected wisdom of the dons soon decided that a shower of full-grown frogs was a novelty even in the extraordinary occurrences of newspapers; and as not even a single individual croaker was to be discovered outside the walls of —, it became evident that the whole affair was, as the dean describ-

ed it, “another of those outrages upon academic discipline, which were as senseless as they were disgraceful.”

I daresay the dean's anathema was “as sensible as it was sincere;” but it did not prevent our thoroughly enjoying the success of the “outrage” at the time; nor does it, unfortunately, suffice at this present moment to check something like an inward chuckle, when I think of the trouble which it cost the various retainers of the college to clear it effectually of its strange visitors. Hopkins, the old butler, who was of rather an imaginative temperament, and had a marvellous tale to tell any one who would listen, of a departed bursar, who, having caught his death of cold by superintending the laying down of three pipes of port, might ever afterwards be heard, upon such interesting occasions, walking about the damp cellars after nightfall in pattens. Hopkins, the oracle of the college “tap,” maintained that the frogs were something “off the common;” and strengthened his opinion by reference to a specimen which he had selected—a lank, black, skinny individual, which really looked ugly enough to have come from any where. Scouts, wives, and children, (they always make a point of having large families, in order to eat up the spare commons,) all were busy, through that eventful day, in a novel occupation, and by dinner-time not a frog was to be seen; but long, long afterwards, on a moist evening, fugitives from the general prescription might be seen making their silent way across the quadrangle, and croakings were heard at night-time, which might (as Homer relates of *his* frogs) have disturbed Minerva, only that the goddess of wisdom, in chambers collegiate, sleeps usually pretty sound.

The “business of the stays,” however, bid fair to supersede the business of the frogs, in the dean's record of my supposed crimes; and as I fully intended to clear myself, even to his satisfaction, of any suspicion which might attach to me from the possession of such questionable articles so soon as our theatre closed for the season, I resolved that my successful defence from this last imputation would be an admirable ground on which to assume the dignity of a mar-

tyr, to appeal against all uncharitable conclusions from insufficient premises, and come out as the personification of injured innocence throughout my whole college career.

When my interview with the dean was over, I ordered some luncheon up to Leicester's rooms, where, as I expected, I found most of my own "set" collected, in order to hear the result. A private conference with the official aforesaid seldom boded good to the party so favoured; the dean seldom made his communications so agreeable as he might have done. In college, as in most other societies, La Rochefoucauld's maxim holds good—that "there is always something pleasant in the misfortunes of one's friends;" and, whenever an unlucky wight did get into a row, he might pretty confidently reckon upon being laughed at. In fact, under-graduates considered themselves as engaged in a war of stratagem against an unholy alliance of deans, tutors, and proctors; and in every encounter the defeated party was looked upon as the deluded victim of superior ingenuity—as having been "done," in short. So, if a lark succeeded, the authorities aforesaid were decidedly done, and laughed at accordingly; if it failed, why the other party were done, and there was still somebody to laugh at. No doubt, the jest was richer in the first case supposed; but, in the second, there was the additional gusto, so dear to human philanthropy, of having the victim present, and enjoying his discomfiture, which, in the case of the dons being the sufferers, was denied us. It may seem to argue something of a want of sympathy to find amusement in misfortunes which might any day be our own; but any one who ever witnessed the air of ludicrous alarm with which an under-graduate prepares to obey the summons, (capable of but one interpretation,)—"The dean wishes to see you, sir, at ten o'clock"—which so often, in my time at least, was sent as a whet to some of the assembled guests at a breakfast party; whoever has been applied to on such occasions for the loan of a tolerable cap, (that of the delinquent having its corners in such dilapidated condition as to proclaim its owner a "rowing man" at once,) or has responded to the pathetic appeal—"Do I look *very* seedy?"—any one to whom

such absurd recollections of early days occur—and if you, good reader, are a university man, as, being a gentleman, I am bound in charity to conclude you are, and yet have no such reminiscences—allow me to suggest that you must have been a very slow coach indeed;—any one, I say once more, who knows the ridiculous figure which a man cuts when "hauled up" before the college Minos, or Radamanthus, will easily forgive his friends for being inclined to laugh at him.

However, in the present case, any anticipations of fun at my expense, which the party in Leicester's rooms might charitably entertain, were somewhat qualified by the fear, that the consequences of any little private difference between the dean and myself might affect the prosperity of our unlicensed theatre. And when they heard how very nearly the discovery of the stays had been fatal to our project, execrations against Simmons's espionage were mingled with admiration of my escape from so critical a position.

The following is, I apprehend, an unique specimen of an Oxford bill—and the only one, out of a tolerably large bundle which I keep for the sake of the receipts attached, (a precaution by no means uncalled for,) which I find any amusement in referring to.

— HAWTHORNE, Esq.,

To M. MOORE.

2 pr. brown jean corsets,	8 0
Padding for do., made to order,	2 6
	10 6

Recd. same day, M. M.

(Savile, when I showed it to him, said the receipt was the only one of the kind he had seen in the course of a long experience.) Very much surprised was the old lady, of whom I made the purchase in my capacity of stage-manager, at so uncommon a customer in her line of business; and when, after enjoying her mystification for some time, I let her into the secret, so delighted was she at the notion, that she gave me sundry hints as to the management of the female toilet, and offered to get made up for me any dresses that might be required. So I introduced Leicester and his fellow-heroines to my friend Mrs

Moore, and by the joint exertions of their own tastes and her experience, they became possessed of some very tolerable costumes. There was a good deal of fun going on, I fancy, in fitting and measuring, in her back parlour; for there was a daughter, or a niece, or something of the sort, who cut out the dresses with the prettiest hands in the world, as Leicester declared; but I was too busy with carpenters, painters, and other assistants, to pay more than a flying visit to the ladies' department.

At last the rehearsal did come on. As Hastings, I had not much in the way of dress to alter; and, having some engagement in the early part of the morning, I did not arrive at the theatre until the rest of the characters were already dressed and ready to begin. Though I had been consulted upon all manner of points, from the arranging of a curl for Miss Neville to the colour of Diggory's stockings, and knew the costume of every individual as well as my own, yet so ludicrous was the effect of the whole when I entered the room, that I threw myself into the nearest chair, and laughed myself nearly into convulsions. The figure which first met my eyes was a little ruddy freshman, who had the part of the landlord, and who, in his zeal to do honour to our preference, had dressed the character most elaborately. A pillow, which he could scarcely see over, puffed out his red waistcoat; and his hair was cut short, and powdered with such good-will, that for weeks afterwards, in spite of diligent brushing, he looked as grey as the principal. There he stood—his legs clothed in grey worsted, retreating far beyond his little white apron, as if ashamed of their unusual appearance,

"The mother that him bare,
She had not known her son."

Every one, however, had not been so classical in their costume. There was Sir Charles Marlow in what had been a judge's wig, and Mr Hardcastle in a barrister's; both sufficiently unlike themselves, at any rate, if not very correct copies of their originals. Then the women! As for Mrs Hardcastle, she was perfection. There never was, I believe, a better representation of the character. It was well dressed, and turned out a first-

rate bit of acting—very far superior to any amateur performance I ever saw, and, with practice, would have equalled that of any actress on the stage. Her very curtsy was comedy itself. When I recovered my breath a little, I was able to attend to the dialogue which was going on, which was hardly less ridiculous than the strange disguises round me. "Now, Miss Hardecastle," (Marlow *loquitur*), "I have no objection to your smoking cigars during rehearsal, of course—because you won't do that on Monday night, I suppose; but I must beg you to get out of the practice of standing or sitting crosslegged, because it's not lady-like, or even barmaid-like—and don't laugh when I make love to you; for if you do, I shall break down to a certainty." "Thornhill, do you think my waist will do?" said the anxious representative of the fair Constance. "I have worn these cursed stays for an hour every evening for the last week, and drawn them an inch tighter every time; but I don't think I'm a very good figure after all—just try if they'll come any closer, will you?" "Oh! Hawthorne, I'm glad you are come," said Savile, whom I hardly knew, in a red wig; "now, isn't there to be a bowl of real punch in the scene at the Three Pigeons—one can't pretend to drink, you know, with any degree of spirit?" "Oh! of course," said I; "that's one of the landlord's properties: Miller, you must provide that, you know—send down for some cold tankards now; they will do very well for rehearsal." At last we got to work, and proceeded, with the prompter's assistance, prettily smoothly, and mutually applauding each other's performance, going twice over some of the more difficult scenes, and cutting out a good deal of love and sentiment. The play was fixed for the next Monday night, playbills ordered to be printed, and cards of invitation issued to all the performers' intimate friends. Every scout in the college, I believe, except my rascal Simmons, was in the secret, and probably some of the fellows had a shrewd guess at what was going on; but no one interfered with us. We carried on all our operations as quietly as possible; and the only circumstances likely to arouse suspicion in the minds of the authorities, was the unusual absence of all

disturbances of a minor nature within the walls, in consequence of the one engrossing freak in which most of the more turbulent spirits were engaged.

At length the grand night arrived. By nine o'clock the theatre in Savile's rooms was as full as it could be crammed with any degree of comfort to actors and audience; and in the study and bedroom, which, being on opposite sides, served admirably for dressing-rooms behind the scenes, the usual bustle of preparation was going on. As is common in such cases, some essential properties had been forgotten until the last moment. No bonnet had been provided for Mrs Hardcastle to take her walks abroad in; and when the little hairdresser, who had been retained to give a finishing touch to some of the coiffeurs, returned with one belonging to his "missis," which he had volunteered to lend, the roar of uncontrollable merriment which this new embellishment of our disguised friend called forth, made the audience clamorous for the rising of the curtain—thinking, very excusably, that it was quite unjustifiable to keep all the fun to ourselves.

After some little trial of our "public's" patience, the play began in good earnest, and was most favourably received. Indeed, as the only price of admission exacted was a promise of civil behaviour, and there were two servants busily employed in handing about punch and "bishop," it would have been rather hard if we did not succeed in propitiating their good-humour. With the exception of two gentlemen who had been dining out, and were rather noisy in consequence, and evinced a strong inclination occasionally to take a part in the dialogue, all behaved wonderfully well, greeting each performer, as he made his first entrance, with a due amount of cheering; rapturously applauding all the best scenes; laughing, (whether at the raciness of the acting or the grotesque metamorphoses of the actors, made no great difference,) and filling up any gap which occurred in the proceedings on the stage, in spite of the prompter, with vociferous encouragement to the "sticket" actor. With an audience so disposed, each successive scene went off better and better. One deserves to be particularized. It was the second in the first act of the comedy; the stage directions for it

are as follow:—"Scene—An ale-house room.—Several shabby fellows with punch and tobacco; Tony at the head of the table, &c., discovered." Never perhaps, in any previous representation, was the *mise en scene* so perfect. It drew three rounds of applause. A very equivocal compliment to ourselves it may be; but such jolly-looking "shabby fellows" as sat round the table at which our Tony presided, were never furnished by the supernumeraries of Drury or Covent-garden. They were as classical, in their way, as Macready's Roman mob. Then there was no make-believe puffing of empty pipes, and fictitious drinking of small-beer for punch; every nose among the audience could appreciate the genuineness of both liquor and tobacco; and the hearty encore which the song, with its stentorian chorus, was honoured with, gave all the parties engaged time to enjoy their punch and their pipes to their satisfaction. It was quite a pity, as was unanimously agreed, when the entrance of Marlow and Hastings, as in duty bound, interrupted so jovial a society. But "all that's bright must fade"—and so the Three Pigeons' scene, and the play, too, came to an end in due course. The curtain fell amidst universal applause, modified only by the urgent request, which, as manager, I had more than once to repeat, that gentlemen would be kind enough to restrain their feelings for fear of disturbing the dons. The house resolved itself into its component elements—all went their ways—the reading men probably to a Greek play, by way of afterpiece—sleepy ones to bed, and idle ones to their various inventions—and the actors, after the fatigues of the night, to a supper, which was to be the "finish." It was to take place in one of the men's rooms which happened to be on the same staircase, and had been committed to the charge of certain parties, who understood our notions of an unexceptionable spread. And a right merry party we were—all sitting down in character, Mrs Hardcastle at the top of the table, her worthy partner at bottom, with the "young ladies" on each side. It was the best *tableau* of the evening; pity there was neither artist to sketch, nor spectators to admire it! But, like

many other merry meetings, there are faithful portraits of it—proof impressions—in the memories of many who were present; not yet obliterated, hardly even dimmed, by time; laid by, like other valuables, which, in the turmoil of life, we find no time to look at, but not thrown aside or forgotten, and brought out sometimes, in holidays and quiet hours, for us to look at once more, and enjoy their beauty, and feel, after all, how much what we have changed is "*calum non animum*." I am now—no matter what. Of my companions at that well-remembered supper, one is a staid and orthodox divine; one a rising barrister; a third a respectable country gentleman, justice of the peace, "and quorum;" a fourth, they tell me, a semi Papist; but set us all down together in that same room, draw the champagne corks, and let some Lethe (the said champagne, if you please) wash out all that has passed over us in the last five years, and my word on it, three out of four of us are but boys still; and though much shaving, pearl powder, and carmine, might fail to make of any of the party a heroine of any more delicate class than Meg Merrilies, I have no doubt we could all of us once more smoke a pipe in character at "The Three Pigeons."

Merrily the evening passed off, and merrily the little hours came on, and song and laugh rather grew gayer than slackened. The strings of the stays had long ago been cut, and the tresses, which were in the way of the cigars, were thrown back in dishevelled elegance. The landlord found his stuffing somewhat warm, and had laid aside half his fleshy incumbance. Every one was at his ease, and a most uproarious chorus had just been sung by the whole strength of the company, when we heard the ominous sound of a quiet double rap at the outer door.

"Who's there?" said one of the most self-possessed of the company.

"I wish to speak to Mr Challoner," was the quiet reply.

The owner of the rooms was luckily in no more *outré* costume than that of Sir Charles Marlow; and having thrown off his wig, and buttoned his coat over a deep-flapped waistcoat, looked tolerably like himself as he proceeded to answer the summons,

I confess I rather hoped than otherwise, that the gentleman, whoever he was, would walk in, when, if he intended to astonish us, he was very likely to find the tables turned. However, even college dons recognize the principle, that every man's house is his castle, and never violate the sanctity of even an under-graduate's rooms. The object of this present visit, however, was rather friendly than otherwise; one of the fellows, deservedly popular, had been with the dean, and had left him in a state of some excitement from the increasing merriment which came somewhat too audibly across the quadrangle from our party. He had called, therefore, to advise Challoner, either to keep his friends quiet, or to get rid of them, if he wished to keep out of the dean's jurisdiction. As it was towards three in the morning, we thought it prudent to take this advice as it was meant, and in a few minutes began to wend our respective ways homewards. Leicester and myself, whose rooms lay in the same direction, were steering along, very soberly, under a bright moonlight, when something put it into the heads of some other stragglers of the party to break out, at the top of their voices, into a stanza of that immortal ditty—"We won't go home till morning." Instantly we could hear a window, which we well knew to be the dean's, open above us, and as the unmelodious chorus went on, his wrath found vent in the usual strain—"Who is making that disturbance?"

No one volunteering an explanation, he went on.

"Who are those in the quadrangle?"

Leicester and I walked somewhat faster. I am not sure that our dignity did not condescend to run, as we heard steps coming down from No. 5, at a pace that evidently portended a chase, and remembered for the first time the remarkable costume, which, to common observers, would indicate that there was a visitor of an unusual character enjoying the moonlight in the quadrangle. When we reached the "thoroughfare," the passage from the inner to the outer quadrangle, we fairly bolted; and as the steps came pretty fast after us, and Leicester's rooms were the nearest, we both made good our retreat thither, and sported oak.

The porter's lodge was in the next

number; and hearing a knocking in that quarter, Leicester gently opened the window, and we could catch the following dialogue:—

“Solomon! open this door directly—it is I—the dean.”

“Good, dear sir!” said Solomon, apparently asleep, and fumbling for the keys of the college gates—“let you out? Oh yes! sir, directly.”

“Listen to me, Solomon: I am not going out. Did you let any one out just now—just before I called you?”

“No, sir, nobody whatsomdever.”

“Solomon! I ask you, did you not, just now, let a *woman* out?”

“Lawk! no, sir, Lord forbid!” said Solomon, now thoroughly wakened.

“Now, Solomon, bring your light, and come with me; this must be enquired into. I saw a woman run this way, and, if she is not gone through the gate, she is gone into this next number. Whose rooms are in No. 13?”

“There’s Mr Dyson’s, sir, on the ground floor.”

Mr Dyson was the very fellow who had called at Challoner’s rooms.

“Hah! well, I’ll call Mr Dyson up. Whose besides?”

“There’s Mr Leicester, sir, above his’n.”

“Very well, Solomon; call up Mr Dyson, and say I wish to speak with him particularly.”

And so saying, the dean proceeded up stairs.

The moment Leicester heard his name mentioned, he began to anticipate a domiciliary visit. The thing was so ridiculous that we hardly knew what to do.

“Shall I get into bed, Hawthorne? I don’t want to be caught in this figure?”

“Why, I don’t know that you will be safe there, in the present state of the dean’s suspicions. No; tuck up those confounded petticoats, clap on your pea-jacket, twist those love-locks up under your cap, light this cigar, and sit in your easy-chair. The dean must be ‘cuter than usual, if he finds you out as the lady he is in search of.”

Leicester had hardly time to take this advice, the best I could hit upon at the moment, when the dean knocked at the door.

“Who are you? Come in,” said we both in a breath.

“I beg your pardon, Mr Leicester,” said the dean in his most official tone; “nothing but actually imperative duty occasions my intrusion at this unseasonable hour, but a most extraordinary circumstance must be my excuse. I saw, gentlemen—I saw with my own eyes,” he continued, looking blacker as he caught sight of me, and remembering, no doubt, the little episode of the stays—“I saw a female figure pass in this direction but a few minutes ago. No such person has passed the gate, for I have made enquiry; certainly I have no reason to suppose any such person is concealed here, but I am bound to ask you, sir, on your honour as a gentleman—for I have no wish to make a search—is there any such person concealed in your apartments?”

“On my honour, sir, no one is, or has been lately here, but myself and Mr Hawthorne.”

Here Dyson came into the room, looking considerably mystified.

“What’s the matter, Mr Dean?” said he, nodding good-humouredly to us.

“A most unpleasant occurrence, my dear sir; I have seen a woman in this direction not five minutes back. Unfortunately, I cannot be mistaken. She either passed into the porter’s lodge or into this staircase.”

“She is not in my rooms, I assure you,” said he, laughing; “I should think you made a mistake: it must have been some man in a white mackintosh.”

I smiled, and Leicester laughed outright.

“I am not mistaken, sir,” said the dean warmly. “I shall take your word, Mr Leicester; but allow me to tell you, that your conduct in lolling in that chair as if in perfect contempt, and neither rising, nor removing your cap, when Mr Dyson and myself are in your rooms, is neither consistent with the respect due from an under-graduate, or the behaviour I should expect from a gentleman.”

Poor Leicester coloured, and unwittingly removed his cap. The chestnut curls, some natural and some artificial, which had been so studiously arranged for Miss Hardcastle’s head-dress, fell in dishevelled luxuriance round his face, and as he half

rose from his previous position in the chair, a pink silk dress began to descend from under the pea-jacket. Concealment was at an end; the dean looked bewildered at first, and then savage; but a hearty laugh from Dyson settled the business.

"What, Leicester! you're the lady the dean has been hunting about college! Upon my word, this is the most absurd piece of masquerading!—what on earth is it all about?"

I pitied Leicester, he looked such an extraordinary figure in his ambiguous dress, and seemed so thoroughly ashamed of himself; so, displaying the tops and cords in which I had enacted Hastings, I acknowledged my

share in the business, and gave a brief history of the drama during my management. The dean endeavoured to look grave: Dyson gave way to undisguised amusement, and repeatedly exclaimed, "Oh! why did you not send me a ticket? When do you perform again?"

Alas! never. Brief, as bright, was our theatrical career. But the memory of it lives in the college still: of the comedy, and the supper, and the curious mistake which followed it: and the dean has not to this hour lost the credit which he then gained, of having a remarkably keen eye for a petticoat.

LINES WRITTEN IN THE ISLE OF BUTE.

BY DELTA.

I.

ERE yet dim twilight brighten'd into day,
Or waned the silver morning-star away,
Shedding its last, lone, melancholy smile,
Above the mountain-tops of far Argyle;
Ere yet the solan's wing had brush'd the sea,
Or issued from its cell the mountain bee;
As dawn beyond the orient Cumbræ shone,
Thy northern slope, Byrone,
From Ascog's rocks, o'erflung with woodland bowers,
With scarlet fuschias, and faint myrtle flowers,
My steps essay'd; brushing the diamond dew
From the soft moss, lithe grass, and harebell blue.
Up from the heath aslant the linnet flew
Startled, and rose the lark on twinkling wing,
And soar'd away, to sing
A farewell to the severing shades of night,
A welcome to the morning's aureate light.
Thy summit gain'd, how tranquilly serene,
Beneath, outspread that panoramic scene
Of continent and isle, and lake and sea,
And tower and town, hill, vale, and spreading tree,
And rock and ruin tinged with amethyst,
Half-seen, half-hidden by the lazy mist,
Volume on volume, which had vaguely wound
The far off hills around,
And now roll'd downwards; till on high were seen,
Begirt with sombre larch, their foreheads green.

II.

There, save when all, except the lark, was mute,
Oh, beauty-breathing Bute
On thee entranced I gazed; each moment brought
A new creation to the eye of thought:

The orient clouds all Iris' hues assumed,
 From the pale lily to the rose that bloom'd,
 And hung above the pathway of the sun,
 As if to harbinger his course begun ;
 When, lo ! his disk burst forth—his beams of gold
 Seem'd earth as with a garment to enfold,
 And from his piercing eye the loose mists flew,
 And heaven with arch of deep autumnal blue
 Glow'd overhead ; while ocean, like a lake,
 Seeming delight to take
 In its own halcyon-calm, resplendent lay,
 From Western Kames to far Kilchattan bay.
 Old Largs look'd out amid the orient light,
 With its grey dwellings, and, in greenery bright,
 Lay Coila's classic shores reveal'd to sight ;
 And like a Vallombrosa, veil'd in blue,
 Arose Mount-Stuart's woodlands on the view ;
 Kerry and Cowall their bold hill-tops show'd,
 And Arran, and Kintire ; like rubies glow'd
 The jagged clefts of Goatfell ; and below,
 As on a chart, delightful Rothesay lay,
 Whence sprang of human life the awakening sound,
 With all its happy dwellings, stretching round
 The semicircle of its sunbright bay.

III.

Byrone, a type of peace thou seemest now,
 Yielding thy ridges to the rustic plough,
 With corn-fields at thy feet, and many a grove
 Whose songs are but of love ;
 But different was the aspect of that hour,
 Which brought, of eld, the Norsemen o'er the deep,
 To wrest yon castle's walls from Scotland's power,
 And leave her brave to bleed, her fair to weep ;
 When Husbac fierce, and Olave, Mona's king,*
 Confederate chiefs, with shout and triumphing,
 Bade o'er its towers the Scaldic raven fly,
 And mock each storm-tost sea-king toiling by !—
 Far different were the days,
 When flew the fiery cross, with summoning blaze,
 O'er Blane's hill, and o'er Catan, and o'er Kames,
 And round thy peak the phalanx'd Butesmen stood,†
 As Bruce's followers shed the Baliol's blood,
 Yea ! gave each Saxon homestead to the flames !

IV.

Proud palace-home of kings ! what art thou now ?
 Worn are the traceries of thy lofty brow !
 Yet once in beauteous strength like thee were none,
 When Rothesay's Duke was heir to Scotland's throne ;‡

* Rothesay Castle is first mentioned in history in connexion with its siege by Husbac the Norwegian, and Olave king of Man, in 1228. Among other means of defence, it is said that the Scots poured down boiling pitch and lead on the heads of their enemies ; but it was, however, at length taken, after the Norwegians had lost three hundred men. In 1263, it was retaken by the Scots after the decisive battle of Largs.

† This hill was the scene of a conflict between the men of Bute and the troops of Lisle, the English governor, in which that general was slain, and his severed head, presented to the Lord High Steward, was suspended from the battlements of the castle.

‡ In 1398, Robert the Third constituted his eldest son Duke of Rothesay, a title

Ere Falkland rose, or Holyrood, in thee
 The barons to their sovereign bow'd the knee:
 Now, as to mock thy pride,
 The very waters of thy moat are dried;
 Through fractured arch and doorway freely pass
 The sunbeams, into halls o'ergrown with grass;
 Thy floors, unroof'd, are open to the sky,
 And the snows lodge there when the storm sweeps by;
 O'er thy grim battlements, where bent the bow
 Thine archers keen, now hops the chattering crow;
 And where the beauteous and the brave were guests,
 Now breed the bats—the swallows build their nests!
 Lost even the legend of the bloody stair,
 Whose steps wend downward to thy house of prayer;
 Gone is the priest, and they who worshipp'd seem
 Phantoms to us—a dream within a dream;
 Earth hath o'ermantled each memorial stone,
 And from their tombs the very dust is gone;
 All perish'd, all forgotten, like the ray
 Which gilt yon orient hill-tops yesterday;
 All nameless, save mayhap one stalwart knight,
 Who fell with Græme in Falkirk's bloody fight—
 Bonkill's stout Stewart,* whose heroic tale
 Oft circles yet the peasant's evening fire,
 And how he scorn'd to fly, and how he bled—
 He, whose effigies in St Mary's choir,
 With planted heel upon the lion's head,
 Now rests in marble mail.
 Yet still remains the small dark narrow room,
 Where the third Robert, yielding to the gloom
 Of his despair, heart-broken, laid him down,
 Refusing food, to die; and to the wall
 Turn'd his determined face, unheeding all,
 And to his captive boy-prince left his crown.†
 Alas! thy solitary hawthorn-tree,
 Four-centuried, and o'erthrown, is but of thee

still held by every male heir-apparent to the British crown. It was the first introduction of the ducal dignity—originally a Norman one—into Scotland.

* The walls forming the choir of the very ancient church dedicated to the Holy Virgin are still nearly entire, and stand close to the present parish church of Rothesay. Within a traceried niche, on one side, is the recumbent figure of a knight in complete armour, apparently of the kind in use about the time of Robert the Second or Third. His feet are upon a lion couchant, and his head upon a faithful watch-dog, with a collar, in beautiful preservation, encircling its neck. The coat-of-arms denotes the person represented to have been of royal lineage. Popular tradition individualizes him as the "Stout Stewart of Bonkill" of Blind Harry the minstrel, who fell with Sir John the Grahame at the battle of Falkirk—although that hero was buried near the field of action, as his tombstone there in the old churchyard still records.

Sir John Stewart of Bonkill was uncle and tutor to the then Lord High Steward, at that time a minor.

A female figure and child recumbent, also elaborately sculptured in black marble, adorn the opposite niche, and under them, in alto-relievo, are several figures in religious habits. Another effigies of a knight, but much defaced, lies on the ground-floor of the choir—the whole of which was cleaned out and put in order by the present Marquis of Bute in 1827.

† On the 4th of April 1406, this unfortunate prince, overwhelmed with grief for the death of his eldest son, David, Duke of Rothesay and Earl of Carrick, who miserably perished of hunger in Falkland Castle; and the capture, during a time of truce, of his younger son, Prince James, by the English—died in the Castle of Rothesay of a broken heart. The closet, fourteen feet by eight, in which he breathed his last, is still pointed out, in the south-east corner of the castle.

A type, majestic ruin : there it lies,
 And annually puts on its May-flower bloom,
 To fill thy lonely courts with bland perfume,
 Yet lifts no more its green head to the skies ;*
 The last lone living thing around that knew
 Thy glory, when the dizziness and din
 Of thronging life o'erflow'd thy halls within,
 And o'er thy top St Andrew's banner flew.

v.

Farewell ! Elysian island of the west,
 Still be thy gardens brighten'd by the rose
 Of a perennial spring, and winter's snows
 Ne'er chill the warmth of thy maternal breast !
 May calms for ever sleep around thy coast,
 And desolating storms roll far away,
 While art with nature vies to form thy bay,
 Fairer than that which Naples makes her boast !
 Green link between the High-lands and the Low—
 Thou gem, half claim'd by earth, and half by sea—
 May blessings, like a flood, thy homes o'erflow,
 And health—though elsewhere lost—be found in thee !
 May thy bland zephyrs to the pallid cheek
 Of sickness ever roseate hues restore,
 And they who shun the rabble and the roar
 Of the wild world, on thy delightful shore
 Obtain that soft seclusion which they seek !
 Be this a stranger's farewell, green Byrone,
 Who ne'er hath trod thy heathery heights before,
 And ne'er may see thee more
 After yon autumn sun hath westering gone ;
 Though oft, in pensive mood, when far away,
 'Mid city multitudes, his thoughts will stray
 To Ascog's lake, blue-sleeping in the morn,
 And to the happy homesteads that adorn
 Thy Rothesay's lovely bay.

ASCOG LODGE, EAST BAY, ROTHESAY;
 September 1843.

* In the court of the castle is a remarkable thorn-tree, which for centuries had waved above the chapel now in ruins ; and which, at the distance of a yard from the ground, measures six feet three inches in circumference. In 1839, it fell from its own weight, and now lies prostrate, with half its roots uncovered, but still vigorous in growth.

TRAVELS OF KERIM KHAN.

CONCLUSION.

WHILE tracing the progress of our friend the Khan through the various scenes of amusement and festivity at which he assisted rather as a spectator than an actor, we had omitted to notice in its proper place an incident of some interest—his presence at the opening of the Parliamentary session of 1841, on the 26th of January, by the Queen in person. By the kindness of one of his friends, who was a member of the royal household, he had succeeded in obtaining a ticket of admission to the House of Lords, and was placed in a position which afforded him an excellent view of the brilliant multitude assembled to receive their sovereign. “When I had sufficiently recovered from the first impression of all the magnificence around me, I could compare it only to the Garden of Trem*—nay, it appeared even more wonderful than that marvellous place. At twelve o’clock, twenty-one peals of artillery announced the approach of the Queen, who shortly after entered with Prince Albert, followed by her train-bearers, &c. All rose as she advanced; and when the Lords were again seated, the *cadhi-ab-codhat* (Lord Chancellor) put a piece of paper in her hands, and placed himself on the right of the throne, while the grand-vizir stood on the left. Shortly after, the gentlemen of the House of Commons entered, when the Queen read with a loud voice from the paper to the following effect.” We need not, however, follow the Khan through the details of the royal speech, or the debate on the address which succeeded, though, in the latter, he appears to have been thunderstruck by the freedom of language indulged in by a certain eccentric ex-chancellor, remarking, “that under the emperors of Delhi such latitude of speech, in reference to the sovereign, would inevitably have cost the offender his head, or at least have

ensured his spending the remainder of his life in disgrace and exile at Mekka.” On the dignified bearing and self-possession of our youthful sovereign, the Khan enlarges in the strain of eulogy which might be expected from one to whom the sight of the ensigns of sovereignty borne by a female hand was in itself an almost inconceivable novelty, declaring, that “the justice and virtues of her Majesty have obliterated the name of Nushirvan from the face of the earth!” But the remarks of the simple-minded Parsees on the same subject will be found, from their honest sincerity, we suspect, more germane to the matter—“We saw in an instant that she was fitted by nature for, and intended to be, a queen; we saw a native nobility about her, which induced us to believe that she could, though meek and amiable, be firm and decisive; . . . that no man or set of men would be permitted by her to dictate a line of conduct; and that, knowing and feeling that she lived in the hearts and affections of her people, she would endeavour to temper justice with mercy; and we thought that if no unforeseen event (which God forbid) arose to dim the lustre of her reign, that the period of her sway in Britain would be quoted as the golden age.”

After this introduction, the Khan appears to have become an occasional attendant in the gallery of the House of Commons, and was present at a debate on the admission of foreign corn, in which Lord Stanley, Sir Robert Peel, and Lord John Russell took part—“These three being the most eloquent of the speakers, and the chiefs of their respective parties, though several other members spoke at great length either for or against the motion, according as each was attached to one or other of the great factions which divide the House of

* The palace constructed, in the early ages of the world, by the giant-king Sheddad; as a rival to the heavenly paradise, and supposed still to exist, though invisible to mortal eyes, in the recesses of the Desert.—See *LANG’S Thousand and One Nights*, vol. ii. p. 342.

Commons, and hold the destinies of the people in their hands." Of the speeches of these three leaders, and the arguments adduced by them, he accordingly attempts to give an abstract; though as his information must have been derived, we imagine, principally through the medium of an interpreter, this first essay at Parliamentary reporting is not particularly successful; and if we are to conclude, from his constant use of the phrase *zemindars* to denote the landed interest, that he considered the estates of the English proprietors to be held by *zemindarry* tenures similar to those in Bengal, his notions on the subject of the debate must have been considerably perplexed. "At length, however, as the debate had already been protracted to a late hour, and there was no probability of a speedy termination to this war of words, I left the House with no unfavourable impression of what I had heard. This eternal wrangling between the two factions is inherent, it appears, in the nature of the constitution. With us, two wise men never dispute; yet every individual member of the legislature is supposed to possess a certain share of wisdom—so that here are a thousand wise men constantly disputing. One would think no good could result from such endless differences of opinion; but the fact is the reverse—for from these debates result those measures which mark the character of the English for energy and love of liberty."

But though thus constantly alluding to the two great political parties which divide the state, the Khan nowhere attempts to give his readers a definition of the essential differences which separate them; and, for a statement of the respective tenets of Whigs and Tories, as represented to an oriental, we must once more have recourse to the journal of Najaf Kooli, who has apparently taken great pains to make himself acquainted with this abstruse subject. "The Tories," says the Persian prince, "argue as follows:—'Three hundred years ago we were wild people, and our kingdom ranked lower than any other. But, through our wisdom and learning, we have brought it to its present height of honour; and, as the empire was enlarged under our management, why should we now *reform* and give

up our policy which has done all this good?' To which the Whigs reply—'It is more prudent to go according to the changes of time and circumstances. Moreover, by the old policy, only a few were benefited; and, as government is for the general good, we must observe that which is best for the whole nation, so that all should be profited.'" The Shahzadeh's description of the ceremony of opening Parliament, and his summary of the usual topics touched upon in the royal speech, are marked by the same amusing *naïveté*—"When all are met, the king, arrayed in all his majestic splendour and state, with the crown on his head, stands up with his face to the assembly, and makes a speech with perfect eloquence, as follows:—'Thank God that my kingdom is in perfect happiness, and all the affairs, both at home and abroad, are in good order. All the foreign badishahs (kings and emperors) have sent to me ambassadors, assuring me of their friendship. The commerce of this empire is enjoying the highest prosperity; and all these benefits are through your wise ordination of affairs last session. This year also I have to request you again to meet in your houses, and to take all affairs into the consideration of your high skill and learning, and settle them as you find best. Should there be any misunderstanding in any part which may require either war or peace to be declared, you will thereupon also take the proper measures for settling it according to the welfare and interests of the kingdom.' Then they receive their instructions, the king leaves them, and they meet every day, Sunday excepted, from one o'clock in the afternoon till four hours after sunset. They take all things into consideration, and decide all questions; and when there is a difference of opinion there will arise loud voices and vehement disputes."

But we must now return to the movements of the Khan, after the Lord Mayor's dinner, described in our last Number, in the world of amusement which surrounded him in London. His next visit, when he recovered from the fit of meditation into which he was thrown by the sight of the marvellous banquet aforesaid, was to the Colosseum; but his account of the wonders of this celebrated place of

resort, perhaps from his faculties still being in some measure abstracted, is less full than might have been expected. The ascending-room (which the Persian prince describes as "rising like an eagle with large wings into the atmosphere, till, after an hour's time, it stopped in the sky, and opened its beak, so that we came out") he merely alludes to as "the talismanic process by which I was carried to the upper regions;" and though the panoramic view of London is pronounced to be, "of all the wonders of the metropolis the most wonderful," it is dismissed with the remark, that "it is useless to attempt to describe it in detail. After this," continues the Khan, "I passed under ground among some artificial caves, which I at first took for the dens of wild beasts; and that people should pay for seeing such places as these, does seem a strange taste. By going a short distance out of Delhi, a man may enter as many such places as he pleases, bearing in mind, at the same time, that he runs the greatest chance in the world of encountering a grinning hyæna, or some such beast; and it was with some such feeling that I entered these grottoes, not being exactly acquainted with their nature."

The Khan had now nearly exhausted the circle of places of public entertainment; but one yet remained to be visited, and that, perhaps, the most congenial of all to oriental tastes in the style of its decorations, brilliant lights, and multifarious displays—Vauxhall. "A large garden! a paradise!"—such is the rapturous description of the Persian princes—"filled with roses of various hues, with cool waters running in every direction on the beautiful green, and pictures painted on every wall. There were burning about two millions of lamps, each of a different colour; and we saw here such fire-works, as made us forget all others we had already seen. Here and there were young moon-faces selling refreshments; and in every walk there were thousands of Frank moons (ladies) led by the hand, while the roses grew pale with admiring their beautiful cheeks." The Khan, though less ardent and enthusiastic than the grandsons of Futteh Ali Shah, does ample justice to the splendour of the illumination; "thousands of lights distributed over the

gardens, suspended on the trees, and arranged in numberless fanciful devices, so as to form flowers, names, &c.; and when it became dark, one blaze of bright light was presented, extending over a vast space." He was fortunate, moreover, in making his visit to the gardens on the evening of a balloon ascent, "and thus I witnessed the most wonderful sight I ever saw—a sight which a hundred millions of people in India consider to be a *Feringhi* fiction, an incredible fable; for though a Frenchman made an ascent at Lucknow some years ago, nobody believes it who did not see it, and many even who were present, believed that their senses had been beguiled by magic. A car in the shape of a *howdah* was swung by ropes beneath the balloon, in which six individuals seated themselves, besides the aeronaut; and when it was filled with the gas and ready to start, the latter tried to prevail on me to take a seat, telling me he had performed nearly three hundred aerial voyages, and that, if any accident should happen, he himself would be the first to suffer. I certainly had a wish to satisfy my curiosity, by ascending to the skies, but was dissuaded by the friends who accompanied me, who said it was safer to remain on *terra firma*, and look on at the voyagers; and accordingly I did so."

Though it would appear that the Khan had already paid more than one visit to the treasures of art and nature collected within the walls of the British Museum, his description of that institution, "one like which I had never before heard of," is reserved almost to the last in the catalogue of the wonders of London; and his remarks on the numberless novel objects which presented themselves at every turn to his gaze, form one of the most curious and interesting passages in his journal. The brilliant plumage of the birds in the gallery of natural history, and particularly of the humming birds "from the far isles of the Western Sea," the splendour of which outshone even the gorgeous feathered tribes of his native East, excited his admiration to the highest degree—"animals likewise from every country of the earth were placed around, and might have been mistaken for living beings, from the gloss of their skins

and the brightness of their eyes." The library, "containing, as I was told, 300,000 volumes, among which were 20,000 Arabic, Persian, and Turkish manuscripts," is briefly noticed; and the sight of the mummies in the Egyptian collection sets the Khan moralizing, not in the most novel strain, on these relics of bygone mortality. The sculptures were less to his taste—the Egyptian colossi are alluded to as "the work in former days, I suppose, of some of the mummies up stairs;" and the Grecian statues "would appear, to an unbiassed stranger, a quantity of useless, mutilated *idols*, representing both men and monsters; but in the eyes of the English, it is a most valuable collection, said to have cost seven *lakhs* of rupees, (L.70,000,) and venerated as containing some of the finest sculptures in the world. I cannot understand how such importance can be attached in Europe to this art, since the use of all images is as distinctly forbidden by the *Tevrât*, (Bible,) as it is by our own law. . . . But the strangest sight was in one of the upper rooms, which contains specimens of extinct monsters, recently discovered in the bowels of the earth in a fossil state, and supposed to be thousands of years old. Many men of science pass their whole lives in inventing names for these creatures, and studying the shape of a broken tooth supposed to have belonged to them; the science to which this appertains, being a branch of that relating to minerals, of which there is in the next room a vast collection ranged in well-polished cases, with the names written on them. . . . Among these, the most extraordinary were some stones said to have fallen from the sky, one of which was near 300 lbs. in weight, and with regard to the origin of which their philosophers differ. The most generally received opinion is, that they were thrown from volcanoes in the moon, thus assuming, first, the existence of volcanoes there; secondly, their possessing sufficient force to throw such masses to a distance, according to their own theory, of between 200,000 and 300,000 miles; and this through regions, the nature of which is wholly unknown. This hypothesis cannot be maintained according to the Ptolemaic system; indeed, it is in direct contravention to it."

The perverse abandonment by the Feringhis of the time-honoured system of Ptolemy, in favour of the new-fangled theories of Copernicus, by which the earth is degraded from its recognised and respectable station in the centre of the universe, to a subordinate grade in the solar system, seems to have been a source of great scandal and perplexity to the Khan; "since," as he remarks, "the former doctrine is supported by their own Bible, not less than by our Koran." These sentiments are repeated whenever the subject is referred to; and particularly on the occasion of a visit to the Observatory at Greenwich, where he was shown all the telescopes and astronomical apparatus, "though, owing to the state of the weather, I had not the opportunity of viewing the heavens to satisfy myself of the correctness of the statements made to me. I was told, however, that on looking through these instruments at the moon, mountains, seas, and other signs of a world, are distinctly visible." After satisfying his curiosity on these points, the Khan proceeded to inspect the hospital, where he saw the pensioners at dinner in the great hall; "most of these had lost their limbs, and those who were not maimed were very old, and nearly all of them had been severely wounded; indeed, it was a very interesting spectacle, and reflected great credit on the English nation, which thus provides for the old age of those who have shed their blood in her defence." To the charitable institutions of the country, indeed, we find the Khan at all times fully disposed to do justice; "there is no better feature than this in the national character, for there is scarcely a disease or deformity in nature for which there is not some edifice, in which the afflicted are lodged, fed, and kindly treated. Would that we had such institutions in Hindustan!" In pursuance of this feeling, we now find him visiting the Blind Asylum and the Deaf and Dumb School; and the circumstantial details into which he enters of the comforts provided for the inmates of these establishments, and the proficiency which many of them had attained in trades and accomplishments apparently inconsistent with their privations, sufficiently evidences the interest with which he regarded these

benevolent institutions. Another spectacle of the same character, which he had an opportunity of witnessing about this period, was the annual procession of the charity children to St Paul's:—"I obtained a seat near the officiating *imam* or high priest, and saw near ten thousand children of both sexes, belonging to the different eleemosynary establishments, which are deservedly the pride of this country, all clothed in an uniform dress, while every corner was filled with spectators. After the *khotbah* (prayer) was read, they began to sing, not in the ordinary manner, but, as I was given to understand, so as to involve a form of prayer and thanksgiving. I was told that they belonged to many schools,* and are brought here once a year, that those who contribute to their support may witness the progress they have made, as well as their health and appearance."

The military college at Addiscombe, for the education of the cadets of the East India Company's army, would naturally be to the Khan an object of peculiar interest; and thither he accordingly repaired, in company with several of his friends, apparently members of the Indian direction, on the occasion of the examination of the students by Colonel Pasley.† "After partaking of a sumptuous luncheon, we went to the students' room, where they were examined in various branches of the military science, as mathematics, fortification, drawing, &c., besides various languages, one of which was the Oordoo."‡ After the close of the examination, and the distribu-

tion of prizes to the successful candidates,§ the company repaired to the grounds, where the Khan was astonished by the quickness and precision with which the cadets took to pieces and reconstructed the pontoons, and went through other operations of military engineering; and still more by a subaqueous explosion of powder by the means of the voltaic battery—"a method by which Colonel Pasley was engaged near Portsmouth in raising a vessel which had sunk there." It would be hardly fair to surmise the probable tendency of the Khan's secret thoughts on thus witnessing the care bestowed on the training of those destined hereafter to maintain the Feringhi yoke on his native country; but he expressed himself highly gratified by all that he saw; and we find him, shortly after, in attendance at a spectacle more calculated than any thing he had yet witnessed, to impress him with an adequate idea of British power—the launch of a first-rate man-of-war at Woolwich.|| "The sight was extremely exhilarating, from the fineness of the day, and the immense crowds of people of all ages and both sexes, generally well dressed, who were congregated on the land and the water, expecting the arrival of the Queen. Her majesty appeared at one o'clock, and proceeded to the front of the great ship, where a place, covered with red cloth, was prepared for her; I had a seat quite close, and saw it all very well. . . . The ceremony of christening a ship is taken from that of christening a child, which, as practised in the Nazarene churches, con-

* The Persian princes imagine these children to be collected from all parts of the United Kingdom, for the purpose of this procession!

† The Khan never gives dates; but on investigation we find that this must have been on the 11th of June 1841; as among the list of visitors on that day occur the names of *Kurreen Khan*, *Mohabet Khan*, and, singularly enough, the Parsee poet, *Manackjee Cursetjee*, who will be well remembered as a lion of the London drawing-rooms during that season.

‡ The *polite* dialect of Hindustani, which differs considerably from that in use among the lower orders. The phrase is derived from *Oorda*, the court, or camp, of the sovereign—whence our word *horde*.

§ "One hundred and fifty-three of the students," he adds, "were fixed upon for commissions, who were to be sent out to India;" but the Khan must have been strangely misinformed here, as the number actually selected was only thirty-one.

|| This must have been the *Trafalgar* of 120 guns, which was launched June 21, 1841; but the Khan is mistaken in supposing that the Queen personally performed the ceremony of christening the ship, since that duty devolved on Lady Bridport, the niece of Nelson, who used on the occasion a bottle of wine which had been on board the *Victory* when Nelson fell.

sists in throwing water in its face, and saying a prayer; but here a bottle of wine hung before her majesty, and opposite to it a piece of iron, against which she pushed the bottle and broke it, and the wine was sprinkled over the ship, which then received its name. . . . In a short time the slips were drawn, and she glided nobly into the stream of the Thames amidst the shouts of the spectators, and anchored at a short distance. I went on board this immense floating castle, but observed that she was not ready for sea, and I was told that she would require some time to be rigged, provisioned, &c. Our party then returned to Greenwich; and after my friends had dined, with whom I partook of a delicate little fish now in season, (whitebait,) drove back to town."

The Khan had no leisure, on this occasion, to inspect the wonders of the *top-khana*, or arsenal; but he paid a second visit for the purpose a few days later, duly armed with an order from the Master-General of the Ordnance, which is indispensable for the admission of a foreigner. His sensations, on entering this vast repository of arms, were not unlike those attributed to a personage whose fictitious adventures, though the production of a *Feringhi* pen, present one of the most faithful pictures extant of the genuine feelings of an oriental on Frank matters:—"When we came to the guns," says the eximious Hajji Baba, "by my beard, existence fled from our heads! We saw cannons of all sizes and denominations, enough to have paved the way, if placed side by side, from Tehran to Tabriz—if placed lengthways, Allah only knows where they would have reached—into the very grave of the father of all the Russians, perhaps!" "The cannon distributed over the whole place," says the graver narrative of the Khan, "are said to amount to 40,000! all ready for use in the army, navy, or fortresses; and, as if these were not sufficient for the destruction of the human race, other pieces are constantly casting by a process the reverse of that in India, where the guns are cast in moulds—whereas here a solid cylinder is cast, and afterwards bored,

shaped, and finished by steam power. . . . There are, moreover, a considerable number taken from enemies in battle, two of which, taken from Tippoo Sultan at Seringapatam, have their muzzles in the form of a lion's mouth, and are very well cast and elaborately ornamented; having their date, with the weight of powder and ball they carry, expressed in Persian characters about the mouth. There are also three from Bhurtpore, and three others from Aden, the inscriptions on which denote that they were cast by order of the Turkish emperor, *Mahmood** Ibn Soliman." After leaving the arsenal, the Khan proceeded to the dockyard, of which he merely enumerates the various departments; but the proving of the anchors and chain-cables by means of the hydraulic press, impressed him, as it must do every one who has witnessed that astonishing process, with the idea of almost illimitable power. "On the ground lay a huge anchor which had been broken a few days before in the presence of Prince Albert, and when I was there four men were trying the strength of a chain by turning a wheel, the force produced by which was more than sufficient to break it; for just as I arrived it began to give way, when they desisted. The force here produced by means of this single wheel must have been equal to that of some 200,000 elephants, which might perhaps have pulled till doomsday without effecting it. Such is the wonderful effect of this agent (steam,) the results of which I meet with in so many different places, and under so many different circumstances!" After visiting the convict-hulk, and seeing the anchor-foundries in operation, the Khan crossed to Blackwall, and returned to town by the railway, his first conveyance when he landed in England. His increased experience in steam-travelling had now, however, enabled him to detect the difference between the mode of propulsion by engines on the other railroads, and the "immense cables made of iron wires" by which the vehicles are drawn on this line; the construction of which, as well as the electro-telegraph, ("a process for which we have no phrase

* This must be a slip of the pen for *Selim*, or perhaps for Soliman Ibn Selim, (Soliman the Magnificent.)

in Oordoo,") by which communication is effected between the two ends of the line, he soon after paid another visit to inspect. "This railway is carried partly over houses and partly under ground; and as the price of the ground was unusually high, I was told that it cost, though only three miles and a half in length, the enormous sum of a crore of rupees, (L.1,000,000!)"

With this notice of the Blackwall railway, the personal narrative of the Khan's residence in England is brought to an abrupt conclusion; leaving us in the dark as to the time and circumstances of his return to his native land, which we believe took place soon after this period. The remainder of his work is in the nature of an appendix, consisting chiefly of dissertations on the manners, institutions, &c., of Great Britain, as compared with those of Hindustan. He likewise gives an elaborate retrospect of English history, from the Britons downwards; excepting, however, the four centuries from the death of William the Conqueror to the accession of Henry VIII.—an interval which he perhaps considers to have been sufficiently filled up by his disquisitions on the struggles for power between the crown and the barons, and the consequent origin and final constitution of parliament, related in a previous part of his work. His object in undertaking this compilation was, as he informs us, "for the benefit of those in Hindustan, who are to this day entirely ignorant of English history, and indifferent as to acquiring any knowledge whatever of a people whose sway has been extended over so many millions of human beings, and whose influence is felt in the remotest corners of the globe." The manner in which the Khan has performed his self-imposed task, is highly creditable to his industry and discrimination, and strongly contrasts, in the accuracy of the facts and plain sense of the narration, with the wild extravagances in which Asiatic historiographers are apt to indulge; the Anglo-Saxon part of the history, on which especial pains appears to have been bestowed, is particularly complete and well written—unless (as,

indeed, we are almost inclined to suspect) it be a translation *in toto* from some popular historical treatise. The Khan's acquired knowledge of English history, indeed, is sometimes more accurate than his acquaintance with the annals of his own country; as when, in comparing Queen Elizabeth with the famous Queen of Delhi, Raziah Begum, he speaks of the latter princess as "daughter of Behlol Khan, the Pathan Emperor of Delhi;" whereas a reference to Ferishta, or any other native historian, will inform us that Raziah died A.D. 1239, more than 200 years before the accession of Behlol Lodi. No such errors as this, either in fact or chronology, disfigure the Khan's sketch of English history; but as it would scarcely present so much novelty to English readers as it may possibly do to the Hindustani friends of the author for whom it is intended, we shall give but a few brief notices of it. His favourite hero, in the account of the Saxon period, is of course Alfred, and he devotes to the events of his reign more than half the space occupied by the history of the dynasty;* thus summing up his character:—"To describe all the excellent qualities, intellectual and moral, attributed to this prince by English historians, would be to condense in a single individual the highest perfections of which the human species is capable. Qualities contradictory in their natures, and which are possessed only by men of different characters, and scarcely ever by one man, seem to have been united in this monarch; he was humane, prudent, and peaceful, yet brave, just, and impartial; affable, and capable of giving and receiving counsel. In short, he was a man especially endowed by the Deity with virtue and intelligence to benefit the human race!"

The story of Edwy and Elgiva, and the barbarities which the beautiful queen suffered at the hands of Dunstan, are related with fitting abhorrence by the Khan, who seems to entertain, on all occasions, a special aversion to the ascendancy of the Romish priesthood. The loves of

* "At this epoch," adds the Khan in a note, "reigned the great Harūn-al-Rashid, the khalif and supreme head of Islam; and Charles the Great was Emperor of the Franks."

Edgar and Elfrida, and the punishment of the faithless courtier who deceived his sovereign by a false report of the attractions of the lady, are also duly commemorated; as well as the fall of the Saxon kingdom before the conquering swords of the Danes, during the reign of Ethelred the Unready, the son of the false and cruel Elfrida. But the intrusive monarch Canute "was looked upon, in those times of ignorance, as a very extraordinary man, and supposed to be the greatest king of the world, the sovereign of the seas and the land." The well-known story of his pretending to command the waves, as related by the Khan, differs considerably from the usually received version, and perhaps may be better adapted to the notions prevalent in the East, where success by stratagem is always considered preferable to a manly avowal of incompetency. "One day he was seated on the sea-shore, when the waves reached his chair. Canute commanded them to retire; and as the tide happened to be actually ebbing at the time, the waters retreated to the ocean. Then turning to his courtiers, he exclaimed, that the king whose mandates were obeyed by the billows of the sea, as well as by the children of men, was truly the monarch of the earth. Ever after this he was regarded by the ignorant multitude with a sort of religious awe, and was called Canute *the Great*, as we should say *Sahib-i-kirān*," (the Lord of the Conjunction, implying a man born under a peculiar conjunction of planetary influences which predetermines him to distinguished fortunes.)

But of all the English monarchs whose reigns are noticed by the Khan, the one who appears to stand highest, as a pious and patriotic king, in his estimation—a distinction which he not improbably owes to his zeal as an iconoclast, the use of images in worship being abhorred by the Moslems—is no other than Henry VIII. No hint of the "gospel light that beamed from Boleyn's eyes," or of the doom which overtook more than one of his consorts, is allowed to interfere with the lustre of his achievements; such allusions, indeed, would probably be regarded by the Khan as unwarrantable violations of the privacy of the *zenana*. But in order to set in a stronger light the difficulties which

he had to encounter, we have a circumstantial account of the rise of the Papal power, and the exorbitant prerogatives assumed for some centuries previously, by the Pope. "This personage was the monarch of Christendom, something analogous to our holy khalifs, who were the heads of Islam and the Mohammedan world; and from him the princes of Christendom received investiture, as did our Mohammedan sovereigns from the khalifs of Bagdad. The ecclesiastics every where gave out that the pontiff was the vicergerent of God, and that every one who died without his blessing and forgiveness would suffer endless torments hereafter. Moreover, if the king of any country did aught contravening the Pope's pleasure, his people were excommunicated, and anathemas published against them to the whole of Europe. Thus were the nations led by the nose like a string of camels." He then proceeds to state how Henry, by holding forth to his nobles the prospect of participation in the rich possessions of the church, induced them to join him in the enterprise of destroying the papal ascendancy. "He then commanded the name of the Pope to be expunged from the *khoibah*, and his own to be substituted as head of the church; while the *idols* and pictures were removed from the churches, and not allowed to be again used in worship; and the confiscated property was divided into three parts, one of which he reserved for himself, the second he gave to the nobles who had assisted him, and distributed the third among the clergy of the new or reformed religion.

"The Pope's wrath was kindled at these proceedings, and he excommunicated the king, who trampled the edict under his feet. The Pope then wrote to the princes of Christendom, exhorting them all to undertake a *holy war* against Henry, who was not only a heretic, but an infidel; adding, that if they did not, fire would be rained on them from heaven as a punishment for their neglect. Some of the Christian monarchs, as the King of Spain, declared war accordingly against Henry, and sent ships to the coast of England; but all their attempts failed; and the King of Denmark and other potentates, perceiving that the Pope's threats were not accomplished, and that no fire fell

from heaven, followed Henry's example in expelling the Pope's clergy from their dominions, and adopted measures of reform similar to his. From this time the Pope's power began to decline in all the countries of Europe, so that at the present day his name is read in the *khotbah* only in the city of Rome and the small territory which is yet left him in its neighbourhood; and the old practice of excommunication seems to have entirely ceased; while the reformed religion introduced by Henry, and which is so different from the ancient faith, has existed in England ever since, a period of above three hundred years."

We need not pursue further our extracts from the Khan's speculations on English history, of which the passages already given afford a sufficient specimen; but we may notice that he mentions James I. as the first English monarch who sent an ambassador (Sir Thomas Roe) to the court of Delhi, and refers to the history of Ferishta for an account of his reception by the Emperor Jehanghir. He next proceeds to describe the climate, productions, and statistics of the country, its division into *zillahs* or counties, the law of primogeniture as regards succession to landed property, &c.; and enters into minute details on the laws regulating the succession to the throne, the responsibility of ministers, the election of the members of the House of Commons, and the mutual dependence of the three branches of the legislature; but his remarks on these subjects, though creditable from their general accuracy, possess little originality; and may be left without comment for the edification of his friends in Hindustan, for whose benefit it is to be presumed they were intended. The doctrine of the responsibility of ministers, (which the Khan in a former part of his narrative, as we had occasion to remark, seemed either to have been unacquainted with, or to have lost sight of,) is here stated with a full appreciation of its practical bearings; and is pronounced to be "the best law which the English ever made for the government of the people, by imposing a check on the absolute will of the sovereign; resembling the similar restraint on the power of our monarchs which prevails in Islam, though with us the check is still more powerful and

effectual, as the judge is empowered by the Koran to demand satisfaction from the sovereign himself!" The details of the British finances are briefly touched upon, with a special denunciation of "that most extraordinary tax laid on the light of the sun when it comes through a window:"—but the Khan contents himself with stating the amount of the national debt, and the interest annually paid to the public creditors, without offering any scheme for its extinction, like that of his countryman Mirza Abu-Taleb, who with perfect gravity and good faith proposes that the fundholders should be summoned before Parliament, and informed by the minister, that since the pressure of the taxes necessary to meet the interest must inevitably, ere long, produce a revolution, in which the whole debt would be cancelled, it would be far better for them at once to relinquish with a good grace great part of their claim, and accept payment of the balance by instalments. Of the feasibility, as well as equity of this plan, the Mirza does not appear to entertain the smallest doubt:—"and thus," he triumphantly concludes, "in twenty or thirty years, the whole of the debt would be liquidated; some of the most oppressive taxes might be immediately abolished, and others gradually relinquished; provisions would become cheaper, and the people be rendered happy, and grateful to the government."

"When in Hindustan," says the Khan, "I had heard, like millions of others, of something in connexion with the Feringhi rulers, called *Company*; but no one knew whether this was a man, or a medicine, or a weapon, or a horse, or a ship, or any thing else. The most prevalent notion was, that it was an old woman; but as the oldest among us, and their fathers before them, had always heard it spoken of in exactly the same terms, they were further puzzled to account for her preternatural longevity." A well-directed course of enquiry in England, speedily enabled the Khan to unravel the mystery; and he has enlightened his countrymen with full details on the composition of the venerable Begum, with the Court of Directors, the Board of Control, &c.: but in the prosecution of these researches, he was surprised by finding

that *Company* was so far from being one and indivisible, that *Companies* "exist by thousands for multifarious objects—many even for speculation in human life. The most recent is the Victoria, composed of twelve directors, and other officers. A man puts a value on his life, and on this sum they put a per centage, varying according to his age and state of health, which he pays, and when he dies his heirs receive the money. People of the middle classes generally resort to this method of providing, by small annual contributions, for the support of their families after their decease—and consequently the man's own relations often rejoice when he dies, while strangers (the Insurance Company) grieve."

On the important subject of the domestic usages and manners of the English, the Khan enters less at length than might have been expected. Of country life, indeed, from which alone correct ideas on such subjects can be derived, he saw absolutely nothing, his knowledge of the country being apparently limited to the prospect from the windows of a railway carriage; and his acquaintance with London manners was drawn more from ball-rooms and crowded soirées, than from the private circles of family réunions. With these limited opportunities of observation, his remarks on the mass of the people are necessarily confined, in a great measure, to their outdoor habits; in which nothing appears to have surprised him more than the small number of horsemen (as he considers) to be seen in the streets of London; "the generality of these, too, are extremely bad riders, though this, perhaps, may be owing to the uncouth and awkward saddles they use;" a libel on our national character for horsemanship, into which we must charitably hope that the Cockney cavaliers who crowd the Regent's Park on Sundays, are responsible for having misled him. The important point of the comparative deference paid to women, and the amount of liberty and privileges enjoyed by them, in the social systems of Mohammedan

and Christian countries respectively, is taken up by the Khan in behalf of the former, with as much warmth as in past years by his compatriot Mirza Abu-Taleb,* and in much the same line of argument—to the effect that the dowry which the eastern husband is bound by law to pay over in money to his wife in the event of a separation, is a far more effectual protection to the wife from the fickleness and caprice of her partner, ("whose interest it thus becomes, setting affection wholly out of the question, to remain on good terms with her,") than any remedy afforded by the laws of England; where a wife, though bound by ties less easily dissolved than under the Mohammedan system of divorces, may still be driven, without misconduct on her part, from her husband's house, and left to seek redress by the slow process of litigation. The Khan assures us that several ladies with whom he conversed on these interesting topics, and who had passed many years of their lives in India, were utterly unacquainted with these protective rights of Hindustani wives; and were obliged to confess, that if they were correctly stated, "the ladies in India are far better off than ourselves. For (said they) the dowry we receive from our fathers on our marriage goes to our husbands, who may squander it in one day if they like; and even the dresses we wear are not our own property, but are given us by our husbands." But if we allow the Khan all due credit for the adroitness and success with which he maintained on this occasion the cause of his fair countrywomen, we can scarcely acquit him of something like disingenuousness in a discussion with "another lady," apparently one who had *not* been in India, and who lamented the hard fate (as she believed) of the Indian widows, who could not marry again after the death of their first husband, and were at the mercy of the priests, who filled their heads with terrors of a future state to prevent their doing so. "With regard to this last idea, it is so utterly

* The Mirza even went so far as to write during his stay in England a treatise, entitled "Vindication of the Liberties of the Asiatic Women," which was translated by Captain Richardson, and published first in the *Asiatic Annual Register* for 1801, and again as an Appendix to the Mirza's Travels. It is a very curious pamphlet, and well worth perusal.

groundless, that there is no word in our language corresponding with 'priest;' and of all religions in the world, Islam is the least influenced by spiritual meddlers of any sort. It is, besides, expressly enjoined in the Koran, that widows should marry; they may do so as often as they like, if they survive their husbands; and if they do not, it is their own choice." Now, though this vehement denial of the Khan's is perfectly true as regards *Moslem* law and *Moslem* widows, he must have been well aware that the lady's error arose from her considering as common to all the natives of India, Hindustanis as well as Hindus, those customs and restrictions which are peculiar to the Hindus alone. Among the latter, as is well known, both the priestcraft of the Brahmins, and the impediments to the marriage of a widow,* exist in full force at this day; and it would have been more candid on the part of the Khan, even at the expense of a little of his Moslem pride, to have set his fair opponent right on these points, than to have triumphed over her ignorance, without showing her wherein lay her error.

But however deeply the Khan may have commiserated the unprotected condition of English wives, as compared with the security of rights enjoyed by the more fortunate dames of Hindustan, we find him at all times disposed to do ample justice to the social qualifications and accomplishments of our countrywomen, and the beneficial influence exercised by them in smoothing the asperities of society. The masculine portion of the community, indeed, find little favour in the eyes of the Khan, who accuses them of being prone to indulge in inveterate enmity and ill-feeling on slight grounds, while instances of real friendship, on the contrary, are extremely rare: and he is wearied and disgusted by the endless disputes which occur at all times and all places, from the collision of indi-

viduals of adverse political sentiments. "They dispute in parliament, they dispute in their social circles, they dispute in steam-boats, on railroads, in eating and drinking; and I verily believe that, but for some slight feeling of religion, they would dispute even in their churches. But in the same proportion as the men were hostile to each other, did the women seem united: the more there were of these fair creatures, the pleasanter did they make the party by their smiles and good-humour: with the men, the more there were collected together, the more wrangling always ensued. In qualities of the mind and heart, as well as in the social virtues, the women far surpass the men—they are more susceptible of friendship, more hospitable to strangers, less reserved, and, I must say, generally better informed. Wherever I have been conversing with gentlemen in society, if a difficulty occurred on any topic, the men would invariably turn to their wives or sisters, and ask for an explanation, thus tacitly admitting the superior attainments of the ladies: and I have always found that I obtained from the latter a more satisfactory answer to any of my enquiries on national customs and institutions. Nor must it be supposed that this superiority was only apparent, and arose from the desire the men might have to display the accomplishments of their ladies by referring so constantly to them: it is the real state of the case, as far as I can judge from the manners of the people."

We cannot better close our extracts from the Khan's remarks on English manners and society, than with this spontaneous tribute to the merits and attractions of our countrywomen, the value of which is enhanced by its coming, as it does, from an acute observer of a social system in which every thing was wholly at variance with his preconceived habits and ideas, and from one, moreover, totally unacquainted with that routine of com-

* Great efforts have of late been made, among the more enlightened Hindus, to get rid of this prejudice. Baboo Motee Loll Seal, a wealthy native of Calcutta, offered 20,000 rupees, a year or two since, to the first Hindu who would marry a widow, and we believe the prize has been since claimed:—and in the *Asiatic Journal* (vol. xxxviii. p. 370,) we find the announcement of the establishment, in 1842, of a "Hindu widow re-marrying club" at Calcutta!

pliment, which serves gentlemen in the regions of Franguestan, to use the words of Die Vernon, "like the toys and beads which navigators carry with them to propitiate the inhabitants of newly-discovered lands." But the impression produced on the Khan by the contemplation of the institutions and resources of England has yet to be viewed in another light—in its relations to the government of India under Feringhi rule, and the comparative benefits conferred on the people at large, by the sway respectively of the English, and of their old Mohammedan rulers. The Khan's opinions on these subjects will doubtless be read with surprise by that numerous and respectable class of the community, who hold as an article of faith, (to use the words of our author,) that in Mohammedan countries "every prince is a tyrant; every court of justice full of corruption; and all the people sunk in depravity, ignorance, and misery:" and who cling to the comfortable delusion that we have succeeded, by the equity of our civil government, in attaching to our rule the population of India. As a view of this important subject *from the other side of the question*, taken by one, however, by no means indisposed to do justice to what he considers as the meritorious features of the English administration, the Khan's comparative summary, though not wholly devoid of prejudice, possesses considerable interest: and it must be admitted, that with respect to the internal improvement of the country, his strictures have hitherto had but too much foundation, though the schemes of the present governor-general, if carried into effect, will go far to remove this stigma from the Anglo-Indian rulers. After contrasting, in a conversation with an English friend, the expedition of legal proceedings under the Moslem rule, with the slow process of the English courts in India, to be finally remedied only by the endless and generally ineffectual course of appeal to the privy-council at home, (in which, according to the Khan's statement, not a single individual of the number who have undertaken the long voyage from India has ever succeeded,) he proceeds—

"Historical facts seem to be wholly lost sight of by those who talk of the conduct of Mohammedan rulers in In-

dia, who, as I could prove by many instances, were constantly solicitous of the happiness of their subjects. Shah-Jehan constructed a road from Delhi to Lahore, a distance of 500 miles, with guard-houses at intervals of every three miles, and at every ten or twelve miles a caravanserai, where all travellers were fed and lodged at the Emperor's expense. Besides this, canals were dug, and public edifices built, at the expense of millions, without taxing the people to pay for them as here; and these edifices still stand, and will endure for many years, as monuments of the munificence of the monarchs who erected them. During the seventy years of the English dominion in India, what has been done which would remind the people fifty years hence, if they should retire from the country, that such a nation had ever held sway there? The only memorials they would leave, would be the numerous empty bottles scattered over the whole empire, to indicate what has been done *in*, if not *for* India! In some cases also, they have squandered millions without benefit either to the people or themselves. The money spent in three years on the insane war in Cabul, if expended on the construction of railroads or canals, or the extension of steam navigation on our great rivers, would have employed thousands of men for twenty years, returned an immense profit to government, and have gained them a good name among the people. But it is the misfortune of India, that notwithstanding the high qualities of energy and enterprise, united with superior education and intelligence, unquestionably possessed by its masters, they display so lamentable and apathetic an indifference to the amelioration of the country. Since I have had such opportunities of observing the proofs of English art and skill which I see every where and in every department, I cannot but the more deeply regret that these wonderful discoveries, and strange and unheard-of inventions, in every branch of science and art, are likely to remain unknown to the people of India. If I were to relate on my return all the wonders I have seen, no one would believe me: and to what could I appeal in evidence of the truth of what I say? Are there any establishments where these things can be shown to the peo-

ple on any thing like an adequate scale? If such institutions had been established, the people would have some tangible proof of the real intellectual superiority of their English rulers: but in the lapse of seventy years, nothing has been done. Again, if seminaries had been founded on the principle of those built and endowed by the emperors, they might have produced men eminent in various faculties: but though it is true that schools were built by the Company some fifteen years since, in various parts of the empire, in which some thousands of children, both Hindoo and Moslem, have received education, they have never turned out a single man of superior attainments in any department of literature there taught:—and it is remarkable that not an instance exists, as far as I am aware, of a man thus educated in the Company's own schools having been selected for the high judicial offices of *Sadr-ameen*, and principal *Sadr-ameen* (judges in the local courts;) but that these functionaries have invariably been chosen from those educated in the native method. Is not this strange, that Government should have established schools professing to give superior instruction to the people; and that not one so trained should have been found eligible to fill any of the judicial or fiscal offices of their own government? and how can it be accounted for, except by these institutions having been conducted on an erroneous principle? When I return

to India, I must be like the free-masons, silent and reserved, unless when I meet one who has been, like myself, in England, and with whom I can converse on the wonders we have both witnessed in that marvellous country, and which, if I venture to narrate them in public, or even among my own immediate friends and relatives, would draw on me such disbelief, that I would certainly die from grief of heart."—Here leave we Kerim Khan; not without a hope, that in spite of the apprehensions expressed in the passage just quoted, of incurring the reproach to which "travellers' tales" are supposed to be sometimes obnoxious, he has not eventually persisted in withholding from his countrymen a narrative which, both from the opportunities of observation enjoyed by the writer, and the ability and good judgment with which he has availed himself of these advantages, is better calculated to dispel the incredulity which he anticipates, than the Travels of Mirza Abu-Taleb, (the text of which has been printed at Calcutta,) or indeed than any work with which we are acquainted. Trusting, then, that the Khan's patriotic aspirations for the welfare of his country may be realized by the speedy introduction of all those Feringhi appendages to high civilization, the want of which he so feelingly deploras, and that he may live a thousand years in the full fruition of all the advantages therefrom resulting, we now take leave of him.

NOTES ON A TOUR OF THE DISTURBED DISTRICTS IN WALES.

By JOSEPH DOWNES.

Author of "The Mountain Decameron."

Llangaddock, Carmarthenshire,
September 9.

"AND this is the '*disturbed district*!'—this is the seat of war!—the '*Agrarian civil war*!'—the headquarters of the '*Rebecca rebels*!' " I soliloquized, about the hour of one A.M. on the night of September 9, 1843—a night of more than summer beauty, sultry and light as day—while thrusting my head from the window of "mine inn" the Castle, in this pretty picturesque little village-town, to coin a term. The shadows of the rustic houses, and interspersed corn-stacks, trees, and orchards, stretched across the irregular street, without a causeway, in unbroken quiet; not a sound was heard but the voice of an owl from a "fold" in the very heart of "the town," and the low murmur of the river chafing against the buttresses of an antique bridge at the end of the said "street;" while an humble bow window of a shop, where at nightfall I had observed some dozens of watches (*silver, too!*) displayed, without a token of "*Rebecca*" terrorism appearing, was seen jutting into the road, only hidden, not defended, by such a weak apology for a shutter, as would not have resisted a burglar of ten years' old.

It was now Sunday morning, and the clean-swept neatness of the sleeping village, whose inhabitants we had seen busily engaged in this pleasing preparation for the day of rest, as we strolled there at twilight, confirmed the assurance of profound and fearless peace; for only in that happy condition of society could the mind be supposed disengaged enough to regard those minute decencies of rural English life. With a smile of well-pleased wonder at the exaggerations of the press, which were persuading the Londoners that the "dogs of war" were really "let slip" among these our green mountains and pastoral valleys, after enjoying this prospect of a village by moonlight at the foot of the majestic *Mynydd Du*, (black mountain,) whose range is seen by day, towering at a few miles' distance, and hugging myself in the security of life

and purse, which warriors (if they would cross-question their own great hearts) do really prize as much as I do, I returned to bed, (the heat of which had first driven me forth to this air-bath of half an hour.) "And this is the seat of insurrection!" I reiterated sarcastically against all English and all Welsh purveyors of "news" for terror-loving readers.

I have a huge deal of patriotism in my composition—also, a great love of rural quiet, joined to some trifling degree of cowardice, as my family pretend; but that I impute to my over-familiarity with them. "No man is great to his valet," has been remarked. The domestics of Alexander wondered what the world found to wonder at, in the little man their master. However this may be, I confess it was very pleasant to me to find peace unbroken in these my old haunts. Here I had many a summer night enacted, as recorded in my "*Mountain Decameron*," the amateur-gipsy, "a long while ago," *bivouacking* in their wildest solitudes, between some wood and water, on moonlight greensward, or reading at our tents' mouth by a lamp, while two boys, my sons, slept soundly within; and in the blindness of human nature, thus sneering against the "gentlemen of the press," sneered myself to sleep, "shut up in measureless content."

"Most lame and impotent conclusion!" The peace of nature in that sweet night was weak assurance of any kindred feeling in the bosom of man. It so happened (as I afterwards learned) that felony—*bloody* felony—was at that very time busy, at no great distance; that murder, that arson in its direst character, were stamping their first damnable characters on a province noted, through ages, for innocence and simple piety; that the first victim to rebellion was, at that moment, bleeding to death under the hands of those wearing the shapes of men; that victim innocent, helpless, and—a woman!!

But of this in the course of my narrative,

Sunday, September 10.

As I proceeded from Llangaddock this afternoon, in company with my son, we found no slackness in the attendance on the chapels, which keep rising in all directions in the principality. The groups issuing from them, survey us with surly eyes, as *Sabbath breakers*, for travelling on the "Lord's day." It is curious to reflect that these very persons who have just been listening to the preachers of a gospel of peace, with white upturning eyes and inward groans, who present countenances deeply marked, as it seems to us, with the spirit of severe sanctity, betrayed by their sour looks at us, and not rarely vented in two or three expressions at us among themselves—I say, how curious a fact in the *pathology* of minds does it present, that these very men will (some of them) reappear in a few hours, or days, in the characters of *felons*, midnight rebels to law and order, redressing minor wrongs committed by a few against themselves, by a tenfold fouler wrong against all men, against society itself. For a *system* which consists in defying the laws, is a systematic waging of war against the very element that binds men in society—it is a casting off of civilization, a return to miserable dependence on animal strength alone, on brutish cunning, or midnight hiding in the dark, for all we enjoy. It seems well known that the farmers themselves are the Rebeccaites, aided by their servants, and that *the Rebecca* is no other than some forward booby, or worse character, who ambitiously claims to *act* the leader, under the unmanly disguise of a female, yielding his post in turn to other such petticoat heroes. The "*Rebecca*" seems no more than a living figure to give *effect* to the drama, as boys dress up an effigy and parade it as *the Guy Fawkes*.

It is curious to witness the chop-fallen aspect of the poor toll-collectors. The "looking for" of a dark hour is depicted on the *female* faces, at least, and a certain constrained civility mixed with sullenness, marks the manners of the male portion near large towns; for elsewhere, humble civility has *always* met the traveller in this class of Welsh cottagers. The frequent appearance of dragoons, the clatter of their dangling accoutrements of war, and grotesque ferocity of hairy head-

gear, and mock-heroic air of superiority to the more quietly grotesque groups of grey-coated men, and muffled up Welsh women gives a new feature to our tour in this hitherto tranquil region, where a soldier used to be a monster that men, women, children, all alike, would run to the cottage door to look at. A very different sort of look than that of childish curiosity now greets these gallant warriors, at least from the farmers. "*Becca*" is the beloved of their secret hearts—'*Becca* has already given them roads without paying for them! '*Becca* is longed for by every *honest* farmer of them all, whenever he pays a toll-gate. And these fellows are come sword in hand, to hunt down poor innocent '*Becca*! Well may the Welshman's eyes lower on them, whatever may be the looks of the Welsh women.

We have now rode through several toll-gates, the ruins of the toll-houses only remaining, and rode scatheless! No toll asked—no darting forth of a grim figure from his little castle, at the shake of the road by tramp of horses—like the spider showing himself at his hole, on the trembling of his web to the struggle of a luckless fly. Nothing appeared but a shell of a house, with blackened remains of rafters, or a great heap of stones, not even a wall left—and huge stumps of gate-posts, and not a hand extended, or voice raised to demand payment for our use of a road!—that payment which the laws of the land had formally pronounced due! Had new laws been passed? Had a new mode arisen of discharging the debt we had incurred by the purchase of the use of so much road for two horses? Nothing of the kind! A mob at midnight had thrown down the barrier law had built; and law dared not, or neglected to—erect it again! "*Rebecca*," like Jack Cade, had pronounced *her* law—"sic volo, sic jubeo"—and we rode through, by virtue of her most graceless Majesty's absolute edict—cost free. It was really a very singular feeling we experienced on the first of these occasions. I assure thee, my reader; believe me, my pensive public! I never was transported—never held up hand at the Old Bailey, or elsewhere; am not conscious of any sinister sort of projections about my skull, that phrenolo-

gists might draw ugly conclusions from; yet I confess, that after an eloquent burst of Conservative wrath against this strange triumph of anarchy—after looking down on these works of mob law, unreversed, tamely endured—after fancying I saw the prostrate genius of social order there lying helpless—the dethroned majesty of British law there grovelling among the black ruins, insulted, unrestored—left to be trampled over with insolent laughter, by refractory boors, ignorant as savages of that law's inestimable blessing—I say, after all these hurried thoughts and feelings—let me whisper thee, my reader, that a certain scandalous pleasure *and* creep up from these finger-ends, instinctively groping the pocket for the pre-doomed “thrippence,” yea, quite up to this lofty, reasoning, and right loyal sensorium, on leaving the said sum in good and lawful money, snug and safe in my own pocket, instead of handing it over to a toll-collector. Let us not expect too much from poor human nature! I defy any man—Aristides Redivivus himself, to ride *toll free* through, or rather over, a turnpike defunct in this manner, and not feel a pernicious pleasure at his heart, a sort of slyly triumphing satisfaction, spite of himself, as of a dog that gets his adversary undermost; in short—without becoming for the moment, under the Circean chink of the saved “coppers,” a rank Rebeccaite!! The Lord and the law forgive me, for I surely loved ‘Becca at heart at that moment!

My son being a young man about returning to college, it was highly important to conceal this backsliding within; so I launched out the more upon the monster character of this victory of brawny ignorance and stupid rebellion over the spirit of laws—but it wouldn't do. “But you don't look altogether so angry about it as you speak, father,” said he, though what he could see to betray any inward chuckling, I am not aware. If the casual saving of a toll could thus operate upon me, who should, perhaps, never pass there again, can it be wondered at that farmers, to whom this triumph must prove a great annual gain, are Rebeccaites *to the backbone*, and to a man? I fear they must be more than man, not to cry secretly to this levelling lady “God speed!” And

this leads me to more serious reflection on the incomprehensible and fatal conduct of the local authorities in the *first instance*, in not *instantly* re-erecting the toll-gates, or fixing chains *pro tempore*, protecting at whatever expense some persons to demand compliance with the laws, that not for a week, a day, an hour, the disgraceful and dangerous spectacle should be exhibited, of authority completely down-trodden, law successfully defied. Surely the first step in vindication of the dignity of legal supremacy could not be difficult. By day, at least, surely a constabulary force might have compelled obedience. A few military at *first*, stationed near the gates, would have awed rustic rebels. It is the *impunity* which this unheard-of palsy of the governing strong hand so long ensured to them, which has fostered riot into rebellion, and rebellion into incendiarism and murder. Is it possible for a thinking man to see these poor and (truth to tell) most money-loving people, saving two or three shillings every time they drive their team to market or lime, by the prostration of a gate, and be at a loss to discover the secret of this midnight work spreading like wildfire? Why, every transit which a farmer makes cost free, is a spur to his avarice, a tribute of submission to his lawless will, a temptation to his ignorant impatience of *all* payments to try his hand against all. The quiet acquiescence in refusal to pay—the vanishing of toll-house and toll-takers without one magisterial edict—the mere submission to the mob, seems to cry “*peccavi*” too manifestly, and affords fresh colour to indiscriminate condemnation of all. A *bonus* in the shape of a toll for horse or team remitted, is thus actually presented, many times a-day, to the rioter, the rebel, the midnight incendiary of toll-houses, for this good work, by the supine, besotted, or fear-palsied local authorities. Shall a man look on while a burglar enters his house, ransacks his till, let him depart, and then, in despair, leave the door he broke open, open still all night for his entrance, and then wonder that burglary is vastly on the increase? The wonder, I think, is that one gate remains; and that wonder will not exist long, if government do not do something more than send down a gentleman to ask the Welsh what they please to

want? The temptation forced upon the eyes and minds of a poverty-stricken and greedy people, by this shocking spectacle of the mastery of anarchy over order, in the annihilation of an impost by armed mountain peasants, is in itself a great cruelty; for in all Agrarian risings the state has triumphed at last, inasmuch as wealth and its resources are an overmatch for poverty, however furious or savage; hence blood will flow under the sword of justice ultimately, which early vigilance on her part might have wholly spared. "Knock down that toll-house—fire its contents—murder its tenant," seems the voice of such sleepy justice to pronounce, "and neither I, nor my myrmidons will even ask you again for toll! Do this, and you shall not pay!"

Such was the tacit invitation kindly presented by the *first* torn down toll-gate that remained in ruins, to every Welsh farmer. The farmer has accepted it, and "justice"—justice keeps her promise religiously, for no toll is demanded. If the law had been violated by trustees, we have a body called parliament strong enough to reform, ay, and punish them, as they, some of them perhaps, richly deserve; but was that a reason for the laws to be annulled, and lawlessness made the order of the day, in so important a matter as public roads, by the very men who are to profit by it, self-erected into judges in their own cause?

Llandilo Vaur. Evening, Sept. 10.
Sunday.

A scene to turn even a "commercial traveller" (*vulgo* a bagman) into a "sentimental" one, if any thing could! Clouds that had overcast our ride of the last few miles, kindly "flew diverse" as we reached the bridge over the Towey, that flows at the foot of the declivity on which this romantic town stands. The sun broke forth, and all at once showed, and burnished while it showed, one of the noblest landscapes in South Wales—not the less attractive for being that which kindled the muse of Dyer—on which the saintly eye of a far greater poet had often reposed—the immortal *prose-poet* bishop, Jeremy Taylor, a refugee here during the storm of the Civil Wars. Golden Grove, his beautiful retreat, with its venerable

trees, was in our sight, the green mountain meadows between literally verifying its name by the brilliance of their sunshiny rich grass, where "God had showered the landscape;" to a fantastic fancy, giving the idea of the quivering of the richest leaf gold on a ground of emerald. The humbler Welsh Parnassus of the painter poet, Grongar Hill, towered also in distance. We traced the pastoral yet noble river, winding away in long meanders, up-flashing silver, through a broad mountain valley, dotted with white farms, rich in various foliage, marked as a map by lines, with well-marked hedge-rows; harvest fields full of sheaves, yellowing all the lofty slopes that presented these beautiful farms and folds full to the descending sun; those slopes, surmounted by grand masses of darkness, solemnly contrasted with the gay luxuriance all below; that darkness only the shade of woods, nodding like the black plume over the golden armour of some giant hero of fable, "*magna componere parvis.*"

Nearer, rose directly from the river a noble park, with all the charm of the wild picturesque, from its antique look, its romantic undulations and steepness, its woody mount and ivied ruin of a castle, "bosomed high in tufted trees," half-hidden, yet visible and reflected in the now-placid mirror of a reach of the river.

Being Sunday, a moral charm was added to those of this exquisite natural panorama, from which the curtain of storm-cloud seemed just then drawn up, as if to strike us the more with its flashing glory of sunshine, water, and a whole sky become cerulean in a few minutes. No Sabbath bells chimed, indeed; but the hushed town, and vacant groups come abroad to enjoy the return of that Italian weather we had long luxuriated in, impressed, equally with any music, the idea of Sabbath on the mind. It was hard to believe, revolting to be forced to believe, that this fine scene of perfect beauty and deep repose, as presented to the eye, directed to nature only—to the mind's eye rolling up to nature's God—was also the (newly transfigured) theatre of man's worst and darkest passions; that the *army*—that odious, hideous, necessary curse of civilization, the severe and hateful guardian of liberty and peace, (though uncongenial to both)—was at that mo-

ment evoked by all the lovers of both for their salvation; was even then violating the ideal harmony of the hour, by its foul yet saving presence; was parading those green suburbs, and the sweet fields under those mountain walls, with those clangours so discordant to the holy influences of the hour and scene—emerging in their gay, shocking costume, (the colour of blood, and devised for its concealment.) from angles of rocks, and mouths of bowered avenues, where the mild fugitive from civil war, and faithful devotee of his throneless king, had often wandered, meditating on “Holy Dying”—of “Holy Living” himself a beautiful example—where even still, nothing gave outward and visible sign of incendiarism and murder lurking among those hermitages of rustic life; yet were both in active, secret operation!

In that very park of *Dynevor*, whose beauty we were admiring from the bridge, a little walk would have led us to—a *grave*!—no consecrated one, but one dug ready to receive a corpse; *dug, in savage threatening of slaughter, for the reception of one yet living*—the son of the noble owner of that ancient domain—dug in sight of his father’s house, in his own park, by wretches who have warned him to prepare to fill that grave in October! The gentleman so threatened, being void of all offence save that of being a magistrate—a sworn preserver of the public peace!

Equally abhorrent to rational piety, if less shocking, is that air of sourest sanctity which the groups now passing us bring with them out from the meeting-houses.

Ask a question, and a nasal noise between groan and snort seems to signify that they ask to be asked again, a sort of *ha—a-h?* “long drawn out.” The human face and the face of nature, at that hour, were as an east of thunder fronting a west of golden blue summer serenity. The Mawworms of Calvinistic Methodism have made a sort of monkery of all Wales, as regards externals at least. To think a twilight or noonday walk for pleasure a sin, involves the absurdest principle of ascetic folly, as truly as self flagellation, or wearing horsehair shirts. Not that these ministers set their flocks any example of self-mortification. The greater

number of preachers show excellent “condition,” the poorest farmers’ wives vying with each other in purveying “creature comforts” for these spiritual comforters. Preparing hot dinners, it seems, is not working on the Lord’s Day when it is for the preacher; though to save a field of corn, which is in danger of being spoiled if left out, as in some seasons, would be a shocking desecration of that day. Yet, to observe the abstracted unearthly carriage of these men, who seem “conversing with the skies” while walking the streets, one wonders at the contrast of such burly bodies and refined spirits.

To return to the flock from these burly shepherds of souls—this outbreak of a devilish spirit—this crusade against law and order, tithes and life and property, is a damning evidence against these spiritual pastors and masters, for such they are to the great body of the Welsh common people, in the fullest sense. The *Times* newspaper has ruffled the whole “Volscian” camp of Dissent, it appears, by thundering forth against them a charge of inciting their congregations to midnight crime. “John Joneses, and David Reeses, and Ap Shenkinases, have sprung up like the men from the dragon’s teeth, to repel this charge. It is probable that it was not well founded, for the simple reason, that such daring subornation of crime would have brought *themselves* into trouble. But what sort of defence is this, even if substantiated? You did not *excite* your followers to rebellion and arson! *You*, with your unlimited command of their minds, and almost bodies, why did you not allay, resist, put down the excitement, by whomever raised? That is the gravamen of the charge against you! You who make them weep, make them tremble, puff them with spiritual conceit, or depress them with terrors of damnation just as you please, how comes it that you are powerless all at once in deterring them from wild and bad actions—you, who are all-powerful in inciting them to any thing, since to refrain from violence is easier than to commit it?

The increase of these outrages proves, that not the power, but will, is wanting on your part, to put down this spirit of revenge and revolt.

You perceive the current of their ignorant minds setting strongly in toward rapine and rebellion, (the *feeler* put forth being the toll grievance,) and you basely, wickedly, pander to their passions, by a discreet silence in your rostra, an unchristian apathy; while deeds are being done under your very eyes—in your daily path—which no good man can view without horror; no bold good man in the position which you hold, of public instructors in human duties, could see, without denouncing! And as your boldness, at least, is pretty apparent, whatever your goodness may be, other motives than fear must be sought for this unaccountable suspension of your influence—and I find it in *self-interest*—love of “filthy lucre.” You are “supported by voluntary contribution,” and to thwart the passions of your followers, and stem the tide of lawless violence, though your most sacred spiritual duty, is not the way to conciliate—is not compatible with that “voluntary principle” on which your bread depends, and which too often places your duty and your interest in direct opposition.

Llanon, Carmarthenshire.

The good woman of our inn in this village has just been apologizing for the almost empty state of her house, the furniture being chiefly sent away to Pembree, whither she and her family hoped to follow in a few days. The cause of her removal was *fear of the house being set fire to*, it being the property of Mr Chambers, a magistrate of Llanelly, and the “Rebecca’s company” had warned all his tenants to be prepared for their fiery vengeance. His heinous offence was heading the police in discharge of his duty, in a conflict that has just occurred at Pontardulais gate, near this place, in which some of the ‘Beccaites were wounded. [Since this, farm-houses and other property of this gentleman have been consumed, his life has been threatened, and his family have prevailed on him to abandon his home and native place.] The wounded men, now prisoners, were of this village, the *focus* of this rebellion that dares not face the day. It is here that the murderous midnight attack was made on the house of a Mr Edward, when the wretches fired volleys at the windows, where his wife and

daughter appeared at *their command*. They escaped, miraculously it might be said, notwithstanding. The poor old hostess complained, as well she might, of the hardship of being thus put in peril, purely in hostility to her landlord. We slept, however, soundly, and found ourselves alive in the morning; whether through evangelical Rebecca’s scruples about burning us out (or *in*) on a “Lord’s Day” night, or her being engaged elsewhere, we knew not.

And here also we rode through a crowd, murmuring hymns, pouring from the chapel, where, no doubt, they had heard some edifying discourse about the “sweet Jesus,” and “sweet experiences,” and “new birth,” the omnipotence of faith to salvation, and all and every topic but a *man’s* just indignation, and a religious man’s most solemn denunciation against the bloody and felonious outrages just committed by those very villagers—against the night-masked assassins, who had just before wantonly pointed deadly weapons against unoffending women—against the chamber of a sick man, a husband, and a father!

Llanelly, Sept. 11, Monday.

The headquarters of vindictive rebellion, arson, and spiritual oratory! An ugly populous town near the sea, now in a ferment of mixed fear and fury, from recent savage acts of the Rebeccaites against a most respectable magistrate, resident in the town, Mr W. Chambers, jun., the denounced landlord of our old Welsh hostess at Llanon. Two of his farm-houses have been burned to the ground, and his life has been threatened. His grievous offence I stated before. Soldiers are seen every where; and verily, the mixture of brute-ignorance and brute-ferocity, depicted in the faces of the great mass of “operatives” that we meet, seem to hint that their presence is not prematurely invoked. Their begrimed features and figures, caused by their various employments, give greater effect to the wild character of the coatless groups, who, in their blue check shirt-sleeves, congregate at every corner to *cabal*, rather than to *dispute*, it seems; for, fond as they are of dissent, (though not one in fifty could tell you *from* what they dissent, or *to* what they cleave in doctrine,) there seems no leaning to dis-

sent from the glorious new Rebecca law of might (or midnight surprisals) against right.

In this neighbourhood, our Welsh annals will have to record—the *first dwelling-house*, not being a toll-house, *was laid in ashes*; the *first blood was shed* by “Rebecca’s company,” as they call the rioters here. And *here* resides, rants, prays, and preaches, and scribbles sedition, an illiterate fanatic, who is recognised as an organ of one sect of Methodists, Whitfieldites, publishing a monthly inflammatory Magazine, called *Y Diwygiwr*, (the “*Reformer!*”)—God bless the mark!

This little pope, within his little circle of the “great unwashed,” is very oracular, and his infallibility a dogma with his followers and readers. How much he himself and his vulgar trash of prose run mad, stand in need of that wholesome reform which some of his English brother-firebrands have been taught in Coldbathfields and Newgate, let my reader judge from the following extract. The *Times* newspaper did good service in *gibbeting* this precious morceau, supplied by its indefatigable reporter, in its broad sheet. How great was the neglect of *Welsh* society, and every thing *Welsh*, when this sort of war-cry of treason could be raised, this trump of rebellion sounded, and, as it were, from the pulpit “Evangelical,” with perfect impunity to the demagogue, thus prostituting religion itself to the cause of anarchical crime!—

“We cannot regard these tumults, with their like in other parts, but as the effects of Tory oppression. Our wish is to see *Rebecca and her children arrayed by thousands, for the suppression of Toryism*. These are the only means to remove the burden from the back of the country. * * * * Resolve to see the sword of reason plunged in oppression’s heart.” He goes on to say, “*there must be a hard-blowing storm before the high places in State and Church can be levelled*,” &c. &c. There is the usual twaddle about “moral force,” forsooth, under which saving periphrasis, now-a-days, every rebel ranter in field, or tub, or conventicle, insinuates lawless violence without naming it. Jack Cade would have made it the rallying cry of his raggamuffins, so would Wat Tyler, had it been hit upon in his day.

The array of *thousands* is intelligible “to the meanest capacity.” The dull-est Welsh “copper-man,” or collier, or wild farm cultivator, could not miss the meaning. But as to this magical weapon, “moral force,” which they are to handle when so arrayed—the brightest capacity must be at a loss to know what it means. How absurd (if he pretends such a thing) to expect that enlightened statesmen will stand reformed, restrained, stricken through, with a new light in politics by the exhibition of these smutty patriots’ *minds* alone!—by the force of conviction, wrought by ascertaining *their* convictions, (the *illuminati* of Llanelly coal-works, of Swansea copper-works, of Carmarthen farm-yards,) will instantly *tack*—put the vessel of State right about, and bring her triumphant into the placid haven of Radicalism! And why *physical* “array” to wield such shadowy arms as “moral” force? This favourite stalking-horse of incendiary politics is but the secret hiding-place of retreat from the “force of government.” The peace, the forbearance it breathes, is like the brief silence maintained—the holding of the breath—by those snugly ensconced within that other horse of famous memory, the *Trojan*, which served admirably to lay vigilance asleep, and evade the defensive *force* of the garrison, till the hour came to leap from its protection, and fire the citadel. This “moral force” covert of revolt, is every whit as hollow, as treacherous, as fatal, if trusted to. Inflame, enrage, and then gather together “thousands” of the most ignorant of mankind, pointing to a body, or a class, or a government, as the sole cause of whatever they suffer or dislike, and then—*tell* them to be moral! peaceable! not to use those tens of thousands of brawny arms, inured to the sledge-hammer; oh, no! tell them that *force* means to stand still—or disperse—or gabble—any thing but to—*fight!* And such vile “juggling with us in a double sense” as this, is evangelical morality!

In justice to the Liberal party, I shall add that it does not sanction the ravings of this hypocrite, but laughs at his illiterate pretensions to the character of a public writer. As evidence of this, the editor of the *Welshman*, a Liberal journal, published at Carmarthen, has ably castigated this

sedition-monger, who has exposed his own ignorance in venting his wrath at the infliction.

Pontardulais. Monday Evening.

It was pleasant to emerge from that dingy seat of fanaticism and fury, pseudo religion and moral violation of religion's broad principles. Its aspect almost recalled the description of one of Rome's imperial monsters, equally in physiognomy and nature—"a mixture of dirt and blood." The day was superb, and the adjacent country, though rather tame *for Wales*, improved in rural beauty as we approached a crossway very near to this village, Pontardulais. Two cottages appeared in a green, quiet, dingle we were descending to, watered by a small river, and surrounded by sloping meadows, now yellowed by the evening sun, and well inhabited by their proper population, sheep and cows, now beginning their homeward course at the call of the milkmaid; the only other motion in this simply beautiful landscape, being a scattered gleaner or two, with her load, and the rather thick volume of blue smoke curling up from one of those cots, which, standing so close, without any other near, prompted the idea of some rustic old couple in conjugal quietude, smiling out life's evening, by themselves, apart from all the world. Such was the perfect calm of scene, and the day in which summer heat was joined to the golden serenity of autumn.

We were beginning to dismiss ugly Rebeccaism from our thoughts, meditating where we should find one of those Isaac Waltonian hostelries, with a sign swinging from an old tree, which we delight to make our evening quarters; for Pontardulais, we knew, was too lately a little battle-field to afford hope of this tranquil bliss, for here had occurred the first conflict, in which men had been wounded and prisoners made. The advance of evening, with its halcyon attributes of all kinds, had the effect of a lullaby on the mind, disturbed at every stage by some hurrying dragoon, some eager gossiping group, or fresh "news" of some farm "burned last night," or rumours of "martial law" being actually impending over us poor rebels of South Wales.

Reaching the little houses in their lonely crossway, we were startled by

the appearance of a gutted house; the walls alone having remained to present to us, on the higher ground, the semblance of a white cottage. The old thatch, fallen in, and timber, were still smouldering visibly, though the house was fired about one A.M. yesterday morning.

Before the near adjoining cottage a quiet crowd of some twenty persons appeared, and a few rustic articles of furniture on the roadside. Where was their owner? Dismounting, we entered this cottage, that had looked all peaceful security so lately to our eyes. It had not been injured, but was all dismantled and in confusion; and stretched on some low sort of bench or seat, lay the murdered owner of that smoking ruin—the Hendy toll-house. Her coffin had been already made, (the coffin-plate giving her age, 75,) and stood leaning against the wall, but the body was preserved just as it fell, for the inspection of the jury. (The jury! a British jury! Is there a British *man*, incapable of perjury, of parricide, of bloody and blackest felony, *himself*, who will ever forget, who will ever cease to spurn, spit upon in thought, execrate in words, that degraded, wretched, most wicked knot of murder-screeners—the *Hendy Gate jury*?)

There was nothing in this dismal spectacle for a poet to find there food for fancy. All was naked, ugly horror. An old rug just veiled the corpse, which, being turned down, revealed the orifice, just by the nipple, of a shot or slug wound, and her linen was stiff and saturated with the blood which had flowed. Another wound on the temple had caused a torrent of blood, which remained glued over the whole cheek. The retracted lips of this poor suffering creature, gave a dreadful grin to the aged countenance, expressing the strong agony she must have endured, no doubt from the filling up of the breast with those three pints of blood found there by the surgeons. The details of this savage murder have been too fully given in all the papers to need repetition here. Suffice it to say, that to any one *viewing* the body as we thus happened to do, the atrocity of this heartless treason against society and the injured dead becomes yet more striking; it seeming wonderful that the piteousness of the sight—the mute pleading

of that mouth full of cloated blood—the arousing ocular evidence of the unprovoked assassin's cruelty—the helplessness of the aged woman—her innocence—all should not have kindled humanity in their hearts, (if all principle was dead in their dark minds,) just enough to dare to call a foul murder “murder”—to turn those twelve Rebecca-ridden, crouching slaves into *men*! Some of them, probably, had old helpless mothers at home; did no flying vision of her white hairs all blooded, and the breast, where they had lain and fed, full of blood also, cross the conscience of one of them, when, by their conspiracy, protection for life was to be denied to her, to all, by their unheard-of abuse of the only known British protective power—trial by jury? It is almost an apology for them to imagine, that one or more of them were actually part of the gang. Self-preservation, under *instant* danger, (involved in a just verdict,) is less revolting than the less urgent degree of the same natural impulse, implied in the hypothesis of pure selfish and most dastardly dread of some remoter evil to self from the ill-will of those impugned by a righteous verdict.

The verdict, it will be remembered, was, that Sarah Williams died from effusion of blood, *but from what cause is to this jury unknown!!!* The designed *trick*—the sly juggle concocted by these men, sworn before Almighty God to tell truth respecting the cry of blood then rising to his throne, evidently was to leave a loophole for a doubt whereby justice might be defeated—a possibility, so they flattered themselves, that, just in the nick of time, a bloodvessel burst, or fright destroyed her, or any thing but the bloody hand of “Rebecca.” Though, as the slugs were actually found *in* the lungs, the hope they “dressed themselves in” was as “drunk,” as swinishly stupid, as their design was unmanly, inhuman, and devilish—to wink at this horror! to huddle up this murder, and hurry into the earth a murdered woman, as if she had lived out her term!

Whatever was the prompting feeling of this monster-jury, let us hope that the arm of the law will reach them yet, for this double crime against bleeding innocence and against their country. It would be a fitting punish-

ment to them, to pronounce every individual an outlaw—to deny him all benefit of those laws he has done his best to defeat, and leave the craven traitor to his kind—to adopt his beloved “Becca's” disguise for ever, skulk about the land that disowns him in petticoats, and blush out his life (if shame be left him;) and let his name be fixed up, as a scarecrow to deter such evil doers, on the wall of every court of justice:—“To the infamous memory of A. B., one of the perjured protectors of murder—The Hendy Gate Jury!”

Most revolting was the *betrayed* bias of almost all we spoke with, toward palliation of this dark act. “*Didn't she die in a fit; or of fright; or something?*” was a frequent question, even from those near the scene of this tragedy. “*What did ail the old creature to go near 'em? Name of goodness! didn't they order her not?*” Even from her own sex, a disgusting lack of warm-hearted pity and indignation was most palpable. Truly, morality and the meeting-house have a deep gulf between them, if these are the morals of the people. The regular church is really so little prized here, that we can only turn to the *dissenting* ministers of religious instruction, for the lower orders. And seeing these doings and sentiments in the flocks, one turns with astonishment to those professing *teachers* of the Welsh, and is ready to exclaim—“What is it that you *do* teach?” Only the *mechanical* part of religion, only the necessary outer *mummery*, I shall venture to say, which, perhaps, all revealed religions require, to maintain a hold on the reverence of the common people. It seems impossible that the voice of *true* religion can have reached hearts that a slight pecuniary interest, the abatement of a turnpike toll, or the like, can sear against the death-shriek of murdered woman; the cry of blood out of the earth; the fear of God's judgment against perjury, and connivance at murder!

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Kidwelly, Carmarthenshire, Sept. 12.

Riding from Llanelly to this place, by a road skirting the coast, we, for the first time, heard the horn of Rebecca sounded, and replied to from among the darkling hills, the night being one of dusky moonlight. We

at first believed it the signal of some persons in the collieries, but learned that "'Becca's company" had been out round Kidwelly that night, and an incendiary fire was the "good work" accomplished. It being near ten o'clock at night, and our road wild and solitary, we felt rather pleased to gain the covert of this usually most quiet little town, with its air of antiquity and dead repose, as agreeable to a sentimental traveller, as unwelcome to its few traders and dwellers.

The innkeepers and shopkeepers, *being much injured in their trades* by the terrifying effect of Rebeccaism on strangers, who have kept aloof all the summer, lift up the voice (but cautiously) against this terrible lady. Hardly an expression of regret for the poor victim at Hendy Gate reaches our ears; but rather, they seem to visit on her the anticipated severity of future dealing with the rioters, which they foresee.

We see already posted placards, offering L.500 for the discovery of the actual perpetrator of the murder of the poor toll-collector. It is headed "Murder," in the teeth of the audacious, solemn declaration by the jury, of their ignorance of the cause of death. *Query*, Was a coroner warranted in receiving such a verdict? Was he not empowered—required—to send the jury back to learn common sense?

Inn between Carmarthen and Llandilo.

Just as we were sauntering in the rural road, admiring the placidity of the night, about ten o'clock, and the twilight landscape of the banks of the Towey, a sudden light opened up to us the whole night prospect, where the farther side of this broad vale rises finely covered with woods, round Middleton Hall, and soon learned the nature of this sudden illumination and pyramidal fire, being the conflagration of extensive property belonging to its owner, Mr Adams, close to the mansion.

The terror of the female inhabitants may be imagined, there being, I believe, not any male inmates but servants at home, and the incendiaries doing their work at that early hour in the most daring manner, firing guns, blowing horns, &c. Mr Adams drove in just as the fire was at its height, (having, indeed, believed the house to be in flames while he approached,) and found the goods and moveables

all brought out in fear of its catching fire; but it escaped—so did the Rebeccaïtes, of course.

Not to extend too far these hasty Notes, I shall throw together the heads of a few made on the spot. Our "sentimental journey" occupied about three weeks, and brought us to almost every part infested by the disturbers. Having put up at an inn in the outskirts of a town in Cardiganshire for the night, leaving the horses, we walked to the town. As we returned, the night being rather dark, I was not conscious of any one being on the same road behind, and was talking to my son, rather earnestly, of the iniquitous verdict of the Hendy Gate assassin-jury, when a voice behind asked in English, saucily, if I was going to attend the future trial of the "Hugheses, and them of the Llanon village, then in Swansea jail?" The tone clearly indicated how alien to the Welshman's feelings were those I was expressing, though but those of common humanity. Giving the voice in the dark such short answer, refusing to satisfy him, as the question deserved, and with responsive bluntness, we left the man behind, who, it proved, was bound to our inn. We found our parlour filled with farmers, who instantly became *num* as we entered, but their eyes suspiciously surveyed us. It was near eleven o'clock, so we retired to our double-bedded chamber, which happened to be situated over the parlour. The inn (whose owners were *ultra* "Welshly," speaking English very badly,) was well situated for holding a midnight council of (Rebecca) war, being lonely, at the confluence of two roads, and this proved to be the nature of this late assemblage. We were just in bed, (having *secured the door as well as we could*,) when we heard through the imperfect flooring a very animated *mêlée* of Welsh tongues all astir at once, and I fancied I recognized the voice of the pious Christian in the dark, who had been moved by the spirit (of religion of course) to hint or betray his dissent from the Saxon "stranger's" rebuke of perjury and murder-screening. A few minutes after, several hurried out, and three or four discharges of guns followed in front of the house, but nothing more. I was pleased to think that the said house and windows were "mine host's," and not mine, other-

wise a little hail of shot might have followed the "short thunder;" but as it was, nothing more than this warning bravado (as I imagine it to have been) occurred.

A great deal of *solo* spouting, by orators in orderly succession, went on till near two in the morning—*Sunday*. At least, falling asleep, I left this little patriot parliament sitting, and found it in full tongue on awaking at that hour. I suppose this sitting in judgment on toll-houses (and possibly *other* houses) of these anti-landlord committees, are *not* breaches of the observance of the Sabbath.

On the whole, we may remark, that neither Poor-Law, nor Tory, nor Whig, nor right rule, nor misrule, nor politics, nor party, had the slightest influence in this astounding moral revolution among an agricultural people. Utterly false is almost all that the London Press broached and broaches, implicating ministers in the provocation of this outbreak. Twenty years of residence, and leisure for observation among them, allows me to positively deny that any feeling of discontent, any sense of oppression, any knowledge of "Grievances," now so pompously heading columns of twaddle—ever existed before the *one* daily, weekly spur in their side, goaded this simple people to a foolish mode of resistance to it.

Why, not one in ten of the farmers has yet heard of Sir Robert Peel's accession to office! and I doubt if one in twenty knows whether they live under a Whig or Tory administration. Nor does one in a hundred *care* which, or form one guess about their comparative merits.

The only idea they have of Chartists, is a vague indentification of them with "*rebels*," as they *used* to call *all* sorts of rioters, not dreaming of their forming any party with definite views, unless that of seizing the good things of the earth, and postponing, *sine die*, the day of payment.

Judge what chance the brawling apostles of Chartism would have among them, especially under the difficulty of haranguing them through interpreters!

The Poor-Law they certainly hate, but from no pity for paupers. The dislike arises from a wide spread belief, that the host of "officers" attached to it swallows up great part of what they pay for the poor. They grudged the poor-rate before, even when their own overseer paid it away to poor old lame Davy or blind Gwinny; but now that it reaches them by a more circuitous route, and in the altered form of loaves or workhouse support, they seem to lose sight of it, and fancy that it stops *by the way*, in the pockets of these "strange" new middlemen, as we may call them, thrust in between the farmers and their poor and worn-out labourers.

The prevalence of the Welsh language perpetuates the ignorance which is at the root of the mischief. Of their *native* writers, I have given a specimen from the monthly magazine published at Llanelly, and the evil of these is uncorrected by English information.

The work of mounting heavenward was, we are told, defeated by a confusion of tongues—the advance of civilization (which we may designate a progress toward a divine goal, that of soul-exalting and soul-saving wisdom) is as utterly prevented by this non-intercourse system between the civilized and the *half* civilized; which, with all deference to the ancient Britons, I must venture to consider them. Camden, the antiquary, has preserved a tradition, that "certain Brittaines" (Britons) going over into Armorica, and taking wives from among the people of Normandy, "*did cut out their tongues*," through fear that, when they should become mothers, they might corrupt the Welsh tongue of the children, by teaching them that foreign language! The love of their own tongue thus appears to be of very old standing, if we are to believe this agreeable proof of it. I believe the extirpation of Welsh, as a spoken language, would pioneer the way to knowledge, civilization, and *religion* here, of which last blessing there is a grievous lack, judging from the morals of the people.

ADVENTURES IN TEXAS.

No. II.

A TRIAL BY JURY.

WHEN I recovered from my state of insensibility, and once more opened my eyes, I was lying on the bank of a small but deep river. My horse was grazing quietly a few yards off, and beside me stood a man with folded arms, holding a wicker-covered flask in his hand. This was all I was able to observe; for my state of weakness prevented me from getting up and looking around me.

"Where am I?" I gasped.

"Where are you, stranger? By the Jacinto; and that you are *by* it, and not *in* it, is no fault of your'n, I reckon."

There was something harsh and repulsive in the tone and manner in which these words were spoken, and in the grating scornful laugh that accompanied them, that jarred upon my nerves, and inspired me with a feeling of aversion towards the speaker. I knew that he was my deliverer; that he had saved my life, when my mustang, raging with thirst, had sprung head-foremost into the water; that, without him, I must inevitably have been drowned, even had the river been less deep than it was; and that it was by his care, and the whisky he had made me swallow, and of which I still felt the flavour on my tongue, that I had been recovered from the death-like swoon into which I had fallen. But had he done ten times as much for me, I could not have repressed the feeling of repugnance, the inexplicable dislike, with which the mere tones of his voice filled me. I turned my head away in order not to see him. There was a silence of some moments' duration.

"Don't seem as if my company was over and above agreeable," said the man at last.

"Your company not agreeable? This is the fourth day since I saw the face of a human being. During that time not a bit nor a drop has passed my tongue."

"Hallo! That's a lie," shouted the man with another strange wild laugh. "You've taken a mouthful out of my

flask; not *taken* it, certainly, but it went over your tongue all the same. Where do you come from? The beast ain't your'n."

"Mr Neal's," answered I.

"See it is by the brand. But what brings you here from Mr Neal's? It's a good seventy mile to his plantation, right across the prairie. Ain't stole the horse, have you?"

"Lost my way—four days—eaten nothing."

These words were all I could articulate. I was too weak to talk.

"Four days without eatin'," cried the man, with a laugh like the sharpening of a saw, "and that in a Texas prairie, and with islands on all sides of you! Ha! I see how it is. You're a gentleman—that's plain enough. I was a sort of one myself once. You thought our Texas prairies was like the prairies in the States. Ha, ha! And so you didn't know how to help yourself. Did you see no bees in the air, no strawberries on the earth?"

"Bees? Strawberries?" repeated I.

"Yes, bees, which live in the hollow trees. Out of twenty trees there's sure to be one full of honey. So you saw no bees, eh? Perhaps you don't know the creturs when you see 'em? Ain't altogether so big as wild-geese or turkeys. But you must know what strawberries are, and that *they* don't grow upon the trees."

All this was spoken in the same sneering savage manner as before, with the speaker's head half turned over his shoulder, while his features were distorted into a contemptuous grin.

"And if I had seen the bees, how was I to get at the honey without an axe?"

"How did you lose yourself?"

"My mustang—ran away!"

"I see. And you after him. You'd have done better to let him run. But what d'ye mean to do now?"

"I am weak—sick to death. I wish to get to the nearest house—an inn—anywhere where men are."

"Where men are," repeated the

stranger, with his scornful smile. "Where men are," he muttered again, taking a few steps on one side.

I was hardly able to turn my head, but there was something strange in the man's movement that alarmed me; and, making a violent effort, I changed my position sufficiently to get him in sight again. He had drawn a long knife from his girdle, which he clutched in one hand, while he ran the fore finger of the other along its edge. I now for the first time got a full view of his face, and the impression it made upon me was any thing but favourable. His countenance was the wildest I had ever seen; his bloodshot eyes rolled like balls of fire in their sockets; while his movements and manner were indicative of a violent inward struggle. He did not stand still for three seconds together, but paced backwards and forwards with hurried irregular steps, casting wild glances over his shoulder, his fingers playing all the while with the knife, with the rapid and objectless movements of a maniac.

I felt convinced that I was the cause of the struggle visibly going on within him; that my life or death was what he was deciding upon. But in the state I then was, death had no terror for me. The image of my mother, sisters, and father, passed before my eyes. I gave one thought to my peaceful happy home, and then looked upwards and prayed.

The man had walked off to some distance. I turned myself a little more round, and, as I did so, I caught sight of the same magnificent phenomenon which I had met with on the second day of my wanderings. The colossal live oak rose in all its silvery splendour, at the distance of a couple of miles. Whilst I was gazing at it, and reflecting on the strange ill luck that had made me pass within so short a distance of the river without finding it, I saw my new acquaintance approach a neighbouring cluster of trees, amongst which he disappeared.

After a short time I again perceived him coming towards me with a slow and staggering step. As he drew near, I had an opportunity of examining his whole appearance. He was very tall and lean, but large-boned, and apparently of great strength. His face, which had not been shaved for several weeks, was so tanned by sun and weather, that he might have

been taken for an Indian, had not the beard proved his claim to white blood. But his eyes were what most struck me. There was something so frightfully wild in their expression, a look of terror and desperation, like that of a man whom all the furies of hell were hunting and persecuting. His hair hung in long ragged locks over his forehead, cheeks, and neck, and round his head was bound a handkerchief, on which were several stains of a brownish-black colour. Spots of the same kind were visible upon his leather jacket, breeches, and moccasins; they were evidently blood stains. His hunting knife, which was nearly two feet long, with a rude wooden handle, was now replaced in his girdle, but in its stead he held a Kentucky rifle in his hand.

Although I did my utmost to assume an indifferent countenance, my features doubtless expressed something of the repugnance and horror with which the man inspired me. He looked loweringly at me for a moment from under his shaggy eyebrows.

"You don't seem to like the company you've got into," said he. "Do I look so very desperate, then? Is it written so plainly on my face?"

"What should there be written upon your face?"

"What? What? Fools and children ask them questions."

"I will ask you none; but as a Christian, as my countryman, I beseech you!"

"Christian!" interrupted he, with a hollow laugh. "Countryman!" He struck the butt of his rifle hard upon the ground. "That is my countryman—my only friend!" he continued, as he examined the flint and lock of his weapon. "That releases from all troubles: that's a true friend. Pooh! perhaps it'll release you too—put you to rest."

These last words were uttered aside, and musingly.

"Put him to rest, as well as——Pooh! One more or less—Perhaps it would drive away that cursed spectre."

All this seemed to be spoken to his rifle.

"Will you swear not to betray me?" cried he to me. "Else, one touch!"

As he spoke, he brought the gun to his shoulder, the muzzle pointed full at my breast.

I felt no fear. I am sure my pulse did not give a throb the more for this menace. So deadly weak and helpless as I lay, it was unnecessary to shoot me. The slightest blow from the butt of the rifle would have driven the last faint spark of life out of my exhausted body. I looked calmly, indifferently even, into the muzzle of the piece.

"If you can answer it to your God, to your and my judge and creator, do your will."

My words, which from faintness I could scarcely render audible, had, nevertheless, a sudden and startling effect upon the man. He trembled from head to foot, let the butt of his gun fall heavily to the ground, and gazed at me with open mouth and staring eyes.

"This one, too, comes with his God!" muttered he. "God! and your and my creator—and—judge."

He seemed hardly able to articulate these words, which were uttered by gasps and efforts, as though something had been choking him.

"His and my—judge"—groaned he again. "Can there be a God, a creator and judge?"

As he stood thus muttering to himself, his eyes suddenly became fixed, and his features horribly distorted.

"Do it not!" cried he, in a shrill tone of horror, that rang through my head. "It will bring no blessin' with it. I am a dead man! God be merciful to me! My poor wife, my poor children!"

The rifle fell from his hands, and he smote his breast and forehead in a paroxysm of the wildest fury. It was frightful to behold the conscience-stricken wretch, stamping madly about, and casting glances of terror behind him, as though demons had been hunting him down. The foam flew from his mouth, and I expected each moment to see him fall to the ground in a fit of epilepsy. Gradually, however, he became more tranquil.

"D'ye see nothin' in my face?" said he in a hoarse whisper, suddenly pausing close to where I lay.

"What should I see?"

He came yet nearer.

"Look well at me—*through* me, if you can. D'ye see nothin' now?"

"I see nothing," replied I.

"Ah! I understand, you can see

nothin'. Ain't in a spyin' humour. I calkilate. No, no, that you ain't. After four days and nights fastin', one loses the fancy for many things. I've tried it for two days myself. So, you are weak and faint, eh? But I needn't ask that, I reckon. You look bad enough. Take another drop of whiskey; it'll strengthen you. But wait till I mix it."

As he spoke, he stepped down to the edge of the river, and scooping up the water in the hollow of his hand, filled his flask with it. Then returning to me, he poured a little into my mouth.

Even the bloodthirsty Indian appears less of a savage when engaged in a compassionate act, and the wild desperado I had fallen in with, seemed softened and humanized by the service he was rendering me. His voice sounded less harsh; his manner was calmer and milder.

"You wish to go to an inn?"

"For Heaven's sake, yes. These four days I have tasted nothing but a bit of tobacco."

"Can you spare a bit of that?"

"All I have."

I handed him my cigar case, and the roll of *dulcissimus*. He snatched the latter from me, and bit into it with the furious eagerness of a wolf.

"Ah, the right sort this!" muttered he to himself. "Ah, young man, or old man—you're an old man, ain't you? How old are you?"

"Two-and-twenty."

He shook his head doubtingly.

"Can hardly believe that. But four days in the prairie, and nothin' to eat. Well, it may be so. But, stranger, if I had had this bit of tobacco only ten days ago—A bit of tobacco is worth a deal sometimes. It might have saved a man's life!"

Again he groaned, and his accents became wild and unnatural.

"I say, stranger!" cried he in a threatening tone. "I say! D'ye see yonder live oak? D'ye see it? It's the Patriarch, and a finer and mightier one you won't find in the prairies, I reckon. D'ye see it?"

"I do see it."

"Ah! you see it," cried he fiercely. "And what is it to you? What have you to do with the Patriarch, or with what lies under it? I reckon you had best not be too curious that way. If you dare take a step under that

tree."—He swore an oath too horrible to be repeated.

"There's a spectre there," cried he; "a spectre that would fright you to death. Better keep away."

"I will keep away," replied I. "I never thought of going near it. All I want is to get to the nearest plantation or inn."

"Ah! true, man—the next inn. I'll show you the way to it. I will."

"You will save my life by so doing," said I, "and I shall be ever grateful to you as my deliverer."

"Deliverer!" repeated he, with a wild laugh. "Pooh! If you knew what sort of a deliverer—Pooh! What's the use of savin' a life, when—yet I will—I will save yours; perhaps the cursed spectre will leave me then. Will you not? Will you not?" cried he, suddenly changing his scornful mocking tones to those of entreaty and supplication, and turning his face in the direction of the live oak. Again his wildness of manner returned, and his eyes became fixed, as he gazed for some moments at the gigantic tree. Then darting away, he disappeared among the trees, whence he had fetched his rifle, and presently emerged again, leading a ready saddled horse with him. He called to me to mount mine, but seeing that I was unable even to rise from the ground, he stepped up to me, and with the greatest ease lifted me into the saddle with one hand, so light had I become during my long fast. Then taking the end of my lasso, he got upon his own horse and set off, leading my mustang after him.

We rode on for some time without exchanging a word. My guide kept up a sort of muttered soliloquy; but as I was full ten paces in his rear, I could distinguish nothing of what he said. At times he would raise his rifle to his shoulder, then lower it again, and speak to it, sometimes caressingly, sometimes in anger. More than once he turned his head, and cast keen searching glances at me, as though to see whether I were watching him or not.

We had ridden more than an hour, and the strength which the whisky had given me was fast failing, so that I expected each moment to fall from my horse, when suddenly I caught sight of a kind of rude hedge, and almost immediately afterwards the wall

of a small blockhouse became visible. A faint cry of joy escaped me, and I endeavoured, but in vain, to give my horse the spur. My guide turned round, fixed his wild eyes upon me, and spoke in a threatening tone.

"You are impatient, man! impatient, I see. You think now, perhaps"—

"I am dying," was all I could utter. In fact, my senses were leaving me from exhaustion, and I really thought my last hour was come.

"Pooh! dyin'! One don't die so easy. And yet—d—n!—it might be true."

He sprang off his horse, and was just in time to catch me in his arms as I fell from the saddle. A few drops of whisky, however, restored me to consciousness. My guide replaced me upon my mustang, and after passing through a potato ground, a field of Indian corn, and a small grove of peach-trees, we found ourselves at the door of the blockhouse.

I was so utterly helpless, that my strange companion was obliged to lift me off my horse, and carry me into the dwelling. He sat me down upon a bench, passive and powerless as an infant. Strange to say, however, I was never better able to observe all that passed around me, than during the few hours of bodily debility that succeeded my immersion in the Jacinto. A blow with a reed would have knocked me off my seat, but my mental faculties, instead of participating in this weakness, seemed sharpened to an unusual degree of acuteness.

The blockhouse in which we now were, was of the poorest possible description; a mere log hut, consisting of one room, that served as kitchen, sitting-room, and bedchamber. The door of rough planks swung heavily upon two hooks that fitted into iron rings, and formed a clumsy substitute for hinges; a wooden latch and heavy bar served to secure it; windows, properly speaking, there were none, but in their stead a few holes covered with dirty oiled paper; the floor was of clay, stamped hard and dry in the middle of the hut, but out of which, at the sides of the room, a crop of rank grass was growing, a foot or more high. In one corner stood a clumsy bedstead, in another a sort of table or counter, on which were half a dozen drinking glasses of various

sizes and patterns. The table consisted of four thick posts, firmly planted in the ground, and on which were nailed three boards that had apparently belonged to some chest or case, for they were partly painted, and there was a date, and the three first letters of a word upon one of them. A shelf fixed against the side of the hut supported an earthen pot or two, and three or four bottles, uncorked, and apparently empty; and from some wooden pegs wedged in between the logs, hung suspended a few articles of wearing apparel of no very cleanly aspect.

Pacing up and down the hut with a kind of stealthy cat-like pace, was an individual, whose unprepossessing exterior was in good keeping with the wretched appearance of this Texian shebeen house. He was an undersized, stooping figure, red-haired, large mouthed, and possessed of small, reddish, pig's eyes, which he seemed totally unable to raise from the ground, and the lowering, hang-dog expression of which, corresponded fully with the treacherous, panther-like stealthiness of his step and movements. Without greeting us either by word or look, this personage dived into a dark corner of his tenement, brought out a full bottle, and placing it on the table beside the glasses, resumed the monotonous sort of exercise in which he had been indulging on our entrance.

My guide and deliverer said nothing while the tavern-keeper was getting out the bottle, although he seemed to watch all his movements with a keen and suspicious eye. He now filled a large glass of spirits, and tossed it off at a single draught. When he had done this, he spoke for the first time.

"Johnny!"

Johnny made no answer.

"This gentleman has eaten nothing for four days."

"Indeed," replied Johnny, without looking up, or intermitting his sneaking, restless walk from one corner of the room to the other.

"I said four days, d'ye hear? Four days. Bring him tea immediately, strong tea, and then make some good beef soup. The tea must be ready directly, the soup in an hour at farthest, d'ye understand? And then I want some whisky for myself, and

a beefsteak and potatoes. Now, tell all that to your Sambo."

Johnny did not seem to hear, but continued his walk, creeping along with noiseless step, and each time that he turned, giving a sort of spring like a cat or a panther.

"I've money, Johnny," said my guide. "Money, man, d'ye hear?" And so saying, he produced a tolerably full purse.

For the first time Johnny raised his head, gave an indefinable sort of glance at the purse, and then springing forward, fixed his small, cunning eyes upon those of my guide, while a smile of strange meaning spread over his repulsive features.

The two men stood for the space of a minute, staring at each other, without uttering a word. An infernal grin distended Johnny's coarse mouth from ear to ear. My guide seemed to gasp for breath.

"I've money," cried he at last, striking the butt of his rifle violently on the ground. "D'ye understand, Johnny? Money; and a rifle too, if needs be."

He stepped to the table and filled another glass of raw spirits, which disappeared like the preceding one. While he drank, Johnny stole out of the room so softly that my companion was only made aware of his departure by the noise of the wooden latch. He then came up to me, took me in his arms without saying a word, and, carrying me to the bed, laid me gently down upon it.

"You make yourself at home," snarled Johnny, who just then came in again.

"Always do that, I reckon, when I'm in a tavern," answered my guide, quietly pouring out and swallowing another glassful. "The gentleman shall have your bed to-day. You and Sambo may sleep in the pigsty. You have none though, I believe?"

"Bob!" screamed Johnny furiously.

"That's my name—Bob Rock."

"For the present," hissed Johnny, with a sneer.

"The same as yours is Johnny Down," replied Bob in the same tone. "Pooh! Johnny, guess we know one another?"

"Rayther calkilate we do," replied Johnny through his teeth.

"And have done many a day," laughed Bob.

"You're the famous Bob from Sodoma in Georgia?"

"Sodoma in Alabama, Johnny. Sodoma lies in Alabama," said Bob, filling another glass. "Don't you know that yet, you who were above a year in Columbus, doin' all sorts of dirty work?"

"Better hold your tongue, Bob," said Johnny, with a dangerous look at me.

"Pooh! Don't mind him; he won't talk, I'll answer for it. He's lost the taste for chatterin' in the Jacinto prairie. But Sodoma," continued Bob, "is in Alabama, man! Columbus in Georgia! They are parted by the Chatahoochie. Ah! that was a jolly life we led on the Chatahoochie. But nothin' lasts in this world, as my old schoolmaster used to say. Pooh! They've druv the Injuns a step further over the Mississippi now. But it was a glorious life—warn't it?"

Again he filled his glass and drank.

The information I gathered from this conversation as to the previous life and habits of these two men, had nothing in it very satisfactory or reassuring for me. In the whole of the south-western states there was no place that could boast of being the resort of so many outlaws and bad characters as the town of Sodoma. It is situated, or was situated, at least, a few years previously to the time I speak of, in Alabama, on Indian ground, and was the harbour of refuge for all the murderers and outcasts from the western and south-western parts of the Union. Here, under Indian government, they found shelter and security; and frightful were the crimes and cruelties perpetrated at this place. Scarcely a day passed without an assassination, not secretly committed, but in broad sunlight. Bands of these wretches, armed with knives and rifles, used to cross the Chatahoochie, and make inroads into Columbus; break into houses, rob, murder, ill-treat women, and then return in triumph to their dens, laden with booty, and laughing at the laws. It was useless to think of pursuing them, or of obtaining justice, for they were on Indian territory; and many of the chiefs were in league with them. At length General Jackson and the government took it up. The Indians were driven over the Mississippi, the outlaws and murderers fled, Sodoma itself disap-

peared; and, released from its troublesome neighbours, Columbus is now as flourishing a state as any in the west.

The recollections of their former life and exploits seemed highly interesting to the two comrades; and their communications became more and more confidential. Johnny filled himself a glass, and the conversation soon increased in animation. I could understand little of what they said, for they spoke a sort of thieves' jargon. After a time, their voices sounded as a confused hum in my ears, the objects in the room became gradually less distinct, and I fell asleep.

I was roused, not very gently, by a mulatto woman, who poured a spoonful of tea into my mouth before I had well opened my eyes. She at first did not appear to be attending to me with any great degree of good-will; but by the time she had given me half a dozen spoonsful her womanly sympathies began to be awakened, and her manner became kinder. The tea did me an infinite deal of good, and seemed to infuse new life into my veins. I finished the cup, and the mulatto laid me down again on my pillow with far more gentleness than she had lifted me up.

"Gor! Gor!" cried she, "what poor young man! Berry weak. Him soon better. One hour, massa, good soup."

"Soup! What do you want with soup?" grumbled Johnny.

"Him takesoup. I cook it," screamed the woman.

"Worse for you if she don't, Johnny," said Bob.

Johnny muttered something in reply, but I did not distinguish what it was, for my eyes closed, and I again fell asleep.

It seemed to me as if I had not been five minutes slumbering when the mulatto returned with the soup. The tea had revived me, but this gave me strength; and when I had taken it I was able to sit up in my bed.

While the woman was feeding me, Bob was eating his beefsteak. It was a piece of meat that might have sufficed for six persons, but the man seemed as hungry as if he had eaten nothing for three days. He cut off wedges half as big as his fist, swallowed them with ravenous eagerness, and, instead of bread, bit into some unpeeled potatoes. All this was washed down with glass after glass of raw

spirits, which had the effect of wakening him up, and infusing a certain degree of cheerfulness into his strange humour. He still spoke more to himself than to Johnny, but his recollections seemed agreeable; he nodded self approvingly, and sometimes laughed aloud. At last he began to abuse Johnny for being, as he said, such a sneaking, cowardly fellow—such a treacherous, false-hearted gallows-bird.

"It's true," said he, "I am gallows-bird enough myself, but then I'm open, and no man can say I'm a-fear'd; but Johnny, Johnny, who"——

I do not know what he was about to say, for Johnny sprang towards him, and placed both hands over his mouth, receiving in return a blow that knocked him as far as the door, through which he retreated, cursing and grumbling.

I soon fell asleep again, and whilst in that state I had a confused sort of consciousness of various noises in the room, loud words, blows, and shouting. Wearied as I was, however, I believe no noise would have fully roused me, although hunger at last did.

When I opened my eyes I saw the mulatto woman sitting by my bed, and keeping off the mosquitoes. She brought me the remainder of the soup, and promised, if I would sleep a couple of hours more, to bring me a beefsteak. Before the two hours had elapsed I awoke, hungrier than ever. After I had eaten all the beefsteak the woman would allow me, which was a very moderate quantity, she brought me a beer-glass full of the most delicious punch I ever tasted. I asked her where she had got the rum and lemons, and she told me that it was she who had bought them, as well as a stock of coffee and tea; that Johnny was her partner, but that he had done nothing but build the house, and badly built it was. She then began to abuse Johnny, and said he was a gambler; and, worse still, that he had had plenty of money once, but had lost it all; that she had first known him in Lower Natchez, but he had been obliged to run away from there in the night to save his neck. Bob was no better, she said; on the contrary—and here she made the gesture of cutting a man's throat—he was a very bad fellow, she added. He had got drunk after his dinner, knocked John-

ny down, and broken every thing. He was now lying asleep outside the door; and Johnny had hidden himself somewhere.

How long she continued speaking I know not, for I again fell into a deep sleep, which this time lasted six or seven hours.

I was awakened by a strong grasp laid upon my arm, which made me cry out, more, however, from surprise than pain. Bob stood by my bedside; the traces of the preceding night's debauch plainly written on his haggard countenance. His bloodshot eyes were inflamed and swollen, and rolled with even more than their usual wildness; his mouth was open, and the jaws stiff and fixed; he looked as if he had just come from committing some frightful deed. I could fancy the first murderer to have worn such an aspect when gazing on the body of his slaughtered brother. I shrank back, horror-struck at his appearance.

"In God's name, man, what do you want?"

He made no answer.

"You are in a fever. You've the ague!"

"Ay, a fever," groaned he, shivering as he spoke; "a fever, but not the one you mean; a fever, young man, such as God keep you from ever having."

His whole frame shuddered while he uttered these words. There was a short pause.

"Curious that," continued he; "I've served more than one in the same way, but never thought of it afterwards—was forgotten in less than no time. Got to pay the whole score at once, I suppose. Can't rest a minute. In the open prairie it's the worst; there stands the old man, so plain, with his silver beard, and the spectre just behind him."

His eyes rolled, he clenched his fists, and, striking his forehead furiously, rushed out of the hut.

In a few minutes he returned, apparently more composed, and walked straight up to my bed.

"Stranger, you must do me a service," said he abruptly.

"Ten rather than one," replied I; "any thing that is in my power. Do I not owe you my life?"

"You're a gentleman, I see, and a Christian. You must come with me to the squire—the Alcalde."

"To the Alcalde, man! What must I go there for?"

"You'll see and hear when you get there; I've something to tell him—something for his own ear."

He drew a deep breath, and remained silent for a short time, gazing anxiously on all sides of him.

"Something," whispered he, "that nobody else must hear."

"But there's Johnny there. Why not take him?"

"Johnny!" cried he, with a scornful laugh; "Johnny! who's ten times worse than I am, bad as I be; and bad I am to be sure, but yet open and above board, always, till this time; but Johnny! he'd sell his own mother. He's a cowardly, sneakin', treacherous hound, is Johnny."

It was unnecessary to tell me this, for Johnny's character was written plainly enough upon his countenance.

"But why do you want me to go to the Alcalde?"

"Why does one want people before the judge? He's a judge, man; a Mexican one certainly, but chosen by us Americans; and an American himself, as you and I are."

"And how soon must I go?"

"Directly. I can't bear it any longer. It leaves me no peace. Not an hour's rest have I had for the last eight days. When I go out into the prairie, the spectre stands before me and beckons me on; and if I try to go another way, he comes behind me and drives me before him under the Patriarch. I see him just as plainly as when he was alive, only paler and sadder. It seems as if I could touch him with my hand. Even the bottle is no use now; neither rum, nor whisky, nor brandy, rid me of him; it don't, by the 'tarnel.—Curious that! I got drunk yesterday—thought to get rid of him; but he came in the night and drove me out. I was obliged to go. Wouldn't let me sleep; was forced to go under the Patriarch."

"Under the Patriarch? the live oak?" cried I, in astonishment.—

"Were you there in the night?"

"Ay, that was I," replied he, in the same horribly confidential tone; "and the spirit threatened me, and said I will leave you no peace, Bob, till you go to the Alcalde and tell him"—

"Then I will go with you to the Alcalde, and that immediately," said

I, raising myself up in bed. I could not help pitying the poor fellow from my very soul.

"Where are you going?" croaked Johnny, who at this moment glided into the room. "Not a step shall you stir till you've paid."

"Johnny," said Bob, seizing his less powerful companion by the shoulders, lifting him up like a child, and then setting him down again with such force, that his knees cracked and bent under him;—"Johnny, this gentlemen is my guest, d'ye understand? And here is the reckonin', and mind yourself, Johnny—mind yourself, that's all."

Johnny crept into a corner like a flogged hound; the mulatto woman, however, did not seem disposed to be so easily intimidated. Sticking her arms in her sides, she waddled boldly forward.

"You not take him 'way, Massa Bob?" screamed she. "Him stop here. Him berry weak—not able for ride—not able for stand on him foot."

This was true enough. Strong as I had felt in bed, I could hardly stand upright when I got out of it.

For a moment Bob seemed undecided, but only for one moment; then, stepping up to the mulatto, he lifted her, fat and heavy as she was, in the same manner as he had done her partner, at least a foot from the ground, and carried her screaming and struggling to the door, which he kicked open. Then setting her down outside, "Silence!" roared he, "and some good strong tea instead of your cursed chatter, and a fresh beefsteak instead of your stinking carcass. That will strengthen the gentleman; so be quick about it, you old brown-skinned beast, you!"

I had slept in my clothes, and my toilet was consequently soon made, by the help of a bowl of water and towel, which Bob made Johnny bring, and then ordered him to go and get our horses ready.

A hearty breakfast of tea, butter, Indian corn bread, and steaks, increased my strength so much, that I was able to mount my mustang. I had still pains in all my limbs, but we rode slowly; the morning was bright, the air fresh and elastic, and I felt myself getting gradually better. Our path led through the prairie; the river

fringed with wood, on the one hand; the vast ocean of grass, sprinkled with innumerable islands of trees, on the other. We saw abundance of game, which sprang up under the very feet of our horses; but although Bob had his rifle, he made no use of it. He muttered continually to himself, and seemed to be arranging what he should say to the judge; for I heard him talking of things which I would just as soon not have listened to, if I could have helped it. I was heartily glad when we at length reached the plantation of the Alcalde.

It seemed a very considerable one, and the size and appearance of the framework house bespoke comfort and every luxury. The building was surrounded by a group of China trees, which I should have thought about ten years of age, but which I afterwards learned had not been planted half that time, although they were already large enough to afford a very agreeable shade. Right in front of the house rose a live oak, inferior in size to the one in the prairie, but still of immense age and great beauty. To the left were some two hundred acres of cotton fields, extending to the bank of the Jacinto, which at this spot made a sharp turn, and winding round the plantation, enclosed it on three sides. Before the house lay the prairie, with its archipelago of islands, and herds of grazing cattle and mustangs; to the right, more cotton fields; and in rear of the dwelling, the negro cottages and out-buildings. There was a Sabbath-like stillness pervading the whole scene, which seemed to strike even Bob. He paused as though in deep thought, and allowed his hand to rest for a moment on the handle of the lattice door. Then with a sudden and resolute jerk, bespeaking an equally sudden resolution, he pushed open the gate, and we entered a garden planted with orange, banana, and citron trees, the path through which was enclosed between palisades, and led to a sort of front court, with another lattice-work door, beside which hung a bell. Upon ringing this, a negro appeared.

The black seemed to know Bob very well, for he nodded to him as to an old acquaintance, and said the squire wanted him, and had asked after him several times. He then led

the way to a large parlour, very handsomely furnished for Texas, and in which we found the squire, or more properly speaking, the Alcalde, sitting smoking his cigar. He had just breakfasted, and the plates and dishes were still upon the table. He did not appear to be much given to compliments or ceremony, or to partake at all of the Yankee failing of curiosity, for he answered our salutation with a laconic "good-morning," and scarcely even looked at us. At the very first glance, it was easy to see that he came from Tennessee or Virginia, the only provinces in which one finds men of his gigantic mould. Even sitting, his head rose above those of the negro servants in waiting. Nor was his height alone remarkable; he had the true West-Virginian build; the enormous chest and shoulders, and herculean limbs, the massive features and sharp grey eyes; altogether an exterior well calculated to impose on the rough backwoodsmen with whom he had to deal.

I was tired with my ride, and took a chair. The squire apparently did not deem me worthy of notice, or else he reserved me for a later scrutiny; but he fixed a long, searching look upon Bob, who remained standing, with his head sunk on his breast.

The judge at last broke silence.

"So here you are again, Bob. It's long since we've seen you, and I thought you had clean forgotten us. Well, Bob, we shouldn't have broke our hearts, I reckon; for I hate gamblers—ay, that I do—worse than skunks. It's a vile thing is play, and has ruined many a man in this world, and the next. It's ruined you too, Bob."

Bob said nothing.

"You'd have been mighty useful here last week; there was plenty for you to do. My step-daughter arrived; but as you weren't to be found, we had to send to Joel to shoot us a buck and a couple of dozen snipes. Ah, Bob! one might still make a good citizen of you, if you'd only leave off that cursed play!"

Bob still remained silent.

"Now go into the kitchen and get some breakfast."

Bob neither answered nor moved.

"D'y'e hear? Go into the kitchen and get something to eat. And,

Ptoly"—added he to the negro—"tell Veny to give him a pint of rum."

"Don't want yer rum—ain't thirsty"—growled Bob.

"Very like, very like," said the judge sharply. "Reckon you've taken too much already. Look as if you could swallow a wild cat, claws and all. And you," added he, turning to me—"What the devil are you at, Ptoly? Don't you see the man wants his breakfast? Where's the coffee? Or would you rather have tea?"

"Thank you, Alcalde, I have breakfasted already."

"Don't look as if. Ain't sick, are you? Where do you come from? What's happened to you? What are you doing with Bob?"

He looked keenly and searchingly at me, and then again at Bob. My appearance was certainly not very prepossessing, unshaven as I was, and with my clothes and linen soiled and torn. He was evidently considering what could be the motive of our visit, and what had brought me into Bob's society. The result of his physiological observations did not appear very favourable either to me or my companion. I hastened to explain.

"You shall hear how it was, judge. I am indebted to Bob for my life."

"Your life! Indebted to Bob for your life!" repeated the judge, shaking his head incredulously.

I related how I had lost my way in the prairie; been carried into the Jacinto by my horse; and how I should inevitably have been drowned but for Bob's aid.

"Indeed!" said the judge, when I had done speaking. "So, Bob saved your life! Well, I am glad of it, Bob, very glad of it. Ah! if you could only keep away from that Johnny. I tell you, Bob, Johnny will be the ruin of you. Better keep out of his way."

"It's too late," answered Bob.

"Don't know why it should be. Never too late to leave a debauched, sinful life; never, man!"

"Calkilate it is, though," replied Bob sullenly.

"You calculate it is?" said the judge, fixing his eyes on him. "And why do you calculate that? Take a glass—Ptoly, a glass—and tell me, man, why should it be too late?"

"I ain't thirsty, squire," said Bob.

"Don't talk to me of your thirst; rum's not for thirst, but to strengthen the heart and nerves, to drive away the blue devils. And a good thing it is, taken in moderation."

As he spoke he filled himself a glass, and drank half of it off. Bob shook his head.

"No rum for me, squire. I take no pleasure in it. I've something on my mind too heavy for rum to wash away."

"And what is that, Bob? Come, let's hear what you've got to say. Or, perhaps, you'd rather speak to me alone. It's Sunday to-day, and no business ought to be done; but for once, and for you, we'll make an exception."

"I brought the gentleman with me on purpose to witness what I had to say," answered Bob, taking a cigar out of a box that stood on the table, and lighting it. He smoked a whiff or two, looked thoughtfully at the judge, and then threw the cigar through the open window.

"It don't relish, squire; nothin' does now."

"Ah, Bob! if you'd leave off play and drink! They're your ruin; worse than ague or fever."

"It's no use," continued Bob, as if he did not hear the judge's remark; "it must out. I fo't agin it, and thought to drive it away, but it can't be done. I've put a bit of lead into several before now, but this one"—

"What's that?" cried the judge, chucking his cigar away, and looking sternly at Bob. "What's up now? What are you saying about a bit of lead? None of your Sodoma and Lower Natchez tricks, I hope? They won't do here. Don't understand such jokes."

"Pooh! they don't understand them a bit more in Natchez. If they did, I shouldn't be in Texas."

"The less said of that the better, Bob. You promised to lead a new life here; so we won't rake up old stories."

"I did, I did!" groaned Bob; "but it's all no use. I shall never be better till I'm hung."

I stared at the man in astonishment. The judge, however, took another cigar, lighted it, and, after puffing out a cloud of smoke, said, very unconcernedly—

"Not better till you're hung! What do you want to be hung for? To be sure, you should have been long ago, if the Georgia and Alabama papers don't lie. But we are not in the States here, but in Texas, under Mexican laws. It's nothing to us what you've done yonder. Where there is no accuser there can be no judge."

"Send away the nigger, squire," said Bob. "What a free white man has to say, shouldn't be heard by black ears."

"Go away, Ptoiy," said the judge. "Now, then," added he, turning to Bob, "say what you have to say; but mind, nobody forces you to do it, and it's only out of good-will that I listen to you, for to-day's Sunday."

"I know that," muttered Bob; "I know that, squire; but it leaves me no peace, and it must out. I've been to San Felipe de Austin, to Anahuac, every where, but it's all no use. Wherever I go, the spectre follows me, and drives me back under the cursed Patriarch."

"Under the Patriarch!" exclaimed the judge.

"Ay, under the Patriarch!" groaned Bob. "Don't you know the Patriarch; the old live oak near the ford, on the Jacinto?"

"I know, I know!" answered the judge. "And what drives you under the Patriarch?"

"What drives me? What drives a man who—who?"

"A man who"—— repeated the judge, gently.

"A man," continued Bob, in the same low tone, "who has sent a rifle bullet into another's heart. He lies there, under the Patriarch, whom I"——

"Whom you?" asked the judge.

"Whom I killed!" said Bob, in a hollow whisper.

"Killed!" exclaimed the judge. "You killed him? Whom?"

"Ah! whom? Why don't you let me speak? You always interrupt me with your palaver," growled Bob.

"You are getting saucy, Bob," said the judge impatiently. "Go on, however. I reckon it's only one of your usual tantrums."

Bob shook his head. The judge looked keenly at him for a moment, and then resumed in a sort of confidential, encouraging tone.

"Under the Patriarch; and how did he come under the Patriarch?"

"I dragged him there, and buried him there," replied Bob.

"Dragged him there! Why did you drag him there?"

"Because he couldn't go himself, with more than half an ounce of lead in his body."

"And you put the half ounce of lead into him, Bob? Well, if it was Johnny, you've done the country a service, and saved it a rope."

Bob shook his head negatively.

"It wasn't Johnny, although—— But you shall hear all about it. It's just ten days since you paid me twenty dollars fifty."

"I did so, Bob; twenty dollars fifty cents; and I advised you at the same time to let the money lie till you had a couple of hundred dollars, or enough to buy a quarter or an eighth of Sitio land; but advice is thrown away upon you."

"When I got the money, I thought I'd go down to San Felipe, to the Mexicans, and try my luck; and, at the same time, see the doctor about my fever. As I was goin' there, I passed near Johnny's house, and fancied a glass, but determined not to get off my horse. I rode up to the window, and looked in. There was a man sittin' at the table, havin' a hearty good dinner of steaks and potatoes, and washin' it down with a stiff glass of grog. I began to feel hungry myself, and while I was considerin' whether I should 'light or not, Johnny came sneakin' out, and whispered to me to come in, that there was a man inside with whom somethin' might be done if we went the right way to work; a man who had a leather belt round his waist cram-full of hard Jackson; and that, if we got out the cards and pretended to play a little together, he would soon take the bait and join us.

"I wasn't much inclined to do it," continued Bob; "but Johnny bothered me so to go in, that I got off my horse. As I did so the dollars chinked in my pocket, and the sound gave me a wish to play.

"I went in; and Johnny fetched the whisky bottle. One glass followed another. There were beefsteaks and potatoes too, but I only eat a couple of mouthfuls. When I had

drank two, three, ay, four glasses, Johnny brought the cards and dice. 'Hallo, Johnny!' says I; 'cards and dice, Johnny! I've twenty dollars fifty in my pocket. Let's have a game! But no more drink for me; for I know you, Johnny, I know you' —

"Johnny larfed slyly, and rattled the dice, and we sat down to play. I hadn't meant to drink any more, but play makes one thirsty; and with every glass I got more eager, and my dollars got fewer. I reckoned, however, that the stranger would join us; and that I should be able to win back from him; but not a bit of it: he sat quite quiet, and eat and drank as if he didn't see we were there. I went on playin' madder than ever, and before half an hour was over, I was cleaned out; my twenty dollars fifty gone to the devil, or what's the same thing, into Johnny's pocket.

"When I found myself without a cent, I *was* mad, I reckon. It warn't the first time, nor the hundredth, that I had lost money. Many bigger sums than that—ay, hundreds and thousands of dollars had I played away—but they had none of them cost me the hundredth or thousandth part of the trouble to get that these twenty dollars fifty had; two full months had I been slavin' away in the woods and prairies to airm them, and I caught the fever there. The fever I had still, but no money to cure it with. Johnny only larfed in my face, and rattled my dollars. I made a hit at him, which, if he hadn't jumped on one side, would have cured him of larfin' for a week or two.

"Presently, however, he came sneakin' up to me, and winkin' and whisperin'; and, 'Bob!' says he, 'is it come to that with you? are you grown so chicken-hearted that you don't see the beltful of money round his body?' said he, lookin' at it. 'No end of hard coin, I guess; and all to be had for little more than half an ounce of lead.'"

"Did he say that?" asked the judge.

"Ay, that did he, but I wouldn't listen to him. I was mad with him for winning my twenty dollars; and I told him that, if he wanted the stranger's purse, he might take it himself, and be d——d; that I wasn't goin' to pull the hot chestnuts out of the fire

for him. And I got on my horse, and rode away like mad.

"My head spun round like a mill. I couldn't get over my loss. I took the twenty dollars fifty more to heart than any money I had ever gambled. I didn't know where to go. I didn't dare go back to you, for I knew you'd scold me."

"I shouldn't have scolded you, Bob; or, if I had, it would only have been for your good. I should have summoned Johnny before me, called together a jury of twelve of the neighbours, got you back your twenty dollars fifty, and sent Johnny out of the country; or, better still, out of the world."

These words were spoken with much phlegm, but yet with a degree of feeling and sympathy, which greatly improved my opinion of the worthy judge. Bob also seemed touched. He drew a deep sigh, and gazed at the Alcalde with a melancholy look.

"It's too late," muttered he; "too late, squire."

"Perhaps not," replied the judge, "but let's hear the rest."

"Well," continued Bob, "I kept riding on at random, and when evenin' came I found myself near the palmetta field on the bank of the Jacinto. As I was ridin' past it, I heard all at once the tramp of a horse. At that moment the queerest feelin' I ever had came over me; a sort of cold shiverin' feel. I forgot where I was; sight and hearin' left me; I could only see two things, my twenty dollars fifty, and the well-filled belt of the stranger I had left at Johnny's. Just then a voice called to me.

"'Whence come, countryman, and whither going?' it said.

"'Whence and whether,' answered I, as surly as could be; 'to the devil at a gallop, and you'd better ride on and tell him I'm comin'.'

"'You can do the errand yourself,' answered the stranger larfin'; 'my road don't lie that way.'

"As he spoke, I looked round, and saw, what I was pretty sure of before, that it was the man with the belt full of money.

"'Ain't you the stranger I see'd in the inn yonder?' asked he.

"'And if I am,' says I; 'what's that to you?'

"'Nothin',' said he; 'nothin', certainly.'

" 'Better ride on,' says I; 'and leave me quiet.'

" 'Will so, stranger; but you needn't take it so mighty onkind. A word ain't a tomahawk, I reckon,' said he. 'But I rayther expect your losin's at play ain't put you in a very church-goin' humour; and, if I was you, I'd keep my dollars in my pocket, and not set them on cards and dice.'

" 'This put me in a rile to hear him cast my losin's in my teeth that way.'

" 'You're a nice feller,' said I, 'to throw a man's losses in his face. A pitiful chap *you* are,' says I.

" 'I thought to provoke him, and that he'd tackle me. But he seemed to have no fancy for a fight, for he said quite humble like—

" 'I throw nothin' in your face; God forbid that I should reproach you with your losses! I'm sorry for you, on the contrary. Don't look like a man who can afford to lose his dollars. Seem to me one who airns his money by hard work.'

" 'We were just then halted at the further end of the cane brake, close to the trees that border the Jacinto. I had turned my horse, and was frontin' the stranger. And all the time the devil was busy whisperin' to me, and pointin' to the belt round the man's waist. I could see where it was, plain enough, though he had buttoned his coat over it.

" 'Hard work, indeed,' says I; 'and now I've lost every thing; not a cent left for a quid of baccy.'

" 'If that's all,' says he; 'there's help for that. I don't chew myself, and I ain't a rich man; I've wife and children, and want every cent I've got, but it's one's duty to help a countryman. You shall have money for tobacco and a dram.'

" 'And so sayin', he took a purse out of his pocket, in which he carried his change. It was pretty full; there may have been some twenty dollars in it; and as he drew the string, it was as if the devil laughed and nodded to me out of the openin' of the purse.

" 'Halves!' cried I.

" 'No, not that,' says he; 'I've wife and child, and what I have belongs to them; but half a dollar'—

" 'Halves!' cried I again; 'or else'—

" 'Or else?' repeated he: and, as he spoke, he put the purse back into

his pocket, and laid hold of the rifle which was slung on his shoulder.

" 'Don't force one to do you a mischief,' said he. 'Don't,' says he; 'we might both be sorry for it. What you're thinkin' of brings no blessin'.'

" 'I was past seein' or hearin'. A thousand devils from hell were possessin' me.

" 'Halves!' I yelled out; and, as I said the word, he sprang out of the saddle, and fell back over his horse's crupper to the ground.

" 'I'm a dead man!' cried he; as well as the rattle in his throat would let him. 'God be merciful to me! My poor wife, my poor children!'"

Bob paused; he gasped for breath, and the sweat stood in large drops upon his forehead. He gazed wildly round the room. The judge himself looked very pale. I tried to rise, but sank back in my chair. Without the table I believe I should have fallen to the ground.

There was a gloomy pause of some moments' duration. At last the judge broke silence.

" 'A hard, hard case!' said he. 'Father, mother, children, all at one blow. Bob, you are a bad fellow; a very bad fellow; a great villain!'"

" 'A great villain,' groaned Bob. 'The ball was gone right through his breast.'

" 'Perhaps your gun went off by accident,' said the judge anxiously. 'Perhaps it was his own ball.'

Bob shook his head.

" 'I see him now, judge, as plain as can be, when he said, 'Don't force me to do you a mischief. We might both be sorry for it.' But I pulled the trigger. His bullet is still in his rifle.'

" 'When I saw him lie dead before me, I can't tell you what I felt. It warn't the first I had sent to his account; but yet I would have given all the purses and money in the world to have had him alive agin. I must have dragged him under the Patriarch, and dug a grave with my huntin' knife; for I found him there afterwards.'

" 'You found him there?' repeated the judge.

" 'Yes. I don't know how he came there. I must have brought him, but I recollect nothin' about it.'

The judge had risen from his chair,

and was walking up and down the room, apparently in deep thought. Suddenly he stopped short.

"What have you done with his money?"

"I took his purse, but buried his belt with him, as well as a flask of rum, and some bread and beef he had brought away from Johnny's. I set out for San Felipe, and rode the whole day. In the evenin', when I looked about me, expectin' to see the town, where do you think I was?"

The judge and I stared at him.

"Under the Patriarch. The ghost of the murdered man had driven me there. I had no peace till I'd dug him up and buried him again. Next day I set off in another direction. I was out of tobacco, and I started across the prairie to Anahuac. Lord, what a day I passed! Wherever I went, *he* stood before me. If I turned, *he* turned too. Sometimes he came behind me, and looked over my shoulder. I spurred my mustang till the blood came, hopin' to get away from him, but it was all no use. I thought when I got to Anahuac I should be quit of him, and I galloped on as if for life or death. But in the evenin', instead of bein' close to the salt-works as I expected, there I was agin, under the Patriarch. I dug him up a second time, and sat and stared at him, and then buried him agin."

"Queer that," observed the judge.

"Ay, very queer!" said Bob mournfully. "But it's all no use. Nothin' does me any good. I sha'n't be better—I shall never have peace till I'm hung."

Bob evidently felt relieved now; he had in a manner passed sentence on himself. Strange as it may appear, I had a similar feeling, and could not help nodding my head approvingly. The judge alone preserved an unmoved countenance.

"Indeed!" said he, "indeed! You think you'll be no better till you're hung."

"Yes," answered Bob, with eager haste. "Hung on the same tree under which *he* lies buried."

"Well, if you will have it so, we'll see what can be done for you. We'll call a jury of the neighbours together to-morrow."

"Thank ye, squire," murmured

Bob, visibly comforted by this promise.

"We'll summon a jury," repeated the Alcalde, "and see what can be done for you. You'll perhaps have changed your mind by that time."

I stared at him like one fallen from the clouds, but he did not seem to notice my surprise.

"There is, perhaps, another way to get rid of your life, if you are tired of it," he continued. "We might, perhaps, hit upon one that would satisfy your conscience."

Bob shook his head. I involuntarily made the same movement.

"At any rate, we'll hear what the neighbours say," added the judge.

Bob stepped up to the judge, and held out his hand to bid him farewell. The other did not take it, and turning to me, said—"You had better stop here, I think."

Bob turned round impetuously.

"The gentleman must come with me."

"Why must he?" said the judge.

"Ask himself."

I again explained the obligations I was under to Bob; how we had fallen in with one another; and what care and attention he had shown me at Johnny's.

The judge nodded approvingly. "Nevertheless," said he, "you will remain here, and Bob will go alone. You are in a state of mind, Bob, in which a man is better alone, d'ye see; and so leave the young man here. Another misfortune might happen; and, at any rate, he's better here than at Johnny's. Come back to-morrow, and we'll see what can be done for you."

These words were spoken in a decided manner, which seemed to have its effect upon Bob. He nodded assentingly, and left the room. I remained staring at the judge, and lost in wonder at these strange proceedings.

When Bob was gone, the Alcalde gave a blast on a shell, which supplied the place of a bell. Then seizing the cigar box, he tried one cigar after another, broke them peevishly up, and threw the pieces out of the window. The negro whom the shell had summoned, stood for some time waiting, while his master broke up the cigars, and threw them away. At

last the judge's patience seemed quite to leave him.

"Hark ye, Ptoly!" growled he to the frightened black, "the next time you bring me cigars that neither draw nor smoke, I'll make your back smoke for it. Mind that, now;—there's not a single one of them worth a rotten maize stalk. Tell that old coffee-coloured hag of Johnny's, that I'll have no more of her cigars. Ride over to Mr Ducie's and fetch a box. And, d'ye hear? Tell him I want to speak a word with him and the neighbours. Ask him to bring the neighbours with him to-morrow morning. And mind you're home again by two o'clock. Take the mustang we caught last week. I want to see how he goes."

The negro listened to these various commands with open mouth and staring eyes, then giving a perplexed look at his master, shot out of the room."

"Where away, Ptoly?" shouted the Alcalde after him.

"To Massa Ducie."

"Without a pass, Ptoly? And what are you going to say to Mr Ducie?"

"Him nebber send bad cigar again, him coffee-cullud hag. Massa speak to Johnny and neighbours. Johnny bring neighbours here."

"I thought as much," said the judge with perfect equanimity. "Wait a minute, I'll write the pass, and a couple of lines for Mr Ducie."

This was soon done, and the negro dispatched on his errand. The judge waited till he heard the sound of his horse's feet galloping away, and then, laying hold of the box of despised cigars, lit the first which came to hand. It smoked capitally, as did also one that I took. They were Principes, and as good as I ever tasted.

I passed the whole of that day *tête-à-tête* with the judge, who, I soon found, knew various friends of mine in the States. I told him the circumstances under which I had come to Texas, and the intention I had of settling there, should I find the country to my liking. During our long conversation, I was able to form a very different, and much more favourable, estimate of his character, than I had done from his interview with Bob. He was the very man to be useful to

a new country; of great energy, sound judgment, enlarged and liberal views. He gave me some curious information as to the state of things in Texas; and did not think it necessary to conceal from me, as an American, and one who intended settling in the country, that there was a plan in agitation for throwing off the Mexican yoke, and declaring Texas an independent republic. The high-spirited, and, for the most part, intelligent emigrants from the United States, who formed a very large majority of the population of Texas, saw themselves, with no very patient feeling, under the rule of a people both morally and physically inferior to themselves. They looked with contempt, and justly so, on the bigoted, idle, and ignorant Mexicans, while the difference of religion, and interference of the priests, served to increase the dislike between the Spanish and Anglo-American races.

Although the project was as yet not quite ripe for execution, it was discussed freely and openly by the American settlers. "It is the interest of every man to keep it secret," said the judge; "and there can be nothing to induce even the worst amongst us to betray a cause, by the success of which he is sure to profit. We have many bad characters in Texas, the offscourings of the United States, men like Bob, or far worse than him; but debauched, gambling, drunken villains though they be, they are the men we want when it comes to a struggle; and when that time arrives, they will all be found ready to put their shoulders to the wheel, use knife and rifle, and shed the last drop of their blood in defence of their fellow citizens, and of the new and independent republic of Texas. At this moment, we must wink at many things which would be severely punished in an older and more settled country; each man's arm is of immense value to the State; for, on the day of battle, we shall have, not two to one, but twenty to one opposed to us."

I was awakened the following morning by the sound of a horse's feet; and, looking out of the window, saw Bob dismounting from his mustang. The last twenty-four hours had told fearfully upon him. His limbs seemed powerless, and he reel-

ed and staggered in such a manner, that I at first thought him intoxicated. But such was not the case. His was the deadly weariness caused by mental anguish. He looked like one just taken off the rack.

Hastily pulling on my clothes, I hurried down stairs, and opened the house door. Bob stood with his head resting on his horse's neck, and his hands crossed, shivering and groaning. When I spoke to him, he looked up, but did not seem to know me. I tied his horse to a post, and taking his hand, led him into the house. He followed like a child, apparently without the will or the power to resist; and when I placed him a chair, he fell into it with a weight that made it crack under him, and shook the house. I could not get him to speak, and was about to return to my room to complete my toilet, when I again heard the tramp of mustangs. This was a party of half a dozen horsemen, all dressed in hunting shirts over buckskin breeches and jackets, and armed with rifles and bowie-knives; stout, daring looking fellows, evidently from the south-western states, with the true Kentucky half horse half alligator profile, and the usual allowance of thunder, lightning, and earthquake. It struck me when I saw them, that two or three thousand such men would have small difficulty in dealing with a whole army of Mexicans, if the latter were all of the pigmy, spindle-shanked breed I had seen on first landing. These giants could easily have walked away with a Mexican in each hand.

They jumped off their horses, and threw the bridles to the negroes in the usual Kentuckian devil-may-care style, and then walked into the house with the air of people who make themselves at home every where, and who knew themselves to be more masters in Texas than the Mexicans themselves. On entering the parlour, they nodded a "good-morning" to me, rather coldly to be sure, for they had seen me talking with Bob, which probably did not much recommend me. Presently, four more horsemen rode up, and then a third party, so that there were now fourteen of them assembled, all decided-looking men, in the prime of life and strength. The judge, who slept in an adjoining room, had been awakened by the

noise. I heard him jump out of bed, and not three minutes elapsed before he entered the parlour.

After he had shaken hands with all his visitors, he presented me to them, and I found that I was in the presence of no less important persons than the Ayuntamiento of San Felipe de Austin; and that two of my worthy countrymen were corregidores, one a procurador, and the others *buenos hombres*, or freeholders. They did not seem, however, to prize their titles much, for they addressed one another by their surnames only.

The negro brought a light, opened the cigar box, and arranged the chairs; the judge pointed to the sideboard, and to the cigars, and then sat down. Some took a dram, others lit a cigar.

Several minutes elapsed, during which the men sat in perfect silence, as if they were collecting their thoughts, or, as though it were undignified to show any haste or impatience to speak. This grave sort of deliberation which is met with among certain classes, and in certain provinces of the Union, has often struck me as a curious feature of our national character. It partakes of the stoical dignity of the Indian at his council fire, and of the stern, religious gravity of the early puritan settlers in America.

During this pause Bob was writhing on his chair like a worm, his face concealed by his hands, his elbows on his knees. At last, when all had drank and smoked, the judge laid down his cigar.

"Men!" said he.

"Squire!" answered they.

"We've a business before us, which I calculate will be best explained by him whom it concerns."

The men looked at the squire, then at Bob, then at me.

"Bob Rock! or whatever your name may be, if you have aught to say, say it!" continued the judge.

"Said it all yesterday," muttered Bob, his face still covered by his hands.

"Yes, but you must say it again to-day. Yesterday was Sunday, and Sunday is a day of rest, and not of business. I will neither judge you, nor allow you to be judged, by what you said yesterday. Besides, it was all between ourselves, for I don't reckon Mr Rivers as any thing; I count him still as a stranger."

"What's the use of so much palaver, when the thing's plain enough?" said Bob peevishly, raising his head as he spoke.

The men stared at him in grave astonishment. He was really frightful to behold; his face of a sort of blue tint; his cheeks hollow; his beard wild and ragged; his blood-shot eyes rolling, and deep sunk in their sockets. His appearance was scarcely human.

"I tell you again," said the judge, "I will condemn no man upon his own word alone; much less you, who have been in my service, and eaten of my bread. You accused yourself yesterday, but you were delirious at the time—you had the fever upon you."

"It's no use, squire," said Bob, apparently touched by the kindness of the judge. "You mean well, I see; but though you might deliver me out of men's hands, you couldn't rescue me from myself. It's no use—I must be hung—hung on the same tree under which the man I killed lies buried."

The men, or the jurors, as I may call them, looked at one another, but said nothing.

"It's no use," again cried Bob, in a shrill, agonized tone. "If he had attacked me, or only threatened me; but no, he didn't do it. I hear his words still, when he said, 'Do it not, man! I've wife and child. What you intend, brings no blessin' on the doer.' But I heard nothin' then except the voice of the devil; I brought the rifle down—levelled—fired."

The man's agony was so intense, that even the iron-featured jury seemed moved by it. They cast sharp, but stolen glances at Bob. There was a short silence.

"So you have killed a man?" said a deep bass voice at last.

"Ay, that have I!" gasped Bob.

"And how came that?" continued his questioner.

"How it came? You must ask the devil, or Johnny. No, not Johnny, he can tell you nothing; he was not there. No one can tell you but me; and I hardly know how it was. The man was at Johnny's, and Johnny showed me his belt full of money."

"Johnny!" exclaimed several of the jury.

"Ay, Johnny! He reckoned on winning it from him, but the man was too cautious for that; and when Johnny

had plucked all my feathers, won my twenty dollars fifty"——

"Twenty dollars fifty cents," interposed the judge, "which I paid him for catching mustangs and shooting game."

The men nodded.

"And then because he wouldn't play, you shot him?" asked the same deep-toned voice as before.

"No—some hours after—by the Jacinto, near the Patriarch—met him down there, and killed him."

"Thought there was something out o' the common thereaway," said one of the jury; "for as we rode by the tree a whole nation of kites and turkey buzzards flew out. Didn't they, Mr Heart?"

Mr Heart nodded.

"Met him by the river, and cried, halves of his money," continued Bob mechanically. "He said he'd give me something to buy a quid, and more than enough for that, but not halves. 'I've wife and child,' said he"——

"And you?" asked the juror with the deep voice, which this time, however, had a hollow sound in it.

"Shot him down," said Bob, with a wild hoarse laugh.

For some time no word was spoken.

"And who was the man?" said a juror at last.

"Didn't ask him; and it warn't writen on his face. He was from the States; but whether a hosier, or a buckeye, or a mudhead, is more than I can say."

"The thing must be investigated, Alcalde," said another of the jury after a second pause.

"It must so," answered the Alcalde.

"What's the good of so much investigation?" grumbled Bob.

"What good?" repeated the Alcalde. "Because we owe it to ourselves, to the dead man, and to you, not to sentence you without having held an inquest on the body. There's another thing which I must call your attention to," continued he, turning to the jury; "the man is half out of his mind—not *compos mentis*, as they say. He's got the fever, and had it when he did the deed; he was urged on by Johnny, and maddened by his losses at play. In spite of his wild excitement, however, he saved that gentleman's life yonder, Mr Edward Nathanael Rivers."

"Did he so?" said one of the jury.

"That did he," replied I, "not only by saving me from drowning when my horse dragged me, half dead and helpless, into the river, but also by the care and attention he forced Johnny and his mulatto to bestow upon me. Without him I should not be alive at this moment."

Bob gave me a look which went to my heart. The tears were standing in his eyes. The jury heard me in deep silence.

"It seems that Johnny led you on and excited you to this?" said one of the jurors.

"I didn't say that. I only said that he pointed to the man's money bag, and said—But what is it to you what Johnny said? I'm the man who did it. I speak for myself, and I'll be hanged for myself."

"All very good, Bob," interposed the Alcalde; "but we can't hang you without being sure you deserve it. What do you say to it, Mr Whyte? You're the procurador—and you, Mr Heart and Mr Stone? Help yourselves to rum or brandy; and, Mr Bright and Irwin, take another cigar. They're considerable tolerable the cigars—ain't they? That's brandy, Mr Whyte, in the diamond bottle."

Mr Whyte had got up to give his opinion, as I thought; but I was mistaken. He stepped to the sideboard, took up a bottle in one hand and a glass in the other, every movement being performed with the greatest deliberation.

"Well, squire," said he, "or rather *Alcalde*—"

After the word *Alcalde*, he filled the glass half full of rum.

"If it's as we've heard," added he, pouring about a spoonful of water on the rum, "and Bob has killed the man"—he continued, throwing in some lumps of sugar—"murdered him"—he went on, crushing the sugar with a wooden stamp—"I rather calkilate"—here he raised the glass—"Bob ought to be hung," he concluded, putting the tumbler to his mouth and emptying it.

The jurors nodded in silence. Bob drew a deep breath, as if a load were taken off his breast.

"Well," said the judge, who did not look over well pleased; "if you all think so, and Bob is agreed, I calculate we must do as he wishes. I tell you, though, I don't do it willingly. At any rate we must find the dead

man first, and examine Johnny. We owe that to ourselves and to Bob."

"Certainly," said the jury with one voice.

"You are a dreadful murderer, Bob, a very considerable one," continued the judge; "but I tell you to your face, and not to flatter you, there is more good in your little finger than in Johnny's whole hide. And I'm sorry for you, because, at the bottom, you are not a bad man, though you've been led away by bad company and example. I calculate you might still be reformed, and made very useful—more so, perhaps, than you think. Your rifle's a capital good one."

At these last words the men all looked up, and threw a keen enquiring glance at Bob.

"You might be of great service," continued the judge encouragingly, "to the country and to your fellow-citizens. You're worth a dozen Mexicans any day."

While the judge was speaking, Bob let his head fall on his breast, and seemed reflecting. He now looked up.

"I understand, squire; I see what you're drivin' at. But I can't do it—I can't wait so long. My life's a burthen and a sufferin' to me. Wherever I go, by day or by night, he's always there, standin' before me, and drivin' me under the Patriarch."

There was a pause of some duration. The judge resumed.

"So be it, then," said he with a sort of suppressed sigh. "We'll see the body to-day, Bob, and you may come to-morrow at ten o'clock."

"Couldn't it be sooner?" asked Bob impatiently.

"Why sooner? Are you in such a hurry?" asked Mr Heart.

"What's the use of palaverin'?" said Bob sulkily. "I told you already I'm sick of my life. If you don't come till ten o'clock, by the time you've had your talk out and ridden to the Patriarch, the fever'll be upon me."

"But we can't be flyin' about like a parcel of wild-geese, because of your fever," said the procurador.

"Certainly not," said Bob humbly.

"It's an ugly customer the fever, though, Mr Whyte," observed Mr Trace; "and I calculate we ought to do him that pleasure. What do you think, squire?"

"I reckon he's rather indiscreet in his askin's," said the judge, in a tone of

vexation. "However, as he wishes it, and if it is agreeable to you," added he, turning to the Ayuntamiento; "and as it's you, Bob, I calculate we must do what you ask."

"Thankee," said Bob.

"Nothing to thank for," growled the judge. "And now go into the kitchen and get a good meal of roast beef, d'ye hear?" He knocked upon the table. "Some good roast beef for Bob," said he to a negress who entered; "and see that he eats it. And get yourself dressed more decently, Bob—like a white man and a Christian, not like a wild redskin."

The negress and Bob left the room. The conversation now turned upon Johnny, who appeared, from all accounts, to be a very bad and dangerous fellow; and after a short discussion, they agreed to lynch him, in backwoodsman's phrase, just as coolly as if they had been talking of catching a mustang. When the men had come to this satisfactory conclusion, they got up, drank the judge's health and mine, shook us by the hand, and left the room and the house.

The day passed more heavily than the preceding one. I was too much engrossed with the strange scene I had witnessed to talk much. The judge, too, was in a very bad humour. He was vexed that a man should be hung who might render the country much and good service if he remained alive. That Johnny, the miserable, cowardly, treacherous Johnny, should be sent out of the world as quickly as possible, was perfectly correct, but with Bob it was very different. In vain did I remind him of the crime of which Bob had been guilty—of the outraged laws of God and man—and of the atonement due. It was no use. If Bob had sinned against society, he could repair his fault much better by remaining alive than by being hung; and, for any thing else, God would avenge it in his own good time. We parted for the night, neither of us convinced by the other's arguments.

We were sitting at breakfast the next morning, when a man, dressed in black, rode up to the door. It was Bob, but so metamorphosed that I scarcely knew him. Instead of the torn and bloodstained handkerchief round his head, he wore a hat; instead of the leathern jacket, a decent cloth coat. He had shaved off his

beard too, and looked quite another man. His manner had altered with his dress; he seemed tranquil and resigned. With a mild and submissive look, he held out his hand to the judge, who took and shook it heartily.

"Ah, Bob!" said he, "if you had only listened to what I so often told you! I had those clothes brought on purpose from New Orleans, in order that, on Sundays at least, you might look like a decent and respectable man. How often have I asked you to put them on, and come with us to meeting, to hear Mr Bliss preach? There is some truth in the saying, that the coat makes the man. With his Sunday coat, a man often puts on other and better thoughts. If that had been your case only fifty-two times in the year, you'd have learned to avoid Johnny before now."

Bob said nothing.

"Well, well! I've done all I could to make a better man of you. All that was in my power."

"That you have," answered Bob, much moved. "God reward you for it!"

I could not help holding out my hand to the worthy judge; and as I did so I thought I saw a moistness in his eye, which he suppressed, however, and, turning to the breakfast table, bade us sit down. Bob thanked him humbly, but declined, saying that he wished to appear fasting before his offended Creator. The judge insisted, and reasoned with him, and at last he took a chair.

Before we had done breakfast our friends of the preceding day began to drop in, and some of them joined us at the meal. When they had all taken what they chose, the judge ordered the negroes to clear away, and leave the room. This done, he seated himself at the upper end of the table, with the Ayuntamiento on either side, and Bob facing him.

"Mr Whyte," said the Alcalde, "have you, as procurador, any thing to state?"

"Yes, Alcalde," replied the procurador. "In virtue of my office, I made a search in the place mentioned by Bob Rock, and there found the body of a man who had met his death by a gunshot wound. I also found a belt full of money, and several letters of recommendation to different planters,

from which it appears that the man was on his way from Illinois to San Felipe, in order to buy land of Colonel Austin, and to settle in Texas."

The procurador then produced a pair of saddle-bags, out of which he took a leathern belt stuffed with money, which he laid on the table, together with the letters. The judge opened the belt, and counted the money. It amounted to upwards of five hundred dollars, in gold and silver. The procurador then read the letters.

One of the corregidores now announced that Johnny and his mulatto had left their house and fled. He, the corregidor, had sent people in pursuit of them; but as yet there were no tidings of their capture. This piece of intelligence seemed to vex the judge greatly, but he made no remark on it at the time.

"Bob Rock!" cried he.

Bob stepped forward.

"Bob Rock, or by whatever other name you may be known, are you guilty or not guilty of this man's death?"

"Guilty!" replied Bob, in a low tone.

"Gentlemen of the jury, will you be pleased to give your verdict?"

The jury left the room. In ten minutes they returned.

"Guilty!" said the foreman.

"Bob Rock," said the judge solemnly, "your fellow-citizens have found you guilty; and I pronounce the sentence—that you be hung by the neck until you are dead. The Lord be merciful to your soul!"

"Amen!" said all present.

"Thank ye," murmured Bob.

"We will seal up the property of the deceased," said the judge, "and then proceed to our painful duty."

He called for a light, and he and the procurador and corregidores sealed up the papers and money.

"Has any one aught to allege why the sentence should not be put in execution?" said the Alcalde, with a glance at me.

"He saved my life, judge and fellow-citizens," cried I, deeply moved.

Bob shook his head mournfully.

"Let us go, then, in God's name," said the judge.

Without another word being spoken, we left the house and mounted our horses. The judge had brought a Bible with him; and he rode on, a

little in front, with Bob, doing his best to prepare him for the eternity to which he was hastening. Bob listened attentively for some time; but at last he seemed to get impatient, and pushed his mustang into so fast a trot, that for a moment we suspected him of wishing to escape the doom he had so eagerly sought. But it was only that he feared the fever might return before the expiration of the short time he yet had to live.

After an hour's ride, we came to the enormous live oak distinguished as *the Patriarch*. Two or three of the men dismounted, and held aside the heavy moss-covered branches which swept the ground, and formed a complete curtain round the tree. The party rode through the opening thus made, and drew up in a circle beneath the huge leafy dome. In the centre of this ring stood Bob, trembling like an aspen-leaf, and with his eyes fixed on a small mound of fresh earth, partly concealed by the branches, and which had escaped my notice on my former visit to the tree. It was the grave of the murdered man.

A magnificent burial-place was that: no poet could have dreamt or desired a better. Above, the huge vault, with its natural frettings and arches; below, the greenest, freshest grass; around, an eternal half light, streaked and varied, and radiant as a rainbow. It was imposingly beautiful.

Bob, the judge, and the corregidores, remained sitting on their horses, but several of the other men dismounted. One of the latter cut the lasso from Bob's saddle, and threw an end of it over one of the lowermost branches; then uniting the two ends, formed them into a strong noose, which he left dangling from the bough. This simple preparation completed, the Alcalde took off his hat and folded his hands. The others followed his example.

Bob!" said the judge to the unfortunate criminal, whose head was bowed on his horse's mane; "Bob! we will pray for your poor soul, which is about to part from your sinful body."

Bob raised his head. "I had something to say," exclaimed he, in a wondering and husky tone. "Something I wanted to say."

"What have you to say?"

Bob stared around him; his lips

moved, but no word escaped him. His spirit was evidently no longer with things of this earth.

"Bob!" said the judge again, "we will pray for your soul."

"Pray! pray!" groaned he. "I shall need it."

In slow and solemn accents, and with great feeling, the judge uttered the Lord's Prayer. Bob repeated every word after him. When it was ended—

"God be merciful to your soul!" exclaimed the judge.

"Amen!" said all present.

One of the corregidores now passed the noose of the lasso round Bob's neck, another bound his eyes, a third person drew his feet out of the stirrups, while a fourth stepped behind his horse with a heavy riding-whip. All was done in the deepest silence; not a word was breathed; not a foot-fall heard on the soft yielding turf. There was something awful and oppressive in the profound stillness that reigned in the vast enclosure.

The whip fell. The horse gave a spring forwards. At the same moment Bob made a desperate clutch at the bridle, and a loud "Hold!" burst in thrilling tones from the lips of the judge.

It was too late; Bob was already hanging. The judge pushed forward, nearly riding down the man who held the whip, and seizing Bob in his arms, raised him on his own horse, supporting him with one hand, while with the other he strove to unfasten the noose. His whole gigantic frame trembled with eagerness and exertion. The procurador, corregidores, all, in short, stood in open-mouthed wonder at this strange proceeding.

"Whisky! whisky! Has nobody any whisky?" shouted the judge.

One of the men sprang forward with a whisky-flask, another supported the body, and a third the feet, of the half-hanged man, while the judge poured a few drops of spirits into his mouth. The cravat, which had not been taken off, had hindered the breaking of the neck. Bob at last opened his eyes, and gazed vacantly around him.

"Bob," said the judge, "you had something to say, 'hadn't you, about Johnny?'"

"Johnny," gasped Bob; "Johnny."

"What's become of him?"

"He's gone to San Antonio, Johnny."

"To San Antonio!" repeated the judge, with an expression of great alarm overspreading his features.

"To San Antonio—to Padre José," continued Bob; "a Catholic. Beware!"

"A traitor, then!" muttered several.

"Catholic!" exclaimed the judge. The words he had heard seemed to deprive him of all strength. His arms fell slowly and gradually by his side, and Bob was again hanging from the lasso.

"A Catholic! a traitor!" repeated several of the men; "a citizen and a traitor!"

"So it is, men!" exclaimed the judge. "We've no time to lose," continued he, in a harsh, hurried voice; "no time to lose; we must catch him."

"That must we," said several voices, "or our plans are betrayed to the Mexicans."

"After him immediately to San Antonio!" cried the judge with the same desperately hurried manner.

"To San Antonio!" repeated the men, pushing their way through the curtain of moss and branches. As soon as they were outside, those who were dismounted sprang into the saddle, and, without another word, the whole party galloped away in the direction of San Antonio.

The judge alone remained, seemingly lost in thought; his countenance pale and anxious, and his eyes following the riders. His reverie, however, had lasted but a very few seconds, when he seized my arm.

"Hasten to my house," cried he; "lose no time, don't spare horse-flesh. Take Ptoly and a fresh beast; hurry over to San Felipe, and tell Stephen Austin what has happened, and what you have seen and heard."

"But, judge"—

"Off with you at once, if you would do Texas a service. Bring my wife and daughter back."

And so saying, he literally drove me from under the tree, pushing me out with hands and feet. I was so startled at the expression of violent impatience and anxiety which his features assumed, that, without venturing to make further objection, I struck the spurs into my mustang and galloped off.

Before I had got fifty yards from the tree, I looked round: The judge had disappeared.

I rode full speed to the judge's house, and thence on a fresh horse to San Felipe, where I found Colonel Austin, who seemed much alarmed by the news I brought him, had horses saddled, and sent round to all the neighbours. Before the wife and step-daughter of the judge had made their preparations to accompany me home, he started with fifty armed men in the direction of San Antonio.

I escorted the ladies to their house, but scarcely had we arrived there, when I was seized with a fever, the result of my recent fatigues and sufferings. For some days my life was in danger, but at last a good constitution, and the kindest and most watchful nursing, triumphed over the disease. As soon as I was able to mount a horse, I set out for Mr Neal's plantation, in company with his huntsman Anthony, who, after spending many days, and riding over hundreds of miles of ground in quest of me, had at last found me out.

Our way led up past the Patriarch, and, as we approached it, we saw innumerable birds of prey, and carrion crows circling round it, croaking and screaming. I turned my eyes in another

direction; but, nevertheless, I felt a strange sort of longing to revisit the tree. Anthony had ridden on, and was already hidden from view behind its branches. Presently I heard him give a loud shout of exultation. I jumped off my horse, and led it through a small opening in the leafage.

Some forty paces from me the body of a man was hanging by a lasso from the very same branch on which Bob had been hung. It was not Bob, however, for the corpse was much too short and small for him.

I drew nearer. "Johnny!" I exclaimed. "That's Johnny!"

"It *was*," answered Anthony. "Thank Heaven, there's an end of him!"

I shuddered. "But where is Bob?"

"Bob?" cried Anthony. "Bob!"

He glanced towards the grave. The mound of earth seemed to me larger and higher than when I had last seen it. Doubtless the murderer lay beside his victim.

"Shall we not render the last service to this wretch, Anthony?" asked I.

"The scoundrel!" answered the huntsman. "I won't dirty my hands with him. Let him poison the kites and the crows!"

We rode on.

DEATH FROM THE STING OF A SERPENT.

As when a monstrous snake, with flaming crest,
Some wretch within its glittering folds has press'd—
He vainly struggles to escape its fangs,
The reptile triumphs, and the victim hangs
His head in agony, and bending low,
Feels the cursed venom through his life-blood flow.
On through his veins the burning poison speeds,
Drinks up his spirit—on his vitals feeds,
Till, tortured life extinct, the senseless clay
In hideous dissolution melts away.

M. J.

THE GIFTS OF TÉREK.

TRANSLATED FROM THE RUSSIAN OF LERMONTOFF. BY T. B. SHAW.

Térek* bellows, wildly sweeping
 Past the cliffs, so swift and strong;
 Like a tempest is his weeping,
 Flies his spray like tears along.
 O'er the steppe now slowly veering—
 Calm but faithless looketh he—
 With a voice of love endearing
 Murmurs to the Caspian sea:

“ Give me way, old sea! I greet thee;
 Give me refuge in thy breast;
 Far and fast I've rush'd to meet thee—
 It is time for me to rest.
 Cradled in Kazbék, and cherish'd
 From the bosom of the cloud,
 Strong am I, and all have perish'd
 Who would stop my current proud.
 For thy sons' delight, O Ocean!
 I've crush'd the crags of Dariál,
 Onward my resistless motion,
 Like a flock, hath swept them all.”

Still on his smooth shore reclining,
 Lay the Caspian as in sleep;
 While the Térek, softly shining,
 To the old sea murmur'd deep:—

“ Lo! a gift upon my water—
 Lo! no common offering—
 Floating from the field of slaughter,
 A Kabárdinetz † I bring.
 All in shining mail he's shrouded—
 Plates of steel his arms enfold;
 Blood the Koran verse hath clouded,
 That thereon is writ in gold:
 His pale brow is sternly bended—
 Gory stains his wreathed lip dye—
 Valiant blood, and far-descended—
 'Tis the hue of victory!
 Wild his eyes, yet nought he noteth;
 With an ancient hate they glare:
 Backward on the billow floateth,
 All disorderly, his hair.”

Still the Caspian, calm reclining,
 Seems to slumber on his shore;
 And impetuous Térek, shining,
 Murmurs in his ear once more:—

“ Father, hark! a priceless treasure—
 Other gifts are poor to this—

* A river which, rising on the eastern side of the ridge of the Caucasus, falls, after a rapid and impetuous course, into the Caspian, near Anápa.

† A mountaineer of the tribe of Kabárda.

I have hid, to do thee pleasure—
 I have hid in my abyss!
 Lo! a corse my wave doth pillow—
 A Kazáchka* young and fair.
 Darkly pale upon the billow
 Gleams her breast and golden hair;
 Very sad her pale brow gleameth,
 And her eyes are closed in sleep;
 From her bosom ever seemeth
 A thin purple stream to creep.
 By my water, calm and lonely,
 For the maid that comes not back;
 Of the whole Staníza,† only
 Mourns a Grébenskoí Kazák.

“ Swift on his black steed he hieth;
 To the mountains he is sped.
 'Neath Tchetchén's kinjál‡ now lieth,
 Low in dust, that youthful head.”

Silent then was that wild river;
 And afar, as white as snow,
 A fair head was seen to quiver
 In the ripple, to and fro.

In his might the ancient ocean;
 Like a tempest, 'gan arise;
 And the light of soft emotion
 Glimmer'd in his dark blue eyes;

And he play'd, with rapture flushing,
 And in his embraces bright,
 Clasp'd the stream, to meet him rushing
 With a murmur of delight.

* A Kazák girl.

† Village of Kazáks.

‡ Kinjál, a large dagger, the favourite weapon of the mountain tribes of the Caucasus, among which the Tchetchénetszes are distinguished for bravery.

MARSTON; OR, THE MEMOIRS OF A STATESMAN.

PART VI.

"Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
 Have I not heard the sea, puft up with wind,
 Rage like an angry boar chafed with sweat?
 Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,
 And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?
 Have I not in the pitched battle heard
 Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets clang?"

SHAKESPEARE.

My first questions to Lafontaine, when I had his wound looked to, were of course for those whom he had left in England.

"Ah, ha!" said he with a laugh, which showed the inextinguishable Frenchman, "are you constant still? Well, then, Madame la Comtesse is constant too; but it is to her boudoir, or the gaieties of Devonshire House, or perhaps to her abhorrence of Monsieur le Mari."

"Le Mari!" I repeated the words with an involuntary start.

"Bah! 'tis all the same. She is affianced, and among us that tie is quite as legitimate as marriage, and, our libellers say, a little stronger. But they certainly are *not* married yet, for Mademoiselle Cloilde either is, or affects, the invalid; and considering the probability that she abhors the man and the match, I think, on the whole, that she acts diplomatically in informing the vainest colonel, in or out of France, that she is sick of any thing rather than of him."

"But your Mariamne—how go on your interests there?" The question brought a smile and a sigh together, before he could find an answer.

"How she is, what she is doing, or intends to do, or even what she is, are matters that I can no more answer than I can why the wind blows. She torments me, and takes a delight in tormenting me. I have been on the point of throwing up my commission a hundred times since I saw you, and flying to America, or the world's end. She controls me in every thing, insists on knowing all my movements from hour to hour, finds them out when I attempt to conceal them as matter of duty, tortures me for the concealment, and then laughs at me for the confession. She is intolerable."

"And yet you have obtained a

lengthening of your chain, or how come here? How long have you been in Paris?"

"Just two days; and busy ones, or I should have found you out before. Yes, I had Mariamne's full permission to come; though to this moment I cannot account for the change. I had received a sudden order from Montre-cour, who is deep in the emigrant affairs, to set out with letters which could not be sent by the courier. But I dared not leave London without asking *her* permission; and I acknowledge asking her at the same time to run away with me, and give herself a lawful title to be my tyrant for life. Applying to Mordecai was out of the question. Her answer was immediate; contemptuous in the extreme as to my proposal, yet almost urgent on me to accept the mission, and lose no time between London and Paris. Her postscript was the oddest part of all. It was a grave recommendation to discover *you*, in whatever height or depth of the capital you might exist; whether you figured in the court or the cloister; were the idol of the maids of honour, or the model of the monks of La Trappe; to remind you that you had forgotten every body on the other side of the Channel who was worth remembering, including herself; and commending *me*, as a truant and a trifier, to your especial, grave, and experienced protection. Apropos! She sent me a letter, to be delivered to you with my own hands. But for yourself it had nearly failed in the delivery."

He gave me the letter. It was, like the writer, a pretty *melange*; trifles gracefully expressed; strong sense expressed like trifles; feeling carried off with a laugh; and palpable and fond anxiety for Lafontaine couched in the most merciless badinage. While I gave this missive a second, and even

a third perusal—for it finished with some gentle mention of the being whose name was a charm to my wearied spirit—my eyes accidentally fell on Lafontaine. His were fixed on me with an expression of inconceivable distress. At length his generous nature broke forth.

"Marston, if I were capable of jealousy, I should be jealous of *you* and of Mariamne. What *can* be the caprice which dictated that letter? what *can* be the interest which you evidently take in it? I wish that the bullet which laid me at your door this evening had finished its work, and put an end to an existence which has been a perpetual fever. I shall not ask *what* Mariamne has said to you—but *I* am miserable."

"Yes, but you *shall* ask, and shall have all you ask," said I, giving him the letter. "It is the language of the heart, and of a heart strongly attached to *you*. I can see affection in every line of it. Of course she mingles a little coquetry with her sentiment; but was there ever a pretty woman, who was not more or less a coquette? She is a gem: never think it the less pure because it sparkles. Rely upon your little Mariamne."

"Then *you* have no sincere regard

for her—no wish to interfere with my claims?" said my pallid friend, dubiously extending his hand towards me.

"Lafontaine, listen to me, and for the last time on the subject. I have a very sincere regard for her." (My sensitive auditor started.) "But, I have also a perfect respect for your claims. It is impossible not to acknowledge the animated graces of the lady on whom you have fixed your affections. But mine are fixed where I have neither hope to sustain them, nor power to change.—Those matters have nothing to do with choice. They are effects without a cause, judgments without a reason, influences without an impulse—the problems of our nature, without a solution since the beginning of the world."

"But, Marston, you will only laugh at me for all my troubles."

"Lafontaine, I shall do no such thing. Those pains and penalties have been the lot of some of the noblest hearts and most powerful minds that the earth has ever seen; and have been most keenly felt by the noblest and the most powerful. The poet only tells the truth more gracefully when he says—

"The spell of all spells that enamours the heart,
To few is imparted, to millions denied;
'Tis the brain of the victim that poisons the dart,
And fools jest at that by which sages have died."

"But now, my friend, let us talk of other things. We must not sink into a pair of sentimentalists; these are terrible times. And now, tell me what brought you out of quiet England among our madmen here?"

"I may now tell all the world," was the reply, "for the evil is done beyond remedy. I was sent by our friends in London, to carry the last warning to the royal family of all that has happened this day. My papers contained the most exact details, the names of the leaders, their objects, their points of assembling, and even their points of attack. Those were furnished, as you may conceive, by one of the principal conspirators; a fellow whom I afterwards saw on horseback in front of the Tuileries, and whom, I think, I had the satisfaction of dismounting by a shot from my carbine."

I mentioned the fruitlessness of my own efforts to awake the ministry.

"Ah," said he, with a melancholy smile, "my friend, if you had been admitted into the palace, or into the council-chamber itself, you would have had precisely the same tale to tell. All was infatuation. I was ushered into the highest presence last midnight. My despatches were read. I was complimented on my zeal, and then was told that every thing was provided for. I was even closeted for two hours with the two individuals who, of all France, or of all mankind, had the largest stake in the crisis, and was again told that there was no crisis to be feared. I even offered to take a squadron of dragoons, and arrest the conspirators at the moment with my own hand. I saw the eyes of the noblest of women fill with tears of grief and indignation at the hopelessness of

my appeal, and the answer, 'that though Frenchmen might hate the ministers, they always loved their king.' I saw that all was over."

"Still," said I, "I cannot comprehend how the mere mob of Paris could have succeeded against the defenders of the palace."

"If you had seen it as I did, the only wonder is, how the Tuileries held out so long. After passing a night on guard at the Pavillon de Flore, I was summoned at daybreak to attend his majesty. What a staff for a reviewing monarch! The queen endeavouring to support the appearance of calmness; Madame Elizabeth, that human angel, following her, dissolved in tears; the two royal children, weeping and frightened, making their way through the crowd of nobles, guardsmen, domestics who had gathered promiscuously in the chambers and corridors, armed with whatever weapons they could find, and all in confusion. From the windows there was another scene; and the only time when I saw the queen shudder, was when she cast her eye across the Place du Carrousel, and saw it covered with the dense masses of the multitude drawn up in battle-array. A more gloomy sight never met the eye. From time to time the distant discharge of cannon was heard, giving us the idea that some treachery was transacting in the remoter parts of the city, every discharge answered by a roar of—'Down with the King'—'Death to Marie Antoinette'—'The lamp-iron to all traitors.' While, as I glanced on those around me, I saw despair in every countenance; the resolution perhaps to die, but the evident belief that their death must be in vain. You now know all."

I still expressed my strong anxiety to know what had been the events within the palace.

"Marston, I cannot think of them. I cannot speak of them. I see nothing but a vision of blood, shame, folly, wretchedness. There never was a cause more fatally abandoned. Every thing that could be done to ruin a monarchy was done. I was standing beside the royal group, when a deputation from the National Assembly made its appearance. At its head was a meagre villain, whom one might have taken for the public executioner. He came up, cringing and

bowing, to the unfortunate king; but with a look which visibly said—'We have you in our power. I could have plunged my sword in the triumphant villain's heart. I had even instinctively half drawn it, when I felt the gentle pressure of a hand on mine. It was the queen's.' 'Remember the king's presence. We must owe nothing to violence,' were her words. And at this instant she looked so heart-broken, yet so noble, that I could have worshipped her. The deputation pressed the necessity of 'taking shelter,' as they phrased it, 'in the bosom of the faithful Assembly.' The words, 'assembly of traitors,' burst from my lips. A shout of approbation arose on all sides. But I was more rewarded by a sorrowing smile from the queen. She was indignant at the proposal. 'No; never shall I leave this spot but by the king's command!' she exclaimed. 'I would rather be chained to the walls.' As the guard pressed round her at the words, she suddenly stopped, took a pistol from one of the Garde du Corps, and forcing it on the king—'Now,' said the heroine—'now is the time to show yourself a king of France!' An universal cry of enthusiasm arose, and hundreds of swords were brandished in the air. The deputation, evidently expecting to be massacred, made an effort to reach the door, and the monarchy was on the point of being saved; when the leader of the party glanced back at the royal circle. There stood unfortunate Louis, hesitating, with the pistol in his hand. On such moments all depends. The villain crept up to the king, and whispered in his ear—'Would you have all your family put to death? In the Assembly all are safe.'—'Well, then, we shall go,' was the simple answer. He might have added—'To the scaffold.' The queen pressed her hands on her eyes, and wept bitterly. All were silent. In a few minutes more our sad procession was crossing the garden to the door of the Assembly, amid a roar, which could not have been fiercer or more triumphant had we been going to execution."

It was already twilight; the fine summer's day, as if it had been dimmed by the desperate scenes of which it was witness, set in sudden clouds; and the distant shoutings of the po-

populace seemed to be answered by the voice of a storm. Lafontaine's wound began to bleed afresh by the agitation of his story, and to find medical assistance, was my first object. Having seen him conveyed to my bed, and leaving him in charge of my valet, I hastened towards the residence of the physician to the embassy. In doing this, I had to cross the Rue St Honoré. But there my course was stopped. I shrink from alluding to those horrid scenes and times. The scene which there met my eyes has scarcely left them since.

The populace were returning from the conquest and plunder of the palace to the Palais Royale, the headquarters of all convulsion; and they had arranged their ranks into something like a triumphal procession on the stage. The dead bodies of the brave Swiss were carried on boards or biers, preceded by banners of all kinds; the plundered ornaments of the Tuileries were borne on the heads of men; the horses from the royal stables, caparisoned for the occasion, drew hearses, in which the bodies of the mob who had fallen were deposited. Brief as the time for decoration had been, wreaths of artificial flowers, taken from the shops of the *marchandes de modes*, and theatrical shawls and mantles from the stores of the *fripiers*, covered the biers; and the whole, surrounded and followed by a forest of pikes and bayonets, plumes and flags, had no other light than the lurid and shifting blaze of thousands of torches tossing in the wild and howling wind.

The train seemed endless; shocked and sickened, I had made repeated efforts to cross the column, but was repeatedly driven back. If all the dead criminality of Paris had risen to join all the living, it could scarcely have increased my astonishment at the countless thousands which continued to pour on before me; nor scarcely, if the procession had started from the grave, could it have looked more strange, squalid, haggard, and woe-begone. In the rear came the cannon, which had achieved this melancholy victory. And they, again, were sometimes converted into the carriage of the dead, sometimes of the plunder, and, in every instance, were surmounted by women, female furies, drinking, shouting, and uttering cries

of unspeakable savageness and blasphemy against priests, nobles, and kings; and, mingled with all this, were choruses of bacchanal songs, accompanied with shouts of laughter. It was now near midnight; and my anxiety for the condition of my unfortunate friend at last urged me to make a desperate attempt to force my way through the mass of pikes and daggers. After being swept far along with the stream, I reached the street in which the physician lived. He set out with me immediately, and, by his superior knowledge of the route, we were enabled to make our way unimpeded through streets, that looked like dens of robbers, to my hotel.

But there a new and still more alarming disappointment awaited me. I found the porter and all the attendants of the establishment gathered on the stairs in terror. Lafontaine was gone! Whether, frenzied by the insults and yells of the populace, who continued to pass in troops from time to time, or anxious for my safety, he had started from his bed, put on his sword, and rushed into the street; without the possibility of being restrained, and without uttering a word of explanation.

Exhausted as I was by fatigue, and still more by the sights and scenes through which I had just passed, this intelligence was a severe blow. The fate of a young enthusiast, and a foreigner, whom I had known but so lately, and of whom I knew so little, might not have justified much personal sacrifice. But the thought of the heart that would be broken by his falling into the hands of the barbarians, who were now masters of every thing, smote keenly upon me. Mariamne would die; and though I was by no means a lover of Mariamne, yet, where I had seen so much that was loveable, I might have a regard next in degree. There may, and does often, exist the tenderness of love without the flame. I could have looked on this pretty and animated creature as the wife of Lafontaine, or of any other object of her choice, without the slightest pang; but I could not have looked upon her pining away in hopelessness, wasting in silent sorrow, or with her gay and gentle existence clouded by a loss which nothing could repair, without thinking every effort of mine to avert

evil from her, due on every principle of common feeling.

While I pondered, a note was brought to me, written by Lafontaine before he had sallied from his chamber, and evidently written under the wildest emotion. It told me, in a few scarcely legible words, that he felt life a burden to him, and thanked Heaven for the opportunity now offered of dying for his king and the glory of France. That the monarchy had perished beyond redemption. But that, though the royal family were surrounded by the poniards of assassins, it was his determination to follow and find them, rescue them, or die at their feet. This strange production closed with—"You shall hear of me within twenty-four hours, living or dead. If I fall, remember me to my affianced wife; and vindicate my character to the world."

This was so like insanity, that it perplexed me more and more; but, on second thoughts, it appeared to offer some clue to his pursuit.—He had gone to die in presence of the royal family. If they were to be found by him at all, they must be found in the Assembly. I immediately went to the garden of the Tuileries, where they met until their new legislative palace should be erected. The multitude had now partially retired, for it was midnight; and the entrance was comparatively clear. A strong force of the National Guard still kept the drunken rabble at a distance; and the five franc piece, with which I tempted the incorruptibility of a peculiarly ferocious-looking patriot, admitted me without delay.

What a scene there presented itself to my eyes! The "Salle" was large and showy; and when I had attended it in former debates, it exhibited the taste and skill which the French, more than any other people on earth, exhibit in temporary things. Nothing could exceed the elegance with which the Parisian decorators had fitted up this silk and tinsel abode, which was to be superseded, within a few months, by the solid majesty of marble. But, on this memorable and melancholy night, the ornaments bore, to me, the look of those sad frivolities with which France is fond of ornamenting her tombs. The chandeliers burned dim; the busts and statues looked ghost-like; the chief part of the members

had thrown themselves drowsily on the benches; and the debate had languished into the murmurs of a speech, to which no one listened. If the loaded table, with its pile of petitions and ordonnances, in the midst of the hall, could have been imagined into a bier; the whole had the aspect of a *chapelle ardente*; there, indeed, lay in state the monarchy of France. My unlucky friend, of course, was not there; but I saw, in a narrow box, on the right of the president, a group, from which, when once seen, I found it impossible to withdraw my gaze—the first and most exalted victims of the Revolution, the king and his family. All but one were apparently overcome with fatigue; for they had sat there fifteen hours. But that one sat with a steady eye and an erect front, as if superior to all suffering. I had seen Marie Antoinette, the most splendid figure, in all the splendours of her court. I had seen her unshaken before vast popular assemblages, in which any rash or ruffian hand might have taken her life at the instant; but she now gave me an impression of a still higher order. Sitting in calm resignation and unstained dignity, her stately form and countenance, pale and pure as marble, looked like some noble statue on a tomb; or rather, sitting in that chamber of death, like some pure spirit, awaiting the summons to ascend from the relics of human guilt, infirmity, and passion before her.

But the slumbers of the Assembly were soon to be broken. A tumult, and the tramping of many feet, was heard at the door. It was followed by the thunder of clubs and hammers breaking it in; the bars gave way; the huissiers and other attendants rushed through the body of the hall, and took refuge behind the chair of the president in affright; the sleepers started from their seats; and, with a roar which spoke the true supremacy of the new power in France, the mob poured in. They announced themselves a deputation from the Municipality, and instantly took possession of the benches. Men, women, and even children, composed this barbarian invasion; like all that I had seen, half intoxicated; but evidently trained by higher hands for more determined evil. A chosen set of orators, in Roman robes, probably plun-

dered from some suburb theatre, moved forward to the table, and took their seats round it in as much solemnity as conscript fathers. The chief speaker then advanced from the door, preceded by the head of one of the murdered Swiss on a pike, a hideous spectacle, and, drawing from his belt a dagger, commenced a furious harangue against every thing that bore the shape of authority in the kingdom. The Assembly did not escape in the general outpouring of its bitterness. They were charged with want of zeal, with want of honesty, and, most formidable of all, want of patriotism. I saw many a member cower at the word; for it was the countersign of Jacobinism; and the man, on whom that charge was personally fastened, was sure to fall by pistol or dagger. But the rage of the harangue was levelled at the royal family. "There sits the tyrant!" he exclaimed, pointing with his poniard to the meekest of monarchs and of men. "The vengeance of the people calls for victims. How long shall it be insulted? If justice is blind, tear the bandage from her eyes. How long shall the sword of the people rust in its sheath! Liberty sitting on her altar demands new sacrifices to feed the flame. The blood of tyrants is the only incense worthy to be offered by a regenerated people!"

At every pause of these fierce interjections, the crowd burst into yells of applause, drew knives and daggers from their bosoms, flourished them in the air, and echoed the words. The Assembly were evidently held in terror of their lives. The president made some faint attempts to restore order. A few of the members made faint attempts at speeches. But the mob were masters; and a night of such horrors passed, as I had never dreamed of before. At daybreak the orator demanded that a decree should be instantly passed, suspending the king, the ministry, and even the Assembly, in the midst of which he stood. Of all the extravagances ever conceived—of all the insolences of power—of all the licenses of popular licentiousness, this was the most daring, unrivalled, and unimagined; and yet this was carried, with scarcely a voice raised against it. The trembling president, with the dagger at his throat,

put the motion for extinguishing the throne, the cabinet, and calling a new Assembly! From that hour the monarchy was no more.

During this tremendous discussion, I had not ventured to raise my eyes towards the royal family; but, as all were now about to retire, I dared a single glance. The king was slowly leaving the box, leading the dauphin by the hand; the Princess Elizabeth was carrying the sleeping dauphiness in her arms; the queen stayed behind, alone, for a moment, sitting, as she had done for hours, with her eyes fixed on vacancy, and her countenance calm, but corpse-like. At length she seemed to recollect that she was alone, and suddenly started up. Then nature had its way; she tottered, and fainted. From that night forth, that glorious creature never saw the light of day but through the bars of a prison. From the Feuillans, the royal family were consigned to the cells of the Temple, from which Louis and Marie Antoinette never emerged but to the grave!

This night taught me a lesson, which neither time nor circumstance has ever made me forget. It cured me of all my republican fantasies at once, and for ever. I believe myself above the affectation of romantic sensibility. But it would not be less affectation to deny the feelings to which that awful scene of human guilt and human suffering gave birth. If the memory of the popular atrocities made me almost abhor human nature, the memory of that innocent and illustrious woman restored my admiration of the noble qualities that may still be found in human nature. "If I forget thee even in my mirth," the language of the Israelite to his beloved city, was mine, in scarcely a less solemn or sacred spirit, in those hours of early experience. Let the hearts and eyes of others refuse to acknowledge such feelings. I am not ashamed to say, that I have shed many a tear over the fate of the King and Queen of France. In the finest fictions of genius, in the most high-wrought sorrows of the stage, I have never been so deeply touched, I have never felt myself penetrated with such true and irresistible emotion, as in reading, many a year after, the simplest record of the unhappy Bourbons.

What must it be, to have witnessed the last agonies of their hearts and throne!

On returning to my chamber, shuddering and wretched, I found a despatch on my table. It was from Downing Street; an order, that within twelve hours after its receipt, I should set out from Paris, and make my way, with the utmost secrecy, to the headquarters of the Austrian and Prussian army; where further orders would be waiting for me.

This command threw me into new perplexity. It had been my purpose to find my unfortunate friend, if he was not already in the bosom of the Seine, or a victim to some of the popular violences. But my orders were peremptory. I, however, did all that was in my power. I spent the day in looking for him through all the hotels and hospitals; and, after a hopeless search, gave my man of mystery, Mendoza, a commission—paid for at a rate that made him open his hollow eyes wide with incredulity on the coin—to discover and protect him, wherever he was to be found.

But I had now another difficulty which threatened to nip my diplomatic honours in the bud. The news had just arrived, that the allied armies had passed the frontier, and were sweeping all before them with fire and sword. A populace is always mad with courage, or mad with cowardice; and the Parisians, who, but yesterday, were ready to have made a march round the globe, now thought the wells and cellars of the city not too deep, or too dark to hold them. They would have formed a camp in the catacombs, if they could. All was sudden terror. The barriers were shut. Guards were posted tenfold at all the gates. Men were ranged on the heights round the city, to make signals of the first approach of the Prussian hussars; and the inhabitants spent half the day on every house top that commanded a view of the country, waiting for the first glimpse of their devourers. To escape from this city of terror now became next to impossible. All my applications were powerless. The government were themselves regarded as under lock and key; the populace, as if determined that all should share a common massacre, were clustered at the barriers, pike in hand, to put all "emigrants" to death; the ambassador was, as

ambassadors generally are in cases of real difficulty, a cipher; and yet I *must* leave Paris within twelve hours, or be cashiered.

It at length occurred to me to avail myself of my Jewish spy, and I found him listening to a midnight harangue in the midst of a Jacobin crowd, in the Palais Royal. He considered the matter for a while; and I walked about, leaving him to his free invention, while I contrasted the brilliant blaze of the gaming and dancing-rooms above me with the assassin-like darkness of the galleries below. At length he turned to me. "There is but one way. Have you any objection to be arrested?"

"The greatest imaginable," was my answer.

"Just as you please," he replied; "but I have here an order for the seizure of one of the emigrant agents, a Chevalier Lafontaine, lately arrived in Paris. He has been seen in the palace, but we have missed him for the last twelve hours. The order is for Vincennes. Will you take his place?"

I naturally looked all surprise, and peremptorily refused.

"Do as you will," said my intracetable adviser; "but there is no other way to pass the gates. I shall take you to Vincennes as a state prisoner; I have influence there. In short, if you trust me, you shall be safe, and on your road by daybreak. If you do not, here your life is uncertain; you are known, watched, and the first order that I receive to-morrow, may be one for your apprehension."

All this was likely enough; there was but a moment to deliberate, and I got into the first cabriolet, and drove with him to the barrier. The streets still exhibited scattered bands, who questioned us from time to time, but the words, "By order of the Municipality," which were enough to terrify the stoutest hearts, and the display of his badge, carried us through. We passed the guard at the gate, after a slight examination of the order, and galloped to Vincennes.

At the sight of the frowning fortress my blood chilled, and I refused to go further. "In that case," said my conductor, "I am compromised, and *you* are ruined; the first patrol will seize you, while I shall be shot. I pledge myself, that here you shall not remain; but I must be acquitted to the head of the police. You shall

be M. le Chevalier Lafontaine for the night; and, if such a man exists, you will probably be the means of saving his life. To-morrow I shall bring proofs of my mistake, and then you will be outside the walls of Paris, and free to go where you please."

The name of Lafontaine decided me. Even the risk seemed less serious than before, and we drove over the drawbridge. The interior of the fortress formed a striking contrast to the scenes which I had just left behind me. All was still stern, and noiseless.

"Give me your papers," said Mendoza; "they will be safer in my hands than in yours."

I had but time to give him my despatch, as we passed through the court which led to the governor's apartments. I was searched in the presence of that important functionary, a meagre old captain of invalids, who had been roused from his bed, and was evidently half asleep. I stoutly denied my being "the criminal who had offended the majesty of the people." But as the governor himself, on gazing at me with his purblind eyes, was perfectly satisfied of my identity, there was no use in contesting the point. A couple of sentinels were placed at the door of my cell, and I was left, like himself, to my slumbers. Before the door closed, I grasped my guide by the throat. The thought that I had been entrapped, actually agonized me.

"Am I betrayed?" I asked, in a whisper of fury.

The only answer was, "Mordecai."

I felt security in the word, and, without a further pang, heard his tread echoing along the distant corridor.

Time rolls on, whether we are happy or miserable. Morning came, and found me feverish from a thousand dreams. Noon came, and my impatience grew with the hour. Evening came, and yet no symptom of my liberation. If, "hope deferred maketh the heart sick," confidence duped, and blindly, weakly, rashly duped, turns to torture.

Why trust a known agent of the police? Why put my liberty into his hands? Why, above all, make him master of my papers? I was overwhelmed with shame. I writhed with remorse. As hour after hour dragged its slow length along, I sank from de-

jection to dejection, or burst from rage to rage. But at last, when the drums of the garrison were making their final flourish for the night, the key turned in the door of my cell, and the Jew entered. I almost sprang upon him, and his life would have been worth little, but for the words—"You may now leave the fortress." He told me, further, that my absence was fortunate, for a domiciliary visit had been paid to my apartments by direction of the municipality; my trunks examined, and my doors sealed. My absence was imputed to flight; and, as jails were then the only safe residences in France, I had escaped actual imprisonment simply by my volunteer detention; to watch the event, had been the source of his delay. All was speedily settled with the old commandant, who was now as perfectly "convinced, on his own knowledge," that I was not the chevalier, as he had been convinced on the night before that I was. Mendoza's proofs were registered in due form; and with unspeakable delight I once again mounted his cabriolet, and heard the chains of the drawbridge rattle behind me.

My Jew had been true to his pledge. I found horses provided for me at a lonely cabaret, a league off. With the minute foresight which men of his trade learn, he had provided for me a couple of disguises—the garb of a peasant, which I was to use when I passed among the soldiery; and the uniform of an aide-de-camp, with which I was to keep down enquiries when I came among the peasantry. But I was weary of disguise. It had never thriven with my temperament. I was determined, at all events, now to trust to chance and my proper person; and if I must fail, have the satisfaction of failing after my own style. The only recompense which my magnanimous police-officer would receive, was a promise that I should mention his conduct to Mordecai; and, gathering up his rejected wardrobe, he departed.

Fortunately I found disguises unnecessary, though at any other time they might have been essential. The country was all in a state of flight, and every man was too much employed in securing himself, to think of laying hold of others. Thus galloped I through hill and dale, through bush and brier, unquestioned and almost unseen; until, on the evening of the fourth day,

as I plunged into a forest, which for the last half hour I had been imagining into a scene of fairyland, a bower where a pilgrim might finish his journey for life, or a man, "crazed by care, or crossed in hopeless love," might forget woman and woe together—I was awakened to the realities of things by the whistle of a bullet, which struck off a branch within an inch of my head, followed by a fierce howl for the countersign. By all the laws of war, the howl should have come first; but these were not times for ceremony. A troop of Hulans rushed round me, sabre in hand. I stood like a stoic; and, of course, attempted to tell who I was. But my German was unintelligible to my captors, and my French, a suspicious language on a Prussian outpost, only confirmed their opinion that I was born to be stripped. Accordingly one demanded my watch, another my purse, and I was in a fair way of entering the Prussian lines in a state of pauperism, or of being "left alone in my glory" by shot or sabre, when an officer rode up, whom I had casually known in some Parisian circle. To him I could explain myself, and to him I exhibited the envelope of my letter, inscribed with the words, "Grand Quarter General." My new friend bowed to this awful address like a Turk to the firman of the padisha, poured out a volley of wrath on the troop, ordered the instant and very reluctant restitution of my property, and with a couple of the squadron at our heels, took me under his escort, to deliver my papers in person.

After an hour's gallop through rocks, rivulets, and brambles, which seemed without end, and totally uninhabited, except by an occasional patrol of the irregulars of the Austrian and Prussian forces—barbarians as savage-looking as ever were Goth or Hun, and capital substitutes for the wolves and wild-boars which they had ejected for the time—a sudden opening of the forest brought us within view of the immense camp of the combined armies.

All the externals of war are splendid; it is the interior, the consequences, the operation of that mighty trampler of man that are startling. This was my first sight of that most magnificent of all the atrocious inventions of human evil—an army. The forces of the two most warlike

monarchies of Europe were spread before me; nearly a hundred and fifty thousand troops, with all the numberless followers of a host in the field, covering a range of low hills which circled the horizon. While we were still at a considerable distance, a gun was fired from the central hill, answered by others from the flanks. The rolling of drums set the vast line in motion, and just at the moment when the sun was lying on the edge of the west, the brigades, descending each from its height, halted on the slope. The whole vast manœuvre was executed with the exactness of a single mind. The blaze of the sun on the arms, the standards, and the tents crowning the brow of the hills, was magical. "Are they marching to battle?" was my amazed question to my companion. His only answer was to check his charger, take off his shako, and bend his forehead to his saddle-bow. A burst of universal harmony, richer than I had ever yet conceived, explained the mystery. It was the evening prayer. The fine bands of the regiments joined the voices of the soldiery, and I listened, in unbroken rapture and reverence, until its close. In court or cathedral, in concert or shrine, I had never before so much felt the power of sound. It finished in a solemn chorus, an accumulation of music. I could have almost imagined it ascending, embodied, to heaven.

The fire of cannon announced the conclusion of the service; we put spurs to our horses, and soon entered the lines; and, on the strength of my credentials, I had distinguished quarters assigned to me.

I now, for the first time since I left England, began to feel the advantages of birth. In London every man is so submerged in the multitude, that he who can hold his head high enough out of the living surge to be known, must have something of remarkable buoyancy, or peculiar villany, about him. Even Parliament, except to a few of the leaders, is no distinction. The member for the shire is clipped of all his plumage at the moment of his entering that colossal poultry-yard, and must take his obscure pickings with other unnoticeable fowl. In Paris, once the Mahometan paradise of stars and garters, the central herald's office of the earth, the royal region of the

Parliament aristocracy, where the beggar with a *cordon* on his breast outshone the banker with millions in his pocket-book, the world was changed; and to be the son or brother of a peer might have been only a speedier passport to the lamp-post. But, in Germany, the land of pedigrees, to be an "honourable" was to be one on whom the sun shone with double beams; the sex, young and old, smiled with double softness, and the whole host of Serenities were doubly serene. In camp, nothing could be more hospitable or distinguished than my reception; for the soldier is always good-humoured under canvass, and the German is good-humoured every where. Perhaps he has rather too high an opinion of his descent from Goth and Vandal, but he makes allowance for the more modern savagery of Europe; and although the stranger may neither wear spectacles, nor smoke cigars, neither muzzle his visage with mustaches, nor speak the most formidable tongue on earth, the German will good-naturedly admit, that he may be a human being after all.

But the man with whom my mission brought me most immediately into contact, and to whom I was most indebted for courtesy, would have been a remarkable personage in any country of Europe; that man was the Duke of Brunswick.

On my arrival, I found two letters forwarded from London, and in the hands of an aide-de-camp of the generalissimo. The first which I opened was from the Foreign Office, a simple statement of the purpose for which I was sent—namely, to stimulate the activity of the Prussian councils, and to urge on the commander of the army an immediate march on the French capital; with a postscript, directing me, in case of tardiness being exhibited at headquarters, instantly to transmit a despatch home, and return to my post in Paris. The second letter—which I must, however undiplomatically, admit that I opened with much stronger interest—was from Mordecai. I glanced over it for some mention of the "ane braw name," and bitterly laughed at my own folly in expecting to find such communications in the letter of the hard-headed and busy Jew. All was brief and rapid.

"If this shall find you in the Prussian camp, you will have no more time for me than I have for you. Let me not elip your diplomatic hopes; but this I forewarn you, you will not obtain a single object of your journey; except, perhaps, showing that you can gallop a hundred miles in the four-and-twenty hours, and can make your way through a country of lunatics without being piked or sabred.

"The campaign is over already—over before it was begun. The battle was fought in the council at Berlin, and the allies were beaten. The duke, within the next fortnight, will be deciding on the merits of the ballet in Brunswick, and the French will be madder than ever with triumphs which they never won, preparing for conquests which are already gained, and knocking down thrones, the owners themselves supplying the pickaxes and hammers. You will see the two best armies of the Continent running away from their own shadows; the old councillors of Frederick and Maria Theresa baffled by cabinets of cobblers and tinkers; grey-beard generals, covered with orders, hunted over the frontier by boys, girls, and old women; and France, like a *poissarde* in a passion, with her hair flying about her ears, a knife in her hand, and her tongue in full swing, scampering half naked over Europe, to the infinite wonder of the wearers of velvet, Mechlin lace, and diadems,—ha, ha, ha!"

While I was trying to decipher this riddle, which was rather too contemptuous for my new views of things, but which I referred to the habitual feelings of a strong-headed man in humble life, brought just close enough to higher to feel his exclusion, an officer was announced as Count Varnhorst, on the staff of the duke. His countenance struck me at first sight, as one which I had seen before; and I soon discovered, that when I was a boy at Eton, he had been on a visit of a few days at Mortimer castle, in the suite of one of the Prussian princes. We had been thus old friends, and we now became young ones within the first quarter of an hour. His countenance was that of a humourist, and his recollections of the Great Frederick rendered him sarcastic on all things of the later generation.

"The duke has sent me for you,"

said he, "with his apology for keeping you out of bed ; but he has appointed midnight for the delivery of your despatches. The truth is, that hitherto we have all slept so soundly, that we must make up for lost time by turning night into day now, just as we have turned day into night for the last twelvemonth."

"But what can you tell me of the duke ?"

"Oh ! a great deal ; but you know that I am on his staff, and therefore bound to keep his secrets."

"Yet, count, remember that we have sworn an eternal friendship within the last five minutes. What can he or I be the worse for my knowing his great and good qualities ?"

"My dear young friend, when you are as old as I am, you will see the improprieties of such questions."

"Well, then, to come to the point ; is he a great general ?"

"He speaks French better than any other prince in Germany."

"Is he an able politician ?"

"You must see him on horseback ; he rides like a centaur."

"Well, then, in one sentence, will he fight the French ?"

"That wholly depends on whether he turns his horse's head towards Paris or Berlin."

"Count, but one question more, which you may answer without a riddle. Do you think that he will receive my mission cordially ?"

"He speaks your language ; he wears your broad cloth ; he loves your porter ; and he has married one of your princesses."

"All my difficulties are answered. I am ready ; but what shall I find him doing at this extraordinary hour ?"

"If asleep, dreaming of the opera at Brunswick ; if awake, dreaming of the opera at Paris."

His diamond repeater, which he had laid on the table between us, struck twelve as he spoke ; and, wrapping ourselves in our cloaks, we sallied forth into one of the most starry nights of autumn, and made our way, through long ranges of patrols and videttes, to the quarters of the generalissimo.

The mansion was an old chateau, evidently long abandoned to loneliness and decay one of those huge edifices ; whose building had cost one fortune, and whose support had exhausted

another. But the struggle had been over for the last fifty years, and two or three shrivelled domestics remained to keep out the invasion of the bats and owls. But at this period the chateau exhibited, of course, another scene ; aides-de-camp, generals, orderlies, couriers—all the clang and clamour of the staff of a great army—rang through the wild old halls, and echoed up the long ghostly corridors. Every apartment was a blaze of light, and filled with groups of officers of the Prussian and Austrian guards ; all was billiard-playing, talking, singing in chorus, and carousing in all the noisy gaiety of the soldier in good quarters.

"All this is tempting enough," said the old count, as we hastened along a gallery that seemed endless, but on which the open doors of the successive apartments threw broad illumination. "I dare say, Mr Marston, that you would prefer taking your seat among those lively fellows, to the honour of a ducal conference ; but my orders are, that you must not be seen until the duke gives you *carte blanche* to appear among human beings again."

The count now opened the door of an apartment, which appeared to have been more lately tenanted than the rest, yet which exhibited signs of the general desertion ; a marble table, covered with a decaying drapery, a Carrara alabaster of Niobe and her children on the mantelpiece, a huge mirror, and a tapestry of one of the hunts of Henri Quatre, showed that Time had been there, and that the Prussians had not ; but the indistinct light of the single chandelier left me but little opportunity of indulging my speculations on the furniture. The count had left me, to ascertain when the duke should be at leisure to receive me ; and my first process was, like a good soldier, to reconnoitre the neighbouring territory. The first door which I opened led into a conservatory, filled with the remnants of dead foliage, opening on the gardens of the chateau, which, wild as they now were, still sent up a fragrance doubly refreshing, after the atmosphere of meershaums, hot brandy, and Rhine beer, which filled the galleries. The casement distantly overlooked the esplanade in front of the chateau ; and the perpetual movements of the

couriers and estafettes, arriving and departing every moment, the galloping of cavalry, and the march of patrols, occupied me until a valet of the duke came to acquaint me that supper was served, by his highness's commands, in the apartment which I had lately quitted, and that he would be present in a few minutes.

I returned of course; and found the chamber which I had left so dark and dilapidated, changed, as if by a fairy wand, into pomp and elegance. The duke was renowned for splendid extravagance, and the table was covered with rich plate, the walls glittered with a profusion of gilt lamps, and all round me had the look of regal luxury. But one object suddenly caught my gaze, and left me no power to glance at any other. In a recess, which had hitherto been obscure, but over which now blazed a brilliant girandole, hung a full-length portrait of a nun, which, but for the dress, I should have pronounced to be Clotilde; the same Greek profile, the same deep yet vivid eye, the same matchless sweetness of smile, and the same mixture of melancholy and enthusiasm, which had made me think my idol fit to be the worship of the world. I stood wrapped in astonishment, delight, pain, a thousand undefined feelings, until I could have almost imagined that the canvass before me lived. I saw its eye all but glisten, its lips all but open to speak; the very marble of its cheek begin to glow; when I was awakened by a lively voice, saying, in French—"Ah, Mr Marston, I perceive that you are a connoisseur." I turned, and saw the speaker, a man somewhat above the middle size; a remarkably noble-looking personage; in full dress even at that hour, powdered and perfumed, and altogether a court figure; his hands loaded with jewels, and a diamond star of the order of the garter upon his breast. It required no introducer to tell me that I was in the presence of the Duke of Brunswick.

"Come," said he, "we have no time for etiquette, nor indeed for any thing else to-night—we must sup first, and then talk of your mission."

We sat down; a double file of valets, in liveries, loaded with embroidery, attended at the table; though the party consisted of but four; Varnhorst, and a Colonel Guiseard, chief

of the secret diplomacy, a pale Spanish-featured officer—to whom his highness did me the honour of introducing me, as the son of one of his old friends.

"You remember Marston," said he, "at Brunswick, five-and-twenty years ago, in his envoyship—a capital horseman, a brilliant dresser, and a very promising diplomatist. I augured well of his future career, but"—the infinite elevation of the ducal shoulders, and the infinite drooping of the ducal eyes, completed the remainder of my unfortunate parent's history; but whether in panegyric or censure, I was not sufficiently versed in the science of saying nothing and implying all things, to tell. Guiseard fixed his deep fallow eye on me, without a word: at that moment he reminded me exactly of one of the Inquisitors—the deep, dark-visaged men whom the matchless pencil of Velasquez has immortalized.

Varnhorst burst out into a laugh.

"What, Guiseard," said he, "are you reconnoitring the ground before you make the attack? Your royal highness, I think we ought to vindicate our country to this English gentleman, by assuring him that the colonel is not a cardinal in disguise."

The colonel merely smiled, which seemed an effort for his cloistered physiognomy; the duke laughed, and began a general conversation upon all possible topics—England forming the chief; the royal family—the court—the theatres—parliament—the people—all whirled over with the ease and rapidity of one turning the leaves of an album; here a verse and there a portrait—here a sketch of a temple, and there an outline of a cottage—the whole pretty, and as trifling as pretty, and cast aside at the first moment when any thing better worth thinking of occurred.

In the midst of our gaiety, in which the duke had completely laid down his sceptre, and taken his full share, the great clock of the chateau tolled one. The table was instantly swept of supper—the valets withdrew. I heard the tread of a sentinel at the door of the apartment; and the duke, instantly changing from the man of fashion to the statesman, began to enter into the questions then so deeply disturbing all the cabinets of Europe.

I found the duke a very superior

man to what I had conceived of him. He was frank and free, spoke of the intentions of the Allies in the most open manner, and censured the errors which they had already committed, with a plainness which I had not expected to find out of London. He had evidently made himself master of a great variety of knowledge, and with the happy but most unusual power of rendering it all applicable to the point in question. My impressions of him and his order, imbibed among the prejudices of England and the libels of France, was that of frivolity and flutter—an idle life and a stagnant understanding. I never was more surprised at the contrast between this conception and the animated and accomplished prince before me. He seemed to know not merely the persons of all the leading men of Europe—which might have naturally been the case with one who had visited every capital—but to be acquainted with their characters, their abilities, and even their modes of thinking. He seemed to me a man born to rule. It was in later days that the habits of a voluptuary, of which his peculiar love of dress might have been slightly symptomatic, produced their effect, in enfeebling a mind made for eminence. I saw him afterwards, broken with years and misfortune. But on this night I could only see a man on whom the destinies of Europe were rightly reposed. I pay this tribute of honour to his memory.

He spoke a great deal, in our conference, on the necessity of a strong European combination against France, and flatteringly addressed to me a strong panegyric on my country.

"If we can obtain," said he, "the cordial co-operation of the English people, I see no difficulty before us. We already have the Ministry with us; but I know the Englishman's hatred of a foreign war, his horror of public expenditure on continental interests, and his general distrust of the policy of foreign courts. And until we can give the people some evidence, not only that our intentions are sincere, but that our cause is their own, we shall never have the nation on our side."

My remark was, "that the chief difficulty with the nation would be, to convince them that the Allied Powers were not influenced by personal mo-

tives; I said that the seizure of territory, while the French remained in their defenceless state, would probably excite strong public displeasure in England; and plainly stated, that the only thing which could engage the public spirit in the war, would be a conviction of its absolute justice and stern necessity."

The conversation was here interrupted by the arrival of a staff-officer with despatches from Berlin. A number of papers were laid on the table, and handed over to Varnhorst and Guiseard to read. They proved chiefly notes and orders relative to the advance of the army. One paper, however, the duke read with evident interest, and marked with his pencil down the margin.

"I am delighted," said he, "that this paper has reached us at last. Mr Marston will now see what my real advice has been from the beginning. The French journals have attacked me furiously for the declaration issued at our entrance on the frontier. The journals of England have partly echoed the French, and I am held up to the world as the author of the *Declaration of Pultitz*. This paper, which Mr Marston will do me the honour to send at daybreak to his court by a special messenger, will clear my character with his countrymen at once—with the rest of Europe, I am content to wait a little longer."

He then read the paper in his hand; and it was a long and striking protest against the idea of partitioning France, or having any other intention in the movement of the troops than the security of the French throne. This document had been sent to the Council at Berlin, and been returned by them for revision by the duke, and the softening of its rather uncourtly decisiveness of expression. It stated, that even the conquest of France, if it could be effected, must be wholly useless without the conciliation of the people: that it must be insecure, that it never could be complete, and that even the attempt might rouse this powerful people to feel its own force, and turn its vast resources to war. The first measure ought, therefore, to be an address to the nation, pronouncing, in the clearest language, an utter abjuration of all local seizure.

The paper thus returned, and containing the observations of the coun-

eil, was given to Varnhorst, to be copied. "And now," said the duke, "gentlemen, I think we may retire for the night; for we have but three hours until the march in the morning."

I said some common-place thing, of the obligations which Europe must owe to a sovereign prince, exposing himself to such labours, honourable as they were.

"No," he smilingly replied; "they are part of our office, the routine of the life of princes, the vocation of men born for the public, and living for the public alone. The prince must be a soldier, and the soldier

must make the camp his home, and the palace only his sojourn. It is his fortune, perhaps his misfortune, that but one profession in life is left open to him, whether it be the bent of his temperament or not—while other men may follow their tastes in the choice, serve their fellows in a hundred different ways, and raise a bloodless reputation among mankind. And now, good-night. To-morrow at five the *advance* moves. At six I shall be on horseback, and then—Well! what matter for the *then*? We shall sleep at least to-night; and so, farewell."

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